

**The Ramakrishna Mission  
Institute of Culture Library**

Presented by

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### A FAIRY WENT A-MARKETING.

A FAIRY went a-marketing—  
She bought a little fish;  
She put it in a crystal bowl  
Upon a golden dish;  
All day she sat in wonderment  
And watched its silver gleam,  
And then she gently took it up  
And slipped it in a stream.

A fairy went a-marketing—  
She bought a coloured bird;  
It sang the sweetest, shrillest song  
That ever she had heard;  
She sat beside its painted cage  
And listened half the day,

And then she opened wide the door  
And let it fly away.

A fairy went a-marketing—  
She bought a winter gown  
All stitched about with gossamer  
And lined with thistledown;  
She wore it all the afternoon  
With prancing and delight,  
Then gave it to a little frog  
To keep him warm at night.

A fairy went a-marketing—  
She bought a gentle mouse  
To take her tiny messages,  
To keep her tiny house;  
All day she kept its busy feet  
Pit-patting to and fro,

And then she kissed its silken ears,  
Thanked it, and let it go. R. F.

"The dancers . . . fairly brought down the house with their artistic footwork."  
*Provincial Paper.*  
Not "the light fantastic."

"SHEER PROFITEERING.  
Chickens weighing 32lb. realised anything from 10s. 6d. to 12s.—The Chairman remarked that these exorbitant prices for poultry lessened the amount of meat available for poor people."  
*Western Morning News.*

In the West Country where they raise these gigantic fowls such prices may be excessive, but to Londoners they seem miraculously moderate.

## CHARIVARIA.

"WHAT do we ask for? And what do we stand for?" asks an evening paper leader. We do not profess to have the detective instinct unduly developed, but we think the answer must be, "Butter."

"I do not boast," said the KAISER in a recent address to his troops. Then who started the scandal?

A young man of twenty-one has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for burglaries at the house of his mother. The growing tendency of the State to interfere with family life is becoming intolerable.

We hear that there will be a great boom in matrimony after the War. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to note that severe measures are being taken against wife-hoarders.

Owing to the fact that so many of our grown-ups are now engaged on munitions, children in pantomimes are this year much younger.

A German steamer has sunk a light-ship off the coast of Sweden. The purpose of the accident has not yet been ascertained.

It is reported that the University of Heidelberg has decided to show its profound contempt for American Kultur by forbidding all reference to "unser Chaplin."

Not long ago a leader from *The Times* was used by a Surrey clergyman as a sermon, and last week Bishop WELLDON wrote the leader in *The Daily Mail*. It is not known who had the better bargain, but there is still a good deal of bitter feeling between the Surrey congregation and the Carmelites.

There are brighter days in store for journalists, it seems. A gentleman writes to *The Evening News* to say that he finds newspapers excellent for lighting fires.

A man fined one pound for giving a false air-raid warning said he did it to get his sister out of a public-house. Owing to the match famine he was unable to carry out his original idea of setting the place on fire.

"I will take no profit from anything produced for any Government during the War," HENRY FORD is reported to have said. He is vastly mistaken if he thinks he can ride rough-shod over our War Office like that.

A correspondent of *The Daily Express* reports the discovery that Tuesday is much the finest day of the week. Sir DOUGLAS HATO is being communicated with.

There is no truth in the report that, as an answer to the Irish-Americans' declaration of allegiance to the Allied cause, M. DE VALERA has threatened to put an embargo on the export of policemen to New York.

At Poplar last week the authorities commandeered cheese at one largo store and took it to another shop. We understand that it went quietly.

## WAR CHANGE.

BEFORE the War his chief characteristics were gentleness and a soft solicitude.

With his eyes searching my very soul, his whole being alert to respond to my desire, "What is your pleasure, Madam?" he would ask.

In that distant past, seeing him there inscrutable behind the bacon machine, I have fondly imagined that one day I would answer his question, and, leading him gently away from his sides of bacon and his drums of cheese and out beneath the portcullis of rabbits into the sunlight, I would show him, in flights of fancy, all that is my pleasure, and ask him, was it his, wrapped in obsequious dignity, to stand and serve.

You see, I wondered. But now—now I shall never ask that question.

I begin with an ingratiating smile. "Can you let me have——" I say.

He interrupts me and his voice is hard and cold. "No butter, no bacon and no tea," he says.

"There is consciousness of power in his voice and I seem to wilt under the glance of contempt with which he dismisses me.

"No tea," he repeats, turning the knife in the wound.

"I thought you might possibly spare me——" I dare to begin to suggest.

"Ten to-morrow prompt," he interrupts authoritatively. "And wait outside. You'll find a queue there." The note of triumph rings in his voice.

He watches me as I creep out of the shop, says "Well?" over his shoulder to the next customer, and lovingly flicks the dust from the imitation stacks of tea.

So now I am answered, and it seems that I alone among all his suppliants am capable of a sympathetic understanding.

After years of unnatural obligeance (no, I know there isn't, but there ought to be) can one wonder that he wallows in an orgy of impolite refusal?

I seem to see him there all these years chained, as he felt, to a vast consuming appetite, ministering to insatiability. He saw us all as mouths, greedy and clamorous, eating into his life and who knows what high adventures, dreams. And he, counter-bound and stifling in his own politeness, could do no more than helpfully supply what these maws demanded.

Suddenly to find himself able, with little pecuniary loss, to speak his mind! What if he shows at times the temper of a tyrant? Who would not abandon himself to such a situation?

And there is another side to him since his release. At times he warms to a very geniality of wrath. He expands. He holds forth. He tells me how I'd never believe, and wouldn't credit, and could scarcely imagine the subtleties to which the general public will descend in an endeavour to evade a wise grocer's liberal rationing. He waxes wroth over a spoilt, an overfed and self-indulgent nation.

So now I shall never ask him what is his pleasure. For I know.

But—I wonder—will he ever again ask me the old question?

A Fatherland Poet was busy of late in making the KAISER a new Hymn of Hato;

Perhaps, ere its echoes have time to grow dim,  
The Huns may be learning a new Hato of Him.

"It is nevertheless true that our attack . . . failed because its objects, whatever they might have been, were not achieved."

North Mail.

Mr. BELLOC must look to his laurels.

"If he [M. Caillaux] is innocent, he has had the most confoundingly bad luck! A previous Joseph hardly had worse when somebody else put a silver cup into the mouth of his sack."—*Truth*.

"What is Truth?" said poor little BENJAMIN.

"Ravenna, which had no importance from a commercial, naval, or military point of view, and which had been spared by the Goths, the Vandals, and the French sack of 1512, had suffered badly from an Austrian bombardment a few hours after Italy had entered the war."

Liverpool Paper.

We hope the Goths will not make up for their previous clemency.

Extract from a letter received by a Vicar:—

"You will no doubt agree that, in view of the fact that His Lordship the Bishop will preside as Chairman of the Lecture, which I intend to give at the Victoria Hall on Monday, it will be necessary to use every effort to fill the Hall."

Fortunately the Bishop had a sense of humour, and said, "Send it to *Punch*."



### AN EASY CONUNDRUM.

FIRST WATCHER ON THE RHINE. "THESE ACCURSED BRITISH, OUR SO PEACEFUL AND CULTURED MANNHEIM TO BOMB!"

SECOND DITTO. "WHAT DEVIL TAUGHT THEM THIS FRIGHTFULNESS?"

### WILFRID'S WAY.

Wilfrid is just a horse—only just. He has the soul of a cow and the manners of a mule. He is not even good to look upon, and his pre-war occupation must have been something very civilian indeed. However, he got into the Army with the first rush and has been there ever since. He is a regular old soldier by this time, and it is doubtful whether he will be able to settle down again between the shafts of his growler, or whatever it was, when he is at last discharged on the cessation of hostilities. For one thing, he has contracted some loose habits which will be against him, and picked up so many artful dodges that he has forgotten the feeling of work. No respectable Jehu will tolerate for a moment his practice of stopping to drink at every wayside water-trough, nor indulge him in his manner of evading fatigue by going sick whenever a long journey is toward; moreover he will be apt to disorganise a busy city street by throwing himself flat on the ground whenever a motor car misses fire or an electric fuse bursts, for he will certainly take it for a bomb or something.

Soon after joining the Army his mind began to work along egotistical lines, and his character, previously amiable and plastic, took a turn for the worse. He made the mistake of arguing from the particular to the general. Thus he soon decided that all officers carry biscuits, some furtively for their own selfish ends, and others openly for the delectation of friendly horses, with the result that he got into the habit of buttonholing every one within reach, in order to investigate his possibilities.

His method is simple. Snuffling and blowing all over the victim's person until the goods are located, he then concentrates his nose upon the hiding-place with a good assurance that the biscuits will be produced. If you have none he takes it out of your buttons.

One day the A.D.V.S. inspected the lines when he was in a bad temper, and quite inadvertently some trifling misuse of Government property got disclosed. He immediately seized upon this as the text for a proper strafe, and vaxed so passionate that he failed to notice Wilfrid close behind him evincing strong investigatory symptoms. Then the A.D.V.S. took one pace back-

wards, and it happened. There was a swift tearing sound, his gas-helmet satchel was rent asunder, and Wilfrid switched away with a mouthful of biscuits, while a large flask toppled heavily to the ground.

But his interventions are not always so happy. During the first few months of his military career he actually ranked as an officer's charger, because there was one in the battalion who, entitled to a horse, was yet no horseman, and considered himself well enough fixed with Wilfrid. Then it was that he contracted the drink habit. Not altogether a stranger to thirst himself, this officer viewed with sympathy Wilfrid's attraction to water-troughs, and it soon became quite understood that they dallied with every one they came to, while the

discomfort upon the rider. However, they progressed, and presently the Second-in-command called the battalion to attention, while the Adjutant rode forward to report all correct.

Then it was noticed there was something wrong. Instead of halting in front of the battalion, according to the C.O.'s very evident intention, they carried straight on, and the pace suddenly became faster—indeed it was Wilfrid now who strove to hurry, and the C.O., purple in the face and producing other noises more articulate but not so horsemanlike, who endeavoured in vain to pull him up. The pace increased to a spanking trot. Then all at once those of the spectators who knew Wilfrid's way awoke to the situation, and several mounted officers left their posts and

spurred after him in pursuit. Observing his line of sight they noticed a stagnant pond at the other side of the ground, and to this was Wilfrid obviously bent. Nay, worse. Hearing the thud of hooves behind and, thinking himself to be one of a party now, he broke into an excited gallop which brought him to the edge of the pond a length ahead of the nearest rescuer. The C.O. by this time had also awakened to the significance of the situation, but too late. Wilfrid took the water with a splash and in a trice was belly-deep. The rescue party reined up on the bank, foiled but fascinated.



*Countryman.* "LOOK 'ERE, MISTER, YOUR THREE-MINUTE CURE-AIN'T DONE ME A BIT O' GOOD."

*Quack.* "AIN'T IT? WELL, I RECKON YOURS AIN'T A THREE-MINUTE CUREH."

officer smoked cigarettes and Wilfrid quaffed. This went on daily for some time until, as the direct consequence of such an abuse of privilege, the incident occurred which brought down his head in sorrow to the ranks.

A battalion parade had been ordered, and the C.O., discovering at the eleventh hour that none of his own horses was available, was forced to make a quick choice from those still in the lines. Wilfrid, trying to buttonhole him as he passed, attracted attention and was chosen.

On the parade ground the battalion waited, the men fidgeting and the Second-in-command comparing watches with the Adjutant. At last the C.O. hove in sight, riding vigorously because he was late, and making clicking noises with the roof of his mouth; but, disdaining such expedients, Wilfrid moved along at a trot of his own invention, designed to express reluctance and to discourage haste by inflicting extreme

First of all Wilfrid sucked long and deep of the noisome beverage, keenly appreciating its vast quantity, and then, neighing with pleasure, he began to mark time with all his feet, stirring up the mud and making the water foam and fly. Next, he decided for a plunge. The first shock disposed of the Colonel, who disappeared for a moment before arising, apoplectic and trailing weeds, like some camouflaged Venus. Wading ashore, he mounted another horse and hurried home. Wilfrid had a good dip, threshed his way to land, shook himself thoroughly and trotted jauntily off in the direction of the lines, while the Second-in-command went back to dismiss the parade.

Wilfrid has been a pack-horse ever since.

"SITUATIONS WANTED."

As Companion to Christian gentleman. At present with titled one.

Church Family Newspaper.

One for the House of Lords.





AN OUTSIDER'S MENTAL PICTURE OF THE MEANING OF THE NEWSPAPER PHRASE, "A SENSATION WAS CAUSED IN SOCIETY CIRCLES."

## TO A WAR-TIME PLUM-PUDDING.

PRINCE of all puddings, one time redolent  
Of Orient spices magically blent  
With peel that was a poignant memory  
Of terraced orchards sloping to the sea;  
Fulfilled of currants fresh from Zante's crates,  
Raisins of Seville and delicious dates  
From groves that ancient Tigris sprawls upon,  
And figs that grew on cedared Lebanon;  
Whose generous girth proclaimed, concealed within,  
Almonds of Jordan whiter than the skin  
Of moon-faced houris fresh from Paradise,  
And half-a-pint of brandy of great price—  
Oh, I have loved thee, Pudding, and my joy  
Was to walk into thee, a care-free boy,  
While sobbing parents bade me give it best,  
Saying no human ostrich could digest  
So many or such helpings; sisters wept,  
Fearing the worst; but I, unheeding, leapt  
Hard on thy unbreached flank, crying, "On! Sir Duff,  
And cursed be he who cannot hold enough!"

Age could not dim my ardour; skilled it not  
How monstrous thou emergedst from the pot,  
Or if thy heart were dour as driven lead—  
I simply took my spoon and laid thee dead.  
And all through Maida Vale my fame went forth,  
And sporting uncles living in the North  
Gathered about the festive board to view  
The struggle, laying bets of five to two  
That all my steam was gone, my footwork slow,  
And fourteen rounds were more than I could go.

Alas! alas! I little thought I should  
See U-boats do what Nature never could;

That I who once leapt blithely to the attack  
Should, like a pallid schoolgirl, hang me back,  
Running dank digits through my troubled hair,  
And roll my eyes and mutter, "Give me air!"  
After three helpings—I who in my day  
Had scarcely paused till thou wast stowed away.  
The reason? Ah! it is not hard to guess:  
Thou art no more plum-pudding, but a mess  
Of prunes and troacle; thy false curves conceal  
Ground rice and grated carrots and the meal  
That thrifty Scots devour. They bore thee in  
With holly stuck in thy deceptive skin  
And set thee down, unfit for man or brute,  
A stodge, a fraud, a Hunnish "substitute."  
I gazed upon thee with a practised eye,  
Prepared to pluck an easy victory;  
We closed, and in one hideous trice I knew  
That Whipcord Smith had met his Waterloo.

And they who gathered to the historic feast,  
Deeming me good for thirteen rounds at least,  
Talked of foul play and called the thing absurd  
When I was going groggy in the third,  
And heaped abuse on my defeated head  
As I was being lifted into bed.

Enough, since I am called upon to make  
This bitter sacrifice for England's sake.  
But some day, when the hateful strife is o'er,  
Thou shalt be for it, pudding, as of yore;  
Fruited and spiced and sugared thou shalt come,  
And all of forty inches round the tum,  
And I will do thee in, even to the utmost crumb.

I GOT.

### FREE MEALS.

WHEN WILLIAM had not crossed the Rhine

And food could still be found,  
How often did we all decline,  
If someone asked us out to dine,  
Upon the smallest ground!  
Because his talk was imbecile,  
Because his face was plain,  
One used to miss the loveliest meal  
And not get asked again.

Less oft to-day do men endow  
Their famished friends with food;  
Free dinners are free dinners now,  
And to refuse, as all allow,  
Is rather mad than rude;  
While prudent folk, with frank delight,  
Both indigent and rich,  
When asked "to come and dine some night,"

Make answer, "Thank you; *which?*"

My old friend Hubert, like some bee,  
From host to host doth flit  
For dinner, lunch and oven tea  
(I do believe he'd breakfast free  
If he could manago it);  
Till, having drained all other flowers  
And reached an anxious point,  
He flies to Streatham and devours  
His Aunt Jane's Sunday joint.

In olden days he only knew  
Those in the social swim,  
But now he takes a broader view  
And feeds with all (though very few  
Have ever fed with him);  
Only, I think, he has a doubt,  
Only the world looks gray,  
When different people ask him out  
To dinner on one day.

And surely thus shall strife conclude  
When rations get so small  
That peers with peasantry have chewed  
And men are glad to take their food  
With anyone at all;  
Though, at the worst, I don't expect  
The War will thus be done:  
A starving world would still object  
To eating with the Hun. A. P. H.

### THE MUD LARKS.

No one, with the exception of the Bosc, has a higher admiration for the scrapping abilities of the Scot than I have, but in matters musical we do not hear ear to ear. It is not that I have no soul; I have. I fairly throb with it. I rise in the mornings trilling trifles of MOXETON and croon myself to sleep o' nights with snatches of NOVELLO.

I do not wish to boast, but to hear me pick the "Moonlight Sonata" out of a piano with one hand (the other <sup>scapped</sup> behind my back) is an unforgettable experience.

I could not yield to PADEREWSKI

himself on the comb, bones or Jew's-harp, and I could give A. GABRIEL a run for his money on the coach-horn. But these bagpipes!

It is not so much the execution of the bagpiper that I object to as his restricted repertoire. He can only play one noise. It is quite useless a Scot explaining to me that this is the "Lament of Sandy Macpherson" and that the "Dirge of Hamish MacNish;" it all sounds the same to me.

The brigade of infantry that is camped in front of my dug-out ("Mon Repos") is a Scots brigade. Not temporary Scots from the Highlands of Commissioner Street, Jo'burg, and Hastings Street, Vancouver (about whom I have nothing to say), but real *pukka*, law-abiding, kirk-going, God-fearing, bayonet-pushing Gaels, bred among the crags of the Grampians and reared on thistles and illicit whuskey. And every second man in this brigade is a confirmed bagpiper.

They have massed pipes for breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner; pipes-solos before, during and after drinks. If one of them goes across the road to borrow a box of matches a piper goes with him raising Cain. Their Officers' Mess is situated just behind "Mon Repos," so we live in the orchestra stalls, so to speak, and hear all there is to be heard.

One evening, while Sandy Macpherson's (or Hamish MacNish's) troubles were being very poignantly aired next door, Albert Edward came to the conclusion that the limit had been reached. "They've been killing the pig steadily for ten days and nights now," said he; "something's got to be done about it."

"I'm with you," said I; "but what are we two against a whole brigade? If they were to catch you pushing an impious pin into one of their sacred joy-bags there'd be another Second Lieutenant missing."

"Desist and let me think," said Albert Edward, and for the next hour he lay on his bed rolling and groaning—the usual signs that his so-called brain is active.

The following morning he rode over to the squadron, returning later with the Mess gramophone and a certain record. There are records and records, but for high velocity, armour-piercing and range this one bangs Banagher. It is a gem out of that "sparkling galaxy of melody, mirth and talent" (Press Agent speaking), "*I Don't Think*," which scintillates nightly at the Frivolity Theatre.

"When the Humming-birds are singing" is the title thereof, and Miss Birdie de Maio renders it—renders it as she

alone can, in a voice like a file chafing corrugated iron.

We started the birds humming at 4 p.m., and let it rip steadily until 11.15 p.m., only stopping to change needles.

Albert Edward's batman unleashed the hubbub again at six next morning; my batman relieved him at eight, and so on throughout the day in two-hour shifts. At night the line guards carried on. The following morning, as our batmen threatened to report sick, we crimed a trooper for "dumb insolence" and made him expiate his sin by tending the gramophone. O'Dwyer, of one the neighbouring ammunition columns, came over in the afternoon to complain that his mules couldn't get a wink of sleep and were muttering among themselves; but we gave him a bottle of whiskey and he went away quietly.

Monk of the other column called an hour later to ask if we wanted to draw shell-fire; but we bought him off with a snaffle bit and a bottle of hair lotion.

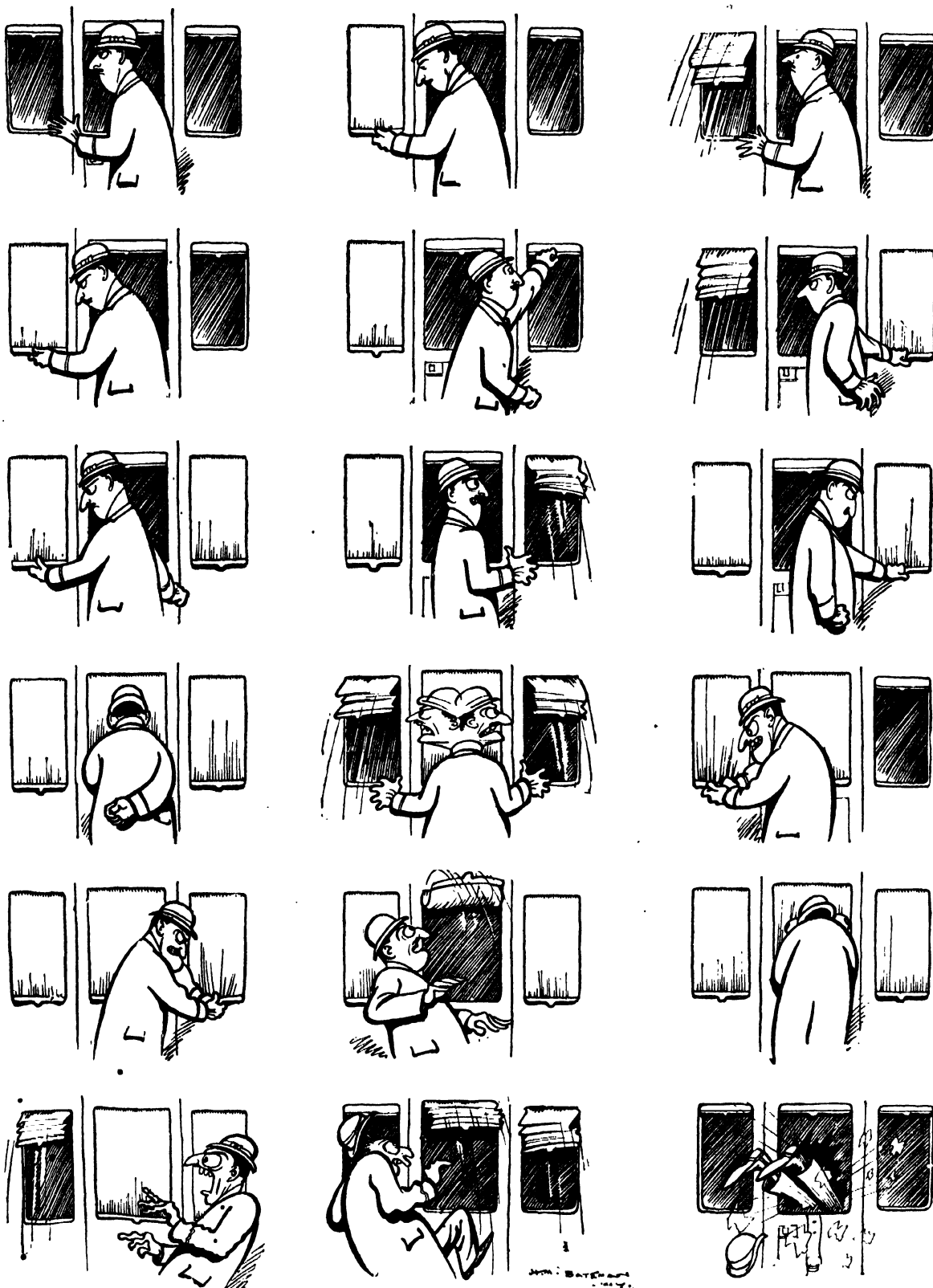
The whole neighbourhood grew restive. Somebody under cover of the dark took a pot at the gramophone with a revolver and winged it in the trumpet. Even the placid observation balloon which floats above our camp grew nasty and dropped binoculars and sextants on us. We built a protective breastwork of sand-bags about it and carried on. As for ourselves we didn't mind the racket in the least, having taken the precaution of corking our ears with gunners' wax.

Then one evening we discovered a Highland bomber worming up a drain on his stomach towards our instrument. Cornered, he excused himself on the plea that it was a form of Swedish exercise he always took at twilight for the benefit of his digestion. An ingenious explanation, but it hardly covered the live Mills bomb he was endeavouring to conceal in a fold of his kilt. We drove him away with a barrage of peg-mallets; but secretly we were very elated, for it was clear that the strain was telling on the hardy Scot.

As a precautionary measure we now surrounded the gramophone with a barbed wire entanglement, and so we carried on.

Next day we saw a score of kiltie officers grouped outside their Mess, heads together, apparently in earnest consultation. Every now and again they would turn and glare darkly in our direction.

"The white chiefs hold heap big palaver over yonder," Albert Edward remarked. "They're tossing up now to decide who shall come over and beard us. The braw bairn with the astrakhan knees has lost; he's cocking



THE SPRING BLINDS.



*Little Girl (to aunt, who is staying in the house on a visit). "ARE YOU GOING OUT, AUNTIE? YOU'VE GOT A HOLE IN YOUR VEIL."*

*Aunt. "HAVE I? I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T TIME TO CHANGE IT NOW."*

*Little Girl. "OH, WELL, IT'S NOT A VERY BIG ONE—AND, AFTER ALL, I DON'T SUPPOSE ANYONE WILL KNOW YOU'RE MY AUNT."*

his bonnet and asking his pals if he's got his sporran on straight. Behold he approacheth, stepping delicately. I leave it to you, partner."

I lay in the grass and waited for the deputation. The gramophone, safe behind its sandbags and wire, was doing business as usual, Miss Birdie yowling away like a wild cat on hot cinders. The deputation picked his way round the horse lines, nodded to me and sat down on the oil-drum we keep for the accommodation of guests. He nervously opened the ball by remarking that the weather was fine.

I did not agree with him, but refused to argue. That baffled him for some seconds, but he recovered by maintaining that it was any way finer than it had been in 1915. After that outburst he seemed at a loss for a topic of conversation, and sat scratching his ear as if he expected to get inspiration out of it as a conjurer gets rabbits.

"Ye seem verra partial to music?" he ventured presently.

"Passionately," said I.

"Ah hem! Ye seem verra partial to that one selection," he continued.

"Passionately devoted to it," said I. "Lovely little thing; I adore its sentiment, tempo, tremolo and timbre, its fortissimo and allegro. Just listen to the part that's coming now—"

"When the humming birds are singing  
And the old church bells are ringing  
We'll canoodle, we'll canoodle 'neath the moon.

Down in Alabama  
You'll be my starry-eyed charmer;  
On my white-haired kitten's grave we'll sit  
and spoon, spoon, spoon—oo-oon.

Nifty bit of allegro work that—eh, what?"

He nodded politely. "Ay—of course, sairtainly; but—er—er—don't ye find it grows a wee monotonous in time?"

"Never," I retorted stoutly. "Not in the least. No more than you find the Lament or Dirge of Sandy Macpherson, or Hamish MacNish monotonous."

He cocked his ears suddenly and stared at me. Then his chubby face

split slowly from ear to ear in the widest grin I ever saw, and up went both his hands.

"Kamerad!" said he. PATLANDER.

#### Intelligent Anticipation.

From the "Ladies' Letter" of *The East Anglian Daily Times* of Monday, December 24th:—

"London, Sunday Night.

"Christmas is over, and those lucky ones who were favoured with holidays have in many instances returned to their labours . . ."

#### Horace to the Pacifist.

"Hoc cavorat mens provida Reguli  
Dissentientis condicionibus  
Fœdis et exemplo trahentis  
Perniciem veniens in ævum."  
*Carm. III. 5.*

'Twas this that Regulus foresaw  
What time he spurned the foul disgrace

Of Peace whose precedent would draw  
Destruction on an unborn race.

*Conington's Translation.*



TO ALL AT HOME.



[Owing to the dearth of taxi-cabs the habit, hitherto confined to station porters, hotel boys and commissionaires, of annexing one while it is still occupied is spreading to the general public.]

LIEUTENANT WEYMOUTH-MILLS AND MISS SMYTHE-HOSKINS, who have been dining at the CARLTON, are determined to get to THE GAIETY THEATRE, EVEN IF THEY HAVE FIRST TO TRAVERSE THE NORTHERN HEIGHTS OF KILBURN.

## THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC.

It would not matter about meeting Houlton every now and then in the street, the train or a lunching-place, if I had not chanced to run across him a few summers ago in Venice; nor would it matter about having run across him a few summers ago in Venice if I did not now chance to meet him every now and then in London. But, after the recent Italian reverse, the concatenation is getting rather deadly.

The trouble is that our acquaintanceship is of strictly Venetian origin. It was of the slightest even then, consisting chiefly in Houlton and his wife, after breakfast, asking me the way to some church or palace, and in my answers—by virtue of which I acquired in their eyes, all unwarranted, an authority amounting to inspiration. It used to amuse me to think how easily such reputations can be acquired: "To have been there before" is almost the golden rule; but it doesn't amuse me any longer. I meet Houlton too often.

Before the Italian *débâcle* we merely used to pass the time of day, or nod,

or ask each other when the War would be over and shake our heads sapiently, with inscrutable smiles, in reply, and get disentangled as quickly as possible. But since the Germans reinforced the Austrians and assailed the Friulian plain there is no getting rid of Houlton like that. He buttonholed me on the very next day and began the new campaign by remarking mournfully, in subdued tones, almost as though we were in the room below the body, that we should never meet on the Giudecca again. It was there that we had first met, in a *pension* kept, I regret to say, by a German's widow (I regret, of course, not that she was a widow, but that she was a German at all), and it is there, no doubt—but "under entirely new management"—that he had been hoping to meet me once more. But with the onset of the Huns that hope seemed to be extinguished. Houlton had already surrendered Venice; not only was her fall a foregone conclusion, but her total destruction too. He had been in his last gondola, eaten his last scampi, fed his last pigeon under the camera's eye.

Such is the authority with which, as I have said, he has invested me that

the expression of the fact that I personally intended to take a much less gloomy view immediately restored his buoyancy.

"Then you do really think," he concluded a long series of Venetian reminiscences—"you do really think my wife and I may venture to look forward to another holiday there? That is wonderful. You have no idea how you have cheered me."

Next day he cornered me again and wanted to know if I knew whether all the Tintoretto's (he hesitated between Tintoretto's and Tintoretto and finally rested on Tintoretto's) had been taken away and concealed in places of safety. A man at the Bank had told him that that was so; but he could not feel any confidence about it until he had my corroboration. Again I sent him away with a mind at ease.

At our next meeting, in the rain, in Threadneedle Street, he stopped me to recall the Armenian monastery on the island on the way to the Lido.

"If the enemy gets Venice," he asked, "will those Armenians be massacred too?"

"Surely," I said, "there would not be such an atrocity as that. It is the



Turks who massacre Armenians, not the Germans or Austrians."

"But they're all Allies," he replied, dwelling fondly on the worst.

"True," I said, "but I am prepared to bet—supposing, which I doubt, that Venice falls—that that little colony of scholars is spared."

He went away with tears of gratitude in his eyes, as though it were my personal exercise of clemency that had done it, and I had the feeling that he would catch an earlier train home that evening to bear the glad news.

The next time, so far as I can remember, was at BIRCH'S, and he came over to my table to ask if I thought VERROCCHIO'S statue of COLLEONI was all right. After the bomb which had fallen some weeks before on the Ospedale close by, the Italians surely would have wished to move it. But the fear troubled him that it might be too heavy to move.

I agreed that it would be heavy, but, since the statue had been brought there and set up, obviously it could be taken down and removed. That which man has done man can do; and so on.

This struck him as a novel idea, and he was again enormously relieved.

"After all," I said, "there is no reason to suppose the Italians any less keen about preserving their treasures than other nations are."

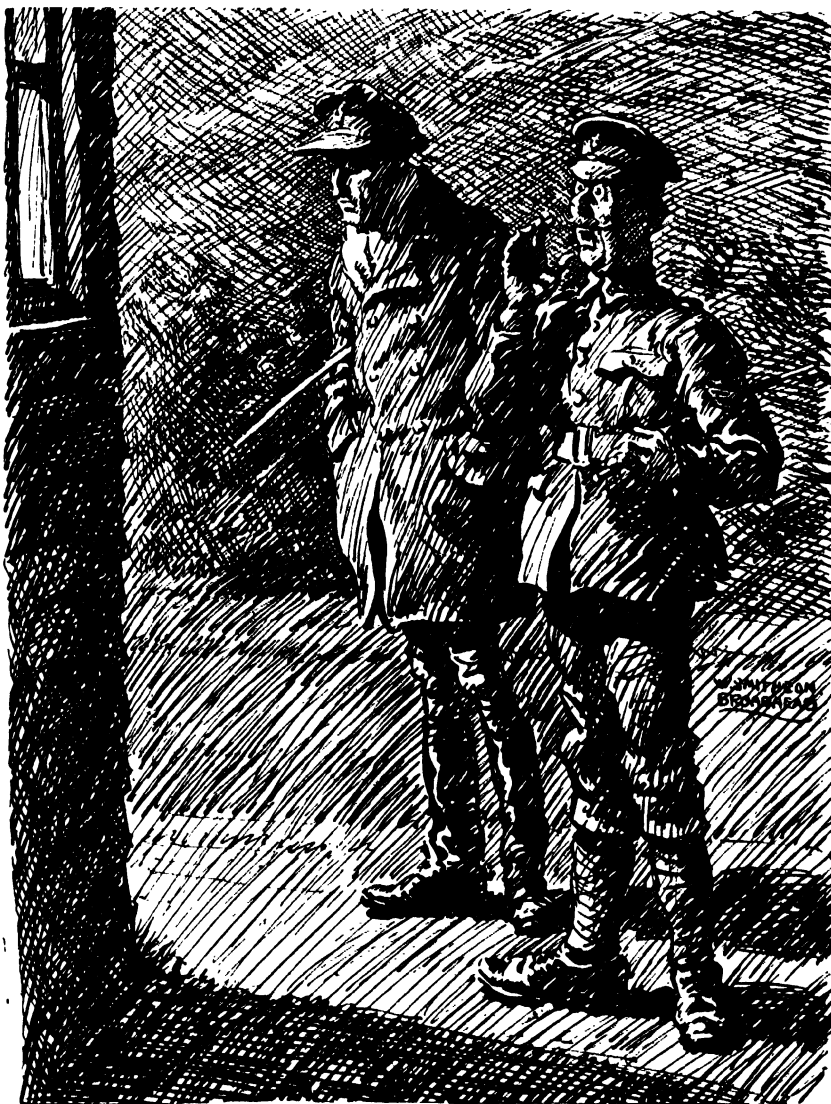
He thanked me warmly and withdrew.

Last week I met him again, full of fresh forebodings about our Venice's fate. By "our Venice" he meant his and mine. The advantages gained by the enemy here and there on the Italian line had depressed him anew. The evening before, he said, Mrs. Houlton and he had spent two melancholy but delightful hours looking through their Venetian photographs and re-living their happy Venetian fortnight. How tragic to think that never would they see those beautiful things again—the Doges' Palace, the Bridge of Sighs, St. Mark's, the Campanile.

Again I reassured him, and he told me of the joy that would be Mrs. Houlton's on hearing my words. But his pleasure will be of very short duration, and the bore will recommence; for Houlton is one of those people whose minds move in circles.

Meanwhile I am, oddly enough, beginning really to want to meet him again in Venice. I know of a secluded, dark and very deep part of the Grand Canal which was absolutely made for him.

"Our Prisoners in Turkey," says a headline. At this season we would sooner have read of "turkey in our Prisoners."



Orderly Sergeant. "LIGHTS OUT, THERE."

Voice from the Hut. "IT'S THE MOON, SERGINT."

Orderly Sergeant. "I DON'T GIVE A D--N WHAT IT IS. PUT IT OUT!"

#### Our Submarine Fliers.

"AIRCRAFT FLY 400 FEET BELOW LEVEL OF DEAD SEA."  
Heading in Provincial Paper.

"It was a picturesque throng. From the outskirts of Jerusalem the Jaffa road was crowded with people who flocked westward to greet the conquering general. The predominance of the tarbrush in the streets added to the brightness of the scene."

Daily Express.

That is not its usual effect.

From a review of an anthology for soldiers:—

"Within some 20 pages the fighting man is offered W. E. Henley's most familiar poem, 'Jim Bludso,' etc."—Times.

We hope the compiler has also included something from JOHN HAY'S "In Hospital."

#### How to Save Matches.

"He stopped and re-lit his cigarette with a great light in his eyes."—Scottish Paper.

"Did Mr. — ever pause to think of the hidden sympathy, the fine sentiment, attached to a pair of socks knitted by a woman for 'an unknown soldier.' I understand factories cannot cope with the demand for these articles."

Montreal Weekly Star.

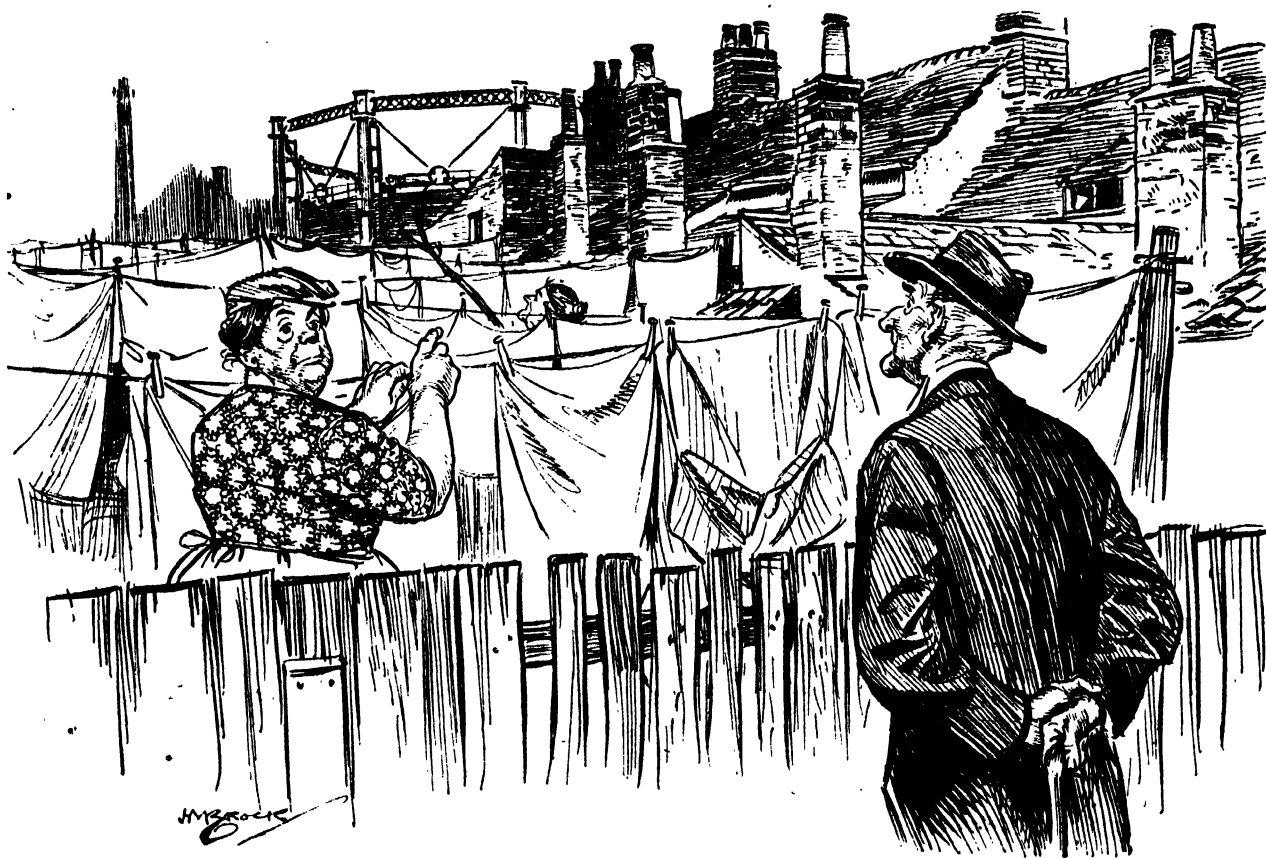
The writer certainly ought not to have given the show away.

The London Correspondent of *The Desert News*, published at Salt Lake City, signs himself as follows:—

"HAYDEN CHURCH.

apaM, mfwy wyp wyp wyp yyp."

It is not clear whether this is merely natural exuberance or whether a Welsh strain in the writer is indicated.



*Genial Old Gentleman.* "WASHING-DAY, I PRESUME?"

*Lady.* "HO NO, SIR. WE'RE EXPECTIN' OF A HAIR-RAID AND WE'RE ALL A-GOIN' TO SURRENDER."

### THE LONE HAND.

SHE took her tide and she passed the Bar with the first o' the morning light;  
She dipped her flag to the coast patrol at the coming down of the night;  
She has left the lights of the friendly shore and the smell of the English land,

And she's somewhere South o' the Fastnet now—  
God help her . . . South o' the Fastnet now,  
Playing her own lone hand.

She is ugly and squat as a ship can be, she was new when the Ark was new,  
But she takes her chance and she runs her risk as well as the best may do;  
And it's little she heeds the lurking death and little she gets of fame,

Out yonder South o' the Fastnet now—  
God help her . . . South o' the Fastnet now,  
Playing her own lone game.

She has played it once, she has played it twice, she has played it times a score;  
Her luck and her pluck are the two trump cards that have won her the game before;  
And life is the stake where the tin fish run and Death is the dealer's name,

Out yonder South o' the Fastnet now—  
God help her . . . South o' the Fastnet now,  
Playing her own lone game. C. F. S.

### "DORTY DODDLES."

How Dorty Doddles as a name for a person originated is not quite clear. The best and most probable account of the incident is this. It happened in the reign of the third female tyrant of the nursery, on a New Year's Day a good many years ago. The third tyrant had been behaving very riotously, having even gone so far as to refuse to put on her nightgown; had slapped her Prime Minister, the nurse, on the cheek—not a violent slap, but an unmistakable one, and had then careered round the nursery without a vestige of clothing. The nurse had appealed in vain to the tyrant's better feelings, and the two preceding tyrants, who had each in turn been deprived of their tyrannical privileges by the advent of a successor, had then joined forces with number three, and the nurse had assured them all that their parents had far too many naughty daughters.

This saying had been rapturously received, and they had all shouted, "Naughty daughters," in chorus as loudly and as well as they could. In the case of the reigning tyrant this had gone no further than shouting "Dorty Doddles" at the top of her voice. When later on her male parent had come in to tuck her up in bed he found to his surprise that a new demand was made upon him. He was asked insistently to tell her "all about Dorty Doddles." He assumed that these mystic words were the name of a person, and told his story accordingly, and this is how it ran:—

"Dorty Doddles was a little girl of extraordinary goodness and kindness who lived by herself in a little cottage near a wood. She had once had a mother, but her mother had gone out one day and had never come back. Every



day Dorthy Doddles sought for her mother, and every day she sought in vain. But she was a brave little girl and continued her search in spite of all disappointments.

"One morning Dorthy Doddles set out quite early on her quest. She had not gone very far when she found herself walking along a path that was new to her, but she stepped boldly on in spite of a feeling that some adventure was about to happen. Suddenly two huge St. Bernard dogs came bounding along to meet her. Dorthy Doddles held up her hand and the dogs stopped and wagged their tails. 'We are not really dogs,' said one of them, 'but we are a King and Queen who have been changed into this shape by the wiles of a wicked magician, and we cannot be restored to our true selves until a little girl has blown a blast on the silver bugle that hangs above the castle gateway. "That will I do," said Dorthy Doddles, and they all walked on very happily together.

"They had not gone much further when, lo and behold, two white pussycats with bushy tails came leaping along the path, and Dorthy Doddles again held up her hand, and the cats stopped. 'We are not really cats,' said one of them, 'but we are a Prince and Princess who have been enchanted by a wicked magician, and we cannot be changed back until a little girl blows a blast on the silver bugle that hangs above the castle gateway.'

"So these two joined the procession and all walked on together.

"Soon afterwards two large blue birds came sailing through the air towards them and announced themselves as a Duke and Duchess who had fallen into the power of the wicked magician and were unable to cast off their plumage until a blast had been blown on the silver trumpet.

"At last they arrived at the castle gateway and there, lo and behold, high up above the great arch hung the silver bugle on a golden hook. 'Alas,' said Dorthy Doddles, 'I can never reach it.'

But the birds soon eased her mind. They seized her by her leather belt, flapped their great wings and soared into the air with her until she was able to take the bugle from its hook. Then she put it to her lips and blew a resounding note, and the birds came down gently and placed her again upon the earth. When she looked round, dogs, cats and birds had vanished, and in their place stood a King and Queen, robed in purple, a Prince and Princess of unmatched beauty, and a Duke and Duchess of considerable dignity. All were very happy and invited Dorthy Doddles to stay with them for many years. But Dorthy Doddles could not accept this invitation since she had to look for her mother. So she went home quietly, taking with her a casket of diamonds and rubies and the silver bugle which had done such wonderful things."

Such was the opening chapter of the story—singularly inapposite to the occasion—of Dorthy Doddles. R. C. L.



*Special Constable Binks (reading).* "ON DRAWING YOUR TRUNCHEON BRING IT SMARTLY ACROSS YOUR OPPONENT'S KNEES OR SHINS. IF THIS HAS NOT THE DESIRED EFFECT RAISE THE TRUNCHEON SMARTLY AND STRIKE YOUR ADVERSARY ON THE POINT OF THE JAW. THEN SECURE HIM AND REPORT TO YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICER —"

*His Friend.* "FROM A CASUAL PERUSAL OF THE RULES IT SEEMS TO ME YOUR OPPONENT HAS TO BE A CONSENTING PARTY."

#### Taking no Risks.

"On December 31st, at 11 a.m., we shall hope to hold a Mid-night Service."—*Parish Magazine.*

"Amsterdam.—From January 1 the weekly fat ration in Germany will be reduced from 90 to 70 grammes, allowing for special rations for the sick, &c. The Berlin papers calculate that this means at most 65.5 grammes per head of the population."

WILLIAM will have to get a smaller helmet.

"M. Clemenceau's decision to prosecute M. Caillaux for high treason opens perhaps the bitterest and most serious political conflict in the history of the Fourth Republic."—*Manchester Guardian.*

With so many republics cropping up daily on all sides—Russia, Finland, Ukraine, Siberia, the Bashkirs, and the Amur—our contemporary may be excused for assuming that our French friends have improved the opportunity by overthrowing their Third Republic and setting up a Fourth.

## AT THE PLAY.

## "ALADDIN."

ONE should approach the discussion of a Drury Lane Hardy Annual with the reverence due to a British Institution. If it doesn't satisfy you, you must look for the fault in yourself or your environment—advancing years, imperfect digestion, the Duration or what not. I must try to let this thought govern my attitude in regard to *Aladdin*.

Frankly, I found it on the dull side, with little of mechanical novelty, no new thrill of situation, and scarcely a single fresh wheeze. I remember only one attempt to tell a funny story; it was about a dog and a Daddy—and it was old and not very good for children to hear. There were some passable songs, but there was hardly any good singing; and the dances were not so brilliant as to justify the introduction of dummies in ridicule of the art of another Hall of Mirth. The chief source of spontaneous laughter was *primoval*; it was the merry *Widow Twankay*'s habit of taking up, with studied inadvertence, a sitting posture on the unresilient floor.

Excellent work was done by the scene-painters and the schemers of colour; but the beauty of the set pieces was nearly always damaged by the intervention of some grotesque figure that let it down. The device of contrast, so admirable when employed intelligently—as between the dignity of the *Slave of the Lamp* and the buffoonery of the *Slave of the Ring*—was here merely abused. By the way, you may have wondered why it was that the two *Slaves*, each practically omnipotent in the original, should have been so distinct in their methods; why the *Slave of the Lamp* could raise a palace for *Aladdin* with a wave of his hand, while the other had to busy himself, with such masterly futility, over the contemptibly practical details of planks and scaffolding. The explanation is easy. The scene-shifters, though very fleet at their job, were not fabulous wizards; and something had to be done at the front to keep us quiet while the great labour battalion was putting up its dome behind the scene.

The authorship of the text is ascribed to Messrs. F. ANSTEE, FRANK DIX and ARTHUR COLLINS. I can only guess what share was taken by each; but I seemed to recognise Mr. ANSTEE's hand in the diction of the genie of the lamp, in the Gilbertian humour of the *Emperor of China*, and in that general freedom from inconsequence which is the mark of the logical mind. For myself, I could have desired a little more irresponsibility. The solitary advantage that you get from assisting at the per-

formance of a thread-bare theme is that you have no difficulty, as with a Revue, in following the plot, and can afford to have any number of distractions. Yet in a Revue they give you all sorts of side-shows totally unrelated to the main issue (if any), and here there was very little diversion that did not arise out of the tale and its traditional distortions.

In the dialogue we had some clever making of bricks without much straw; but very few topical chances were taken. Still, I hope that the many officers in the audience gathered from the allusions to butter and margarine that we are bearing our terrible trials at home with a fortitude worthy of the race.

MISS MADGE TITHERADGE was a very



SLAVE AND SUPER-SLAVE.

*Slave of the Ring* . . . MR. WILL EVANS.  
*Slave of the Lamp* . . . MR. CALIB PORTER.

gallant and clean-limbed *Aladdin*. Mr. STANLEY LUPINO, as the *Widow Twankay*, bore the brunt of the attack with remorseless humour. The fact that his wounds were mostly behind is no reflection on his indomitable courage. Mr. WILL EVANS, as the *Slave of the Ring*, was more reticent, but there was much eloquence in his face. The *Ahanazar* of Mr. ROBERT HALE was a joyous rogue; and Mr. HARRY CLAFF made an admirable *Emperor of China*, with a nice sense of the absurdities of Opera.

I don't know what became of the Harlequinade, as I left after the National Anthem, and it hadn't occurred by then, though we were well on into the fifth hour. I never can understand why we should be given so much more for our money (not mine, I ought to say) at Drury Lane Pantomime than at any

other exhibition. Perhaps the children, whose show it's supposed to be, mistake quantity for quality. But to me, who come somewhere between the two childhoods, it seemed that there was scarcely a single scene which would not have been the better for rationing.

And this brings me back to my introduction. If there is fault to find I must believe that it lies with me and the peevishness of middle age.

O. S.

### BALLADE OF THE INCOMPETENT BALLADIST.

WHEN first I started out to rhyme

Above a score of years ago,  
The Ballade's sweet recurrent chime,  
Its alternating ebb and flow,  
I thought extremely *comme-il-faut*,  
And strove the instrument to handle;  
But now for doggerel bards I know  
The Ballade game's not worth the candle.

If steeped in roguery and crime,  
As VILLON was, or schooled by woe,  
You may upon this ladder climb  
To an immortal afterglow;  
But if your life be staid and slow,  
Unruffled by the breath of scandal,  
This is a fruitless field to hoe—  
The Ballade game's not worth the candle.

It isn't played in pantomime;  
The Georgians label it "old clo',"  
And leading prophets of our time,  
Like Mr. WELLS and "Captain COE,"  
And votaries of *l'Art Nouveau*,  
And wearers of the bare-foot sandal,  
Would probably endorse the mot—  
The Ballade game's not worth the candle.

Envoy.

Prince, though the gods on you bestow  
A gift denied to Goth and Vandal,  
Yet for the eagle as the crow  
The Ballade game's not worth the candle.

From a company report:—  
"Directors' gees, £631 12s. 11d."

We suppose this large sum represents what is technically known as "an over-riding commission."

"The twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Irish Convention was held to-day in the Regent House, Trinity College."

*Dublin Evening Mail.*

We knew it had been sitting a long time, but—

Extract from letter received by a firm of house-furnishers:—

"Also if you feel quite sure our fleet is strong enough to keep the Germans out, I should like a comfortable Couch, second-hand would do quite well, mahogany frame. . . ."



Artist (to Tommy, home on leave, acting as model for picture to be entitled "Going over the Top"). "AH DINNA KEN WHAT IT IS. IT DOESNA SEEM REALISTIC ENOUGH. HAVE WE FORGOTTEN ANYTHING?"

Tommy. "DON'T THINK SO, GUV'NOR, ON'Y THE TOT O' RUM YER DIDN'T SERVE AHT."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

As a War Correspondent Mr. G. WARD PRICE has two great merits: he gets his effects without indulging in flowery language, and he does not congratulate himself upon making his way into places where he had no right to be. His book, *The Story of the Salonica Army* (HODDER AND SROUGHTON), will once and for all (let us, at any rate, hope) stop the tongues of those who twaddle that our troops in Macedonia are having a picnic. "If it were a picnic," Mr. PRICE says, "one can only say that people out there keep extraordinarily quiet about the good time they are supposed to be having, and show praiseworthy self-sacrifice in trying to get away from it and back to the Western Front." Ignoring the natural difficulties of the country, the lack of railways, of decent roads and of practically all the necessities of quick campaigning, our arm-chair critics have spoken of the Salonica Army as if it had nothing to do but amuse itself. Actually, in spite of everything, flies, Bulgars, mosquitoes, malaria, our men have done marvellously well, and have grasped every opportunity that has come their way. When one remembers that for a long time the Greeks were an uncertain quantity and might at any moment have attacked us from behind, one does not wonder at the care with which General SARRAIL had to plan every move. As to the original undertaking of the Salonica Expedition, Mr. PRICE states the reasons

for and against, and leaves his readers to settle the question for themselves. But when I remember how often the All-highest has stated that he was going to hurl the Allied troops into the sea, I fancy they must be a considerable stumbling-block in the way of Teutonic ambitions. And for my own part I salute gratefully these Allied armies who have performed a thankless task with so great efficiency and courage and reticence, and also thank Mr. PRICE for having given us just the book for which those of us who want to know before we criticise were waiting.

Military experts will tell you that this is a "Q." war, meaning thereby that the Quartermaster-General's department is the one which matters. "Intelligence," however, is not without interest, and as to that some say one thing and some say another, but all are agreed that it is very mysterious and alluring. Mr. MAX PEMBERTON makes the most of it in his ruthlessly exciting story, *Her Wedding Night* (JENKINS). It would require some expert Secret Servant to tell us whether there is any truth at the back of it or not; I should say that there is at least a little, notwithstanding that people begin whipping out pistols on page 3 of it. Of the other stories in the book, "The Lady of the Waxen Flower," which deals with Intelligence nearer "the field," is no less exciting, but is much less convincing. Those who are in the field themselves, or have ever been there, will notice one or two details in which the author has gone wrong. The other six stories touch upon current

affairs in France, but have nothing to do with Intelligence. In none of them does Mr. PEMBERTON fail to do himself justice. It may be said that he never attains great artistic heights, but he always shows himself to be an expert, indeed an "old soldier," in his business of telling a good story well. In "Armies of the Night" he reminds the reader, delicately but clearly, of the pain which France in particular has suffered since August, 1914; in "O'Flannagan's Submarine" he maintains a delightful vivacity, of which I, though I count myself amongst his admirers, never thought him capable.

One of the most delightful volumes of its kind that have come my way for a great while is ALICE MEYNELL'S new book of essays, *Hearts of Controversy* (BURNS AND OATES). "Delightful" is the only word for it, full, that is, of a deep and quiet enjoyment that repeats itself afterwards in memory, as at the recollection of something treasured from the lips of a friend. All Mrs. MEYNELL'S essays have this companionable quality of good talk; only in talk, however good, one must needs be up and speaking; and here I am more than content to sit and listen. She has a half-dozen of themes, all bookish—DICKENS as a man of letters, an appreciation of TENNYSON, the art of the BRONTËS. Well-worn subjects, you observe, do not alarm one who has always something fresh and personal to contribute to their discussion. I wish I had space to quote. Perhaps I myself got most pleasure from the paper on DICKENS. Here Mrs. MEYNELL'S detailed knowledge of her author was such as to put me out of countenance. How came I, for example, to forget that perfect but strangely un-Dickensian phrase about the *Tite Barnacle*, who "died with his drawn salary in his hand," which is here cited as an example of the master's wit? . . . It is superfluous at this time to praise Mrs. MEYNELL'S prose. Throughout this little book you have it at its best, clear as fresh-running water, instinct with an ordered beauty that comes not from an effortless facility, but by the conquest of that just perceptible friction (which she herself twice speaks about here) as of "water to the oar, or air to the pinion," which is the true "movement of vitality." In short, *Hearts of Controversy* is a book that, having read once, I look forward to reading often again. "What did Mrs. MEYNELL say?" I shall ask, and take it from an honourable shelf to refresh my memory. A happy prospect.

I have always wondered what the *Index Expurgatorius* is really like. Some deny its very existence, while others assert positively that it contains the name of every modern novelist except Father HUGH BENSON and the author of *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*. If that is so, FLORENCE BARCLAY'S latest effort, *The White Ladies of Worcester* (PUTNAM), can hardly fail to be proscribed. I hasten to assure the many admirers of Mrs. BARCLAY'S works that it is solely in the interests of fiction and without malice or uncharitableness that she libels the Holy Roman Church.

But that the libel is there I must in the interests of history, not to say ecclesiasticism, insist. It is barely possible that a thirteenth-century Bishop of Worcester, sufficiently in advance of his time to quote SHAKESPEARE, would assist a pious Crusader to break into a convent and woo the Mother-Superior, his one-time *fiancée*. But credulity boggles at the discovery that a complacent Pontiff cheerfully issues a bull or a rescript or an absolution or whatever it is that Pontiffs do issue, releasing the lady from her vows on the ground that she had embarked on the conventual life under a misapprehension as to her lover's connubial arrangements. For Mrs. BARCLAY'S constant admirers these large demands on the imagination will doubtless have no terrors; and I may safely prophesy a popular acclaim for her latest exploration into the depths of romantic emotionalism.

The peace-loving, logical and fair-minded German author of *J'accuse* has returned in the first volume of *The Crime* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) to a task which one feels he bitterly dislikes, but yet to which he realises that he is called. When Germany recovers from her madness of Prussianism one of the few things left her to rejoice in will be this—that the most ruthless of all the exposures of her sin comes from a German hand. The writer here retraverses the ground of his previous work in the light of the production of the German apologists, particularly HELFFERICH and BETTMANN-HOLLWEG himself; and with a remorselessness that would seem to render further reply impossible exhibits the innumerable paltry omissions, corruptions, mutual contradictions and stark fabrications that appear in their attempts to bolster up a hopeless case. If there is still anyone in this country who doubts that Germany and Austria did deliberately seek war and ensue it, whilst all the Entente countries with almost incredible forbearance strove for peace, it is his duty to read here and be convinced. All the old legends, such as the Anglo-Belgian conspiracy, the early Russian mobilisation and the unlimited English assurances of support, are here annihilated beyond intelligent resuscitation, while, on the other hand, a challenging mass of coherent evidence is hurled at the Prussian apologists. This is not a book to while away a pleasant hour or two. It is long, necessarily somewhat reiterative, and, though most excellently translated, by no means easy to read. But it will stand for centuries.

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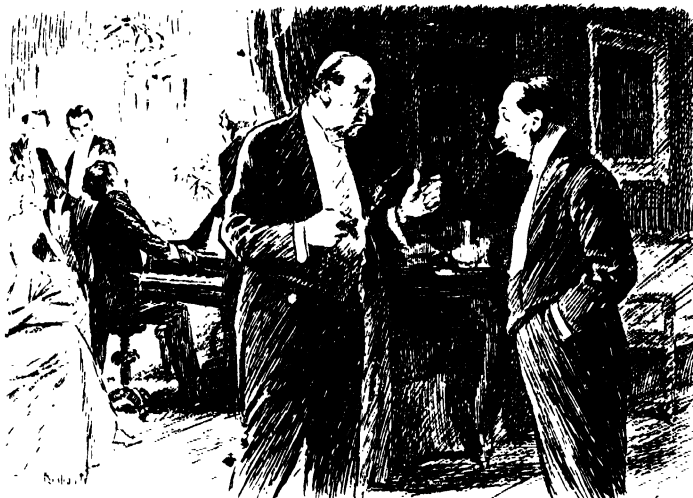
#### More Cannibalism in England.

Extract from a private letter:—

"Mother seems well but very worried about servants and food. The latter is very scarce in Tadworth and though we have a possible 'widow and boy' in prospect they are still uncertain."

"The world's output of oil was 46,000,000 barrels in 1916, of which 300,000,000 were produced in the United States."—*Financial Mail*.

We have often wondered what was the final destination of the widow's cruse.



Prof. Cor. "THAT'S JUST LIKE THE MUSICIANS. I HIRED HIM BY THE HOUR, AND SEE HOW SLOWLY HE LAYS."

### CHARIVARIA.

THE mystery of the Foreign Office official who has not gone to Paris for the Peace Conference has been cleared up. He is the caretaker.

"The King and Queen of Roumania," says a Paris paper, "will embark after Christmas, orthodox style, for Western Europe." It is easy enough to start a voyage, orthodox style; the difficulty is at the other end.

The supreme command of the German Navy, says a telegram, has been transferred to Wilhelmshaven. This looks like carelessness on the part of the watch at Scapa Flow.

This year's *Who's Who* has eighty-six more pages than that of last year. On the other hand, since the Election quite a number of people are not *Who* at all.

"The present rule in *Who's Who*," says *The Evening News*, "is that the more important a man is the less space he is content to occupy." As some of the staff of our evening Press do not occupy any space at all in this excellent publication we leave readers to draw their own conclusions.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* observes that the ex-Kaiser has grown very silent and morose. It is supposed that he has something or other on his mind.

A Copenhagen message states that the Spartacus people have three times attempted to murder Count REVENTLOW, who is said to regard these attempts as being in the worst possible taste.

Once again the newspapers have been beaten. It appears that Princess PATRICIA knew of her engagement some time before the Press announced it to Her Royal Highness.

"We still believe," says the *Kölnische Zeitung*, "that in thought the German and the Britisher are racially akin." All the same we should not encourage the Hun to come over here with the idea of making a spiritual home among his alleged relatives.

Charged with drunkenness at the Thames Police Court a man attributed his condition to the beer habit. It is remarkable how men will cling to any sort of excuse.

Woolwich Arsenal, we are informed, is turning out milk-cans. Can nothing be done, asks a pacifist, to save our children from the insidious grip of militarism?

Nottinghamshire War Committee states that rat-catchers are now demanding four pounds a week. Diplomacy, it appears, is the only branch of British sport that has succeeded in escaping the taint of professionalism.

"Fractious mules," says a correspon-

Stories of an unsuccessful Candidate in the Midlands, who was heard to admit that the voters probably preferred his opponent's personality, must be definitely regarded as apocryphal.

Traditions in Scotland die hard. We gather that it is still considered unlucky for a red-headed burglar to cross a Scottish threshold on New Year's Eve.

A man at Berne has recently confessed to a murder he committed twenty-one years ago. This is what comes of memory-training.

It is reported that TROTSKY has been ordered by his doctor to take a complete rest. He has therefore decided not to have any more revolutions for the present. Orders however will be executed in rotation.

Credit where credit is due. A woman fined at Wood Green Police Court said her name was JOLLY and she had been having a "jollification," yet the magistrate refrained from comment.

"Where was the Poet Laureate during the visit of President Wilson?" asks a correspondent in a contemporary. We do not share this curiosity.

"Foxes are to be found within an omnibus ride of Charing Cross," says Mr. RICHARD KEARTON. Young omnibuses with plenty of bone and stamina are the best for suburban meets.

Anemones, said a lecturer at the Royal Institution, will live as long as sixty years in captivity and are very intelligent. Nevertheless we refuse to swallow the story about their being taught to jump through a hoop. The man who told it must have been thinking of an Egyptian king of the same name.

The LORD-LIEUTENANT, it is stated on good authority, threatens that if Sinn Féin prisoners destroy any more jails they will be rigorously released.

"Sir Eric Geddes speaks of £50,000,000,000—a sum so vast that it could not be paid off in a century of annual payments so small as £2,000,000,000 each."—*Yorkshire Paper*. Our contemporary overestimates the difficulty.



The Fare. "I DEFY YOU!"  
The Fare. "I

The Driver. "WHO ARE YOU?"  
A RETIRED TAXI-DRIVER."

dent of *The Daily Mail*, "should not be sent to the country for sale." The playful kind, on the other hand, that bite and kick from sheer *joie de vivre*, are bound to have a beneficial effect on the agricultural temperament.

A Guildford allotment-holder successfully grew new potatoes for Christmas-day dinner. All were eaten, it appears, except one, which was kept to show to the Christmas pudding.

There is no truth in the report that Mr. DANIELS, U.S. Secretary for the Navy, has received a telegram from Mr. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, saying, "You furnish the navy and I'll furnish the war."

"The Crystal Palace," says Dean INGE, "is the embodiment of spiritual emptiness." A determined attempt is to be made to find out what the Crystal Palace thinks of Dean INGE.

## THE VERDICT OF DEMOCRACY.

THE nation's memory, then, is not so short;  
It still recalls the fields we lately bled on;  
And when it had to choose the likeliest sort  
For clearing up the mess of Armageddon  
And making all things new,  
It chose the man whose courage saw it through.

Hun-lovers, pledged to Peace (the German kind),  
And such as sported LENIN's sanguine token,  
Appealed to Liberty to speak her mind,  
And Liberty has very frankly spoken,  
Strewing around her polls  
The remnants of their ungummed aureoles.

In Amerongen there is grief to-day;  
I seem to hear the martyr of Potsdam say,  
"Alas for SNOWDEN, gone the downward way,  
And O my poor, my poor beloved RAMSAY;  
I much regret the rout  
That washed this couple absolutely out!"

Dreadfully, too, the heart of TROTSKY bleeds,  
To match the stain upon his reeking sabre,  
Which is the blood of Russia, when he reads  
How BARNES, the champion knight of loyal Labour,  
Downed in the Lowland lists  
MACLEAN, the Red Hope of the Bolsheviks.

But here is jubilation in the air  
And matter made to build the jocund rhyme on,  
Though in our joyance some may fail to share,  
Like MR. RUNCIMAN or Major SIMON,  
That hardened warrior, he  
Who won the Military O.B.E.

Already dawns for us a golden age  
(Lo! with the loud "All Clear!" our psalm mingles),  
An era when the OUTHWAITES cease to rage  
And there is respite from the prancing PRINGLES,  
And absence puts a curb  
On the reluctant lips of SAMUEL (HERB.). O. S.

## HOW TO THROW OFF AN ARTICLE.

"Do you really write?" said Sylvia, gazing at me large-eyed with wonder. I admitted as much.

"And do they print it just as you write it?"

"Well, their hired grammarians make a few trifling alterations to justify their existence."

"And do they pay you quite a lot?"

"Sixpence a word."

"Oo! How wonderful!"

"But not for every word," I added hastily, "only the really funny ones."

"And they send it to you by cheques?"

"Rather. I bought a couple of pairs of socks with the last story; even then I had something left over."

"And how do you write the stories?"

"Oh, just get an idea and go right ahead."

"How wonderful! Do you just sit down and write it straight off?"

I just—only just—pulled myself up in time as I remembered that Sylvia was an enthusiast of twelve whose own efforts had already caused considerable comment in the literary circles described round the High School. I felt this entitled her to some claim on my veracity.

"Sylvia," I cried, "I shall have to make a confession. All those stories you have been good enough to read and occasionally smile over are the result of a cold-blooded

mechanical process—and the help of a dictionary of synonyms."

"Oo! How wonderful! Do show me how."

"Very well. Since you are going to be a literary giantess it is well that you should be initiated into the mysteries of producing what I shall call the illusion of spontaneity. Now take this story here. Here on this old envelope is THE IDEA."

"Oo! Let me see. I can't read a word."

"Of course you can't; nobody could. Rough copies are divided into classes as follows:—

"No. 1. Those I can read, but nobody else can.

"No. 2. Those I can't read myself after two days.

"No. 3. Those my typist can read.

This story is about a certain Brigade Major who is an inveterate leg-puller. Some Americans are expected to be coming for instruction. Well, before they arrive the Brigade Major has to go up to the line, and on his way he meets a man with a very new tin hat who asks him in a certain nasal accent we have all come to love if he has seen anything of a party of Americans. Spotting him as a new chum, the Brigade Major offers to show him round the line, and proceeds to pull his leg and tells him the most preposterous nonsense. For instance, on a shot being fired miles away he pretends they are in frightful danger, and leads him bent double round and round trenches in the same circle."

"What a shame!"

"Wasn't it? Well, when he gets tired he asks the American if he thinks he has learnt anything. The American says, 'Gee, I've been out here two years now, but I guess you've taught me a whole heap I didn't know. I'm a Canadian tunneller, you know, and I've got to show some Americans our work, but I guess I've had a most interesting time with you.'"

"Ha! ha!"

"Well now, to put the story into its form. Here's Copy No. 1, on this old envelope. 'Americans coming—Brigade Major sees American looking for party—pulls his leg—pretends to be in frightful danger—American is Canadian who has been out two years.' See? Copy No. 2. Here we begin to fill in. Describe Brigade headquarters and previous leg-pulls of Brigade Major. Make up details of what he tells the American—'That's a trench. That thing you fell over is a coil of wire. This is a sunken road—we sunk it, etc., etc.' Copy No. 3, additions and details, little touches of local colour, revision of choice of words, heart-rending erasures. And here, my child," I concluded, bringing out the beautiful, clean, smooth typed copy—"here is the finished work itself, light, pleasant, fluent, humorous and, most important of all, spontaneous."

"Oo! But how awfully cold-blooded. I thought you smiled to yourself all the time you wrote it."

"My dear girl, it takes hours. If I smiled continually all that length of time the top of my head would come off."

"Isn't it wonderful? Fancy building it all up from jottings on an old envelope! What's that piece of paper you took out of the typed copy?"

"Oh, that's nothing to do with the literary side of it," I said, crumpling up the little memorandum, which said that the Editor presented compliments and regretted that he was unable to make use of the enclosed contribution. L.

"Mr. Henderson . . . was received with a cry of 'He is not on the map now.'"—*Times*.

It is supposed that his supporter meant to say "not on the mat"—in reference to an incident at the close of Mr. HENDERSON's Ministerial career. But many a true word is said in the Press by inadvertence.

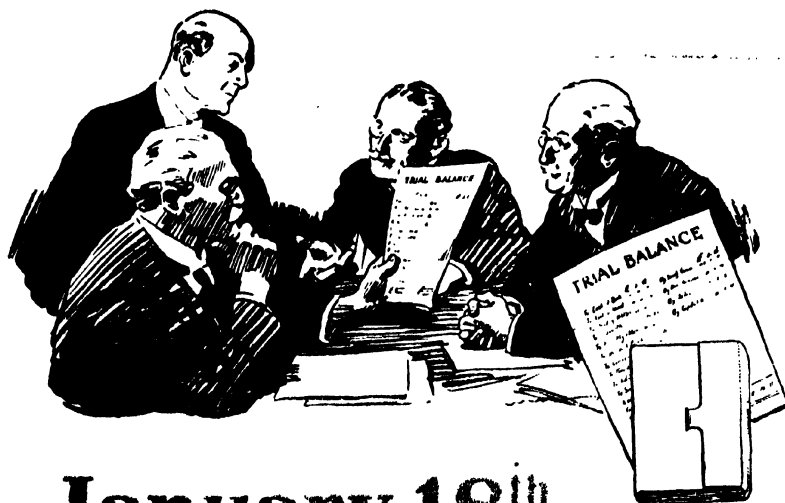
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They know that the issue of War Bonds is an opportunity which will not recur. A net yield of 5½ to 5¾ per cent. on a British Government Security—safe as Consols and bearing about twice as much interest, saleable at any time, and carrying unique conversion rights and privileges in respect of taxation—these are terms which, in their entirety, no Government would be justified in offering in time of Peace.

That is why the business men of great industrial and commercial centres like Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Newcastle, Bradford, Leeds, Bristol, Cardiff, Sheffield—cities every one of which has already invested from ten to more than fifty million pounds in War Bonds—are now considering how much more they can invest by Saturday week.

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Send a letter by to-day's post, instructing your Banker or Stockbroker to invest as much as you can afford; or call at the Bank or Money Order Post Office.

**Buy the  
BIGGEST BOND  
you can**





## THE WAR AGAINST THE PUBLIC.

PROFITTEERING HEN. "NOTHING DOING AT FIVEPENCE. BUT I MIGHT PERHAPS LAY YOU ONE FOR NINEPENCE. WHAT! YOU THOUGHT THE WAR WAS OVER? NOT MY WAR."



*Dear Old Lady (to returning warrior). "WELCOME BACK TO BLIMEY!"*

### A DEMOBILISATION DISASTER.

Private Randle Janvers Binderbeck and Private John Hodge (of No. 12 Platoon) both enlisted in 1914. Previously Randle wrote articles, mostly denunciatory. He denounced the Government of the day, tight skirts, Christian Science, scorching on scooters, the foreign policy of Patagonia and many other things. John, on the other hand, had not an agile brain. He worked on a farm in some incredibly primitive capacity, and the only thing that he denounced was the quality of the beer at the "Waggon and Horses." It certainly was bad.

In the Army Randle had no ambition except to get out of it and to remain a private while in it. His ambition for his civil career was tremendous. He tried to prod the placid John (his neighbour in their hut) into an equal ambition.

"My poor Hodge," said Randle to John, "you must cultivate a soul above manure. Does it satisfy you, as a man made in the image of God, to be able to distinguish between a mangold and a swede? Think of the glory of literature, the power of the writer to send forth his burning words to millions and sway public opinion as the west wind sways the pliant willow."

"I dunno as I'd prefer that to bird-searing or suchlike," murmured John.

Goaded by such beast-like placidity, Randle would forget all restraint in trying to lash John into a worthy ambition.

It was for talking after "Lights out" that Randle and John were given a punishment of three days' confinement to barracks. Randle, pouring out a devastating torrent of words in the manner of a public orator, bitterly denounced the punishment; John, who had merely snored (the Captain said it took two to make a conversation), bore it with the stoicism of ignorance.

Randle used to dream of Peace Day. He heard Sir DOUGLAS HAIG order his Chief-of-Staff to summon Private Randle Janvers Binderbeck. "Release him at once," said HAIG, in Randle's dream, "to resume his colossal mission as leader and director of public opinion."

If John dreamed, it was of messy farmyards and draughty fields; but it is improbable that he dreamed at all.

They both went to the War and faced the Hun. Randle thought of the Hun only as a possible wrecker of his career, therefore as a foe of mankind. John hardly thought of the Hun except in the course of coming into contact with him, and then he used his bayonet with careless zeal.

Randle steeled himself against the rough edges of soldiering. He allowed neither the curses of corporals nor the familiarities of second-lieutenants to affect his dreams of the future. Always, even *sotto voce* in the last five minutes before going over the top, he kept before John his vision splendid.

It was their luck to remain together and unhurt. Then arrived the great day when the Hun confessed defeat. Randle vainly awaited a sign from the Commander-in-Chief.

There came, however, a moment when No. 12 Platoon was paraded at the Company Orderly-room. Particulars were to be taken before filling up demobilisation forms. Men were to be grouped, on paper, according to the nation's demand for their return to civil life.

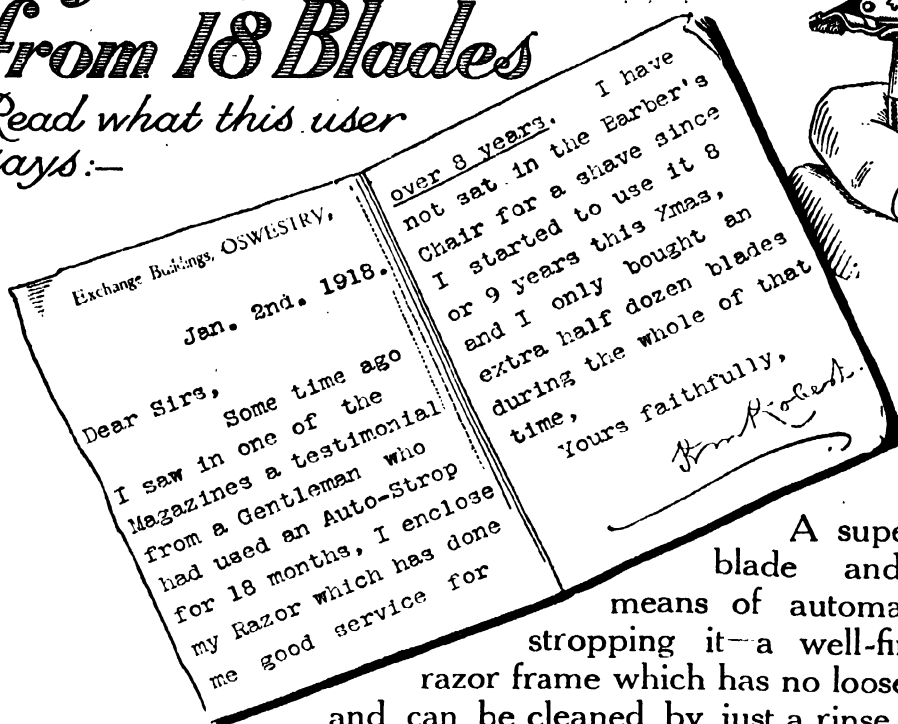
Randle Janvers Binderbeck knew this was *der Tag*. Magnanimously he overlooked the delay and felt that HAIG might, after all, have an excuse. John Hodge remained placid. He had long ago classed Randle's goadings with heavies and machine-guns, as unavoidable incidents of warfare.

Randle and John were called into the orderly-room together. By an obvious error John was first summoned to the table.

"Well, Hodge," said the Company

# 8 years service from 18 Blades

Read what this user  
says:—



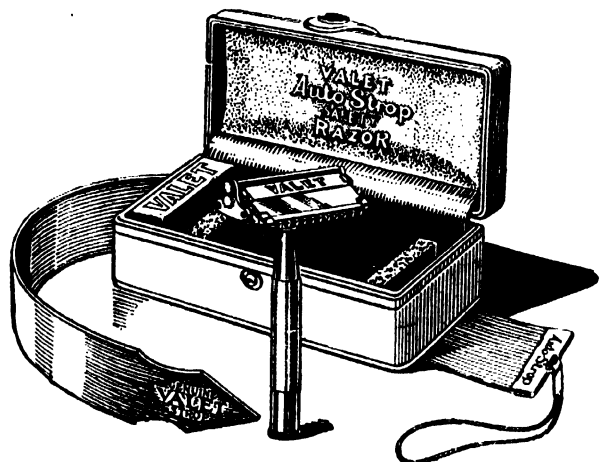
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6,000 yards, pieces and part pieces, 31 in. good quality Cretonne, large variety of designs and colours, which cannot be repeated.

Usual price 1/11, 2/6 and 2/11.

All at one sale price to clear, 1/0½ per yd.

Please note we cannot supply more than 50 yds. to one customer of this particular bargain.

2,000 yards of 31 in. heavy quality Cretonne, Queen Anne Embroidery design in Black and Linen colour ground.

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Special sale price 1/4½ per yd.

5,000 yards 31 in. heavy Domestic Cretonne, Chinese Chippendale design in 6 treatments of colour.

Usual price 2/11½ per yd.

Special sale price 1/6½ per yd.

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This scum clogs the pores of the skin and sets up roughness, chilblains, etc.

There is no scum where

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are used. They are entirely different from all other Soaps.

A Nurse at one of the Principal Military Hospitals, after thoroughly testing "Sapon" Tar Soap, writes:

"It is really wonderful how it cleans up skin trouble, especially eczema."

An Officer writes:

"My father, Major ———, sent me a cake of your soap, which I find nicer to use than any I have ever tried. My skin is abnormally bad—so bad, in fact, that my last Medical Board refused to pass me for service abroad. I cannot tell you what relief your Soap has brought me, even in the use of a single tablet."

A Major writes:

"Your Soap is extraordinarily good for the skin. I sometimes get spots across my shoulders, nothing to worry about—but I don't like them and I find that leaving 'Sapon' lather to dry on takes them away."

An R.N. Officer writes:

"I owe you many thanks for supplying such excellent soaps. I had a very rough and coarse skin until I tried your Soaps. I use none other than your Soaps now."

The above are voluntary testimonials which speak for themselves. The originals may be seen at the Office of the Company.

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Sergeant-Major, "what's your job in civil life?"

"I dunno as I got any special job," said John. "I just sort o' helped on the farm."

"You must have a group," said the C.S.M. "What did you mostly do before the War?"

"S' far as that do go," said John, "I were mostly a bird-scarer."

"'Bird-scarer,'" said the C.S.M. "I know there's a heading for that somewhere. Agricultural, ain't it? 'Bird-scarer.' Ah, here we are. 'Group 1.' You'll be one of the first for release."

The Company Clerk noted the fact, and the C.S.M. called "Next man."

Randle Janvers Binderbeck stepped forward.

"What's your job, Binderbeck?" said the C.S.M.

(To ask Lord Northcliffe, "Do you sell newspapers?" To ask Boswell, "Have you heard of a man named Johnson?" To ask Henry VIII., "Were you ever married?")

The futility of the question flabbergasted Randle.

"Come on, man," said the C.S.M.

Randle made an effort. "Journalist," he said.

"'Journalist,'" said the C.S.M. "'Journalist.' Yes, I thought so. 'Group 41.' You've got a long way to go, my lad. You'd have done better if you was a bird-scarer, like Hodge. Them's the boys the nation wants—Group 1 boys. You sticks in the Army for another six months' fatigue. Next man."

That was all.

John Hodge is now soberly awaiting demobilisation, and will not have to wait long.

Randle Janvers Binderbeck is secretly consoling himself by writing the most denunciatory articles. They will never be published, but they afford an alternative to cocaine.

He feels that he can never again consent to stay public opinion as the west wind, etc., in the interests of a nation which rates him forty groups lower than an animated scarecrow.

It is the nation's own fault, Randle is blameless.

#### A Noisy Salute.

From a review of *The Remembered Kiss*, in *The Westminster Gazette*:—

"It would be doing Miss Ayres an injustice to suppose that there is only one kiss to remember in the whole of her novel, but the one which gives its title is bestowed by a young and handsome burglar, and received by a girl who mistook the noise he was making for a thunderstorm."

As TENNYSON says in *The Day-Dream*:  
"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"



G. L. STAMPS. 1919

Father (bringing son home from party). "WELL, OLD CHAP, WERE THERE PLENTY OF LITTLE GIRLS FOR YOU TO DANCE WITH?"

Son (rather proud of himself). "OH, THERE WERE SOME KIDS ABOUT, BUT I DANCED WITH A GIRL OF SIXTEEN—AND, BY JOVE, SHE LOOKED IT."

#### FREAKS OF FOOD-CONTROL.

THOUGH Mrs. Midas shows a righteous zeal

In preaching self-control at every meal,  
She never in her stately home for-gets

To cater freely for her precious pets.

On cheese and soup she feeds her price-  
less "Pekio"—

Stilton and Cheddar, Borth and Cocky-  
leekie;

And Max, her shrill-voiced "Pom,"  
politely begs

For his diurnal dole of now-laid eggs.

Semiramis, her noble Persian cat,  
Threatens to grow inelegantly fat

Upon asparagus and Shaker oats,  
With milk provided by two special  
goats.

Meanwhile her governess subsists on  
greens,

Canned conger-eel or eod and butter-  
beans,

And often in a black ungrateful mood  
Enviies the dogs and eat their daintier  
food.

"On one side was the naval guard of honour  
—splendid men from the ships of the Dover  
Patrol—and on the other side a military guard  
from the Garrison with the band of the Buffs,  
waiting to play President Wilson into England  
with 'The far-spangled Banner.'"

Provincial Paper.

A pretty compliment to the naval escort.

THE NATIONAL MISSION  
INSTITUTE OF CULTURE

## THE MUD LARKS.

OUR Mr. MacTavish is a man with a past. He is now a cavalry subaltern and he was once a sailor. As a soldier at sea is never anything but an object of derision to sailors, correspondingly the mere idea of a sailor on horseback causes the utmost merriment among soldiers.

"Sailors on horseback!"—the very words bring visions of apoplectic mariners careering madly across sands, three to a horse, every limb in convulsion. Why, it's one of the world's stock jokes.

The pathetic part of it is that, obeying the law of opposites, the saddle has an irresistible and fatal attraction for the poor chaps. They take to it on every possible and impossible occasion. You can see them playing alleged polo at Malta, riding each other off at right angles and employing their sticks as grappling irons. You can see them over from the Rock whooping after Spanish foxes, bestriding their steeds anywhere but in the appointed place.

As every proper farmer's boy has long, long thoughts of magic oceans, spice isles and clipper ships, so I will warrant every normal Naval officer dreams of a little place in the grass counties, a stableful of long-tails and immortal runs with the Quorn and Pytchley.

It was thus with our Mr. MacTavish, anyhow. A stern parent and a strong-armed crammer projected him into the Navy, and in the Navy he remained for years bucketing about the salt seas in light and wobbly cruisers, enforcing intricate Bait Laws off Newfoundland in mid-winter, or playing hide-and-seek with elusive dhows on the Equator in midsummer, but always with a vision of that little place in his mind's eye.

His opportunity arrived with the demise of the stern parent and the acquisition of a comfortable legacy. MacTavish sent in his papers and stepped ashore for good. He discovered the haven of his heart's desire in the neighbourhood of Melton, purchased a pig and a cow (which turned out to be a bullock) to give the little place a homely air, engaged a terrier for rattling and intercourse, and with the assistance of some sympathetic dealers was assembling as comprehensive a collection of curbs, spavins, sprung tendons, pin-toes, herring-guts, ewe-necks, cow-hocks and capped elbows as could be found between the Tweed and Tamar, when—Mynheer W. HOHENZOLLERN (as he is to-day) went and done it.

The evening of August 4th, 1914, discovered MacTavish sitting on the wall of his pig-sty, his happy hunting

prospects shot to smithereens, arguing the position out with the terrier. He must attend to this war, that was clear, but need he necessarily go back to the salt sea? Couldn't he do his bit in some other service? What about the Cavalry? That would mean galloping about Europe on a jolly old gee, shouting "Hurrah!" and outlassing the foot-passengers. A merry life, combining all the glories of fox-hunting with only twenty-five per cent. of its safety—according to *Jorrocks*.

What about the Cavalry, then? The terrier semaphored complete approbation with its tail stump and even the pig made enthusiastic noises.

A month later MacTavish turned up in a Reserve Regiment of Cavalry at the Curragh as a "young officer." The Riding-Master treated his case as no more hopeless than anybody else's and MacTavish was making average progress until one evening in the ante-room he favoured the company with a few well spiced Naval reminiscences.

Next morning the Riding-Master was convulsed with merriment at the mere sight of him, addressed him variously as Jellicoe, Captain Kidd and Sinbad, and, after first warning MacTavish not to imagine he was ashore at Port Said riding the favourite in a donkey Derby, translated all his instructions into nautical language. For instance: "Right rein—haul the starboard yoke line; gallop—full steam ahead; halt—cast anchor; dismount—abandon ship," and so forth, giving his delicate and fanciful sense of humour full play and evoking roars of laughter from the whole house. It did not take MacTavish long to realise that, no matter what he said, he would never again be taken seriously in that place; he was, in fact, the world's stock joke, a sailor on horseback (Ha, ha, ha!).

He set his jaw and was determined that he would not be caught tripping again: there should be no more reminiscences. Once clear of Ireland he would bury his past.

All this happened years ago.

When I came back from leave the other day I asked for Albert Edward. "He and MacTavish are up at Corpse H.Q.," said the skipper; "they're helping the A.P.M. straighten the traffic out. By the way you'd better trickle up there and relieve them, as they're both going on leave in a day or so."

I trickled up to Corpse and eventually discovered Albert Edward alone, practising the three-card trick with a view to a career after the War. "You'll enjoy this Mess," said he, turning up "the Lady" where he least expected her; "it's made up of Staff eccentrics—Demobilizing, Delousing, Educational,

Laundry and Burial *wallahs*—all sorts, very interesting; you'll learn how the other half lives and all that. Oh, that reminds me. You know poor old MacTavish's secret, don't you?"

"Of course," said I; "everybody does. Why?"

Albert Edward grinned. "Because there's another bloke here with a dark past, only this is t'other way about; he's a bumpkin turned sailor, Blenkinsop by name, you know, the Shropshire hackney breeders. He's Naval Division. Ever rub against those merchants?"

I had not.

"Well, I have," Albert Edward went on. "They're wonders; pretend they're in mid-ocean all the time, stuck in the mud on the Beaucourt Ridge, gummed in the clay at Souchoz—anywhere. They 'come aboard' a trench and call their records-office—a strand and solid bourgeois dwelling in Havre—*H.M.S. Victory*. If you were bleeding to death and asked for the First Aid Post they wouldn't understand you; you've got to say 'Sick bay' or blood on. If you want a meal you've got to call the cook-house 'The galley,' or starve.

"This *matelot* Blenkinsop has got it very badly. He obtained all his sea experience at the Crystal Palace and has been mud-pounding up and down France for three years, and yet here we have him now pretending there's no such thing as dry land."

"Not an unnatural delusion," I remarked.

"Well," resumed Albert Edward, "across the table from him sits our old MacTavish, hissing, 'What is the Atlantic? Is it a herb?' I'll bet my soul they're in their billets at this moment, MacTavish mugging up some stable-patter out of NAT Gould, and Blenkinsop imbibing a dose of ship-chatter from BARTIMEUS. They'll come in for food presently, MacTavish doing what he imagines to be a 'cavalry-roll,' tally-hoing at the top of his voice, and Blenkinsop weaving his walk like the tough old sea-dog he isn't, ship-a-hoying and avasting for dear life."

"They're both going on leave with you to-morrow, aren't they?" I asked. Albert Edward nodded.

"Then their game is up," said I.

Albert Edward's brow crinkled. "I don't quite get you."

"My dear old fool," said I, "it's blowing great guns now. With the leave-packet doing the unbusted broncho-act for two hours on end it shouldn't be very difficult to separate the sheep from the goat, the true-blue sailor from the pea-green lubber, should it? They may be able to bluff each other, but not the silvery Channel in mid-winter."



### RECONSTRUCTION SHOCKS.

*Pianist (accompanying celebrated prima donna at classical concert after three years of sing songs in Army huts). "NOW THEN, BOYS! DROWN HER WELL IN THE CHORES!"*

Albert Edward slapped his knee and laughed aloud.

They all came back from England last night. I lost no time in cornering Albert Edward.

"Well, everything worked just as I prophesied, didn't it?" said I. "With the first buck the old boat gave Blenkinsop tottered to the rail and—"

Albert Edward shook his head.

"No, he didn't. He ate a pound of morphia and lay in the saloon throughout sleeping like a little child."

"But MacTavish?" I stammered.

"Oh, MacTavish," said Albert Edward. "MacTavish took an emetic."

PATLANDER.

### Commercial Candour.

"The post-war—will be the one car from which the owner with moderate ideas can obtain the minimum amount of genuine pleasure and satisfaction."

*Advt. in Trade Paper.*

From an account of a film-drama:—

"Horried at his pseudanimity she agrees to the deception."—*Provincial Paper.*

It sounds rather pusillonymous.

### MUSICAL GOSSIP.

WE are semi-officially informed on the best authority that the undermentioned nominations—some of which have already been accepted—to the thrones and chairs now vacant in various parts of the world have been made and approved by the Allied Governments.

Foremost among these is the nomination "by acclamation" of RICHARD STRAUSS as King of the Cannibal Islands. It is understood that the illustrious composer has already arrived and that a grand congress of Anthropophagi with suitable festivities is in contemplation.

Two nominations which have been the cause of great satisfaction in diplomatic circles are those of Mr. MARK HAMBURG to the Kingdom of Palestine, and that of M. MOISEWITZ to the throne of the Solomon Islands. Jamborees of jubilation are already rife in the latter locality.

Sir HENRY WOOD has been simultaneously approached from two quarters. The leading citizens of Sonora have offered him the Presidentship of that

interesting State. At the same time an urgent invitation has been sent to the eminent conductor offering him the throne of the Empire of Percussia. Sir HENRY's decision is awaited with feverish anxiety.

It is stated by the *Corriere della Sera* that Madame MELBA, the Australian nightingale, has been chosen to preside over the Jug-jugo-Slav Republic, while Madame CLARA BUTT has been unanimously elected Empress of Patagonia.

Sir THOMAS BEECHAM's selection from among the candidates for the throne of New Guinea is regarded as a foregone conclusion. The famous violinist, Mr. ALBERT SAMMONS, has so far returned no final answer to the offer of the Crown of Sordinia, but it is believed that he cannot long remain mute to the touching appeal of the signatories. A favourable answer is also expected from Mlle. Jelly Aranyi, who has been nominated Queen of Guava.

On the other hand Sir EDWARD ELGAR, O.M., has steadfastly declined the Tsardom of Bulgaria, even though it was proposed to change the name of the country to Elgaria.





*Milliner.* "HOW DOES MODOOM LIKE THIS LITTLE BIRD OF PARADISE MODEL? IT BECOMES MODOOM VERY WELL."  
*Customer.* "YES, IT IS RATHER NICE, BUT (remembers her obligations as a mother) HOW MANY COUTONS?"

### TO AN EGYPTIAN BOY.

CHILD of the gorgeous East, whose ardent suns  
 Have kissed thy velvet skin to deeper lustre  
 And given thine almond eyes  
 A look more calm and wise  
 Than any we pale Westerners can muster,  
 Alas! my mean intelligence affords  
 No clue to grasp the meaning of the words  
 Which vehemently from thy larynx leap.  
 How is it that the liquid language runs?

"Nai--soring--trif--erwonbi--aster--ferish--ip."

Then so, methinks, did CLEOPATRA woo  
 Her vanquished victor, couched on scented roses,  
 And PHARAOH from his throne  
 With more imperious tone  
 Addressed in some such terms rebellious MOSES;  
 And esoteric priests in Theban shrines,  
 Their ritual conned from hieroglyphic signs,  
 Thus muttered incantations dark and deep  
 To Isis and Osiris, Thoth and Shu:  
 Nai--soring--trif--erwonbi--aster--ferish--ip."

In all my youthful studies why was this  
 Left out? What tutor shall I blame my folly on?  
 From Sekhet-Hetepu  
 Return to mortal view,  
 O shade of BRUGSCH or MARIETTE or CHAMPOLLION;

Explain the message latent in his speech  
 Or send a clearer medium, I beseech;

For lo! I listen till I almost weep  
 For anguish at the priceless gems I miss:  
 "Nai--soring--trif--erwonbi--aster--ferish--ip."

To sundry greenish orbs arranged on trays--  
 Unripe, unluscious fruit--he draws attention.

My mind, till now so dark,  
 Receives a sudden spark  
 That glows and flames to perfect comprehension;  
 And I, whom no Rosetta Stone assists,  
 Become the peer of Egyptologists,  
 From whom exotic tongues no secrets keep;  
 For this is what the alien blighter says:  
 "Nice orang'; three for one piastre; very cheap."

"Napoleon was crowned Emperor of the French on December 2nd, 1804, and abdicated in 1814. On December 2nd, 1918, the papers announced the formal abdication of Wilhelm II. of Germany."

*Kent Messenger.*

WILHELM probably wishes that he had chosen the same date for his abdication as NAPOLEON.

When a dear little lady from Lancashire  
 Came to London to act as a bank cashier,  
 And asked, "Is it true  
 1+1--2?"

They thought they'd revert to a man cashier.





## THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

THE OLD LIBERAL NURSERY (*moribund but sanguine*). "NO MATTER—A TIME WILL COME!"

### PARLIAMENTARY CASUALTIES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am told that Mr. ASQUITH considers that this has been a most unsatisfactory election. So do I. As you know, the principal function of the House of Commons nowadays is to provide amusing "copy" for the late editions of the evening papers and to give the "sketch"-writers a chance of exercising their pretty wits. As Mr. SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES once remarked in an after-dinner speech to Mr. BALFOUR, "You, Sir, are our material."

Now, what I complain of is that on the present occasion the voters have entirely disregarded the needs of the journeymen of the Press, and have ruthlessly deprived them of the greater part of their raw material. Mr. HUGHES himself, I am glad to see, has been spared, but he fortunately had not to undergo the hazards of a contest. I tremble to think what his fate might have been if at the last moment some stodgy statesman had been nominated to oppose him.

Against humour, conscious or unconscious, the voters seem to have solidly set their faces. It was bad enough that Mr. JOE KING—who has probably helped to provide more deserving journalists with a living than any other legislator who ever lived—should have declined the contest. Question-time without Mr. KING and his unerring nose for mare's-nests will be like *Alice* without *The Mad Hatter*. It was bad, too, that Sir HEDWORTH MEUX should have decided to interrupt the flow of that eloquence which we were forbidden to call "breezy," and that Major "Boadicea" HUNT, Mr. JOHN BURNS, Mr. TIM HEALY, and Mr. SWIFT MACNEIL should have withdrawn from a scene in which they had provided so much profitable entertainment for the gods in the Press Gallery.

These losses made it all the more incumbent upon the electors to see that the House should retain as much as possible of the remnant of its comic relief. But what do we find? Why, that practically every one of the gentlemen who made the journalist's life worth living in the last Parliament has been cruelly turned down.

For much of this grief the Sinn Feiners are responsible. They have easily accomplished what a few years ago six stalwart British constables could scarcely do and have removed the gigantic Mr. FLAVIN from his emerald bench. With him have gone nearly all his comrades; and the once-powerful Nationalist party, which for nearly forty years has been such an unfailing source of sparkling paragraphs, is reduced to the number immortalised by WORDSWORTH's little maid.

Almost more distressing than the loss of individuals is the breaking up of Parliamentary partnerships. What is the use of Mr. HOUSTON being returned if he has no longer Sir LEO

and *Pantaloone* I fear his clowning will fail to draw.

With so many of the old puppets gone I feel very lonely, and can only try to comfort myself with the hope that the new Parliament may provide some adequate substitutes. After all, so vast a machine must contain a few cranks.

Meantime I remain, Sir, with the highest respect,

YOUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.

### THE BOOM IN ARCHITECTURE.

SINCE that far-away period before the War, my architectural nerve has become sadly debilitated; so when a card (bearing the name of Carruthers) was brought to me the other morning I felt quite unmanned.

"Some potential client," I observed inwardly, "who has heard of the removal of the five-hundred pound limit and has bearded me before I have had time to get the hang of T-square and compasses again."

I liked the appearance of Mr. Carruthers, and his greeting had a slight ring of flattery in it that was very soothing.

"You are Mr. Bellamy, the architect?" he said.

"I am," I replied; "at least I was before the War."

"And have a large practice?" he resumed.

"I certainly had a large practice formerly," I said. "With my methods and experience one ought to acquire an extensive *clientèle*. I have been an architect, my dear sir, man and boy for over forty years, and have always followed the architectural fashions. In the late seventies, when little columns of Aberdeen granite were the rage—you know the stuff, tastes like marble and looks like brawn—I went in for them hot and strong, and every building I touched turned to potted meat. Then SHAW came along—BERNARD, was it? no, NORMAN—with his red brick and gables, and I got so keen that I moved to Bedford Park to catch the full flavour of it.

"Next, the Ingle-nookers found in me a willing disciple. I designed rows of houses, all roofs and no chimneys, or all chimneys and no roofs, it didn't



*Boadicea (firmly).* "YOU MUST ALLOW ME ANOTHER KNOB OF COAL, MISS SKIMPLE. MY NERVES WILL NO LONGER BEAR THE NOISE OF THESE SNEEZING CRICKETS."

CHIOZZA MONEY to heckle? Captain PRETYMAN-NEWMAN will doubtless continue to ask questions about the shocking condition of his native country, but without Mr. REDDY's squeaking *obbligato*, "Why isn't the honourable and gallant Minber out at the Front?" they will lose half their savour. He will be as dull as lo without her gad-fly. Mr. "Bonerges" STANTON is happily still with us, but with no pacifists to bellow at I fear that his vocal chords will atrophy.

Then the famous Young Scots Trio, which has given us so many attractive "turns," has been violently dissolved. Mr. PRINGLE, whose ample supply of vitriolic invective was always at the service of the PRIME MINISTER, has been left by an ungrateful constituency at the bottom of the poll, and Mr. WATT has shared his fate. It is true that Mr. HOGGE managed to save his bacon, but without the support of *Harlequin*



"I HEAR YOUR HUSBAND IS HOME FROM FRANCE. IS THE ARMY GOING TO RELEASE HIM?"

"WELL, 'E'S GOT A FORTNIGHT BEFORE HE GOES BACK, BUT BY THAT TIME 'E 'OPES TO BE DEMORALISED."

matter which so long as there was an ingle-nook with a motto over it. Why, after a time I got so expert that I simply designed an ingle-nook and the rest seemed to grow by itself.

"Just as the War started I had broken out in another place and was getting into my Italian loggia pergola-and-sunk-garden stride, and then came the five-hundred pound limit and busted the whole show. In fact, when you called I was wondering whether to chuck the business and go in for writing cinema plays."

"When I want a really fashionable house built for me," said Carruthers, "I shall certainly come to you."

"Ah," I said, "you have come to see me then on behalf of a friend?"

"On behalf," he said, "of several friends."

My chest swelled visibly. "This man," I said to myself, while reaching for my Corona Coronas, "is planning a garden city, or at least a group of houses on the communal plan."

"The fact is," said Carruthers, clearing his throat, "I am a scout-master, and my troop are collecting waste-paper, and I expect you have any amount of old plans and things that you—"

I was just in time to save the cigar.

### FRUITS OF VICTORY.

[ "Unlimited lard may now be purchased without coupon." *Daily Paper.* ]

SWIFTLY the shadow of WILLIAM the Hun

Fades from the fields that our valour has won;

Totter the thrones of our many Controllers,

Freedom is coming to man and his molar:

Doomed is the coupon and doomed is the card,

With all the embargos that hit us so hard;

Now we may purchase unlimited lard.

Soon will the mud-spattered soldier be free;

Soon will the sailor be home from the sea:

Victory beams on the banners of Right, This is the time to be merry and bright;

Stilled is the riot of shot and of shard And (what a boon to the heart of the bard!)

Now we may purchase unlimited lard.

Shout for the joy of it, waving your hats;

Where there are puttees will shortly be spats;

Never again will we form on the right, Squad or platoon, for a sergeant's delight;

So let our faces, by discipline marred, Shine with an unction that savours of lard,

Now we may purchase unlimited lard.

### Big Bertha Outranged.

"Two Russian battleships and some cruisers set out from Cronstadt to meet the British warships in the Baltic, and were fired on from the Flemish coast," — *Yorkshire Paper.*

After four incessant years across Dora's knee the peace New Year ought surely to hold something good in its kindly lap for well-strated automobilists." *Sketch.*

But after four years across Dora's knee the New Year is probably not thinking about its lap, but quite the reverse.

"The announcement of a ball in Brussels gave plenty of scope for imaginative scribes to quote, in some cases almost correctly, the lines about 'there was a scene of revelry by night.'"

"Mr. Gossip" in *The Daily Sketch.*

"Mr. Gossip," too, quotes "almost correctly."

It is hoped that if M. PADEREWSKI becomes President of the new Polish Republic he will experience the truth of the old proverb, *Chi va piano va sano.*



British Officer (Army of occupation). "LOOK OUT, OLD BEAN! WE'RE GETTING THE GLAD EYE."

### THE ARMY OF ENTERTAINMENT, LTD.

As a mere soldier threatened with unemployment owing to the sudden outbreak of peace, I offer to any enterprising company-promoter an idea which should provide him with an immense fortune and myself with a congenial means of livelihood.

My suggestion is that, with the consent of Lord NORTHCLIFFE and the Allies, a slice of the old Front should be kept up *in statu quo*, and a representative assortment of troops retained to hold it on what was our side, and to carry on the War as it was in the good old days of '15, when we thought our life's work was bespoken and soldiers with boy babies raised the question of making acting rank hereditary. No enemy would be employed, experiment having proved that the existence of an enemy detracts from the enjoyment of modern war.

The little army, commanded by a

General, himself an employé of the Army of Entertainment Co., Ltd., would conduct operations for demonstration purposes. Visitors would be charged admission to the Company's zone, and pay extra for any particular stunt show arranged for their benefit.

It would be necessary to acquire a strip of country running right back to the coast, if realism should be the aim of the directors, otherwise it would be impossible to show an A.M.I.O. in action, or some interesting types of Headquarters, or laundry Colonels winning the D.S.O.

I have in mind a highly entertaining General who might be willing to accept the position of G.O.C. for the Company—one of those desperate old gentlemen whose joy was to stalk about busy areas and strafe the domestic and sanitary arrangements of batteries and battalions. He is of picturesque appearance and would afford the best comic relief. This General would be

attended by the usual assistants, traditionally housed, clothed and fed, but, the division being run as a commercial venture, it would be a matter for consideration by the directors whether these young gentlemen should receive a salary or pay a fee.

Some visitors might well be so delighted with soldiering, free from the annoyance of enemy action, that they would wish to make a long stay and experience all its variations, beginning perhaps with the P.B.I. (or Pretty Busy Infantry) in a mud-hole in the front line, and passing through all the stages of the normal military career till they arrived at the Divisional Château. Should anyone desire to survey life from the altitude of an R.T.O. (Railway Transport, not Really Tantalising Officer, as supposed by some) it might be arranged for him, in the interests of realism, to improvise information as to trains for the benefit of other visitors.



*Extract from Mr. Jolliboy's Diary No. 8.*

"TO-DAY to Dauber's to see his portrait of Old Spudds, and did find the artist in sore perplexity at the dolefulness of his sitter's expression. Did tell me he'd said all manner of diverting things to take away the discomforted, lackeasy, self-consciousness of poor Spudds. Says I at once, 'I'll wager I know the reason of it and the remedy too. Next time he comes, fill his pipe with Chairman and watch him smoke it. As the tobacco disappears, so will that funeral face.'"

**Chairman**, a fine tobacco, made in three strengths: **Boardman's**, mild; **Chairman**, medium; **Recorder**, full; and is sold by tobacconists everywhere at 11½d. per oz. packet, and 3/9 per ¼ lb. tin.

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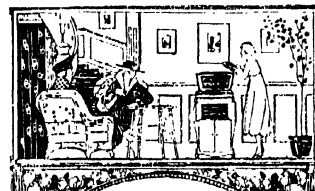
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KEEP it fair for his return. It won't be long now. Use Oatine regularly. It prevents ugly lines and all other facial blemishes, and keeps the skin soft and velvety. Use it for the hands as well. 1/1½ and 2/3.

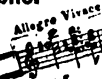
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'From Brain to Fingertips' Macdonald Smith's Sys-



Appropriate rations would be included in the entrance money, while there might be canteens for the sale of such extras as bootlaces and pen-holders. Visitors would not be allowed to bring money into the area, but would be given the usual books of cash withdrawal forms, entitling them to obtain small sums from the field cashier if they could find him. As a field cashier of experience would be employed and possibly act in collusion with the R.T.O., these sums of money might be regarded as prizes, and would create a pleasant excitement without amounting to any great expense for the Company.

Those willing to pay high prices would have arranged for them such displays as "normal artillery activity," pukka strafes, S.O.S. bombardments or barrages chaperoning infantry advances, while balloons might be set on fire, dumps blown up, or leave cancelled at special rates. There might also be an assortment of inexpensive and amusing side-shows, such as a Second-in-command trying to check a monthly return of dripping, or a conscientious gunner calculating the correct corrector corrections.

Should an application be received from any person anxious to experience war from the "Receipts" end he would be granted free entry to the area on the far side of the line, protected grandstands being erected, from which, on suitable payment, spectators could study his department. A short stay in the "enemy's area" during a strafe might be recommended for politicians and arranged by their constituents.

Space forbids further detail. It remains only for a Company to be formed—affiliated perhaps to the Bureau of Information—a detailed prospectus issued and applications invited for posts under the Army of Entertainment, Ltd.

I shall myself be willing to serve the Company in the capacity of a Town Major on condition that a suitable town is provided.

### WISE WORDS FOR BIRDS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—While lately turning over some old family papers I came across a number of maxims in rhyme which seem to me to be worthy of publication at a time devoted to good cheer. The form appears to be the same as that expressed in the familiar couplets on the woodcock and the partridge; but these variations on an old theme have at least the merit of freshness and originality.

I begin in order of magnitude with the ostrich:—

"If an ostrich had but a woodcock's thigh  
It would only be some three feet high.



### FOREWARNED.

Poor Old Woman (to youth, who has given her a gratuity and relieved her of her load of wood). "I PRESUME, MY KIND YOUNG FRIEND, THAT YOU ARE THE YOUNGEST OF THE THREE BROTHERS WHO ARE GOING OUT TO SEEK THEIR FORTUNES?"

Clever Youth. "NO, I'M THE ELDEST. BUT I'VE BEEN READING THE STORIES."

If a woodcock had but an ostrich's jaw  
It would have to be carved with a circular

The foregoing lines clearly enforce the important lesson of contentment with the existing order. This moral is perhaps less implicit in the lines on the peacock:—

"If a peacock had but the nightingale's trill  
It would make all prima donnas feel ill.

If the nightingale had but the peacock's tail  
It would merit a headline in the *Mail*."

Contentment again is the keynote of the couplets on the owl:—

"If an owl would enter the nuthatch's nest  
Its figure would have to be much compressed.

If the nuthatch had but the face of an owl  
It would be a most unpopular fowl."

A slightly different formula is to be

noted in the lines on the snipe, but the spirit is substantially the same:—

"If a snipe were the size of a threepenny bit  
It would be a great deal harder to hit.

But if it grew to the size of an emu  
It wouldn't be better to eat than a sea-mew."

Lastly I may quote the only couplet in which beasts as well as birds are subjected to this searching analysis. I think you will admit that it is the most sagacious and impressive of them all:

"If a pig had wings and the legs of a stork  
It wouldn't damage the quality of its pork."

Thine, McDUGGALL POTT.  
*Poets' Corner House, Dottyville.*

"As a result of trying to find an escape of gas with a light, a flat in Westminster was seriously damaged."—*Provincial Paper.*  
Serve him right.

## REPORTS.

THE other day I was looking through some school reports. Holidays always bring them forth. You know the kind of thing: History—Is most diligent but needs concentration; Music—Lacks purposefulness, does not practise sufficiently; Mathematics—Weak; General Conduct—Might be better; Conversational French—*Sera plus facile avec plus de confiance*; Theology—A sad falling off; and so on; and it occurred to me that it might not be a bad thing if the report system, instead of stopping with our school-days, pursued us through life. The periodical perusal of a report, drawn up with as much authority as a scholastic staff possesses, might have very beneficial results.

My own early ones no longer exist; but it would be a very searching test of our educational system to study these reports thirty-five years after and subject them to an honest commentary. How little that one learned then has persisted, has survived the probation of time and necessity. At the age of fifteen I knew the principal rivers of South America ("Geography—Has made great progress"); to-day at fifty I have no recollection of any, nor any desire to have it. Instead I can order dinner. Gastronomy for geography; new lamps for old! In any report drawn up now there would be a totally different series of subjects. Thus:—

<i>Business Method</i> . . . . .	<i>Might be better.</i>
<i>Punctuality</i> . . . . .	<i>Tries his best.</i>
<i>Patriotism</i> . . . . .	<i>Good.</i>
<i>Veracity</i> . . . . .	<i>Moderate.</i>
<i>Financial Soundness</i> . . . . .	<i>Very variable.</i>

As a means of constructive criticism the report system might be useful in Parliament. The Speaker, as headmaster, should be entrusted with the task of preparing the documents. I can see some such results as the following:—

## THE PRIME MINISTER.

<i>Logic</i> . . . . .	<i>Weak.</i>
<i>Opportunism</i> . . . . .	<i>Strong.</i>
<i>Golf</i> . . . . .	<i>Shows little improvement.</i>
<i>Belligerence</i> . . . . .	<i>Very good.</i>
<i>Tonsorial Artistry</i> . . . . .	<i>Far from satisfactory. Should give it more attention.</i>
<i>Oratory</i> . . . . .	<i>Pluent and powerful, but must guard against impulse. Too fond in perorations of drawing metaphors from Welsh physical geography.</i>

## MR. BONAR LAW.

<i>Mediation</i> . . . . .	<i>Admirable, but must not be overworked.</i>
<i>Oratory</i> . . . . .	<i>Fair. Has tendency to unnecessary candour. Does not sufficiently employ periphrasis.</i>
<i>Fidelity</i> . . . . .	<i>Beyond praise.</i>

## MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

<i>Oratory</i> . . . . .	<i>Effective, if given enough time to prepare.</i>
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<i>Polarity</i> . . . . .	<i>Weak.</i>
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## REPORTS.

THE other day I was looking through some school reports. Holidays always bring them forth. You know the kind of thing: History—Is most diligent but needs concentration; Music—Lacks purposefulness, does not practise sufficiently; Mathematics—Weak; General Conduct—Might be better; Conversational French—*Sera plus facile avec plus de confiance*; Theology—A sad falling off; and so on; and it occurred to me that it might not be a bad thing if the report system, instead of stopping with our school-days, pursued us through life. The periodical perusal of a report, drawn up with as much authority as a scholastic staff possesses, might have very beneficial results.

My own early ones no longer exist; but it would be a very searching test of our educational system to study these reports thirty-five years after and subject them to an honest commentary. How little that one learned then has persisted, has survived the probation of time and necessity. At the age of fifteen I knew the principal rivers of South America ("Geography—Has made great progress"); to-day at fifty I have no recollection of any, nor any desire to have it. Instead I can order dinner. Gastronomy for geography; new lumps for old! In any report drawn up now there would be a totally different series of subjects. Thus:—

<i>Business Method</i> . . . . .	<i>Might be better.</i>
<i>Punctuality</i> . . . . .	<i>Tries his best.</i>
<i>Patriotism</i> . . . . .	<i>Good.</i>
<i>Veracity</i> . . . . .	<i>Moderate.</i>
<i>Financial Soundness</i> . . . . .	<i>Very variable.</i>

As a means of constructive criticism the report system might be useful in Parliament. The Speaker, as headmaster, should be entrusted with the task of preparing the documents. I can see some such results as the following:—

## THE PRIME MINISTER.

<i>Logic</i> . . . . .	<i>Weak.</i>
<i>Opportunism</i> . . . . .	<i>Strong.</i>
<i>Golf</i> . . . . .	<i>Shows little improvement.</i>
<i>Belligerence</i> . . . . .	<i>Very good.</i>
<i>Tonsorial Artistry</i> . . . . .	<i>Far from satisfactory. Should give it more attention.</i>
<i>Oratory</i> . . . . .	<i>Fluent and powerful, but must guard against impulse. Too fond in perorations of drawing metaphors from Welsh physical geography.</i>

## MR. BONAR LAW.

<i>Mediation</i> . . . . .	<i>Admirable, but must not be overworked.</i>
<i>Oratory</i> . . . . .	<i>Fair. Has tendency to unnecessary candour. Does not sufficiently employ periphrasis.</i>
<i>Fidelity</i> . . . . .	<i>Beyond praise.</i>

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(though here, of course, lacking the interpretation of the BEARDSLEY drawings). Certainly a book to read at leisure and to keep "for further reference," perhaps in a future when travel studios may again become of more than merely sentimental interest.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, on the strength of *Danger!* and *Other Stories* (MURRAY), may claim a place among the prophets who were not accepted by their own country. "Danger!"—written some eighteen months before the outbreak of war—foretells the horrors of the unrestricted use of the submarine. In those days Sir ARTHUR could get no one to listen to him, because "in some unfortunate way subjects of national welfare are in this country continually subordinated to party politics." Possibly now that we have been taught by painful experience all we want to know about U-boat warfare, excitement in this tale is rather to seek, but it remains a most successful prophecy. In the last story of the book we have the author in his very worst form. "Three of Them" is a study of children, and the only excuse I can find for it is that it must be intended as a sop to the sentimentalists. Of the others my first vote goes to "The Surgeon of Gaster Fell," and my second to "The Prisoner's Defence;" but if you are susceptible to Sir ARTHUR's sense of fun I can also recommend "The Fall of Lord Barrymore" and "One Crowded Hour." Not a great collection, but just good enough.

MR. ROMER WILSON has devoted the nearly three hundred pages of his *Martin Schuler* (METHUEN) to describing what it feels like to be a genius, and, speaking from a very limited knowledge of this class, I should say that he had mapped the mind of a genius of a certain sort very well. His estimate of the creative artist's anguish of emptiness rings true, and will perhaps surprise the people who think that his lot, like a policeman's, is a very happy one. His *Martin*, who struck me as a very unpleasant young man, was a composer who meant to achieve immortality, but turned down the broad way of musical comedy and acquired money instead. Just in time he repented and wrote a grand opera, and then Mr. Wilson cut short his career in a fashion that seemed to me regrettably hackneyed, which was the only reason why I shared the other characters' sorrow. Why so many people, all rather nasty people too, came to devote themselves to *Martin* I could not discover, although I had the publisher's word for it that he was "attractive"; but perhaps his genius accounted for it. Probably it is my duty to declare here that *Martin* and his friends were almost all made in Germany before the War, but as they are exceptionally disagreeable and quite unlikely to inspire anyone with an unjust tenderness for their nation I have no hesitation in recommending the book as a clever study of temperament and a just picture of a part of the German musical world as it was when one last knew anything about it.



Dealer (trying to sell horse to Government buyer). "THAT 'ORSE, SIR, 'AS GONE A MILE IN A GOOD DEAL LESS THAN THREE MINUTES."  
Government Buyer. "ON WHAT RAILWAY?"

It is all a matter of taste, of course, but personally I don't envy Mr. J. G. LEGGE his self-imposed task of convicting the Hun out of his own mouth of—well, of being a Hun. Germans they were and Germans they remain, and the author goes to great lengths, even to the length of 572 pages, to show that their peculiar qualities date back at least as far as 1813. His *Rhyme and Revolution in Germany* (CONSTABLE) is not so much a history of the scrambling undignified revolutionary movements culminating in the year 1848, as a collection of contemporary comment thereon, in prose and verse. The prose is generally bad; the verse is generally very bad; and one turns with relief to the author's connecting links, wishing only at times that he would not worry about proving his point quite so thoroughly. The bombast and the bullying, the self-pity and the cruelty, and, most of all, the instinctive claim, typical of Germany to-day, to prescribe one law for themselves but something quite different for the rest of the world, run through all these quotations, even the earliest. But the particular value of this book at the moment is its reminder that twice already has the House of Hohenzollern humbly pledged its All-Highest word to give constitutional government, only to resume "divine right" at the earliest convenient moment. Ruling Germany, and as much else as possible, with a view to the glorification of one's personal family and one's personal God, must be an exhausting labour, and once again the head of the dynasty is afforded an opportunity for a respite. It is a temptation which one feels sure he will find himself strong enough to resist if occasion serves. History and

Mr. LEGGE suggest that he will be willing—even enthusiastic—to grovel in the dust to assist that occasion.

MR. SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES is a brilliant and distinguished member of the great brotherhood of the Press; he is also a Member of Parliament and has devoted his heart and soul to the propagation of his principles on the platform. He has therefore, save in respect of great age (he is barely sixty), every right to compile and publish a book with the title, *Press, Platform and Parliament* (NISBET). It is one of the most genuinely good-tempered books I have ever read; but that was to be expected from the author of the column signed "*Sub Rosa*," who had in this course of desultory writing made innumerable friends and never lost one; and, more pleasing sport than that, had brought two people together through a matrimonial agency conducted by W. T. STEAD, and had met the pair many years after, to find that they were perfectly and unexpectedly happy.

#### ALL BOOKS

noticed in the Editorial pages of "— & —" (see Book Reviews), or listed in its advertising columns, may be obtained post free from the offices, at the marked prices, plus postage.—*Trade Paper*.

We felt sure there was a catch somewhere.

## CHARIVARIA.

"An excellent potato butter," says the Ministry of Food, "can be made for fivepence a pound." "Take two ounces of butter . . ." they say. Yes, but from whom? \*

The *Berliner Tageblatt* understands that Turkey will be invited to join Germany in a combined attack on a new front. Turkey, however, it appears, has intimated that previous engagements, from which she has not yet recovered, prevent her from accepting the kind offer. \*

A hoifer which got loose at Tonbridge last week is stated to have entered several shops before being captured. The animal has been informed by Lord RHONDDA that it must not pick and choose in that way. \*

It was so cold last week that we were not surprised to learn that Smithfield Market was ordered to release one thousand frozen lambs for the hospitals. \*

The SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND states that he has seen more porridge consumed in London than in the whole of Scotland. Many Scots have written to him to say that they did not know there was a competition, and what are the prizes, please? \*

"Think seriously before using a motor vehicle," urges the Petroleum Executive in a recently issued leaflet. The prevailing practice of hiring a couple of taxis at a time, so as to have a spare one in case of emergency, must cease. \*

W.A.A.C.'s are to be classified as "Mobile" and "Immobile." VERDI would never have assented to this distinction. "La donna é mobile" was his view. \*

A dog exhibited at a Chicago show is said to be worth one thousand dollars an ounce. The gentleman who sent a cheque for rather more than two ounces has been told that nothing less than the complete dog can be purchased. \*

The *Evening News* reminds us that the display of shooting stars which it had predicted duly came off. Admirable arrangements had been made

by our contemporary, and there was no hitch or collision. \*

Eleven outbreaks of fire in London last year are estimated to have cost £343,000. It is not thought likely that there will be any great demand for them at this price. \*

Since the shortage of meat and bones, several dogs have formed the opinion that chemists might do good business with a mouth-wash to take away the taste of postman. \*

In Ireland three centenarians have died within a few days of each other, and there is some talk of a Government

car. We understand that the beast denied the accusation of "joy riding." \*

MARY BRANNON, of Bradford, has just celebrated her one hundred-and-fourth birthday. It is said that the old lady distinctly remembers butter when it was a popular table commodity. \*

The sensational statement is made by a food expert that he thinks the pork sausage will die a natural death within a month. We shall certainly demand a post-mortem. \*

The Tower Bridge magistrate last week made an order to destroy ninety-two old cheeses. Upon hearing the sentence we understand that several of them broke down and had to be assisted from the court. \*

A report that the cheeses had been handed over to the fury of the Boefaters at the Tower caused grave concern among humanitarians. \*

The reassuring news that a million acres of timber are to be planted within the next forty years under a new State scheme has encouraged Smith Minor to resume work on his rabbit-hutch. \*

Bewilderment was recently expressed in court as to the manner in which six thousand pounds had been got rid of by a man who neither smoked, drank nor gambled. An ingenious layman has since hazarded the

opinion that the fellow must have been buying food with it. \*

A brood of chickens has been hatched out at Lowes with a hot-water bottle. This feat has confirmed the growing impression that in the matter of substitutes we have now very little to learn from the enemy. \*

A Derbyshire Food Committee has accepted the apology of a butcher for selling meat at more than schedule prices. Other butchers however wish it to be understood that this must not be regarded as a precedent. \*

At a certain Berlin suburb people who fail to do their share of compulsory snow-shovelling are to be pilloried in a black list. They also run the risk of being snowballed at the best clubs. \*



Shopper (coaxingly). "YOU WON'T FORGET AN OLD CUSTOMER, MR. BONES, IF YOU 'ATTEN TO 'AVE A 'IDDEN 'AND OF PORK."

inquiry into the health conditions of the island. \*

There is a demand for the introduction of the metric system into this country. The weakness of our own system is exemplified by the recent police-court prosecutions showing that some shopkeepers were under the impression that fifteen ounces constituted a pound of butter. \*

Burglars who broke into a shop at Waltham Abbey prepared a meal of tinned beef, cakes, biscuits, fruit and strawberry and raspberry wine, leaving untouched the intoxicants in the shop. This is certainly another great victory for the teetotalers. \*

In Essex a bullock has been conveyed to a slaughter-house in a private motor-

## WINGED WORDS.

[It is reported that a million copies, printed in German, of President Wilson's speech on the Allies' War aims are to be dropped over the enemy's lines.]

## WILLIAM II. TO HIS TROOPS.

My cannon-fodder! If your eager sight  
Observes descending from the empyrean  
A cloud of fluttering objects, snowy white,  
Do not uplift the speculative parun,  
Singing, "Here come from Heaven above  
A million samples of the pacifistic dove!"

Clap on your tin hats! These apparent birds  
Are just the deadliest missiles of destruction--  
A flock of pamphlets stiff with poisoned words  
Basely designed for your untutored suction;  
Go to your dug-outs; get away  
From the infernal wiles of WILSON, U.S.A.

In language calculated to deceive  
Innocent souls that never met a liar,  
He says that you are ill-advised to cleave  
To low ideals when he can show you higher--  
You who, by My august decree,  
Take all your best and brightest notions straight from Me.

And what are these ideals that I have taught?  
A Fatherland secure from vile invaders;  
Liberty to pursue a culture fraught  
With peaceful triumph for our thrusting traders;  
My eagle poised on every breeze  
To symbolise the German freedom of the seas.

Add, too, My purely altruistic aims:--  
Divine protection underneath My agis  
For smaller nations, covering all their claims,  
Even the right to rank as WILLIAM'S lieges;  
Each land to voice its local views  
By some elective means which I Myself will choose.

And I'm the bar to peace, this WILSON cries,  
Knowing that none for peace has laboured harder!  
Thus would he tamper with Imperial ties  
In hope to freeze your military ardour;  
While you obey My sceptred will,  
Your chance of terms, he says, is practically nil.

So you must not suppose this winged print  
Comes from our German God for your reflection;  
I'll always let you have an early hint  
If anything arrives from that direction;  
No heavenly counsel can be lent  
Save with the Senior Partner's previous consent.

O. S.

## THE SKIRLIN' O' THE PIPES.

(A Play suited to a Repertory Theatre.)

## ACT I.

SCENE.--The kitchen of McNab's cottage in Inverdrochit; evening. Outside, the wind howls dismally. McNab sits glowering at the fire. A few minutes after the curtain rises he relights his pipe, which has gone out, then resumes his glowering. After a long pause there is a knock at the door. McNab evidently does not hear it. It is repeated. He glances at the door, but takes no further notice until the knocking becomes almost continuous.

McNab (rising and placing his pipe carefully on the chimney-piece). Ay!

[He goes slowly to the door, opens it cautiously and admits his friend McTavish, whose teeth are chattering audibly with the cold. The two shake hands without a word. McTavish removes his bonnet and they come to the fireplace. McNab sits in the same chair as before. McTavish finds another and draws it up. A pause. They both light their pipes and glower at the fire. A long pause.

McNab (conversationally). Ay.

McTavish (not to be outdone in the matter of sociability). 'Mphm.

[Another pause. In the distance outside, the sound of the bagpipes is heard. The performer is no musician. A pause.

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE as before. The same evening (evenings are long in Inverdrochit). McNab and McTavish have not changed their positions. A long pause. McNab rises and goes to a dresser, from which he brings a bottle of whisky and tumblers. He pours out two generous drams, handing one to McTavish. He then lifts the kettle from the fire and offers to fill McTavish's glass. McTavish shakes his head and McNab puts back the kettle. Solemnly warping their glasses to each other they drink.

McTavish (smacking his lips). Ay.

McNab (rising, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand and putting his glass on the chimney-piece). 'Mphm.

[He sits down again and they continue to glower at the fire. Outside, the noise of the pipes draws nearer and nearer. They are being very execrably played. The distress of both McNab and McTavish is visible. A pause. The clock strikes. A long pause. A piece of coal falls out of the grate. Another pause.

CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

SCENE, the same (there are very few cottages in Inverdrochit). McNab and McTavish cling to their original positions. Their attitude is increasingly restive as the noise of the pipes becomes more intolerable. A long pause. McTavish moans as the piper comes to an appallingly discordant passage. McNab rises, puts his pipe on the chimney-piece and finishes his glass. He glances uneasily round. McTavish knocks the ashes noisily out of his pipe on the bars of the fireplace, then puts it in his pocket. The bagpipes are now very near the house. McNab goes to the drawer of the table, from which he produces a carving-knife. He tests it on his thumb and looks questioningly at McTavish.

McTavish (in reply, gloomily). 'Mphm.

[He glowers at the fire again.

McNab, with the knife in his hand, goes out resolutely, closing the door behind him. A pause, during which the pipes reach their climax in an unearthly wail--then silence. McTavish's tense glower relaxes. Another pause. The door opens and McNab re-enters. He may almost be said to be smiling. He looks at the knife in his hand with an affectionate interest and puts it back in the drawer.

McTavish (interrogatively). Ay?

McNab (with gusto). 'Mphm.

McTavish (chuckling). Heh! heh! heh!

McNab comes back to his chair. Both light their pipes again and resume their steady glower at the fire. The silence (broken only by the dismal howling of the wind) continues. A very long pause.

CURTAIN.





### AT "THE SUPERFLUITY."

THE WHITEHALL WONDER. "OF COURSE A CHORUS LIKE THIS IS NO USE TO ME. IT OUGHT TO BE TEN TIMES THE SIZE."



*Gladys (familiar with the phrase, "to stop a bullet"). "OH, MOTHER, I'M GETTING SO AWFULLY ANXIOUS ABOUT MY KITTEN. SHE HASN'T BEEN IN ALL DAY. I DO HOPE SHE HASN'T STOPPED A DOG."*

### THE BUNS OF EXILE.

[*"To me the Zoo is one of the saddest sights in the world."*—JOHN GALSWORTHY.]

It gave me a distinct shock when I read it. I have always enjoyed my Sunday afternoons at the Zoo, always taken at its face value the air of nourished ease that sits so well upon the more popular of its denizens. My own favourites had never received me with anything but friendly if expectant smiles. How was I to know that tragedies of pent-up longing, unfulfilled desire, corroding nostalgia lay beneath the mask of friendship, indifference or contempt? I mention indifference and contempt because it would be idle to pretend that I am accorded the same warmth of greeting in all quarters of the gardens. The wart-hog, for example, plainly regards me as a mere cipher. He does not like buns, and an earnest attempt to propitiate him with a pail of nice ripe swill merely led to a misunderstanding with the officials of the Underground Railway.

The Egyptian cat, again, has never been ordinarily pleasant with me. Indeed this irascible personality, I am informed, has only once been known to smile, and that was when a bibulous bus-driver called him "pretty pussy" and tried to tickle his neck. The keeper declares it was what the bus-driver said that made the cat smile.

For myself, after my initial failure to arouse his interest with a clockwork mouse on a string, I have simply passed by on the other side where the mongooses live.

But these surly or indifferent ones had always seemed to me the exception. In the main I had always found my friends, furred, feathered or scaled, to be possessed of a generous share of cheery philosophy, sparkling wit and even of undisguised but never ill-bred levity. Were their lives, then, mere travesties of existence, tragedies of prison yard and cell, an endless beating against bars of tortured spirits crying to be free? I should never have supposed it, and yet Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY assures me it is so, and on such subjects as prison bars, wife-beating navvies, unjust judges, defaulting solicitors' clerks and other symbols of oppression he has always been to my simple mind an authority from which appeal seemed superfluous. How could he be mistaken about it? And yet—

I took the first train to Regent's Park. On the way I thought out a plan of campaign. My friends—biped, quadruped and multiped—should hide nothing from me in the goodness of their hearts. Their painful secret, if it existed, I would compel them to share with me at all costs.

I decided to begin on James, the dromedary. Our friendship has been

more or less one-sided, and, while his dry humour appeals to me, it has always seemed to me to savour unnecessarily of the mordant.

"Well, James," I began, "I suppose you have seen it?" James eats the paper every day, being interested, or so he says, in some relatives who are fighting in Mesopotamia. James is inclined to swank about the War, and likes to pretend that he is waiting to be called to the colours. The fact is he is well over military age and would never be categorized higher than B 3.

"Of course I saw it," replied James somewhat testily. "Rather a lot of bilge, between you and me," he added, carefully measuring the distance between the lapel of my coat and the top of the railing.

"Are you sad?" I asked, gently disentangling the brim of my hat from James's upper lip. (His length is as good as ever, but his direction isn't what it used to be.)

"Personally, I am never sad," he replied. "There is so much of interest within our grasp if we only keep our outlook unimpaired. But you must not expect me to speak for those wild animals. Of their crude emotions I know nothing."

James, who has eaten more keepers than anyone else in the menagerie, rather overdoes, in my poor opinion, this affectation of being tame. But his





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American Officer (to Sammy, coming over on transport). "SAY, YOU'RE WOUNDED ALREADY."  
Sammy. "THAT'S SO. TEDDY ROOSEVELT SHOOK HANDS WITH ME ON THE QUAY."

remark gave me to think. After all, his race has been injured to the sway of man for countless generations, though the man does not live that can become injured to the sway of James and his kith. I must seek my information elsewhere. I bade James farewell.

"What, not one?" he demanded disgustedly. I explained that no buns were to be had, but finally compromised on an old tobacco pouch which I had intended to throw away. James expressed a grudging satisfaction.

I passed on to the abode of an old and tried friend, Grumpy, the venerable bison, whose shaggy exterior and repellent demeanour hide a heart of gold. Grumpy is never subject to moods. This is partly because his rations have not been curtailed by the War. Buns he never cared for, and the occasional lump of kitchen salt that I bestow on him suffices to keep us on terms of closest intimacy. On the other hand no one has ever suspected Grumpy of being flippant or Laodicean.

"Will you please give me your views, your real views, on captivity?" I asked him when the customary greetings had been exchanged. Grumpy snorted. There is only one person in the world

who can snort like Grumpy, and that is an elderly Conservative M.P. whom I sometimes meet at the club. He snorts just like that when anyone mentions Disestablishment.

"As a matter of fact," replied Grumpy, "I was born in captivity, old as I am. But my father used to tell me of the old days before he was—er—civilized."

"Did he miss them much?" I asked. "I mean the 'far-rolling prairie' and all that?"

"He never said so," replied Grumpy. "He used to boast of all the fights he had won; but between you and me I think they—er—brought him into the fold just in time. He had been badly mauled the week before by a big young bull, and it's almost certain the coyotes would have got him."

"But the 'thunder of a million hooves,' and so forth?" I murmured, faintly mindful of my MAYNE REID and FENIMORE COOPER. "Oh, that," said Grumpy shortly, "that's all moonshine. Father said they only ran when Indians were after them or there was a fire. What he liked was to sit all day in the mud."

I derived much satisfaction from my brief chat with Grumpy. But after all

his impressions were only second-hand. I determined to speak to Isabella, the hippopotamus. But Isabella was peevish because her bath was insufficiently warm. Besides, we are not particular friends. Giving Isabella a bun is like handing a ten-shilling note to a War Bond Tank. Nothing less than a myriad such contributions makes enough impression on her to earn a collective grunt of appreciation. For myself, I like my buns to produce what the patent medicines call "instant relief" in the face of the donee.

With Fiji Shimpoo, the Japanese ape, I was scarcely more successful. "Fleas are fleas," said Fiji brusquely, "whether captured on the heights of Fuji-yama or in Regent's Park." "Banzai," he added, which I take to be the Japanese for "Got him!"

Lastly I took my questions to Tom, the piping crow. He of all the denizens of the Zoo is most truly my guide, philosopher and friend. He combines wit with discernment, wide faculties of observation with fluent powers of expression. I unearthed from my pocket a twist of paper containing four sultanas and a torpid cockroach. I had stood in a queue exactly three hours for the

sultanas. The cockroach I had come by more easily. Tom listened sympathetically while I unfolded my troubles. His replies were a masterpiece of considered logic.

"We animals," he observed, "have been rightly described by a French philosopher as 'happy little stomachs.' All our other emotions are transitory, but hunger is with us always. When not actually asleep we are either eating or looking for something to eat (thank you). Hunger is the mainspring of all our actions. In the next cage but one to this you will find a godwit, a very decent fellow, by the way, who used to travel every year from Greenland to Patagonia and back in search of food. He tells me that they went in flocks, and the chance of surviving the journey was less than that of a soldier going over the top in Flanders (thank you).

"You ask," he went on, "if we are happy in captivity. Once we realise that we are not to be hurt and that food is to be had for the asking, we are happy provided we are not sick. Mark you, I do not say that all captivity is pleasant. Even here there is room for improvement. Insufficient variety of diet (thank you), too close confinement, the subjection to improper temperature, the proximity of unpleasant neighbours—all these drawbacks occur more or less. But they are remediable. Confinement as such, if accompanied by plenty of food, opportunities for exercise, companionship and self-development, is not objectionable. After all," he added, "your respectable business man, who spends his life between his villa and his office, is as much a captive (thank you) as we are. His idea that he is free is an illusion. Man," concluded my friend—a little maliciously, it seemed to me—"is at least consistent. He shackles himself with habits and conventions and needs and encumbrances as much as he imprisons us with bars and wire-netting."

Tom paused expectantly. There was only the cockroach left.

"One more question," I said, "and I am done. How is it that you never strike that last note of 'Pop! goes the weasel' right?"

He looked at me thoughtfully.

"You humans," he said, "haunter after perfection. That is why you know so little about happiness (thank you).

ALGOI.

"Cairo, Friday.

Reuter's correspondent at British headquarters in Palestine, writing on Thursday from Delenda est Gaza, says: . . ."

*Australian Paper.*

Not everybody has the good fortune to be educated at Vivat Etona.

## MUFTI ONCE MORE.

*(Lines on a prospect of Three Weeks' Leave.)*

WHAT though the camphor's barrage  
lines

Have failed to stop the looting  
And moths have marred thy chaste  
designs,

Oh ante-bellum suiting!  
Oh stylish weeds wherein I wooed  
Evangeline and Ermytrude,  
Oh pair of spats that once astounded  
Tooting!

What though, I say, this fancy vest  
A fearsome sight discloses,  
Where winged things have found a nest  
And snatched their impious dozes,  
And batten on the sacred wool,  
And made it bed and board and roof,  
Wearing, I doubt not, gas-masks on  
their noses?

Conscious, at least, that long ago  
They took the town with splendour,  
Shall I not put them on and blow  
The war-time mufti-vendor?  
Though I look somewhat like a sieve,  
Shall not men, seeing me, forgive?  
There are no shades to-day so sweet,  
so tender.

Shall they not also say, "This proves  
How soon, how swiftly laughed he  
At all our petty peace-time grooves,  
And challenged Fritz the crafty:  
These were the 1914 cut;  
In those dim days he was a nut;  
Just now, of course, they seem a  
trifle draughty?"

Yes, I am proud; my chest is filled  
With triumph, and I smack it:  
What do I care for punctures drilled  
Straight through a service jacket?  
These are my wounds—this well-loved  
tweed,  
Laid on one side for England's need,  
Less like a tweed now than a tennis  
racquet.

Then up, my ancient suits and ties!  
In vain the tailors peddle;  
In vain for me the sempstress plies  
Her spinning-wheel and treadle;  
The voice of British Honour speaks  
In these my perforated breaks,  
Each orifice becomes a blooming  
medal. EVOE.

## The Scientific Touch.

"I couldn't help but feel that my sleeping-room would be haunted by evermore by the spectrum of poor grandfather."

*London Magazine.*

"BRITISH GUNNERS' FINE WORK IN ITALY.  
Open Cities of Padua and Treviso Bombed  
with 'Particular Fury.'"—*Daily Mirror.*

It looks as if something was wrong  
with the registering.

## A TRAGEDY OF THE WAR.

It is all over! Never again shall I  
be able to practise that self-deception  
which used to make life worth living.  
The veil has been rudely torn from my  
eyes and at last I see myself as others  
see me.

He was such a nice-looking, open-  
faced boy, too—the one who dealt me  
the blow. I had noticed him in the  
crowd and hoped it would come to my  
lot to minister to him. Little did I  
know.

I had consented to go down twice a  
week and help at the canteen. I did it  
with my eyes open and not labouring  
under the misapprehension that it was  
an invitation to stand behind a counter  
looking like a beauty chorus and serving  
out glad eyes and badinage to the  
Tomnies with an occasional slice of  
cake. I knew it meant some hours of  
hustle and bustle to keep things going,  
hours of heavy service in the produc-  
tion of boiling water, hours of washing-  
up. I was well aware, in fact, that I  
was in demand, not for my looks, but  
for my efficiency.

All the same there really seemed no  
reason why I should not make myself  
look as nice as possible. Praise be to  
Allah, I have curly hair and the sort  
of complexion that makes certain of  
my friends wonder (audibly) whether it  
is only powder, or paint as well. Few  
people realise at a first glance that I  
am nearer forty than twenty.

I put on my nicest hat, the one that  
comes down a bit coquettishly on one  
side; I chose my prettiest blouse, of a  
blue that makes my blue eyes bluer; I  
said to myself in the glass, "Tom was  
right. You *would* pass for nineteen  
sometimes—by gaslight."

And then—this.

He was, as I said, a nice-looking boy,  
and when he gave me an unprovoked  
smile over the heads of his companions  
I hoped that perhaps I reminded him  
of his best girl. Quite young, too, he  
was—so young, in fact, that I have since  
come to the conclusion that he had not  
yet had time to lose that instinct which  
children seem to share with animals of  
knowing a great deal about you the very  
instant they meet you.

For, as soon as he got near enough  
to the counter to be heard, this is what  
he said:—

"A cup o' tea, please, mother!"

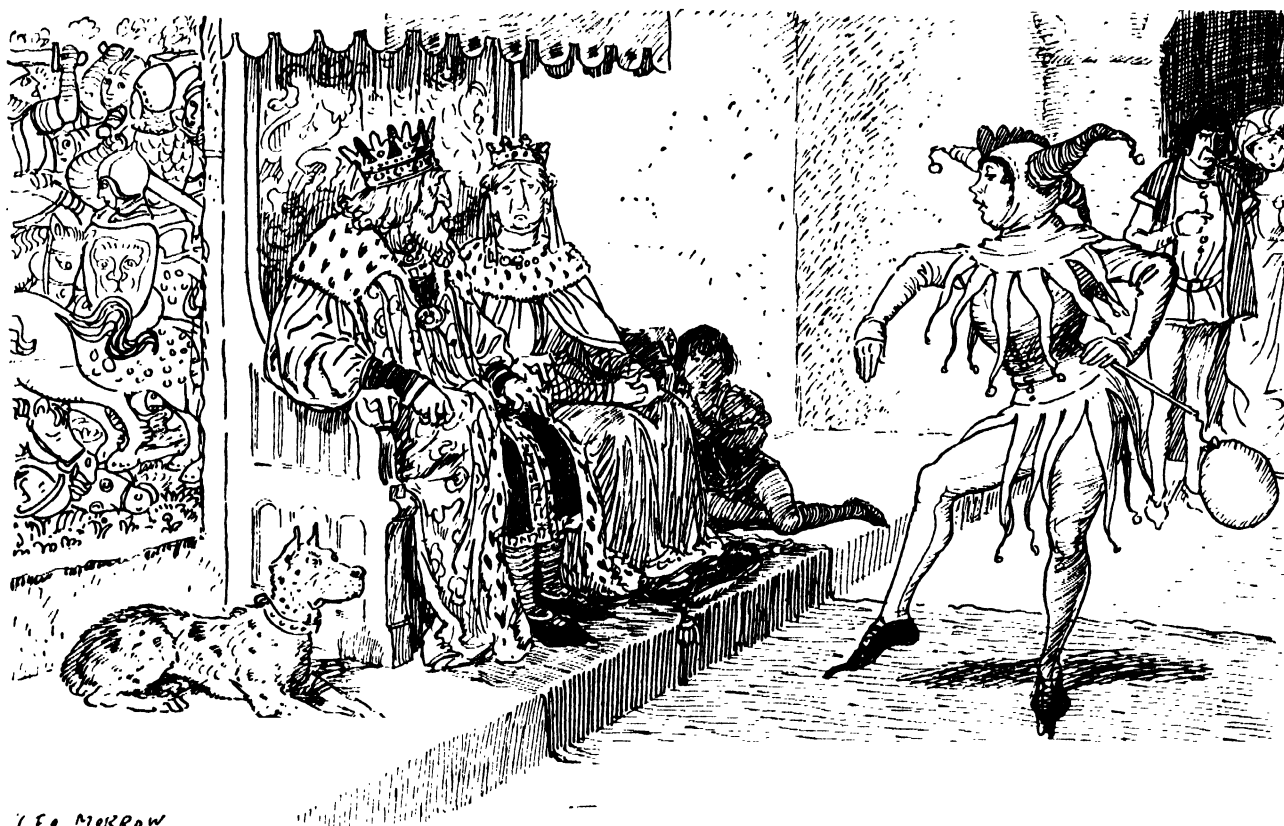
"General Allenby arrived in Cairo to-day,  
and was warmly received at the station by a  
distinguished gathering. A British infantry  
guard of honour was drawn up inside and  
MacCabean Boy Scouts were posted at the  
exit."—*Globe.*

The Cadet Corps, we presume, of the  
Jordan Highlanders.



### THE HORRORS OF PEACE.

THE HUN APPLIES HIS WAR-TIME METHODS OF EFFICIENCY TO THE PURPOSES OF SPORT.



### COMBING-OUT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

*The Queen.* "I DO WISH WE'D GOT EXEMPTION FOR OUR JESTER. THIS WOMAN BORES ME STIFF."

### THE TOWER OF MEMORY.

WHEN we are slow in effort, weak in will,  
Querulous in the lesser strains of war  
Or craven in the greater, when the hill  
Of Destiny seems higher than her star,  
When from the clay that bears their impress still  
Depart the dreams that were, the ghosts that are—  
When this befalls—if over this might be—  
England, seek thou the Tower of Memory.

When babbling fools, for Russian follies ripe,  
And chinless knaves, more full of words than wit,  
Play on the hills of Hell their oaten pipe  
And sing of sweet pools in the sunless pit,  
When the long sword is loosed in Honour's gripe  
By the cold fingers of the hypocrite,  
And faint forebodings frustrate her decree,  
England, climb thou the Tower of Memory.

Walk there awhile, before the day is done,  
Beneath the banner and the battered casque  
Where carven heraldry in bronze and stone,  
With lily and with cross and leopard's mask,  
Spandrils the arch. Thou shalt not walk alone;  
There dead men live again and dead lips ask,  
"What of the isles of England and her sea?"  
Till whispers fill the Tower of Memory.

From brows burnt dark by Syrian sun and wind  
Flash the blue eyes that awed the Saracen;  
Souls long since given to God in utmost Ind  
Walk once again in images of men;

Lords of the world and masters of the mind,  
Who sailed beyond the sea-mark of their ken,  
And for their England dreamed all things save three—  
Dishonour, ruin and darkened memory.

Stand in the Tower of Memory till the West  
Breaks round the dropping sun in splintered flame:  
There is a chronicle deciphered best  
By crimson light—the ineradicable shame  
Of traitor foeman and, far bitterest,  
Of alien hearts clad in a kindly name;  
Know who are bondsmen, know that thou art free  
While thou canst hold the Tower of Memory.

Across the epic arras curves the trace  
Of fading vows in counterfeited gold;  
There hangs the cast of every traitor face,  
With every cunning line and evil fold.  
Look long, O England, for that very race  
Peers o'er thy foaming frontiers grey and cold;  
Look long, for who shall blind or baffle thee  
If thou but hold the Tower of Memory?

#### A Consistent Absentee.

"Through being absent from the December meeting of the Town Council Alderman ——— missed his first attendance for thirty years."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

'R. Muns. Fus.—Temp. Capt. C. P. ——— from York R., to be temp. Capt. (Nov. 22, 1917, seny. Sept. 13, 1936)."—*Times.*  
Is this the official tip for the end of the War?



### A TACTLESS INTRUSION.

KAISER (*addressing Regency Council of Poland*). "AS AGAINST THE CALUMNIES OF THE ENEMY I FEEL GRATEFUL THAT MY UNREMITTING EFFORTS TO BE THE CHAMPION AND PROTECTOR OF THE PRINCIPLES OF HUMANITY——"

NEWSBOY, "GREAT GERMAN NAVAL VICTORY! BRITISH HOSPITAL SHIP TORPEDOED!"





### ON A SEA FORT.

*Sergeant-Major.* "NOW THEN, WHAT ARE YOU GROUSING ABOUT?"

*Gunner.* "ME GROUSIN', MAJOR? I WASN'T GROUSIN'; I WAS ONLY WONDERIN' ALOUD TO MESELF 'OW THE BLAZES ME SCRUBBIN' THIS BLINKIN' TABLE WAS GOIN' TO WIN THE BLINKIN' WAR."

### THE WATCH DOGS.

LXIX.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have come to the disinterested and impersonal conclusion that I am IT. Other men may be General Officers Commanding; I am the Particular Officer commanding A. B. A. S. Jones.

That is the whole of him: "A. B. A. S. Jones." I have changed his name, of course, but the initials I wouldn't alter for worlds. Whatever he may think of them himself, they are the joy and pride of my life. Jones is a sailor, a real pukka nautical and naval sailor, and I, a soldier, command him.

I have always held myself out to command any old thing you like, from an infantryman to a third-class air mechanic, from a gunner to a driver, from a sapper to a nondescript civilian who was found to have got into uniform so quickly that he had omitted to take the oath of allegiance. Some come from overseas, and with one I have to hold converse in French, because he can't speak my native language and I can't speak his. But the climax of my assorted supremacy was achieved

when, recently, my office door burst open and, preceded by a strong smell of ozone, in blew A. B. A. S. Jones.

We got to the essence of the thing at once, over the matter of the initials. At once I took exception to the excess of Christian names and absence of descriptive prefix. "Come, come, my lad," said I, "you cannot go about these days in that naked sort of way. You must be a private or a gunner, or a sapper or something. You seem to forget that there is a war on."

He was disguised, I should tell you, in khaki. Even so he would stick to it that he had given me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about himself. Cross-examined on the point and reminded that he was upon his oath, he declared that he was a naval rating. Our Mr. Booth, who has never yet been found wanting, thereupon remembered that he had urgent business with the Quarter-master-Sergeant and left the office hurriedly. George was silent for the first time in his life, and refused to venture an opinion in the presence of a superior officer. I was left to battle with the problem myself.

"And what," I asked, "is a naval rating, when you've caught it?"

Jones referred to the initials again and said he was an able seaman, and the only little rift there has ever been in our mutual lute goes back to that. He will have it that he has got the letters in their proper order, prefix first and Christian names next. For my part I can never bring myself to spell sea with a "B" when there is an "S" handy.

"And so you are a sailor?" said I.

"Yes, Sir," said he.

The correct answer, I pointed out, was "Ay, ay, Sir." But Jones didn't tumble to it; to be honest, it was quite apparent that he was in reality just another darned civilian, like the rest of us. Personally, I refuse to be honest on this point. I insist upon the pretence being kept up: if a war is worth making at all it is worth making properly. It was necessary to show A. B. A. S. Jones that one was a strict disciplinarian.

"You are a sailor?" I said.

Jones acquiesced with that stony, straightahead, noncommittal stare which I take to be common to both services.



"Then," I admonished him, "you should give your trousers a hitch when addressing an officer. Stand down."

George congratulated me on my manner of handling a difficult situation, without having committed myself to a technical phrase. The "Stand down" particularly impressed him; it had, he said, a professional smack about it, though it might not be the right profession it smacked of. Jones later on unburdened himself to our Mr. Booth, pointing out that he was in the Army now and had left his ship.

You should have brought it with you," said our Mr. Booth. "It would have come in handy for our next leave." In fact, the whole department thought it had thoroughly defeated the Senior Service. "You wait," said I; "there's the Admiralty to be reckoned with yet. I bet that all those Model Dwellings in Whitehall aren't full of people doing nothing."

I was right. There was the usual preliminary lull, during which the newcomer went about his work, drew his rations and grew fat and rosy. But meanwhile the trouble was accumulating, and Army forms were collecting on some distant unfriendly desk. Eventually some Admiral or other came ashore, went to his office, saw the Army forms there and at once burst into such language as is entirely foreign to us soldiers. Slowly but surely his nautical clerk reduced this language to the more seemly but no less biting form of the official minute, and we were right in the middle of it.

George pushed off to Italy; our Mr. Booth went sick; I found excuse to be elsewhere than in my office, which I left in charge of a new recruit. The correspondence continued to pour in, insisting on the point that naval ratings cannot be transferred to Army units, and had Admiralty sanction been officially obtained for this man's discharge?

I was at last compelled to return to business on receipt of a piteous note from my good friend at the War Office who obtains and delivers to me from time to time those specialists, snaffled from any available source. If I didn't do something to help him, he said, he would fraternise, and bang would go A. B. A. S. Jones.

It was a long and a bitter battle. My pursuers were far away, it is true, but those nautical fellows are used to shooting with deadly aim at victims they cannot see. Eventually we compromised; for all their outward harshness the seafaring ones recognised, and, no doubt, understood, my affection for my old salt. It being understood that, as East is East, etc., the transfer of a naval



*Lady.* "IT'S DISGRACEFUL! YOU ARE NOT MAKING THE SLIGHTEST EFFORT TO HELP IN ANY WAY."

*Tramp.* "MADAM, YOU WRONG ME. I FREQUENTLY DEPUTISE FOR LADY FRIENDS OF MINE IN THE QUEUES."

rating to my military unit was for ever impossible; yet, as a concession, this particular man might be borne as attached.

"A. B. A. S. Jones," said I, clearing my husky throat, "your transfer was a ghastly mistake and is hereby cancelled. Nevertheless you are attached to my service."

"Very, Sir," said he, with some little liberty, no doubt, but with what admirable tact!

Yours ever, HENRY.

"The Council confirmed the minutes of the Education Committee, which recommended that the salaries of all elementary school teachers, except student teachers, be advanced £0 per annum, dating from April 1, 1917."

*Yorkshire Post.*

The teachers are unanimously of opinion that the Council's humour was in bad taste.

### The Shipping Shortage: War-work for Women.

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?"—MARLOWE (*Faustus*).

WANTED, a few HELENS, as above.—Apply Director of National Service."

From a review:—

"A big very fat man, whose stealthy movements recall Count Fosco in the *Moonstone*." *Times Literary Supplement.*

The Count's movements in that story are so exceedingly stealthy that few people have detected his presence at all.

"At Cullompton, Devon, an engine-driver was fined £10 for feeding peasants with barley and oats. He laid a line of grain for a distance of nearly 300 yards across a common."

*Westminster Gazette.*

We are sorry his generosity met with such a rebuff, especially after the pains he had taken to avoid a queue.

## THE NEW INDUSTRY.

I was never taken so unawares, never so bewildered and abashed—I may even say outraged—as when, at the breakfast table the other morning, in the house of a friend hitherto notable for the quietness and refinement of his own and his family's demeanour, I was suddenly made the target of the loudest combined roar of protest that ever split the welkin. And what do you think I had done? No more than, after reading a letter (to do which I had, I hardly need say, asked and obtained my hostess's permission), to begin, as usual, to tear it up. No sooner had my thumbs and fingers arranged themselves to perform this simple and very normal action than the united lungs of my so-called hosts—father, mother and children—uttered what I can describe only as a howl of execration, unearthly in its volume and suddenness. And all this, I learned, after I had come to myself and my shattered nerves were calming down, merely because, if you please, owing to the scarcity of matches, spills have to be made; and I was wasting a piece of paper.

"Good heavens!" I said, to myself, "to think that the delicate decorum of such nice people as these can go by the board at the thought of the loss of one, or perhaps two, spills? This is war indeed." And then, being—what-  
ever else I may be—no slacker, I flung myself also into the fray and became so keen and, I may add, so expert that I too am preparing a somewhat similar vocal effort with which to check and admonish others as reckless as my dead self.

I am also in a position to assist an industry which will soon be spreading even into the homes of profiteers and munitioners, and must occupy most of the energies of our youngest and our oldest. For spills catch life at both ends; only the newest babes are too immature, only the centenarians too ripe, to fold them.

For the use of beginners a few hints are now offered as to the manufacture of spills—styles, materials and so forth—the whole calculated, if carefully assimilated and (with or without resort to any advertised system) com-

mitted to memory, to convert even our old friend, the veriest ignoramus, into a perfect spiller in the course of a few minutes.

To begin with, the implements. These are inexpensive and to be found everywhere. If not in evidence they may, as a rule, be obtained from the nearest pockets. In short, and without being too funny about it—the hands.

Next, the material—paper, of which ever since a paper shortage was announced there has been no lack. The best paper of all for this purpose is perhaps that on which bills are made out; but begged circulars are also good. Letters from admonitory aunts often burn brightly; catalogues of bargain sales give good results.

And now for method, where, I regret

which neither flames nor goes out, but smoulders and smokes. I have seen a young mother—with her children about her watching the deplorable operation—on her knees on the carpet, rolling a whole *Morning Post* (a two-penny paper now, mark you) into one of these inefficacious tubes; and then we all had to use matches.

So much for the actual manufacture, in the best way, of spills. Next, their use. The chief use of spills is to ignite what used to be known as "The Indian Weed," but has lately, by an Oxford professor of the highest standing, been called "The Sister of Literature"—I refer to tobacco. And I may say here that it has been decided by the Committee of the Thirteen Club that the bad luck which inevitably followed the

act of making one match suffice for three smokers is no longer to be feared. Now that the means of illumination is paper the penalty has been removed. Superstitious folk, of whom I am chief, will receive the news with pleasure. The purpose of spills, then, is to ignite tobacco in one or other of the forms in which we absorb it, but chiefly of cigarettes. They can, of course, be used also to light other things; but that is rare.

Truly economical and patriotic persons blow them out when

their function has been fulfilled and put them back in their receptacle to be used again; but most people throw them on the fire. I put them back.

## Another Anti-Aircraft Weapon.

"FRENCH BRING DOWN SIX GERMAN AEROPLANES.

CLEARING THE AIR.

EFFECT OF THE PREMIER'S SPEECH."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

## FEUILLETONS IN WAR TIME.

"He loves her, and proposes, but annoyed at his manner, she refuses him, though she really loves him . . .

Frank Heatherly sank into the chair by his desk, his face oddly pale . . .

His whole instant was to tear the instrument from its place and fling it on the ground—£50. Did he fool think he was made of money?"

(Do not miss Monday's instalment.)"

Daily Paper.

We certainly shall not; though we hardly expect the present form to be maintained.



"YES, THE POSTAL SERVICE IS IN A WRETCHED CONDITION. WHY, LAST MONTH I SENT OUT NEARLY A HUNDRED STATEMENTS OF ACCOUNT, AND, SO FAR AS I CAN LEARN, ONLY TWO HAVE BEEN RECEIVED."

to say, controversy comes in. For there are no fewer than three distinct schools of spill-making, two of which undoubtedly disseminate heresy. If I am to be your mentor, you must fold. Disregard all soft counsels in the direction of rolling, and fold, fold, fold. Spills, it must be remembered, should not be too long or too thick. One side of a sheet of ordinary octavo note-paper should make two serviceable specimens. The method which I advocate and shall never depart from is to tear the sheet in half, downwards, and then fold the two halves, long-ways, into four folds, firmly pressing the edges with the thumb-nail. Those who, all mistaken and astray, favour the rolling system require rather larger pieces of paper and therefore are less economical, or, if you prefer it, patriotic, than I.

There is also a third party, utterly obscurantist, pinning its faith to an aggrandised form of rolled spill resembling an alpenstock in length,

## THE DUTY OF THE DIARIST.

["The Diary is a form of literary activity in which the competition of the great is not to be feared. A great man has neither the leisure nor the inclination to record the events of his time. He leaves that to others, and if we can only become personally acquainted with people whose sayings and doings are worth preserving, there is no reason why we should not all be successful diarists."—*Observer*.

Long haunted by a vague desire  
Of literary fame,  
But lacking themes to lend me fire  
Or clarify my aim,  
At last I am relieved of doubt;  
No more I grope and beat about  
The bush; I've learned the true way  
out—  
A Diary 's the gumo!

One great advantage of this mode  
Of labouring with the pen  
I learn is this: you take a road  
Untrod by famous men;  
They haven't time to note or jot  
Down interesting things red-hot  
(Though PEPYS and GREVILLE, MOORE  
and SCOTT  
All did it now and then).

Again, if anxious to succeed,  
You need not cut a dash  
By tilting at each cult and creed  
Or venturing on rash  
Predictions of the race you'll run—  
Pope, Cæsar, Devil all in one;  
'That sort of diary was done  
To death by MARIE BASH.

But while you need not be a star  
To be a Diarist,  
The method will not take you far  
Without the proper grist;  
In other words, you've got to mix  
With people who have gifts or tricks,  
Whose views on life and politics  
Deserve an annalist.

Here *The Observer's* counsel ends;  
The problems still remain,  
How to acquire these brilliant friends  
Who common folk disdain;  
How one whose intellect is dim  
Can work his way into the swim—  
The world where wisdom, wit and  
whim  
And "all the talents" reign.

No matter; though I'm growing grey,  
And though my friends are few,  
And for the things they do or say  
Unnoticed hitherto,  
Who knows but I may hail the birth  
Of some new minister of mirth,  
Some village WILCOX, or unearth  
A rival to LE QUEUX!

### Food in Egypt.

"In the afternoon the Sultan received Conte de Serionne, who presented to His Highness three of the principal officials of the Suet Canal."—*Egyptian Mail*.



Orderly Officer. "WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?"  
Sentry. "TO WALK AHEAD IN A SOLDIERLY MANNER AND TO PAY CONTRIBUTIONS TO ALL OFFICERS—ACCORDING TO RANK."

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

Mr. Punch ventures to plead on behalf of the pitiful case of those poor children who are suffering from air-raid shock. For every child that has been wantonly killed by the Huns, many score have suffered terrible injury to their minds and nerves. For these innocent victims of cruelty a home has been opened at Chailey, in the lovely Sussex Weald. It is named after St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children. Here they are given the chance of recovering strength, courage and happiness. In fine weather they learn gardening and nature study, and indoors they sing and dance and have stories told to

them. Mr. Punch is confident that many of his readers, if only out of gratitude for the greater safety which their own children enjoy, as compared with poorer ones in humble and more exposed conditions, will generously respond to his appeal. Gifts should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer, St. Nicholas Home for Raid-Shock Children, Chailey, Sussex.

### Our Heroes.

"Mr. Seymour Hicks is the hero of the week. He is now admitted to be the author of the English version of 'Paisons un rêve,' which was produced at the St. Martin's Theatre on Monday night."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

The fighting services must not imagine that they have a monopoly of heroism.

### THE BALLAD OF CODSON'S BEARD.

I'll tell you a yarn of a sailor-man with a face more fierce  
than fair  
Who got round that on the Navy's plan by hiding it all  
with hair;  
He was one of a hard old sailor-breed and had lived his  
life at sea,  
But he took to the beach at the nation's need and fought  
with the R.N.D.

Now Brigadier-General Blank's Brigade was tidy and neat  
and trim,  
And the sight of a beard on *his* parade was a bit too much  
for him.

"What is that," said he with a terrible oath, "of all that  
is wild and weird?"

And the Staff replied, "A curious growth, but it looks very  
like a beard."

And the General said, "I have seen six wars and many a  
ghastly sight,

Fellows with locks that gave one shocks and buttons none  
too bright,

But never a man in *my* Brigade with a face all fringed  
with fur;

And you'll toddle away and shave to-day"—but Codson  
said, "*You err.*"

"For I don't go much on wars as such, and living with  
rats and worms,

And *you* ought to be glad of a sailor-lad on any old kind  
of terms;

While this old beard of which you're skeered it stands for  
a lot to me,

For the great North gales and the sharks and whales and  
the smell of the dear grey sea."

New Generals crowded to the spot and urged him to  
behave,

But Codson said, "You talk a lot, but can you *make* me  
shave?"

For the Navy allows a beard at the bows, and a beard is  
the sign for me

That the world may know, wherever I go, I belong to the  
King's Navoo."

They gave him posts in distant parts, where few might see  
his face,

Town Major jobs that break men's hearts and billets at  
the Base;

But whenever he knew a fight was due he hurried there by  
train,

And when he'd done for every Hun they sent him off again.

Then up and spake an old sailor, "It seems you can't 'ave  
'cared,

Begging your pardon, General Blank, the *reason* of this same  
beard;

It's a kind of a sart of a *camyflarge*, and that I take to  
mean

A thing as 'ides some other thing wot oughtn't to be  
seen.

"And I've brought you this 'ere photergraph of wot 'o  
*used* to be

Afore he stuck that fluffy muck about 'is phyzogmy."

The General looked and, fainting, cried, "The situation's  
grave,

The beard was bad, but, *Kamerad!* he simply must not  
shave!"

And now, when the thin lines bulge and sag and man goes  
down to man,  
A great black beard like a pirate's flag flies over in the van;  
And I've fought in many a red-hot spot where death was  
the least men feared,  
But I never saw anything quite so hot as the Battle of  
Codson's Beard.  
A. P. H.

### HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*Marshal Hindenburg and Herr Ballin of the Hamburg-  
Amerika Line.*)

*Herr Ballin.* I trust, Marshal, that this time rumour has  
some small foundation of truth.

*Marshal Hindenburg.* I don't know what particular one  
among the thousand rumours you refer to, but if I might  
be allowed I should advise you to disbelieve them all.

*B.* But this is a rumour that grows stronger every day,  
since it is very pleasant to the ears of those who hear it.  
It declares that peace is already on the way, there being  
now a broad basis for negotiation.

*H.* That rumour I advise you to believe less than any of  
the others. Not if I can help it shall there be negotiations  
for peace until we have achieved a complete and crushing  
victory over all our foes, and especially over England.

*B.* A pleasant prospect indeed you hold out to us. For  
three years and a half we have poured blood and treasure  
into your military machine. Millions of our best and  
bravest have gone to feed your ambition and that of your  
master, and of our hardly-earned substance but little is  
left. Things cannot go on like this. We have secured the  
alliance of Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria, which means  
that, in addition to defending ourselves, we are forced to  
defend them too. So well have you and your friends  
managed affairs that we are hated and opposed by the rest  
of the world; and all that has been won for us by a whole  
generation of industry lies about us in ruins; and even if  
we were to win the victory you speak of we should find it  
almost impossible to keep a place among the nations of  
the world.

*H.* This is fine talk for a loyal German subject. Your duty  
is to obey when the KAISER commands, and not to oppose  
your petty interests to his will. Germany above everything.

*B.* That, I suppose, is the reason why you added America  
to our enemies. It was not enough that we should have  
to fight England and France and Italy, but you and your  
friends must seize America, unwilling as she was, and drag  
her into the conflict. You pretend to laugh at America  
and talk of fighting her with the Potsdam Fire Brigade;  
but I know Americans and you do not, and I tell you it  
was a black day for Germany when you forced America to  
take her stand against us.

*H.* You had better leave policy alone and go back to your  
ships, which perhaps you understand.

*B.* My ships! Where are they? What has become of  
them? They, with everything else that made Germany  
respected, have been thrust into the fire, and nothing is left.

*H.* The army is left, and so long as we have that I fear  
nothing.

*B.* The army! The army! I tell you I am tired of all  
your heel-clicking and sword-rattling, and there are many  
who agree with me. What is the use of your army to us  
if all our industry is to perish and we are to live for ever  
in a circle of enemies? Even in Russia you cannot make  
any progress, and so it is everywhere. You win a little,  
and then you are checked, and it is all to begin over again.  
And then, when the basis for an honourable peace is  
suggested, all you can do is to cry for everlasting war.

[*Left wrangling.*]



### THE QUEUE HABIT.

*Old Lady (to post-office clerk).* "DO YOU HAPPEN TO BE ABLE TO OBLIGE ME WITH A STAMP THIS MORNING, MISS? AND I COULD DO WITH A COUPLE OF POSTCARDS IF YOU'RE NOT OUT OF THEM."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

No library of works about the War can be considered decently equipped without a copy of *The Complete Despatches of Lord French*, which, beautifully printed (in a limited edition) by the Westminster Press and illustrated with excellent maps and portraits, to which is added a full list of "mentions," have been published by Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL. Even a layman has the right to admire the simple and restrained idiom, the orderly arrangement, the essential modesty of these despatches. Two qualities of the well-loved Commander who bore the shock of the most desperate days of the War stand in especial relief—generosity in his tributes to his subordinate commanders, and tact in dealing with the difficulties and inevitable disappointments of liaison, such as the "most unexpected message" from General JOFFRE as to the overwhelming advance of the German divisions on the eve of the retirement from Mons, and the "fatigue" of General SORDET's horses. Of Sir DOUGLAS HAIG and his divisional and brigade commanders, the Field-Marshal, in a rare departure from the plain level of his narrative, says, "Words fail me to express the admiration I feel for their conduct, or my sense of the incalculable services they rendered [at the first battle of Ypres]. I venture to predict that their deeds during these days of stress and trial will furnish some of the most brilliant chapters which will be found in the military history of our time." Of the poison gas at the second battle of Ypres this verdict is worth remember-

ing: "As a soldier I cannot help expressing the deepest regret and some surprise that an army which hitherto has claimed to be the chief exponent of the chivalry of war should have stooped to employ such devices against brave and gallant foes." It must be good to have been called to such a burden, to have carried it so finely, to have recorded the story of it with such a simple candour.

It is not to be denied that Mr. HARRY TIGHE has at least the courage of his convictions. These teach him that women are as sheep, happiest in following the well-worn path marked out for them by generations—love, matrimony, maternity. The book that he has written to prove them is called, inevitably, *The Sheep Path* (WESTALL). Its heroine, *Arethusa*—Mr. TIGHE is clearly a counter-revolutionist; none other could have dared such a name!—is shown hesitating between love in the commercial equivalent of a cottage, and £800 a year with the encumbrance of a middle-aged husband. A conquering passion for plenty of butter with her bread (it's all right; this is a pre-war tale) drives *Arethusa* to turn her back on the sheep-path and choose *Jonathan Jones* and comparative affluence. The result shows Mr. TIGHE as an author with a very real gift of observation; the development of *Arethusa* from girl to womanhood, and the whole relations of the wife and her husband are quite admirably drawn; the story here is at its best, sympathetic and sure in scenes where it would have been fatally easy to blunder. In the end, of course, *Arethusa* returns *à ses moutons*. Widowed and impoverished (I had frequently suspected that winter in

Rome and a villa at Portofino must be stretching the eight hundred dangerously thin) she takes up again her old work and the love she rejected in chapter one, thus providing a fine exception to the rule about eating your cake and having it. Mr. TIGHE has written a clever and sincere story, on which I congratulate him heartily, with, however, an entreaty that in his next he will guard against a slovenly use of English that gives cause to the judicious to grieve and obscures his real talent.

There is a story of an English author who, on arriving at Khartoum, informed the Governor that he could only stay for forty-eight hours, but that he wanted "to get at the back of the Arab mind." Mrs. T. P. O'CONNOR, though she hails from Texas, where they live and act quickly, and though she stayed for more than a year in Ireland, does not profess to have got at the back of the Irish Question in *Herself—Ireland* (HUTCHINSON), but she has fallen in love with the country and written a lively, enthusiastic and discursive record of her impressions. She was pleased with everything and everybody except Belfast and the Dublin slums and the Dublin Corporation and the publicans. Politics and politicians, she tells us, leave her cold; but there is little doubt as to her sympathies, though she does not obtrude them aggressively. Dublin was her head-quarters, but she visited Limerick and Galway, Cork and Killarney, as well as the North, conversed with all manner of people, revives old stories and legends, describes the art treasures of Dublin and the wonders of its Zoo, re-discovers SWIFT and "STELLA," and devotes the best part of a chapter on Irish wit to anecdotes of Father HEALY. (She has omitted, however, one of his best sayings, of a very tall young lady named Lynch: "Nature gave her an inch, but she took an L.") It is a vivacious, unmethodical chronicle, rich in digressions, personal and even intimate sketches of her friends and travelling companions, shrewd remarks and not a little guide-book padding. Her tone is mainly uncritical, which is the safest way in dealing with Ireland at present, and she is not always accurate. For example, Parknasilla, as I have good reason to know, is not situated on a low cliff; and Mrs. O'CONNOR's reproduction of the brogue is more vigorous than faithful. But criticism is disarmed by her frank admission of her limitations and her modest comparison of her book to the *hors d'œuvre* served before a banquet.

One might perhaps pardonably say of Mr. FREDERICK WATSON that, as the son of IAN MACLAREN, he had been educated in the Killyard school. What use he made of this upbringing he has already proved, and now does so again with his new story, *Children of Passage* (METHUEN). It is a tale of Scotland and of Scots folk, told with a very pleasant charm of style and much quiet fun, at least in the earlier chapters; later, when the world-tragedy falls upon

Calder and its people, Mr. WATSON changes to a note of grave beauty that makes the end of his book unexpectedly impressive. There is no great matter of plot, except the love of two men for a delicate girl—a middle-aged minister and the young son of a rich Southerner who is trying to buy out the girl's father. These two parents, by the way, are excellently drawn foils: the old laird, a dreamer, unpractical, beaten on all sides by circumstance; and the climbing opportunist, who bends circumstance to his own ends and watches, not unsympathetically, the futile struggles of his antagonist. But the book abounds in good portraits. It has atmosphere, too, so that you can all but feel the keen damp air, full of peat and ling scents, that seems to blow through its pages. And by his art Mr. WATSON can reproduce not only the wild landscapes of Scotland, but the tenderness and the unconscious humour of her people. In short, his variety of heather-mixture is as attractive as any I have met.



"RUSSIA IS DOOMED, SIR—DOOMED!"  
 "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY 'DOOMED'?"  
 "NEVER MIND WHAT I MEAN, SIR. IT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN BUT WHAT I SAY THAT MATTERS."

*Roger* as a more mercenary, but recognizes and appreciates his motives. It is a thoughtful tale, and though its subject is not too pleasant the seriousness with which it is treated saves it from the fear of offence. The most dramatic touch comes at the end, when *Elise*, in ignorance of her wealth, bequeaths all she possesses to a benevolent and broad-minded parson, who finds the will and tears it up. *Roger* had some luck.

#### A Further Sex-Problem.

##### "A GIANT DAIRY BULL."

Another bull of the late Mr. George Taylor's breeding was Darlington Cranford 48th, which gave 763 gallons in ten months."—*Local Paper*.

"William —, grocer, was fined 40s. for selling war bread improved containing 93.08 per cent. of Epsom salts, which a medical officer declared was injurious to health."—*Liverpool Echo*.

The idea was sound, but overdone.

In a description of the attacks by German aviators on the ancient monuments of Padua *The Pall Mall Gazette* mentions "the damage done to the basilisk of Saint Antoine." It seems an odd pet for a Christian saint to keep.



## CHARIVARIA.

"LET us return," said Sir AUCLAND GEDDES, "to the faith of our fathers and recognise that by the sea we live." That's certainly what they do at Brighton, where the raid-funkers go.

A Russian youth appealed to the Law Society Tribunal last week for exemption on the ground that he is an anarchist. The occasion when he calls the Sergeant-Major "comrade" is eagerly looked forward to.

A black Leghorn hen belonging to a gentleman in the suburbs has laid an egg weighing five ounces. Since his good fortune we understand that he has been overwhelmed with offers of marriage.

Writing to *The Evening News* the Rev. B. J. CORDER states that he has invented an instrument by which he could detect transmission of force even in a hen's egg. This of course is much better than shaking the egg at one's ear and shouting, "Are you there?"

The latest news from Brest-Litovsk seems to indicate that the KAISER desires peace, at any rate for the duration of the War.

"Soldiers alone can decide the War," said a German Socialist in a recent speech. It is not known whether this is a slap at Mr. TROTSKY or Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC.

A prisoner who was recently convicted at Liverpool confessed to one hundred and seventy-three cases of housebreaking. It is from men of this class that our professional criminals are most frequently recruited.

The price of skinned rabbits has been fixed at one shilling and ninepence; unskinned, they may be sold at two shillings per musquash.

Special measures are being taken at Funchal to deal with any further attempt to bombard the port. The idea of confusing the Huns by sending men out in small boats to make a noise like a Madeira cake is said to have been successfully developed.

The Great Eastern Railway announces that after February 1st it will no longer supply sea-water. It has become in-

creasingly difficult to keep it free from submarines and other impurities.

The War Office has commandeered the French Gallery, Pall Mall, where the MATTHEW MARIS Exhibition is being held, just to show the Air Ministry that that sort of thing can be done by those who know how.

Whisky must not be sold now by auction without permission of the Food CONTROLLER. A very small quantity may still be obtained by private treaty.

The Warminster County Court has held that the Post Office is not liable for the contents of registered letters. The silly public of course thinks it is,

Jewellery valued at several hundred pounds has been stolen from a High Holborn jeweller's by burglars, who smashed the steel lock of the shop. It seems a pity that thieves do not exercise a little more thought for others. Now, of course, the jeweller has to buy another lock.

Young gipsies at Eastbourne are said to have grown beards to avoid military service, but there is reason to believe that Sir AUCLAND GEDDES will shortly comb them out.

The contagion of the queue habit is spreading in unexpected directions. At Stoke Newington there were three hundred and fifty applications for a baby offered for adoption.

At Hitchin a woman was cooking a sausage when it dissolved into liquid. Experts regard this as a great advance upon the old-fashioned sort which simply exploded.

The Mayor of Tiverton, Devon, has sold his motor-car and bought a donkey and cart. Every possible precaution is being taken at the Guildhall to conceal the news from the Lord Mayor's coachman.

A fish measuring sixteen feet in length has been washed ashore near Fresh-nish Point. An American visitor writes to say that it is certainly the largest whitebait he has seen in this country.



*Prize Pessimist.* MY BELIEF IS THAT THINGS WILL BE WORSE IN FEBRUARY.

*Super-Pessimist.* IF FEBRUARY EVER GETS HERE!

and no doubt the illusion is well worth the extra twopence.

"I appeal to every butcher," says a leading glycerine manufacturer, "to place a notice in his window stating he will pay his customers a halfpenny a pound for bones." Still it is a poor bargain for the customer who has just paid a shilling a pound for them.

According to a lecturer at Kensington Town Hall, workmen came out on strike in Egypt so far back as fifteen hundred years ago. Mr. BARNES wishes it to be known that no charge against Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is indicated in this connection.

A quarter of a pound of butter was found in a turnip field the other day. Asked what he proposed to do, the finder stated his intention of taking a cottage in the neighbourhood and settling down.

"Up to now the consumer has been without a mouthpiece."—*Globe*.

Very clever of him to consume at all in the circumstances.

"Wharfedale War Hospital, Middlewood rd., Sheffield (South Yorkshire Asylum).—Attendants Wanted for duration of war; men not eligible for the army; wages £35, increasing £2 10s. annually to £60."

*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

Frankly, we shrink from this estimate of the duration.

"The honorary freedom of the Feltmakers' Company was conferred, this morning, at the Guildhall, London, upon a large number of prominent men . . .

The principal mourners were . . . The funeral arrangements were carried out by —, Ltd., Newcastle."

*Provincial Paper.*

It seems to have been a melancholy ceremony.

## ENGLAND'S CALL TO THE RABBIT.

Come out, come out, and play the game;

Boldly vacate your burrow;

Slack not nor shirk for very shame,

But be your watchword "Thorough";

Step forth as briskly as you can

And face the music like a man.

Stay not to share the Cuthbert's fate,

But chuck your rôle of coward;

We watch you, knowing well how great

The sacrifice and how hard;

In all your paws your courage take

And do your turn for England's sake.

Shall she, the land that gave you birth,

Go short of food and sicken?

She needs you for her hollow girth

Disguised as curried chicken;

Come, ere the precious hour is lost,

And join our patriot holocaust.

We are prepared to comb you out

By way of fuse or ferret,

But you would sooner earn, no doubt,

The meed of willing merit

Posthumous knighthood (K.B.E.),

Or damehood, as the case may be.

Yonder the Boy-Scout waits to shoot

(*Dulce pro patria mori!*);

Give him the moribund's salute

And rush to death and glory,

Passing, amid ecstatic Cheers,

Straight to Valhalla's hall of heroes.

And should the errant scatter-gun

Wherewith he hopes to hit you

Misjudge your swiftness as you run,

Halt and remain *in situ*,

And let him pop and pop and pop

Until you ultimately drop.

Or, if you have no strong desire

To meet a death so messy,

And feel that in a noose of wire

Your corpse would look more dressy,

Insert your neck within a trap—

It's all the same to ARTHUR YAPP.

So shall your valour save the race

And strike the Kaiser stony;

And o'er your carcase, singing grace,

We'll bless the name of coney,

And say, "His end was very good;

He died as British rabbits should."

O. S.

## The Order of Precedence New Style.

"The aim of the Committee on Wool Textile Production is not to enable every man, from the dustman down to the duke, to clad himself in Government-controlled apparel."

Men's Wear.

A Very Irregular Verb

Bol-

shevi, Boshere, Bustum.

"The water supplies have been largely shut off, and milk was distributed by the farmers with difficulty."—*Glasgow Evening News*.

We deprecate these insinuations.

## THE MUD LARKS.

A JAP halibut fisher who landed at Big Silver Camp four years ago told me that he found a family of skunks housekeeping in the office and a grizzly licking berries off a bush by the engine-shed.

In my day it was a lousy camp. Two hundred and seventy there were of us on the pay-roll, men of all nations, nesting, like cormorants, on cliff ledges high above the Pacific surf.

Big Silver, king of the Coast Range, loomed over us, forest-flanked, snow-bonnetted, his hoary head, like that of Mr. W. B. YEATS' friend, "hid among a crowd of stars."

It was a pleasant camp in summer. Gulls swooped and cried about the crane head; seals sunned themselves on the flat rocks below the cliffs; now and again on the lazy swell seaward a whale would blow. But in winter it was altogether another story. The Pacific woke out of its trance and sent its white horses charging landward in foaming squadrons that nearly shook our little shacks off their perilous perches.

Rain fell for weeks on end; snow buried us six foot under. Winter on that coast was, in the vivid language of the West, "a ring-tailed snorter."

I lived in a six-bunk shack known as "Little Dublin" along with a brace of machine men, a powder monkey and Mike Duggan, the shifter.

We were "all-white" in "Little Dublin" and very exclusive, and, as we saw nobody who came up to our dizzy standard, the sixth bunk remained empty all the summer.

Mike Duggan was the bright star of our galaxy. He was the best type of Western "rough neck," six foot of wire and raw hide, humour and efficiency. He had prospected from the Arctic Circle to Mexico, from Korea to the Poreupine. When a "mucker" put his pick into a missed hole and all was flying rock, blackness and groans it was Mike's cool voice ringing through the inferno that kept the Dagos from stampeding.

When the Camp Liar told a tale of the cold on Hudson's Bay that froze the steam at a kettle's spout into a bubble of ice it was Mike who had put out a fire in Alaska by chopping the frozen flames off the back of a stove with an axe. I never saw a situation he couldn't master or heard a yarn he couldn't cap.

When the first frost of winter nipped us by the nose Mike cast his eye on the empty bunk and voted that it be filled. "The more the warmer," said he. We were in complete agreement;

but who should be the lucky man? "How about John the Bohunk?" he asked. We stared at him, aghast. A Bohunk! A wild, jabbering foreign animal from some dark Central European hinterland, who in his natural state had very probably dressed in woad and hair, slept in a tree, devoured his young and drunk his bath-water. Such a one in "Little Dublin," the all-white, the exclusive! We told Mike that he had gone mad, or, speaking the language of the land, had ants in his attic, bats in his belfry. He let us have our his of us; then, when our steam was spent, calmly proceeded.

"Listen, you mutts. Winter has done arrived and somebody's gotter do bull-cook round this joint, sweep the floor, shovel the drifts, tote wood, light the stove and keep her roarin'. Whose goin' to do it? You? He? Any of us? No, sirree, we're all too high-fed and noble-minded. Now I've been takin' account of this yer John, and he's just a poor, simple ignorant Bohunk with one bug in his bonnet and that is to be mistaken for a white man. We'll have the silly dub in here, make out to learn him how to behave white, and in return he does the chores, all of 'em. Does it go?"

We made a show of objecting, but Mike was Mike, and next night the sixth bunk was no longer empty. Our victim was originally a denizen of Hungary, I believe, but we made no subtle racial distinctions in the North-West; all that was not white, Dutch or Dago was Bohunk to us. He was a squat fouzled creature, with bow legs, hairy paws and the pathetic eyes of an Aberdeen terrier, ever upturned to his hero, Mike, in dog-like devotion.

If anyone ever had to work his way through college it was that wretched Bohunk. Never did the door open but an avalanche of snow fell within. A trail of slush followed every pair of boots across the floor. The stove was tricky to light and a glutton when lit; a night's supply of fuel necessitated at least six trips to the wood-pile, fifty yards away down the cliff path. And all these details had to be faithfully attended to by the Bohunk in return for the inestimable advantages he was receiving by living in our company. Sometimes when the so-called Pacific was booming against the jetty with exceptional fury and the Behring gale whooping like a drunken cow-puncher down the stove-pipe he would falter, turn sulky and mumble that it was someone else's turn to tote wood. Then we would shake our heads sadly and tell him what a disappointment he was to us after all our trouble. "Gee,





## OUT OF CONTROL.

LORD RHONDDA. "MY NEXT ILLUSION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS THE ONE-AND-NINEPENNY RABBIT. I NOW DROP THAT SUM INTO THE HAT, AND IN ITS PLACE THE RABBIT WILL——"

*[Rabbit disappears.]*



*Instructor.* "TOO HEAVY, IS IT? YOU WAIT TILL I'VE FINISHED YOU. YOU'LL BE FLICKING IT ABOUT LIKE A FOUNTAIN PEN."

John," we would sigh, "it's evident you're still just a common ordinary Bohunk, with no ambition to better yourself;" then, turning from him in despair, exchange reminiscences of imaginary Bohunks we had met in fictitious camps who by acts of heart-rending self-sacrifice had put their Bohunkhood from them and become white, even as we. The poor devil would bear it as long as possible, then with a sobbed, "Me go, me go—me John, no dam Bohunk," he would dive out of the door and disappear, and Mike Duggan would close one twinkling blue eye.

I do not know if John achieved merit and was formally admitted to the great White Brotherhood with the Spring (when the toting of wood became no longer necessary), for I went South before the thaw, and years rolled in between myself and Big Silver Camp. But not long ago I met Mike Duggan again. There is no coincidence in this; France has drawn all the wandering feet of the young men.

Horace Algernon Fox-Forsythe, who was last seen in a state of nudity splitting pearl shell on a sloop off the Lower Archipelago, is now cook and captain too of a barge on the *La Bassée*

Canal. "Pip" Vibart, chief of staff to Pancho Villa in that Libertador's most lucrative filibustering excursions, is now an A.P.M. and the terror of evil-doers in his corps' area. The Lost Legion has 'listed at last.

I found Mike Duggan amid a litter of pumps, piping, drills, windlasses and thigh boots, sergeant of a Canadian Mining Company. He dragged me into his bivouac, thrust me into the sole chair, produced some Belgian cigars from a bandolier and some rye-whisky from a case marked "High Explosives," and we drank to the old days and our continued good health. "Darned if my flunkie ain't gone an' let the stove out—consarn him!" said Mike, hammering on the shanty wall with a level rod. "I'll wake the cuss up. Take another bite at the snake-juice, Jim boy. Well, how's this International Free-for-All usin' you? Me, I'm salubrious, enjoyin' every minute of it. I'm like a natural drunkard what's had to put up with five-cent beers all his life bein' suddenly let loose in a brewery. We useter think we'd did somethin' to write mother about if we'd shot a dozen six-foot Burley holes in the old days, didn't us? Forget it!

Obliterate them memories! Nowadays, old timer, I touch off T.N.T. an' ammonal by the hundred-weight, by the ton, and lay blame hills over on their backs. Gosh! they'll haveter rewrite their maps of Yurrop when I've done with her; I'll lift her lid off. Dodgast that yer lackey, he ain't bringed the wood yet."

He took up the level rod and belaboured the wall once more. "That oughter fetch him. Say, Jim, was you at Messines? No? Well, you should of. One of them little eruptions was pushed by Michael P. Duggan. Some of that ridge was wafted into France, some into Holland, some is still on its way. Great sufferin' snakes, but it was a hi-yu skookum up-lift! Oh, there you are at last, White-wings, Greased Lightning!" This last to the erring batman, who had entered with an armful of fuel. As the man bent over the stove the lamplight struck his face, and, jumping to my feet, I held out a glad hand.

"By Jove, if it isn't old John Ba——"

"Brown," prompted Mike, "John Brown."

"Well, how's John Brown?" I said. "Plenty dam fine and dandy, Jim,"

# BLADE Economy

The "Valet" AutoStrop is the only safety razor with a self-contained automatic stropping device, and for this reason its blades last, on an average, four times as long as those of the "no-stropping" type. Probably because of this advantage, and also of the cheapness of "Valet" blades, the public do not always exercise economy in their use. The following hints will enable users to get even more than the two months' service which is claimed as the *average* life of a single "Valet" AutoStrop blade:

**Use no abrasive strop dressing, and keep your strop free from grit.**

**Don't over-strop—10 seconds daily will keep your blade in the pink of condition.**

**Don't let anything hard touch the blade edge.**

**Hold the blade almost flat against the face.  
It shaves better, besides lasting longer.**

There is no shortage of "VALET" blades at present, but in view of constantly increasing manufacturing difficulties, reasonable judgment and economy should be exercised in their use.

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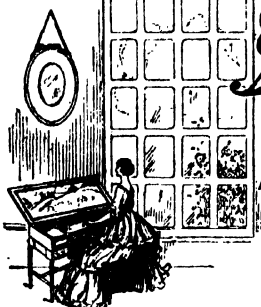
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War Workers  
Carry On



IN spite of the weather, with its  
accompanying changes, the  
war worker carries on, doing men's  
work and running men's risks.

The weather makes no differ-  
ence. The cold winds and rain  
are forgotten, but nevertheless the  
complexion often suffers.

Oatine should be used regu-  
larly before going out and after  
returning from work, because it  
will preserve the complexion from  
all the harmful effects of exposure.

It contains natural oil which it restores  
to the minute oil glands beneath the skin,  
thereby nourishing the skin so that it  
cannot crack or chafe or become sore.

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FACE CREAM

Oatine is also invaluable for the hands.  
It keeps them soft and velvety. It is the  
War-time Workers' Face Cream. Oatine  
can be obtained from all Chemists and  
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**USE IT AND PROVE IT**

he stammered, grinning and wriggling with embarrassment. Then freeing his paw from my grasp he rapped the ribbon on his chest and the two gold stripes on his sleeve with a hairy forefinger. "Me John, plenty dam good white man now—not?"

"Yu betcher," said Mike and I together, speaking the language.

PATLANDER.

#### CHILDREN OF CONSOLATION.

By the red road of storm and stress,  
Their fathers' footsteps trod,  
They come, a cloud of witnesses,  
The messengers of God.

Cradled upon some radiant gleam,  
Like living hopes they lie,  
The rainbow beauty of a dream,  
Against a stormy sky.

Before the tears of love were dried,  
Or anguish comfort knew,  
The gates of home were opened wide  
To let the pilgrims through.

Pledges of faith, divinely fair,  
From peaceful worlds above,  
Against the onslaught of despair  
They hold the fort of love.

#### A WAR SACRIFICE.

WHEN at the beginning of the year my wife suggested that we should both make a further war economy, I had no difficulty in deciding what to do. I determined at once to give up smoking. The resolution, momentous as it was, cost me little effort. Naturally a man of strong will, I have long accustomed myself to acts of self-denial, particularly in connection with my smoking career. For the last ten years I have on each 1st of January definitely forsworn tobacco for the future in every form, and in 1916 I burnt my pipes behind me on at least four different occasions. A fairly good record, you will agree.

My wife was dead against the idea. She was sure I should never keep to my resolution. Besides, she liked to see me smoking; a man about the house without a pipe in his mouth, she said, always reminded her of a dog without a collar. I confess that her attitude surprised and pained me. But was I, merely in order to give her the pleasure of seeing me pulling at my pipe, to go on spending on tobacco a weekly sum which should have been at the service of the country?

Finally I hit on a compromise. On all occasions when I was not actually with my wife I would give up tobacco; but in order to seem to comply with her wishes I would, when in her presence, ostentatiously smoke an occasional

pipe. Thus I should have the satisfaction of feeling that I had made a double sacrifice—first, in conquering a bad habit, and, secondly, in denying myself, for my wife's sake, the total abstinence on which my heart had been set. You may judge of the amount of hard thinking it cost me to reach this decision when I tell you that, though I started pondering on the problem immediately after dinner, it was not till 2 A.M. that I knocked the ashes out of my last briar and went slowly up to bed.

On the following morning my wife started her household duties as usual by helping Jane to make the beds. I brought an easy-chair into the kitchen,

placed a pipe in readiness on the mantel-piece, and took a stroll in the garden till she should come downstairs. Already I was beginning to miss my wife terribly. A pang of regret shot through me as I reflected how often I had neglected her in the past. Life at the best was all too short. For the future I would make amends by spending as many of its hours as possible in her company. I was just on the point of going upstairs (with my pipe) to see if I could help her when she entered the kitchen. I immediately sat down and lit up.

We spent a very happy three hours together in the kitchen, and at lunch I suggested that if I always sat there up



*Absent-minded Pedagogue.* "PADDINGTON, THIRD PERSON SINGULAR, PLEASE."

to mid-day we might effect an economy in fuel, since there would be no need to have a study fire going. She seemed a little doubtful about it, I thought, but promised to give the matter her consideration.

It is my wife's custom to rest a while after lunch on the Chesterfield in the drawing-room. As she does not allow smoking there, I decided at first this afternoon to go for another stroll in the garden. But it was a cold raw day, and soon I found myself inside the house again. Something seemed to impel me irresistibly towards the drawing-room door. I opened it softly and listened. Yes, she was—how shall I put it?—she was breathing deeply. I proceeded on tip-toe across the room, sat down close by the fender and lit my pipe. For an hour or so I sat there, affectionately regarding the face of my sleeping wife.

At last she stirred. Within three seconds I had stuffed my pipe into my pocket, plunged into an armchair and buried myself behind the newspaper. She opened her eyes and started slightly on seeing me.

"Is that you, Horace?"

"Yes," I answered truthfully.

She sat up and sniffed. "I can smell smoke."

When presence of mind is needed I am seldom at a loss. I sniffed too. "Something burning in the kitchen!" I exclaimed, and, leaping up, I dashed from the room.

It was on the eighth day, I think, that my wife struck. Returning home to tea that afternoon after a brisk walk into the country, I found a note for me on the hall table. She had gone, she wrote, to stay (she hoped only temporarily, but the duration of her visit depended on myself) with her mother. Much as she loved me, she felt that there were limits to the number of hours that any husband, however devoted, should spend in the society of his wife. She had guessed my secret, she said, and proposed an alternative, which was that I should reverse my procedure and confine my smoking to occasions when we were not together. If I would agree to this she would come back to me.

In a crisis where rapid and decisive action is imperative I am (as I just now hinted) always at my best. I seized my hat, strode to the post-office and telegraphed as follows: "Accept suggested arrangement. All forgiven. Please return immediately."

"Day Girl, age 15, strong, once."

*South Wales Echo.*

Poor child! Only fifteen, and has already had her day.

## A DEAD LANGUAGE.

LOOKING decidedly worried, the young French Lieutenant, after a rough passage along the corridor of the Southward-bound night express, precipitated himself into the compartment occupied by the English Colonel who had been so polite to him at Edinburgh.

"*Pardon, mon Colonel, mille pardons!*" he gasped as the train, taking a curve at high speed, playfully flung him on top of the Colonel, who had been dozing peacefully in a corner. "There is danger," he added, saluting as he regained his equilibrium.

The Colonel, shocked and breathless, fortunately remembered that the French are our Allies, and refrained from expressing his heartfelt opinions.

"It is my duty to report to you, my Colonel, that there are two very suspicious characters travelling by this train," the Lieutenant proceeded hastily in his precise English, and paused dramatically. "I believe them to be German spies, my Colonel, and I thought you would wish to investigate," he continued impressively, lowering his voice. "They talk a strange language which I cannot identify. It is neither English, French, German nor Italian—I comprehend and speak all these—and each man has with him a bag of strange tools or weapons."

"Humph! Sounds mysterious," commented the Colonel, now thoroughly awake and quite interested. "Where are these foreign workmen?"

"They are not workmen, my Colonel, and they are travelling by the first-class in my compartment," explained the Lieutenant. "That is what aroused my suspicions. They are dressed strangely also, these men, in grotesque costumes. I think they are masquerading as English sportsmen."

"They may be German spies," said the Colonel, "disguised as English sportsmen returning from their allotments. Have you questioned them?"

"One of the men endeavoured to engage me in conversation, but I could not understand well. He spoke the English with what you call the accent—guttural, *n'est-ce pas?*—and when I responded brusquely he commented to his companion in his own language. It is an extraordinary language, my Colonel, interspersed with words which sound like English."

"Probably one of the Scandinavian tongues," said the Colonel thoughtfully. "I'd like to have a look at the fellows and see what I can make of 'em. Go back to your own carriage and I'll come along in a few minutes, ostensibly to ask you for a match."

The Lieutenant saluted again and de-

parted. He found on re-entering his own compartment that his mysterious fellow-travellers were still engaged in an animated discussion in their own tongue. The strange men merely glanced at the Colonel when, a few minutes later, he entered the compartment and, having successfully borrowed a match, sat down beside the Lieutenant to listen.

"Aff the fourth tee ower the burrn I sclaffed my drive and had to tak' the niblick to get oot," the stranger in the hairiest and loudest suit was explaining to his companion. "The rough's a' whins, but I put the ba' on the pretty, chanced a ballie shot although I'd got a hanging lie, and got a pull on it, but it just slithered ower the bunker on the left o' the fairway—the an' they ca' the Maiden—and the mashie took me bang up to the pin and I got a four. Halved it, mind ye, and got a bogie after sclaffing my drive."

"No' an easy bogie either," commented his companion; "but you get as far nearly wi' your mashie as I do wi' my cleek."

"I used to play a fine shot with a mashie-niblick myself," broke in the Colonel, to the amazement of the Lieutenant, and proceeded to converse with the strangers in their own language.

"Well, what do you make of them, Sir?" inquired the Lieutenant eagerly, half-an-hour or so later, when he had followed the Colonel back to his compartment.

"One of them is a plus three man and the other is scratch," the Colonel answered absently. "They've been at Carnoustie. Once I did a ninety gross there myself and I was rather off my putting."

He became aware of the fact that the Lieutenant was gazing at him in blank perplexity, and he laughed.

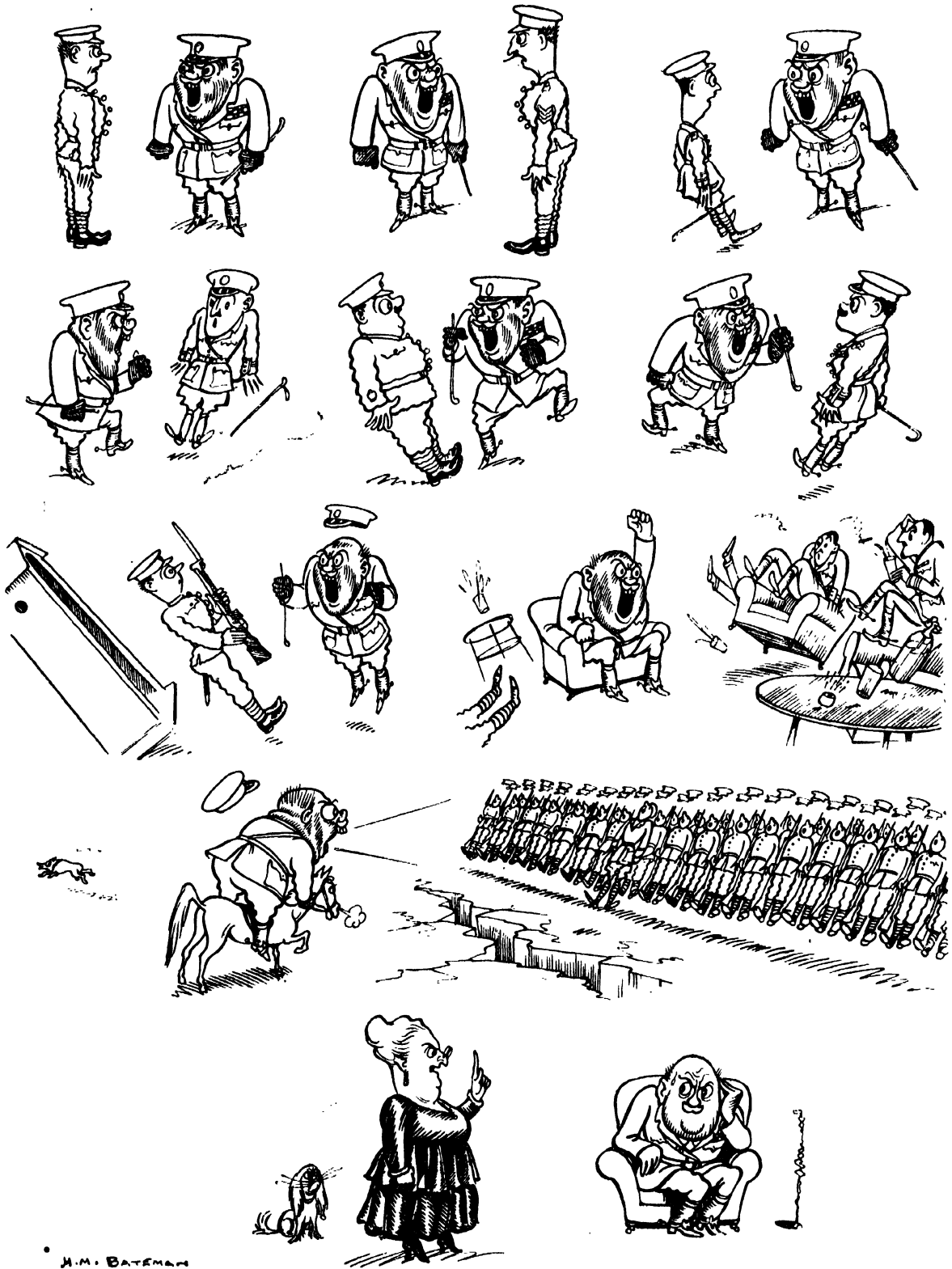
"You don't understand even now. Those chaps are survivals of a pre-war period, and they've made me feel quite young again. It was a dead language we were talking, Lieutenant. Jove! I liked those baggy Harris tweeds, and it brought back old memories to argue about Dunlops and Challengers and BRAIN and VARDON."

"But—but the language, my Colonel," inquired the Lieutenant, completely mystified—"what was the language?"

"Golf, my friend, golf," said the Colonel. "You should learn it; but don't use the idiomatic phrases in drawing-rooms."

## De War Spirit.

Leading British Scientists, headed by Sir James De War and Professor Waynflete, have issued a circular to Fellows of the Royal Society, requesting them to renounce German honours and degrees.—*Australian Paper.*



H.M. BATEMAN  
1917.

THE C.O.; A MAN'S MAN.



Docker (to Jack, who has been silently regarding him). "WOT YER STARIN' AT, NOSEY?"

Jack. "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SPOKE, MATE. I THOUGHT YOU WAS PART OF THE CAMMYELAGE SCHEME."

### MILDRED.

On twine the empty cup with yew  
Where once the godsend glistened!  
Lone, lone amidst a shop-bought crew  
There was one egg superbly new  
And longed for; now there isn't.

The egg that Mildred used to lay!  
How tenderly she tucked it  
Each morn within its bed of hay,  
When all her pals for many a day  
Had got cold feet and chucked it.

But now by winter's icy trance  
Poor Mildred too is smothered;  
And now at breakfast is no chance  
To spot, to seize by bold advance,  
The egg that Mildred mothered.

For always, having broached his shell  
With mute but anxious features,  
Someone would say, "I am not well,"  
And someone rise to ring the bell,  
Crying, "Remove the creatures!"

But always someone would bespeak  
St. GEORGE or else St. PATRICK,  
And, helped by heavenly favour, sneak  
The egg, the glorious egg. Last week  
My uncle did the hat-trick.

But now no more, or not again  
Till Mildred shall recover  
The careless ease, the artist's vein;  
Both Susan and Eliza Jane  
Think that she will, "Lor' love her!"

Then let us hang large cabbage stalks  
For her to jump and eat 'em,  
And charm her with instructive talks  
And take her out long healthy walks  
All around the arboretum,

And mix her puddings made of scraps  
More succulent than ever,  
And tie her throat with many wraps  
Till triumph at the last, perhaps,  
Shall crown the great endeavour;

Till hot-foot she shall come to say  
In accents arch and sprightly,  
"Something has fallen in the hay!"  
And, if the boon be mine that day,  
I hope they'll boil it lightly.

EVOR.

"In a list of commodities required abroad  
appears the following:—

'MACHINERY FOR MAKING NOODLES.'

Board of Trade Journal.

It seems superfluous. We have plenty  
of noodles of natural growth, thank you.

### Self-Determination in the Western Area.

"Domestic Servant, age 32, tired of being battered about, wants place where could have few hours weekly for self-culture: good, clean, careful, plain cook. No Registry or Nagging Ladies need apply."—*Manchester Evening News*.

"Our peace-terms have been stated, and with all their imperfections they are not so bad as a democratic manifesto."

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.

Mr. BENNETT's democratic "comrades" will not thank him for his candour.

"A wholesale dealer at Smithfield told the Central News that considerable harm is being done by what he termed the 'exaggerated statements as to supplies.' 'Some people think that because they see a few Argentine quarters in the market the supplies are more than they really are.' He said, 'Such is not the case.'"—*Westminster Gazette*.

We had suspected it all along.

"On January 17 M. René Bazin, of the French Academy, will speak on 'Anglais et Français; les raisons que nous de nous aimer les uns les raisons que nous avons de nous aimer les uns.'"—*The Observer*.

We beg to assure M. BAZIN that, in spite of appearances, our patriotic contemporary would be the last to wish to upset the *Entente*.





AT LAST!

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, January 14th.*—The Theatre Royal, Westminster, has resumed the "two-houses-a-night" system. The Lords, who have been putting in overtime while the Commons were resting, were again busy with Woman's Suffrage; in the Commons Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES was in charge of the Combining-out Bill.

Singularly unlike his brother, the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, both in voice and mien, Sir AUCKLAND resembles him in distrust of his oratorical ability. What he humorously called his "notes" lay in a huge pile on the brass-bound box, and to them he stuck most religiously for the hour-and-a-half that his speech lasted.

It was a good speech, crammed full of important facts and figures, and showed that its author had thoroughly mastered his difficult subject. But one could not help wishing that, following the PRIME MINISTER's recent example, he had consulted Mr. ASQUITH—that artist in condensation—before he made it.

I am afraid, however, that Mr. ASQUITH, being a cautious man and morbidly timid of Labour, would have struck out the passage in which Sir AUCKLAND, rising for once to his full height, fulminated against the young men sheltering in the shipyards and munition factories who were quite willing to let their fathers fight for them and wounded men be sent to the Front again and again.

When the DIRECTOR OF NATIONAL SERVICE at last sat down, no one rose from the Front Opposition Bench either to criticise or to pay the usual compliments to a Minister making his maiden speech. Happily Mr. PRINGLE is equal to any emergency and promptly filled the breach, though, needless to say, the proportion of compliment to criticism in his remarks was as the poor pennyworth of bread to the intolerable deal of sack in *Falstaff's* tavern-reckoning. His rebuke of some of the less judicious *obiter dicta* in Sir AUCKLAND's oration—there was a passage about casualties and another about Russia which certainly would not have survived the Asquithian blue-pencil—was a little like a certain gentleman rebuking Sin, but in the main it was a good debating effort, and freer than usual from the cocksureness which is the self-imposed obstruction in the way of Mr. PRINGLE's Parliamentary progress.

*Tuesday, January 15th.*—In the Upper Chamber a final effort was made to defeat Woman's Suffrage. Lord BERESFORD supported the opposition, not because he thinks women indifferent to politics, but because he fears they

will take to them too kindly. He drew a gloomy picture of the future, when women would conduct all the business of the House of Commons, while mere men had to look on from behind the bars of a reconstituted grille. But only



"AN INCREDIBLE ANSWER!"  
MR. LYNCH.

sixty-two Peers supported his view, and the Suffragists surmounted their last obstacle by a majority of 28.

The independence of Finland has already been recognised by the German, Swedish and French Governments, but news of it has apparently not yet reached our Foreign Office. At least Mr. BALFOUR spoke of Finland being now "in process of constituting herself an independent Republic," and intimated that the British Government

were waiting until the process was complete. Further pressed, he said that before according formal recognition they ought to know "what the Russian people think on the subject," but omitted to explain whom in present circumstances he means by "the Russian people."

To a question whether unity of command, in the sense of the appointment of a generalissimo, had been established on the Western Front, Mr. BONAR LAW replied in the negative. "An incredible answer," said Mr. LYNCH; and when an identical question regarding the Italian Front received the same reply, he strode out of the House after ostentatiously tearing up his Question-paper. It is generally thought that his anxiety to win the War would have been more completely demonstrated if he had converted the fragments into spills.

Captain COLIN COOTE took his seat for the Wisbech division. So little interest is taken now-a-days in by-elections that hardly anybody could put a name to this tall slim figure in khaki. Would it not be a good idea if, "for the duration," at any rate, the SPEAKER were formally to announce to the House the name and constituency of the newly-elected? I put aside, as unworthy the dignity of Parliament, the suggestion that these details should be flashed upon a cinema-screen.

*Wednesday, January 16th.*—Mr. SNOWDEN, as they say, "has a nerve." He actually wanted to know why the Conscientious Objectors in the Non-Combatant Corps do not receive the full increase in pay recently granted to the fighting-men, and seemed surprised when Mr. FORSTER informed him that as they were not employed in the danger-zone their pay would only conform to their liability.

A new official reason has been found for the continuance of horse-racing. Hitherto the necessity of keeping up the breed of horses has been the principal motive alleged; but the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER now stated that, in his mind, the main consideration was non-interference with the "habits of the people." Were it not for the beneficent existence of bookmakers they would not know what to do with their spare cash and might be clamouring for Premium Bonds.

Without waiting for the permission of the PRESS CENSOR *The Daily Mail* announced the sinking of a hospital ship a day ahead of the rest of the Press; but the HOME SECRETARY, for reasons unexplained but easily conjecturable, feared that it was not possible to take proceedings. Instead he has reported the offence to "the repre-



MR. G. N. BARNES SITS ON THE WINSTON VOLCANO.

sentatives of the newspaper proprietors." In the event of my Lord BURNHAM administering their collective reprimand to my Lord NORTHCLIFFE in the House of Lords, I hope I may be there to see.

Mr. CHURCHILL had quite a full day. First he found his name in all the headlines in consequence of a speech delivered about him by Mr. BARNES in Glasgow. Then he came down to the House and learnt that the Government had decided to publish the final report of the Dardanelles Commission, the mere mention of which always gives him goose-flesh. After that he discreetly withdrew while Mr. BARNES, under the guise of a personal explanation, made a hearty meal of everything that he had said the day before.

It was all the fault of the Scotch reporters—notoriously inaccurate fellows. They ought to have known that when he referred six or seven times to Mr. CHURCHILL's order he was really referring to the Cabinet's order; that when he said "Mr. CHURCHILL, butted in" he meant "we butted in"; and that his description of the Government as "living on the top of a veritable volcano" had no reference to the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS, who, as everybody knows, cannot be sat upon.

*Thursday, January 17th.*—Members learned with some concern the Food CONTROLLER's intention to reduce the price of fish. They fear it will have the effect of driving this wholesome food from the market, and would sooner have a herring in the hand than two in the queue.

The Board of Education is composed of many eminent persons who never hold a meeting. Sir CHARLES BATHURST considers that it is otiose and ought to be disbanded; but Mr. FISHER deprecated interference with "this dignified body," which never interferes with him.

On the new Military Service Bill the Ulstermen's plea for conscription in Ireland was rejected after Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES had declared that it would be of no use as a solution of the present difficulty. He did not give his reasons, but they are believed to be Conventional.

The rest is silence, for, on the motion of Mr. PRINGLE, the House went into Secret Session in order that Mr. HOGGE might use language presumably unfit for publication. Whatever it was it did not prevent the second reading being carried without a division.

#### How it Strikes the Journalist.

"(From the P.A. Special Correspondent)  
The front of attack was 3,000 words."  
*Dublin Evening Mail.*



*Visitor (at Girls' Club).* "OF COURSE YOU KNOW, DEAR GIRLS, LADIES NEVER TALK TO GENTLEMEN UNLESS THEY HAVE BEEN PROPERLY INTRODUCED?"

*Head Girl.* "WE KNOWS IT, MUN, AND WE FEELS SORRY FOR YER."

#### A QUEUE SONG.

A JOCLAR burden rings in my ear  
Of Butter and eggs and a pound of  
cheese;  
It tells of good cheer ere food was dear,  
Of a time of plenty and peace and  
ease.  
With bread thrown in there was ample  
fare  
In Butter and eggs and a pound of  
cheese  
For men to repair all the wear and tear  
Of bodily tissue, though busy as bees.  
Carnivorous folk might ask for more  
Than Butter and eggs and a pound of  
cheese,

But that was before the stress of war  
Had simplified meals with a steady  
squeeze.

For butter has almost fled from our  
ken,  
And eggs are fetching enormous  
fees,  
And the laying hen is on strike  
again,  
And my grocer has run clean out of  
cheese.

So I'm bidding good-bye to the old  
refrain—  
It isn't attuned to times like these—  
And I sing this strain as I stand in  
the rain,  
*Margarine, rice and potatoes, please!*



'EVER HAD TOO MUCH BEER, SAM?'

'THERE ISN'T.'

## MELODIUM MEMORIES.

BY MELODEA.

### AN EXERCISE IN THE NEW ADVERTISING.

I WONDER if anybody who has never tried it has the faintest idea of what the stimulus and uplift of a variety entertainment can be when one is, so to speak, "down and out"? Last night, for example, I was tired beyond words and was in despair until a friend, linking his arm in mine, said by an inspiration, "Come to the Melodium. Always the best show in London; and this week better than ever. Let's have as good a dinner as Lord RHONDDA, Sir ARTHUR YAPP and our own consciences will permit and then go to the second house. Twice nightly, you know." It was a brain wave! Not since last week, when, after my invariable habit, I was again among the

audience of the Melodium, have I been so beatifically happy.

My weariness and harassments began to melt away directly we entered the great comfortable auditorium, so tastefully decorated with just those touches of brightness here and there that mean so much. The costly curtain had not yet risen, for my friend and I were early; we know enough about the Melodium programmes to be unwilling to miss a moment of them. The superb orchestra was playing a sparkling tune, keeping time with the brilliant conductor as only the Melodium orchestra can, while the anticipatory crowd flocked in all agog for the joys to come. It did me good to see them. Let the pessimists and Lansdownites who would make England downhearted go to the Melodium and watch the thousands there all intent on innocent diversion.

Let the food queue grumblers see how cheerfully these sensible folk will stand outside the early doors for hour after hour, never uttering a complaint even though it rains and snows. An object-lesson indeed!

But to the wonder of the programme, which seems to me—perhaps I am wrong, but that is the impression conveyed—to improve every week. Think of such a galaxy of stars in one evening as Bonnie Bessie Rabia, the Great Little Much, the Eight Imbecile Grocers, Reely and Trewly, Posco, and those favourite mirth-makers, the Levi Lewis Co. in a side-splitting skotch, "The Best 'Ole." Imagination boggles at it. It is too lavish. But that is the Melodium way.

The head and front of the evening was, of course, the one and only Bessie Rabia, who was at the top of her form—over the top, I might say, to use a phrase which will appeal to the many military patrons of this favourite house of entertainment. I don't know what it was—probably the electricity that this woman of genius always infuses into an audience—but her effect was astounding. Always topical and trenchant, I hardly need say that she has a song about Food Control. More than a song—an epic, with such a tune to it! We all came out humming it, while those who were fortunate enough to remember the words sang it too, reveling in the sly satire of its lines:—

Now RHONDDA is a wonder, I don't think;  
Let Sir ARTHUR YAPP  
Take away our pap,  
But we must have something to drink.

Feats of dexterity are always fascinating, but never can there have been quite such perfect juggling as that evinced by Posco, the marvellous boy equilibrist. CINQUEVALLI in his palmy days was a master, but I venture to consider Posco even greater than he. Certainly some of his tricks—notably balancing a walking-stick on the very tip of one finger for nearly a minute of time—CINQUEVALLI never offered the public at all.

And then the back-chat couple—what can I say of them? I have heard many exponents of this difficult art in my time, from the Two Macs onwards, but none of them can compare in wit and alertness with the Melodium humorists, Reely and Trewly. Which is the funnier it would be hard to say. Go and make up your minds about it for yourselves; that is my advice. I defy anybody, however tired, to hear Reely wish Trewly "A Yappy New Year" without feeling the better for it. No tonic like an honest laugh.

The acrobatic troupe called the

# 46 Generals and 9 Admirals!

## Impressive Facts about "Pelmanism."

**T**HE remarkable extent to which the new movement—Pelmanism—is being adopted by officers and men affords impressive reading.

There could, indeed, be no finer or more convincing evidence of its intensely *practical* value than the fact that over 15,000 British officers and men (Naval and Military) are studying it whilst on active service. This includes 46 Generals and 9 Admirals! All correspondence being confidential, no names can, of course, be published.

From time to time the announcements made by the Pelman Institute have included some of the more interesting letters from officers at the Front or with the Grand Fleet, giving more or less precise particulars of the direct benefits accruing to them from the adoption of Pelman principles. Promotion, distinction, increased efficiency, a keener zest for work; self-confidence, individuality, judgment, decision; a perfect memory (most valuable of qualities in this super-scientific war), concentration—these are some of the benefits daily recorded. Small wonder that a distinguished General writes that "the value of the Pelman Course can hardly be exaggerated." His letter, with others of special interest, will be found below.

Business and professional men are equally appreciative. The benefits of Pelmanism are so clearly apparent (and so invariable) that scepticism and prejudice have vanished. The facts recorded, *by students of the Course themselves*, dispose of all doubt or question as to the value of "Pelmanism."

If there is a reader of PUNCH who has not yet received a copy of *Mind and Memory*, in which the principles of Pelmanism are explained at length, and in which a full synopsis of the Course is given, he (or she) should write for this *brochure* to-day. It will be sent, *gratis* and *post free*, together with a full reprint of *Truth's* outspoken report on the work of the Pelman Institute, upon application to the address given at the foot of this page.

### A Distinguished General's Verdict.

One of the most emphatic endorsements that the Pelman Course has ever received comes from a distinguished General with the B.E.F. He says:—

**"The value of the Pelman Course can hardly be exaggerated. I agree it should be nationalized."**

Following upon the remarkable letters recently published, in which Colonels, Majors and Captains (both Army and Navy) have attributed their promotion, and, in some cases, *their distinction*, to Pelmanism, the General's pronouncement is of special significance.

For the benefit of those readers of PUNCH who have not already seen the letters referred to, they are reprinted here:—

### "The Unsoldierlike Sub."

The first is from a Captain with the B.E.F. We give his letter in its entirety:—

"I should like to call your attention to the facts of the story of my Pelman Course.

"When I began I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When

I began your Course my star began to rise. I had the ability, but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France.

"I was then appointed as a second lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two 'pips,' and have now three stars and an M.C.

"That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System."

That his is not by any means an isolated case is shown by the next letter, which is remarkable for its brevity. It is also from a Captain, who, in response to the question, "What have you gained from Pelmanism?" replied:—

### "Three Stars A Military Cross and A Clearer Head."

Another officer suggests that the announcements made by the Pelman Institute err on the side of modesty. He writes:—

"One great point in favour of your system, which, if I may say so, you do not make enough of in your advertisements, is the cumulative benefit accruing.

"As far as I can see, once having got on the right track and rigidly following the System, there should be no limit to the ultimate mental capacity obtained."

Each letter supplies its own adequate comment. Take the epistle of a Lieutenant-Colonel, who, writing from Salonika, says:—

### "As a direct consequence of Lesson Two I have got a step in rank."

Similarly, a Major attributes his promotion and his D.S.O. to Pelmanism; the Captain of a fine cruiser thanks Pelmanism for his command, having been promoted by selection over the heads of senior officers!

There is, in fact, a bewildering mass of direct personal testimony to the value of the Course from every rank and from every unit of the British Army and Navy.

It is not always promotion that is the object of those who take up the Pelman Course. Here is a letter which presents another phase:—

"The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clean, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove *moral* salvation to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary."

### Easily Followed by Post.

To the uninitiated it may well appear impossible that such remarkable results can be attained in a short time as a consequence of half an hour a day for a few weeks spent in studying lessons. Yet it is the bare truth, and it should help readers to realise what a tremendous force for personal betterment "Pelmanism" is.

As a reader of the Course recently wrote:—"If people only knew, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants."

Following the intensely interesting lessons and exercises, the students of Pelmanism rapidly develop a brilliant Memory, strong Will Power, complete power of Concentration, quick Decision, sound Judgment, an ability to Reason clearly, to converse attractively, to Organise and Manage, and to conduct their work and social duties with Tact, Courage, Self-Confidence and Success. All mental weaknesses and defects are, on the other hand, eliminated—such as Mind-wandering, Forgetfulness, Weak Will, Aimlessness, Bashfulness, Self-consciousness, the "Worry Habit," etc., etc.

### Over 250,000 Men and Women.

The Pelman Course has already been followed by over 250,000 men and women. It is directed through the post, and is simple to follow. It takes up very little time. It involves no hard study. It can be practised anywhere, in the trenches, in the office, in the train, in spare minutes during the day. And yet in quite a short time it has the effect of developing the mind just as physical exercise develops the muscles, of increasing your personal efficiency, and thus doubling your all-round capacity and income-earning power.

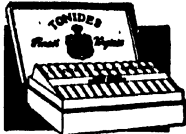
A full description of the Pelman Course is given in *Mind and Memory*, a free copy of which (together with *Truth's* special supplement on "Pelmanism") will be sent post free to all readers of PUNCH who send a post card to The Pelman Institute, 1, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.



# TONIDES

## CIGARETTES.

The wholesome fragrance of "Tonides" is due to the purity of the top-leaf Virginia alone used, and not to any added ingredient. "Tonides" finest American Cigarettes befit the most dainty intimacy.



"The box with the tilting tray."

London Wholesale Agents

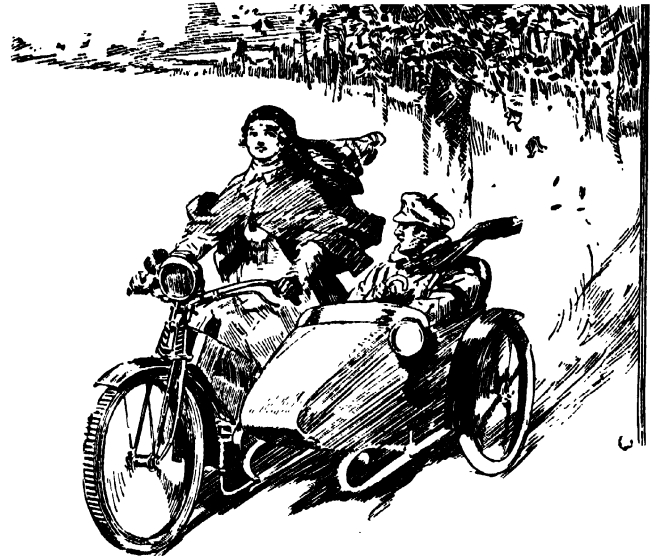
25 . . . . for 1/8  
50 . . . . for 3/4  
100 . . . . for 6/6

Of all first-class Tobacconists.

Duty free to men on Active Service,  
7/- for 150, including postage.



Henry Scholey, Ltd., 8, Regent Street, Waterloo Place, S.W. 1



## The pleasant road to Convalescence

NOTHING helps more speedily the complete restoration of the boys' health than a jolly jaunt through the lanes and roads of the old country—and where the surface is rough the resiliency of Avon Tyres ensures smooth travelling and a perfect outing.

Equip your Motor Cycles, Volunteer Cars, and Light Delivery Vans with AVON SUNSTONES.



## Milk and Cream as well!

The sale of Fresh Cream—except for consumption by invalids and young children—has been prohibited.

# IDEAL MILK

undiluted—at half the cost—serves most splendidly every purpose of fresh cream except

## IT WON'T WHIP

Diluted with 3-4 parts water "IDEAL" excels ordinary dairy milk for all household purposes. Guaranteed absolutely pure—No Sugar—No Preservative.

Prepared by the well-known firm of NESTLÉ and sold by all Grocers and Stores.

Cash Price 5½d. and 11d. per tin.

## Lotus

AGAIN this winter, parents are sending Lotus to their sons at the front because these boots never fail to keep the feet warm and dry on the march and in the trenches.

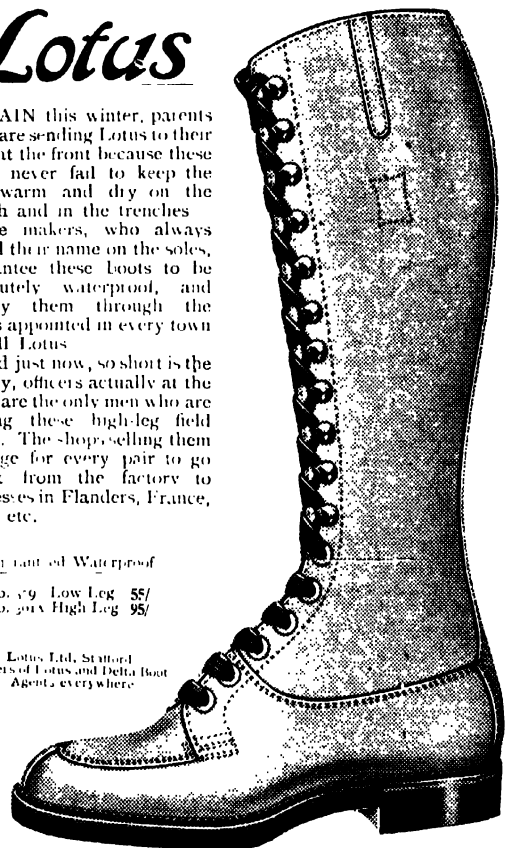
The makers, who always brand their name on the soles, guarantee these boots to be absolutely waterproof, and supply them through the shops appointed in every town to sell Lotus.

And just now, so short is the supply, officers actually at the front are the only men who are getting these high-leg field boots. The shops selling them arrange for every pair to go direct from the factory to addresses in Flanders, France, Italy, etc.

Guaranteed Waterproof

No. 59 Low Leg 55/  
No. 60A High Leg 95/

Lotus Ltd, Stamford  
Makers of Lotus and Delta Boots  
Agents every where







"DO YOU KNOW, AUNTY, I CAN GET BOTH MY FEET INTO ONE OF THESE SOCKS YOU'VE MADE FOR ME?"  
 "BUT SURELY, MY DEAR, IT'S NOT SO EASY TO WALK THAT WAY?"

Imbecile Grocers galvanised the house by their drolleries and evolutions.

If there is a better performer on a one-string fiddle than Grimalkin I should like to hear of him.

Standing up now and then in my seat I was able to recognise other members of the audience, which numbers twice nightly some of the most distinguished personalities in London. To my great satisfaction I saw that a very near neighbour of mine in the stalls was "CALLISTHENES."

#### "MAN-POWER SCHEME."

Conferences held during the week in connection with a Government bomb-out scheme, between representatives of the Trade Unions and Sir Auckland Geddes, concluded this afternoon."—*Provincial Paper*.

That ought to shift the slackers.

From *The Black Man's Part in the War*, by Sir HARRY H. JOHNSTON:—

"The Nilotic race is . . . remarkable for the disproportionately long legs of their men and women. They extend on the eastern side of the Nile right down into the Uganda Protectorate."

What a pity that this remarkable tribe should not have been brought to the Western Front, where they could so easily take barbed-wire entanglements in their stride.

#### OUR MIGHTY ATOMS AGAIN.

"THE RAMBLER," in *The Daily Mirror* of the 16th, informs us that "Mr. Harry Grattan's little daughter is promising to follow in her father's footsteps," and adds, "Although still a tiny mite, she has astonished her school teachers by writing 'revues.'"

But is it fair to stop here? The histrionic profession has no monopoly of precocity. Philosophers are to be found in every second pram and our nurseries are thronged with amateur strategists. The musty maxim, *Si jeunesse savait*, has long been relegated to the scrap-heap. Youth does know, and means to let us know that it knows.

A few striking concrete examples of this prevalent juvenile activity may serve to justify our statement.

Thus we understand that Master ANTHONY ASQUITH, of whom little has been seen in the illustrated papers since the resignation of the late Prime Minister, has nearly completed his great paraphrase of *Paradise Lost*, in which the principal characters are assigned to modern politicians. His tutors are said to be absolutely petrified by the brilliant characterisation and majestic imagery in which the work abounds.

Then the hereditary instinct for bio-

graphy has declared itself with irresistible force in Master CHURCHILL, who has been engaged from his earliest infancy on a *Life of his father*. This colossal work will occupy ten volumes, seven of which are already written. The advantage of living in the same house with the hero depicted is too obvious to call for comment. Even BOSWELL only occasionally enjoyed this privilege.

Instances might be multiplied almost indefinitely; it is enough merely to mention the forthcoming *Love Sonnets*, written by the granddaughter (aged two) of a Labour Leader, or the *Essays by a Flapper*, who is none other than the grandniece of a well-known Earl (belted). It is only right to add that the young lady in question has reached the comparatively mature age of thirteen. But Messrs. Stodger, who are about to publish her book, have issued a preliminary prospectus containing a sworn affidavit by their reader, made before a Commissioner of Oaths, that beside these *Essays* those of BACON are a thing *pour rire* and those of ADDISON and LAMB positively puerile.

#### Our Civilian Army.

"Most of the men were in khaki, but a few military uniforms varied the monotony."  
*Ladies' Paper*.



## THE HERO-BIGAMIST.

"WHAT," said Francesca, "does the Recorder really do?"  
 "The Recorder?" I said. "I am not quite sure about him, but I think he does quite a lot of recording."

"Do you mean that he fills up his spare time with it?"  
 "No," I said, "I don't mean that. In fact I mean just the opposite. It's his business to record, and he fills up his business time with it. But we never see him recording. He does it in the dark, you know, and then in his spare time he acts as a Judge—at least that's how I fancy it's managed. But what has made you so keen on Recorders this morning?"

"This paper says that the Recorder had before him a man charged with bigamy."

"They will do it," I murmured. "They find it difficult to keep away from marriage when they've once got started."

"Well, this man had fought at Mons."

"A splendid exhibition of heroism," I said.

"That is exactly what the Recorder said; he said that the man was a hero, and he was going to treat all Mons fighters brought before him as heroes. So he discharged him and——"

"And there was loud applause in court, and the Recorder said the court was not a theatre, and if it occurred again he would have the court cleared!"

"No," she said, "I don't see that."

"That's odd; they mostly say that."

"Perhaps," she said, "it's only full-blown Judges who say that kind of thing. Anyhow, I don't see that the Recorder said anything of that kind. He just told the man he was a hero and let him go; and he added that he meant to deal with all similar heroes in the same way."

"It's a grand recognition of courage," I said. "In these namby-pamby days we ought to reward a display of the primitive virtues."

"But what," said Francesca, "about the poor second woman? She doesn't get much of a show, does she?"

"No," I said, "she doesn't; but then, you see, she never fought at Mons."

"Then of course," said Francesca, "she isn't a hero, and so she has got to take her punishment for having believed a hero who deceived her."

"The Recorder didn't say anything about her, did he?"

"No," said Francesca, "I can't find that he did. He just invited all heroic bigamists to trot up before him and he'd see that nothing was done to them. That sounds like abolishing the Ten Commandments in favour of the old army."

"It means more than that. If it is logically carried out it means abolishing the Criminal Law of England."

"But perhaps Recorders are not logical."

"I don't think they have to pass an examination in logic in order to become Recorders."

"No," she said, "I should think not. And yet women are not allowed to go to the Bar or to be promoted to the Bench."

"But you can soon alter that. In about a quarter of an hour from now six millions of you will have votes, and you will then be in a position to tell the Recorder what you think of him."

"I shan't think too much of him," said Francesca, "even if he does allow heroes to dabble in bigamy." R. C. L.

## War Geography.

"Skegness and Harrogate were the coldest places on the English coast, with 12deg. and 8deg. of frost respectively."—*Daily Telegraph*.  
 Our contemporary ought not to give away military secrets like this. The next thing we shall read is that Harrogate has been bombarded by a submarine.

## "QUIEN TIENE LENGUA Á ROMA LLEGA."

Spanish Proverb.

"He that hath a nimble tongue may even get to Rome."

So say the lightfoot gipsy folk who know all Earth as home.  
 But since the world is very big they drift about in Spain  
 And take their fill of wandering and then set out again.  
 Some lead, along the Seville road, a life of dusty ease,  
 Some cross the rolling Mancha and the snowy Pyrenees,  
 And northward to the Puy de Dôme and eastward to  
 Marseilles

They clip the mules in patterns and they dock the donkeys' tails.

Alas! the world has lost its way, as never gipsy could,  
 And shells are blasting from our sight deer-track and  
 beechen wood,

Where FRANÇOIS PREMIER loved to hunt and soothe his  
 soul of old

When sated with an Entento's pomp and sick of Cloth of  
 Gold.

The little twilight winds at dusk which stirred the sleeping  
 leaves

Now moan around each riven branch while all the forest  
 grieves

That where the wood-smoke used to rise from gipsy fires  
 aglow

The star shells and the Verey lights now hissing come and go.

Yet you may find the gipsy men spread far from sea to sea:  
 'Tis still the land of Romany wherever they may be;

And some are back in Egypt, whence the earliest Gippy  
 came;

They may take the field as soldiers, yet the wandering's  
 their game.

And, though the *chals* must risk their lives in many a bitter  
 fight,

Still on Piave's blood-stained banks their brazier glows at  
 night;

For under arms the wander-folk yet find a chance to roam  
 Where he that hath a nimble tongue may even get to Rome.

## SALVAGE.

JUST now the authorities are taking a keen interest in salvage. This means that we, the 2nd Royal Fermanagh Fusiliers, when not actively engaged in fighting battles, sally out in parties of thirty, forty and sometimes more, and mop up any material that may be lying about—shells, shell-cases, corrugated iron, bully-beef tins, picks, shovels and rifles. Yesterday, X Company, led by Captain O'Neil, set forth at 6 A.M. with instructions to collect shells, shells and yet more shells from a certain corner of Y area. At 3 P.M. the party returned, the men had their dinners, "got down to it," and all was peace.

At 5 P.M. our Adjutant received instructions "to report in person at Division H.Q. (Q) without delay." Q did not keep Maloney long, but passed him on to another dug-out, two doors off, where a Brigadier-General of Artillery, complete with Staff-Officer in attendance, awaited him.

"Ah, are you the Adjutant of the Fermanaghs?" he began. "I wish to congratulate you on the magnificent way your men worked this morning."

Maloney, glowing with pride, waited for him to continue.

"Two thousand shells did they shift from Y area; and my men have had to spend the whole afternoon shifting them back again. You collected the whole of one of my Advance Ammunition Dumps."

Maloney met the Brigadier with his undefeated smile. "Ah, Sir," said he, "aren't they the bhoys!"



War Plumber (replying on the telephone to desperate appeal for replacement of a burst cistern). "WELL, MADAM, IF THE NEW CISTERN IS URGENTLY REQUIRED FOR THE FRONT, AND YOU CAN SEND US AN 'A' CERTIFICATE, WE CAN PROBABLY TACKLE THE JOB THE WEEK AFTER NEXT."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THESE German writers! Well might the one just inhabitant of the Fatherland (supposing such an individual to exist) cry aloud to be saved from his propagandists. The latest solo upon the Teutonic trumpet is played by no less high-sounding a performer than Lieutenant-General BARON VON FREYTAG LORINGHOVEN. This gentleman occupies, it appears, the position (to which however there are other claimants) of "the most distinguished soldier-writer of Prussia," his expositions of the noble science of the jack-boot having procured for him, by a deliciously native touch, the decoration *Pour le Mérite* (Peace Class). The exalted Herr Baron has embodied his most distinguished conclusions upon the world-tragedy (which is not at all what he would call it) in the little book before me, *Deductions From The World War* (CONSTABLE). These deductions could hardly have appeared at a moment more unhappy for their author or more fortunate for a world that was perhaps in some danger of believing the Prussian wolf repentant. To all who have been conscious of the lure of such an amiable folly let me commend the deduction which sums up the Baronial philosophy: "Any such agreements [to prevent future wars] will after all only be treaties which will not on every occasion be capable of holding in check the forces seething within the States. The idea of a universal league . . . would be felt as an intolerable tutelage by any great and proud-spirited nation." So there you have it. Not for the first time, but seldom more forthright, have their own pens condemned the murderers of faith.

I suppose that what C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON don't know about the dramatic possibilities of the motor-car is hardly worth knowing. Their new volume of stories, *Tiger Lily* (MILLS AND BOON) shows their store of petrol-adventures to be still unexhausted. Probably, but for considerations of crispness, the book would have been called *He Who Stole and Rode Away*, since this is the title of the longest and most important tale in the collection. It is a brisk affair of an heiress, of fortune-hunters and (of course) a god in the car, and gets its topical interest from the fact that the scene of it, ranging from Innsbruck to the Piave, has lately attained some tragic notoriety. Some of the other stories are concerned with gambling at Monte Carlo, always a background rich in suggestion and intrigue; but though these provide usually a promising situation they left me, for the most part, with a feeling that the *dénouement*, explanation, or whatever it is, had scarcely fulfilled this promise. Can it be, I wonder, that Mrs. WILLIAMSON murders the victim, or arranges the *coup*, or generally complicates matters after this exhilarating fashion and then leaves poor Mr. W. to find the best solution he can? One other story tells of the trick played by a rich young woman upon an equally rich young man who criticised her philanthropic methods; it is called "A Cure for Wealth"—a bad title, since the young man was so far from being cured that his relapse (he married the millionairess) left him richer than ever. It is a merry little piece of nonsense that would make a good curtain-raiser.

In view of the perpetual interest that attaches to the greater crimes of violence down the ages, Mr. RAFAEL

SABATINI has done a shrewd thing in his *Historical Nights' Entertainment* (SECKER), gathering together for our delectation, in a sanguinary sheaf, some horrific tales of sundry nights of terror, and presenting his historical characters in a setting of known fact with plausible embroideries of conjecture. Of these thirteen tales—ominous number—no fewer than eleven are tales of murder, private or judicial, achieved or attempted. This would perhaps seem a somewhat morbid idea of entertainment; but the author does not focus on the horrors, but rather on the play of motive and the traits of character. And I must say, who am no expert and can oppose no counter-contentions to his audacious theories, that he has contrived a very respectable entertainment. RIZZIO, DARNLEY, Lady ALICE LISLE, COLIGNY's Huguenots, GUSTAVUS III., CESARE BORGIA's brother GANDIA and some three thousand citizens of Nantes, are among the list of the victims, and the tragedy-comedy of the great Affair of the Diamond Necklace and an escape of CASANOVA from prison are the only two bloodless episodes. I think I dare commend the book even to the gentle. The average unregenerate man ought to enjoy it all hugely.

MR. GERARD FIENNES, in *Sea Power and Freedom* (SKEFFINGTON), states that "the British boy, taught history in the schools, can name five British victories on land to every three at sea," and goes on to remark that the proportion is a strange one for the greatest Sea Power in the history of the world. If his book compels attention to the elementary fact that the British Empire has depended for its development upon its sea-power it will do a sound piece of service. We are, and always have been, far too ready to take our Navy for granted. Mr. FIENNES, though very rightly claiming the Battle of Jutland as a British victory, argues that, if it was not so decisive as a people nourished on the traditions of the Nile and Trafalgar were inclined to expect, the fault did not lie with the Navy, but with the loose talkers who have never appreciated the changes which modern developments have brought with them. We want to be educated before we have any right to criticise, and I suggest Mr. FIENNES' book as a pleasant and profitable study for those of us who have neglected to instruct ourselves in naval affairs. Here you will find an account of both ancient and modern Sea Powers, a carefully considered judgment upon our Navy's actions in the present War, and some excellent illustrations. "Whenever," says Mr. FIENNES, "a tyrant has come into conflict with sea-power it has broken him." It is a consoling thought, and I recommend it as a tonic to the most determined pessimists.

Capt. BRETT YOUNG's latest romance, *Marching on Tanga* (COLLINS), deals with all manner of fascinating things such as sound boys choose for their literature; yet it is no novel, but a volume dealing in all seriousness with a part of the campaign in East Africa now happily concluding. If this

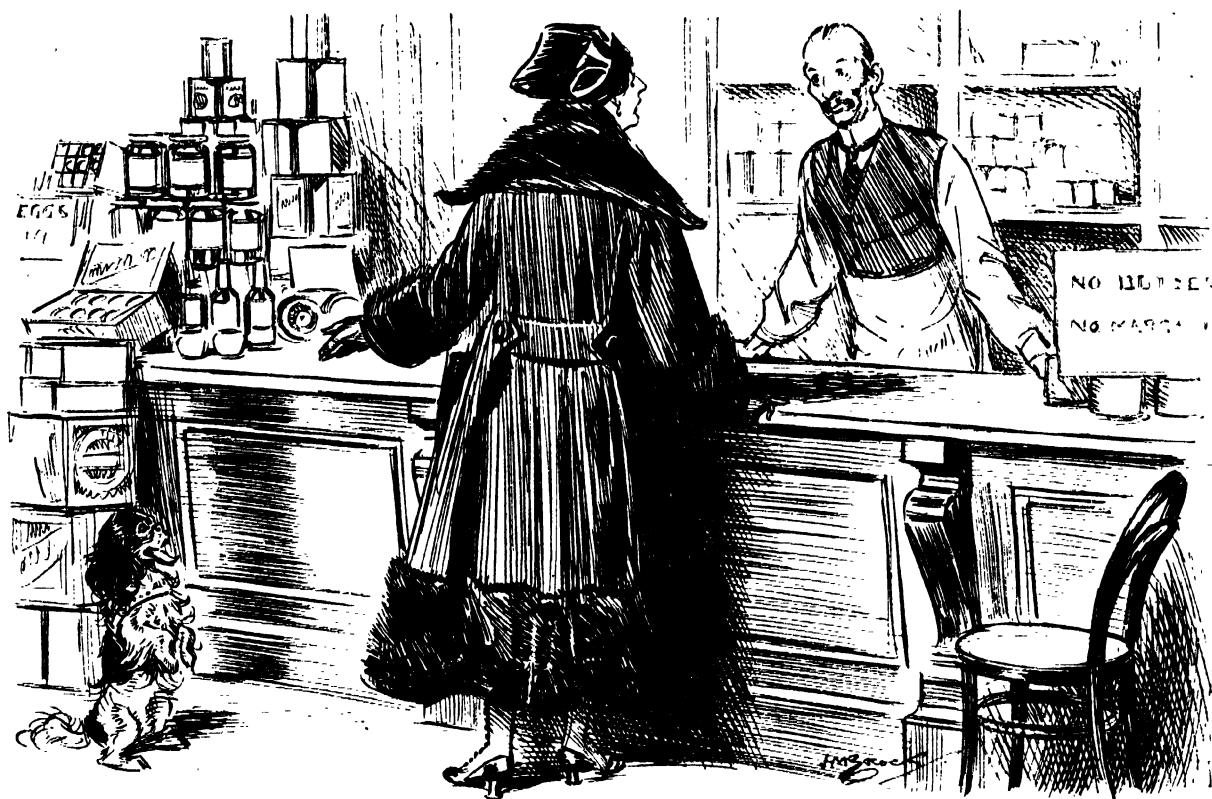
is not glorious adventure I do not know what is, and it would seem that there still may be glamour in war. As a history of General SMUTS's sweep down the Pangani river, beginning later than the conquest of the Kilimanjaro country and ending before the approach to the Central Railway, the book is a businesslike account of a fighting retreat by the Huns and of resistance much more strenuous on the part of tsetse and mosquitos; yet when it is told by the author, new home from listening to strange bird-songs in a land where the stars are strange, it is no wonder that it becomes something infinitely more. There is a glow of tropic heat and beauty about it, a vista of dry desert and hard blue mountains, and a sense of the bigness of the new crude land that has gained a soul from the fighting travail of lean suffering invaders. And the book has a hero, or rather two. One is the writer, though little enough he seems to guess it, and the other is the General whose greatness warred with the greatness of waste Africa and wrought upon it victory. Not often has actual war been written in terms of such artistic beauty.



Shopman. "DON'T YOU WANT NO DOG BISCUITS TO-DAY?"  
Sporting Miner's Wife. "DOG BISCUITS! WE CAN'T AFFORD BISCUITS. OUR DOG'S GOT TO EAT WHAT WE EATS NOW."

the popping of the novelists' six-shooters in the Alaskan wilderness. All of which is a prelude to the practical statement that you should buy *The Triumph of John Kars* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), read it and send it to the Y.M.C.A. for the delectation of our fighting men. You may be too sophisticated to enjoy it yourself—that is your misfortune—but they will not be, and the important thing is that you should send it to them. Mr. RIDGWELL CULLUM is a past-master of this type of fiction, and his story of the Yukon lacks none of his accustomed entertainment. The lure of gold, the glamour of saloon and dance-hall, Indians and trappers, fur traders and prospectors, all contribute to our entertainment. The villain is perhaps a little too villainous, and the hero rather more heroic than mortal hero could reasonably be expected to be. That is of no consequence. The types are truthfully drawn, their talk is real talk, and we are made to realise the enduring warfare between the iron North and the unconquerable soul of Man the Pioneer. More than that for five shillings no decent reader would demand.

"The Milan Municipal Council, which is a socialist body, has issued a stirring appetite to the population."—*New Zealand Herald*.  
A silly thing to do during the food shortage.



*Grocer.* "I'M VERY SORRY, MA'AM, BUT WE HAVE NO LUMP SUGAR."

*Lady.* "BUT I MUST HAVE LUMP. HOW DO YOU EXPECT FIDO TO CATCH A SPOONFUL OF DEMERARA FROM THE END OF

### CHARIVARIA.

THE rumour that the War Bond Tank at Nottingham so far forgot itself as to try to bite Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD in the leg has been traced to Bolshevik sources.

"The basis of the Labour Party," said Mr. SMILLIE, "must be broadened to include brain-workers like Lord BERESFORD." This looks like a nasty smack at Commander BELLAIRS, M.P.

The village of Grundale, in Yorkshire, is to be sold by auction. To ensure brisk bidding there is some talk of throwing in a couple of pork chops with it.

A Sunninghill tradesman opens his shop three days a week as a butcher and three days as a fishmonger. Our own butcher opens one day a week as a purveyor of meat and five days as a matter of habit.

For the convenience of German prisoners of war desirous of escaping from British internment camps, we understand that it is likely, in order to avoid confusion, that the queue system will be introduced.

Great interest has been aroused at the Front by recent journalistic sensations, and there is some talk among the troops of asking Sir DOUGLAS HAIG to send a special correspondent to the Fleet Street theatre of war.

"Pineapples cut into slices," says a Cricklewood fruiterer, "make an excellent dish." This is much better than the old custom of swallowing the pineapple whole.

"If the standard price of milk in your district is 7½d.," says *The Evening News*, "do not ask for a pennyworth, but two-fifteenths of a quart, and one-thirtieth of a pint instead of a halfpennyworth." The latter suggestion sounds very promising and has the hearty support of the milk-trade.

"Better days in store," says a notice in a Ramsgate shop window. What we want is Butter days.

A dairyman charged with selling unsatisfactory milk explained to the Bench that his cows were suffering from shell-shock. He himself is now suffering from shell-out-shock.

Field-Marshal VON HINDENBURG in-

dicates that he is preparing a scheme to combat the British Tanks. This lends colour to the recent rumour that the German troops were being served out with tin-openers.

An admiral butterfly seen basking in the sun on the Dorset coast has been captured by a resident. The intrepid fellow, in a graphic description of the encounter, sticks to his story that the butterfly snapped at him several times.

At a London police court a man was alleged to have sold a bottle of coloured water as whisky to a Scotsman for fifteen shillings. Restoratives are still being applied to the victim.

Thieves who broke into a Surbiton provision store ignored the cash and consumed a quantity of salmon, condensed milk and apples. The police theory that they were in search of food is regarded by local opinion as being quite sound.

With reference to the gentleman in the North of England who boasted that he had a reply by return of post from the War Office, we are asked to state that it was due to an oversight.

## THE STRANDING OF "GOEBEN."

MEHMED LETS HIMSELF GO.

ALLAH is good! He makes me laugh inside!

I trip the Turkish Trot with light and free limbs  
For joy of punctures blown in *Goeben's* side,  
Or (if you like it better) *Sultan Selim's*.

Beached on the Narrows' shore she lies a wreck,  
Having, in Teuton parlance, "lightly grounded,"  
And there, I hear, she gets it in the neck  
All day and night by British airmen pounded.

Never again, we'll hope, the beastly thing  
(This is indeed a providential loss for us)  
Snug at her moorings off Stamboul shall swing  
And stain with German bilge my balmy Bosphorus.

No more her alien officers, I deem,  
Shall here behave like little gods on castors,  
Or train their cursed guns on my hareem  
To mend my manners to my German masters.

No more emerging from a year's repose  
(The time to readjust a damaged piston)  
Shall she decline conclusions with her foes  
And run for harbour with a heavy list on.

Tracing to her the source of all my woe,  
I might have worn a visage yet more shiny  
Had she but definitely gone below,  
"Spurlos versenkt" beneath the open briny.

Still, as a stranded hulk, she suits my game,  
And scarce had pleased me more by disappearing,  
For I can now declare a foreshore claim  
And do a little salvage profiteering.

Meanwhile within a note to WILLIAM dear,  
Alluding to his natural annoyance,  
I shall enclose a large unblotted tear,  
Like crocodiles that camouflage their joyance.

O. S.

### Long-Distance Diving?

"Splendid diving at Portland, Ore., was seen a few days ago when a young fellow, on being shown a point marked on the surface by a buoy, went down into twenty-five feet of water and in four minutes located and brought to the surface the three thousand dollar family heirloom ring lost by a Philadelphia lady. The recovery of this small object from twenty-five feet of water is called the finest diving feat along the Maine coast in years."—*Montreal Weekly Star*.

We should like to have been told whether, in swimming from Oregon to Maine, he went round Cape Horn or utilised the Panama Canal.

### The Lower Depths.

"During the week [ending December 26] eleven ships over sixteen hundred tons went to the bottom and one under."—*Malla Chronicle*.

"INEXORABLE HUN SNIPES STRETCHER-BEARERS."  
*New Zealand Times*.

We should have spoken more positively on the subject.

"WANTED.—Man to Slaughter, in spare time."—*Oxford Times*.  
We hazard the thought that the advertiser has borrowed his hobby from WILLIAM, KAISER.

"Trained Gymnastic and Games' Mistress required at once, in first-class Girls' Boarding School (seaside); young married lady or widow (temporarily) might be suitable."—*Yorkshire Post*.

The "tempy" spirit is very infectious.

## A PATRIOT POACHER.

BEFORE the War old Abe was our village outcast. The Squire glowered on him when they met. When the Vicar preached on dishonesty everyone said what a pity it was that Abe was not there to hear the sermon; for he usually spent his Sunday mornings supervising his snares. The only person who loved Abe was Grimmond, our policeman. He proposed to rise by means of Abe to the giddy height of an inspectorship. Abe was the only person in the neighbourhood who could be relied upon to give him a case. Every few months he and the policeman walked off to the Petty Sessions together. It is true that Abe from the dock usually denounced Grimmond as a gross perjurer, but when the Chairman had said that it was quite time this poaching nuisance was stopped and had commended Constable Grimmond's vigilance and had fined Abe forty shillings and costs then policeman and prisoner walked amicably home together.

When Grimmond went off to the War, Abe was quite lonely. His only friend had vanished. He made a desperate attempt to enlist, but the British Army has no use for a recruit who has lost two fingers from the right hand through the premature explosion of a shot-gun carried under the coat. And even the recruiting officer whistled when Abe described himself as thirty-six, and advised him to go home and teach his grandchildren to speak the truth.

Life became very dull for Abe. Instead of the wily and indefatigable Grimmond, Abe merely had to circumvent our two specials—the Squire, whose rheumatism kept him indoors on all damp evenings, and the Vicar, who mooned round his boat meditating on sermons. As Abe said, "It ain't worth troubling to shove the rabbits under your coat. He jus' looks at you and says, 'Finally, brethren.' A rabbit! I could take a elephant past 'im."

It was not till the food shortage began that old Abe revived. Now, instead of sneaking away a few rabbits in the publican's cart, he walks boldly up to the station with a couple of dozen. "See here, Mr. Simmonds, I want these sending off by first train to Middleden. Don't let 'em miss it now. Those poor folk 'll 'ave nothing for their Sunday dinners if we don't keep up food supplies."

The village was thrilled at our War Bond meeting when Abe rose and said, "Put me down for twenty pounds' worth, if you please, Sir. And I think we ought to remember our 'eroes at the Front, so I'd be glad if you'd let me buy a War Certificate—one of them that keeps on growing—for Constable Grimmond."

The Squire's wife thanked Abe personally when he came round just before Christmas and presented two brace of pheasants to our Red Cross Hospital; and Abe replied, "Don't mention it, Mum; you're 'artily welcome; and if they 'adn't stopped breeding pheasants round 'ere it's not two brace but twenty brace you should 'ave 'ad."

Then Abe came to church in a top-hat and frock-coat he had bought second-hand, and the Vicar, not knowing him, shook him by the hand and said he was always glad to welcome new residents in the parish.

But the climax came one evening when the Squire addressed our Food Economy meeting and old Abe rose unsolicited from the back to support him. People hung on his memorable words: "We got to save food. We got to increase food supplies. What we want is more 'ares and rabbits, and what I says is that, if this 'ere Ministry of Munitions keeps on 'olding up thin wire, we shall lose this blinkin' War."

Before it is over I expect that old Abe will be made at least a Member of the Order of the British Empire in recognition of his services as Local Rabbit Controller.



FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS.

GERMAN KAISER. "MY POOR, POOR FRIEND! THIS IS A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT THAT HAS BEFALLEN OUR BELOVED GOEBEN."

SULTAN OF TURKEY (*concealing his satisfaction*). "IT IS THE WILL OF ALLAH."



## THE MUD LARKS.

WE fell asleep with goose feathers of snow whirling against the carriage windows, and woke to see a shot-silk sea flinging white lace along a fairy coast on one side and pink and yellow villas nesting among groves of palm and orange on the other.

"Of course this sort of thing doesn't happen in real life," said Albert Edward, flattening his proboscis against the pane. "Either it's all a dream or else those oranges will suddenly light up; GEORGE GROSSMITH, in a toppler and spats, will trip in from the O.P. side; girls will blossom from every palm, and all ranks get busy with song and prance—tra-la-la!"

The Babe kicked his blankets off and sat up. "Nothing of the sort. We've arrived in well-known Italy, that's all. Capital—Rome. Exports—old masters, chianti and barrel-organs. Faces South and is centrally heated by Vesuvius."

We rattled into a cutting the sides of which were decorated with posters: "GOOD HEALT AT THE ENGLAND," "GOOD LUCKY AT TOMMY," and drew up in a flag-festooned station, on the platform of which was a deputation of smiling *signorinas*, who presented the Atkinses with postcards, fruit and cigarettes, and ourselves with flowers.

"Very bon—eh, what?" said the Babe as the train resumed its rumblings.

"All the same I wish we could thank them prettily and tell them how pleased we are we've come. Does anybody handle the patter?"

Albert Edward thought he did. "Used to swot up a lot of Italian literature when I was a lad: technical military stuff about the divisions of Gaul by one J. CÆSAR."

"Too technical for everyday use," I objected. "A person called D'ANNUNZIO is their best seller now, I believe."

"Somebody'd better hop off the bus at the next stop and buy a book of the words," said the Babe.

At the next halt I dodged the deputation and purchased a phrase-book with a Union Jack on the cover, entitled *The English Soldier in Italy*, published in Milan.

Among military terms, grouped under the heading of "The Worldly War," a *garetta* (sentry-box) is defined as "a watchbox," and the machine-gunner will be surprised to find himself described as "a grapeshot-man." It has

also short conversations for current use.

"Have you of any English papers?"

"Yes, Sir, there's *The Times* and *Tit-Bits*."

(Is it possible that the land of VIRGIL, of HORACE and DANTE knows not *The Daily Mail*?)

"Give me, please, many biscuits."

"No, Sir, we have no biscuits; the fabrication of them has been avoided by Government."

"Waiter, show me a good bed where one may sleep undisturbed."

*In the train:—*

"Dickens! I have lost my ticket."

"Alas, you shall pay the price of another."

A jocular vein is recommended with cabbies:—

"Coachman, are you free?"

"Yes, Sir."



Winter Bather (during a thaw). "HOW INSIPID!"

"Then long live liberty."

Very young subalterns with romantic notions may waste good beer-money on foreign phrase-books and get themselves enravellled in hopeless international tangles, but not old Atkins. The English soldier in Italy will speak what he has always spoken with complete success in Poperinghe, Amiens, Cairo, Salonika, Dar-es Salaam, Bagdad and Jerusalem, to wit, English.

But to return to our train. At nightfall we left the fairy coast behind, its smiling *signorinas*, flags, flowers and fruit, and swarmed up a pile of perpendicular scenery from summer to winter. During a halt in the midst of moonlit snows our carriage door was opened and we beheld outside an Italian officer, who saluted and gave us an exhibition of his native tongue at rapid fire.

"He's referring to us," said the Babe. "Answer him, somebody; tell him we're on his side and all that."

"Viva l' Italia," William exclaimed promptly.

The Italian countered with a "*Viva l' Inghilterra*" and swept on with his monologue.

"Seems to want something," said Albert Edward. "Wonder if CÆSAR is too technical for him."

"Read him something from *The English Soldier in Italy*," I suggested.

The Babe thumbed feverishly through the hand-book. "'Let us get in; the guard has already cried'—No, that won't do. 'Give me a walk and return ticket, please'—That won't do either. 'Yes, I have a trunk and a carpet-bag'—Oh, this is absurd." He cast the book from him.

At that moment the engine hooted, the trucks gave a preliminary buck and started to jolt forward. The Italian sprang upon the running board and, clinging to the hand-rail, continued to declaim emotionally through the window.

William became alarmed. "This chap has something on his mind. Perhaps he's trying to tell us that a bridge has blown up, or that the train is moving without a movement order, or the chauffeur is drunk. For Heaven's sake somebody do something—quick!"

Thereupon Babel broke loose, each of us in his panic blazing off in the foreign language which came easiest to his tongue.

William called for a bath in Arabic. The Babe demanded champagne in French. Albert Edward declined *mensa*, while I, by

the luckiest chance, struck a language which the Italian recognised with a glad yelp. In a moment explanations were over and I had swung him into the carriage and slammed the door.

The new-comer was a lieutenant of mountain artillery. He was returning from leave, had confided himself to the care of an R.T.C., had in consequence missed every regular train and wanted a lift to the next junction. That was all. I then set about to make him as comfortable as possible, wrapping him in one of the Babe's blankets and giving him his maiden drink of whisky out of William's First Field Dressing. With tears streaming down his cheeks he vented his admiration of the British national beverage.

In return he introduced me to the Italian national smoke, an endless cigar to be sucked up through a straw. Between violent spasms I implored the name and address of the maker. We were both very perfect gentlemen.

We then prattled about the War; he



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What a pity that democracy learns so slowly

I am only a bottle and the only "control" that concerns me is *quality*. I am the best bottle and the dearest bottle. Whatever "control" price may be fixed I will always be

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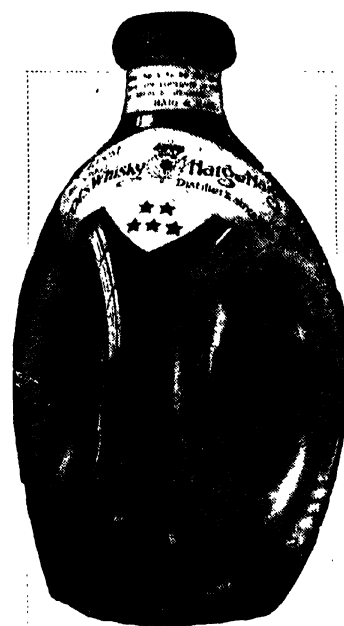
Of course the quantity of my quality will remain a limited one

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Officer. "YOUR DRILL IS ROTTEN; YOUR KIT IS SHORT; AND YOU'RE NEVER UP TO TIME!"  
Recruit. "SORRY, SIR. IT'S ALL OWING TO THIS DREADFUL EUROPEAN WAR."

boasting about the terrific depths of snow in which he did his battling, while I boasted about the Flanders mud. We broke about even on that bout. He gained a bit on mountain batteries, but I got it all back, and more, on tanks. He had never seen one, so I had it all my own way. Our tanks, after I had finished with them, could do pretty nearly anything except knit.

Defeated in the field, he turned home to Rome for something to boast about. I should see St. Peter's, he said. It was magnificent, and the Roman art treasures unsurpassable.

I replied that our cathedral at Westminster was far newer, and that the art in our National Cold Storage had cost an average of £5,473 19s. 1½d. per square foot. Could he beat it?

That knocked him out of his stride for a moment, but he struggled back with some remark about seeing his Coliseum by moonlight.

I replied that at ours we had modern electric light, MURPHY and MACK, VESTA TILLEY and the Bioscope.

Whether he would have recovered from that I know not, for at this moment the lights of the junction twinkled in at the frosted windows and he took his departure, first promising to call in at our Mess and suffer some

more whisky if in return I would crawl up his mountain and meet the chamois and edelweiss.

Later on, as I was making up my bed for the night, Albert Edward poked his head out of the cocoon of horse-blankets in which he had wound himself.

"By the way, what ungodly jargon were you and that Italian champing together so sociably?"

"German," I whispered; "but for the Lord's sake don't tell anybody."

PATLANDER.

#### Journalistic Caution.

"Almost unbounded excitement prevailed in Napier on Thursday morning when the news came through that the Allies had smashed through the Hindenburg line. . . ."

*Dominion (New Zealand).*

"Wanted, Several Pounds Devonshire or other Butter weekly for invalid. Also Eggs, Fowls and Rabbits."—*Provincial Paper.*

We gather that the invalid is in an advanced stage of consumption.

"The new men are not sufficiently promoted. We believe it is a fact that not more than 4 per cent. of those who have joined the Army since 1914 have been made brigadier-generals."—*Sunday Pictorial.*

Well, even 200,000 Brigadiers should be enough to carry on with.

#### A LITTLE BIT OF SKIRT.

In Balham of the 'nineties I was young  
And drained the cup of pleasure to the lees;

Played billiards, lounged in bars and moved among

High-collared youths who glibly talked of "gees,"

And by the wild companions of those days

Was universally proclaimed expert

At chasing (in their doggish turn of phrase)

"A little bit of skirt."

Times change—*e.g.*, on Saturday I fared  
Forth to the butcher's (Ethel watched the twins);

In consequential accents he declared,

"No loins or shoulders, fillets, chops or shins;"

And then he gave the most unkindest cut

(Twinges of memory! oh, how it hurt!)

"I'm sorry; I can give you nothing but  
A little bit of 'skirt.'"

#### A Painful Ambiguity.

"Monthly Conference of Missionaries to the Heathen and any Seeking to Become Such."  
*The Life of Faith.*

## STAFF-WORK.

"Is this the Officers' Hospital?" Ronny called out as he came up the "carriage sweep" (*vide* House-Agents' advertisement) by which my temporary residence is approached.

"No, it's one of the stately homes of England," I answered. My bed is pushed into the window in the daytime, and from this O.P. (it is on the first floor) I command the carriage sweep and a short piece of the main road.

"I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Has led me—who knows how?—  
To thy chamber window, sweet"

sang Ronny. I threw an empty cigarette box at his head and bade him come up. Ronny's high spirits had to be excused, for this was the first of his fourteen days' leave from France.

"Slacker!" he said as he entered my room. "Why aren't you under military supervision?"

"The military authorities have wearied of me," I answered, "and now I enjoy half-pay and comparative freedom. Only comparative, for my sister is a veritable dragon."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Ronny. "Why should you get off scot free while I bear the heat and burden of the day?"

He came and looked out of the window, and as he did so the girl with the yellow jersey passed along the road.

"Who's that?" asked Ronny.

"I don't know. She passes every day to do her marketing in the town. I'm always weaving romances around her. Sometimes I imagine her a Cinderella ill-used by her ugly sisters."

"She didn't look very ill-used," put in Ronny.

"—or else the pampered niece of a fabulously rich uncle. Or, in my less cheerful moments, when my leg's very troublesome, I imagine her the wife of some fat fellow with a cushy job at the base."

"What a horrible idea!" said Ronny. "But I think you ought to get to know her. I've read in some rotten book that the companionship of vivid personalities is good for the disabled. That's why I came down to see you; and I'm almost certain that the girl in the yellow jersey is a vivid personality too. I shall have to devise a scheme for introducing her to you."

"For Heaven's sake don't," I cried, knowing Ronny's schemes of old. But he remained sunk in deep and, to me, ominous thought.

"I have it," he said at length and left the room, and a little later I saw him in the carriage sweep with a large sheet of paper in his hand. He stood looking down the road for a while, and

then hastily affixed his sheet of paper to the gatepost and hid behind the laurels. The next minute the girl in the yellow jersey appeared, stood a moment reading Ronny's notice, and passed on. Then he emerged from his hiding-place, took down the notice and returned to the house.

He came into my room surveying his sheet of paper with every appearance of satisfaction.

"Very good staff-work," he said. "If all doesn't go according to plan it won't be my fault." Then he displayed the following to my horrified gaze:—

## "OFFICERS' HOSPITAL.

GIFTS OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS GRATEFULLY RECEIVED."

"Ronny," I said severely, "this is beyond a joke. This is obtaining goods under false pretences."

"We haven't obtained them yet," said Ronny. "But I hope very much that we shall."

"Well, I hope very much that we shan't."

"I rather fancy you must have lost your nerve a bit," he said, regarding me with a speculative eye. "And of course you haven't been able to observe the girl in the yellow jersey so closely as I have. When I told you that I thought she was a vivid personality I was, if anything, understating the case. You should see her eyes. By Jove, they're simply——" He rose and surveyed himself in the looking-glass. "I wonder if I'd better put my new tie on," he said, smoothing his hair.

"Luckily it's a thousand to one against her bringing fruit and flowers, which I suppose is your idea," I said. "And if she does I shan't let you butt in."

"My dear old thing," said Ronny, "I have one sole advantage over you at the present time. You are warm and dry and well-fed, and you are regarded by everyone who doesn't know you as a No. 1 size hero. But I have just this over you, that if the lady in the yellow jersey arrives bearing fruit and flowers I can step lightly to the front door and explain the—er—mistake, while you must wait here in the office for me to report."

"Well, she won't come, any way," I said. "If she does anything she'll send her gifts by an underling."

"I see you don't understand good staff-work at all," said Ronny. "We've provided for that. I should take the parcel back myself. You will see that within twenty-four hours the objective will be attained."

"And the objective is to introduce me to the lady in the yellow jersey?"

"That is so. It is purely altruistic."

"Well, I've known the Staff to err on the side of optimism before," I said.

The morning and a good part of the afternoon passed without anything to report in our part of the line. Then my sister, who had been lunching out, came in.

"You will be interested to hear I have met the girl with the yellow jersey," she said.

"You haven't!" cried Ronny and I together. Then, "Bringing fruit and flowers?" asked Ronny.

"No," said my sister. "Why should she? But she did make rather an extraordinary remark. She said she had meant to call on us to-day, having heard we were respectable—that was before Ronny arrived, of course—but that she had seen a notice on our gate that this was an officers' hospital, so thought she must have made a mistake in the address."

There was silence for a space, and then I murmured, "Very good staff-work," to no one in particular. But Ronny was already at the door.

"Where are you going?" we asked.

"To explain about the notice, of course. Where does she live?"

"Oh, this was one of your stunts, was it?" said my sister, who lapses occasionally into the vernacular. "I shan't tell you where she lives."

Ronny put on his most engaging manner.

"You're not going to be so inhospitable as that?" he said.

"I am. But it doesn't matter," she added after a pause, "for she's coming to tea to-day after all."

At that moment a light step sounded on the gravel below.

"Didn't I say within twenty-four hours?" asked Ronny complacently.

"How like the Staff!" I said.

## War Work.

"WANTED, Two Dozen Living Flies weekly during the remainder of winter for two Italian Frogs."—*Brighton Herald*.

## "GERMANY DAY BY DAY.

Major-General Ernst von Below was married last week to a kinswoman, a widow named Frau Else von Below, who before her marriage was a von Below."—*Daily Paper*.

It doesn't look as if this marriage were made in Heaven.

"Musicalian — was similarly complimented for his cornet solo, 'The Holy City,' his encore being 'Land of Hops and Glory.'"

*Suburban Paper*.

## The Kentish National Anthem?

"The rivers have registered a 10 to 14 feet rise, while the highest flood ever known at Stives, Huntingdonshire, was recorded."

*Daily Sketch*.

And you should have seen the Thames at St. Aines.



### THE DURATION.

*Gladys (to her mother, who is seeing her husband off to France). "MUMMY, MAY I GO AND SEE DADDY OFF TO THE FRONT WHEN I'M GROWN UP?"*

### THE NEW DIPLOMACY.

"OLIM," writing in all the dignity of big print in a recent issue of *The Times*, pleads for the abolition of all Embassies, on the ground that "an Ambassador is a pompous and expensive form of envoy" and "a survival of the dead past." But is not "OLIM" knocking at an open door? A good many of our Embassies have been ended by the War, and the new arrangement by which our Ambassador at Washington has been replaced by a High Commissioner with unprecedented powers who still retains the post of Lord Chief Justice of England, undoubtedly points to a reorganisation of the Diplomatic service on the lines suggested by "OLIM." Indeed the mission of Lord READING is, we understand, only the first of a number of similar appointments, dictated, in "OLIM's" own phrase, both by convenience and economy.

Thus we understand that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will shortly proceed as Grand Plenipotentiary and Serene High Commissioner of the

British Government to the seat of the Government of the Ukraine, with the view of establishing friendly relations with the anti-Bolshevist elements. Mr. CHURCHILL's distinguished record as a cavalry officer renders him peculiarly qualified for negotiating with the Cossacks. And in the interests of convenience and economy he has generously offered to retain his post as Minister of Munitions.

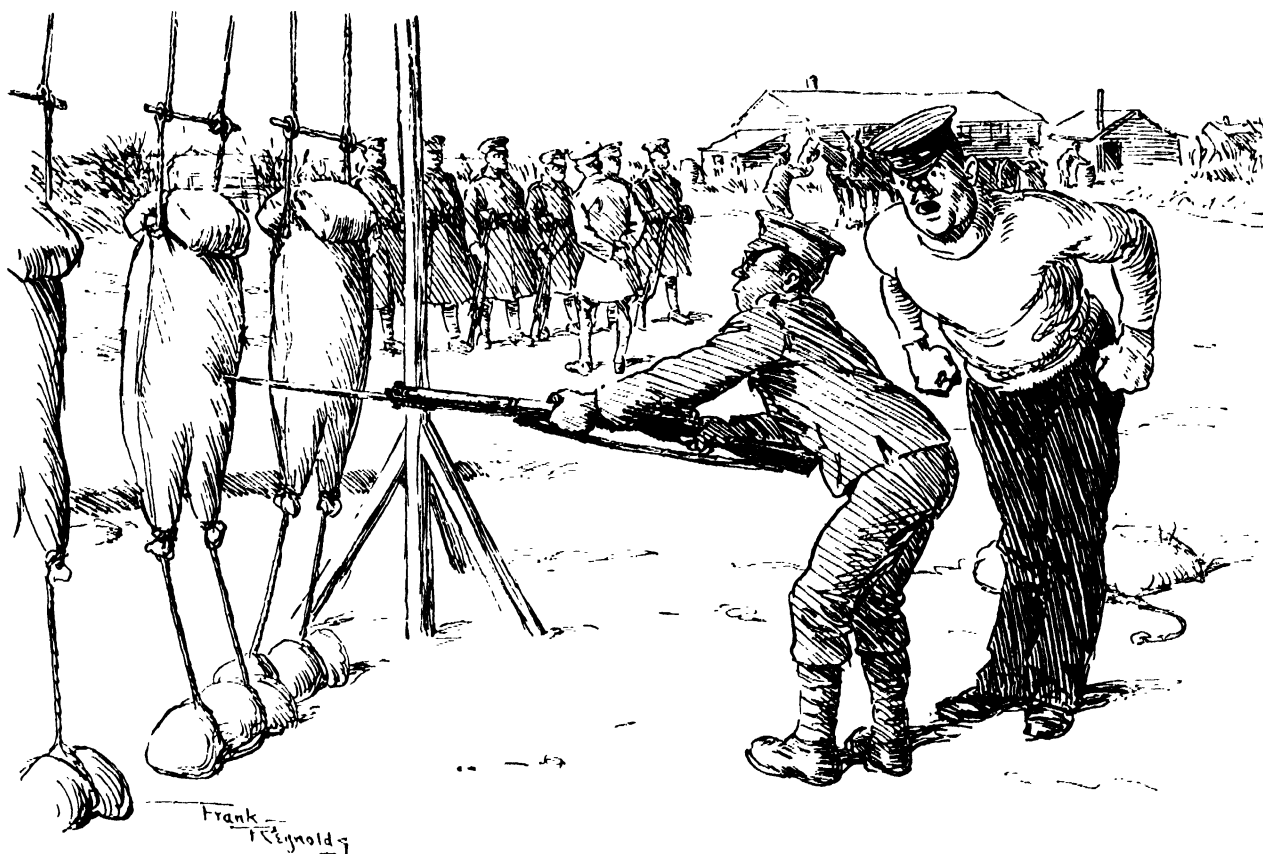
Another appointment which is practically settled and will doubtless win the approval of the entire British Empire is that of Lord ROTHERMERE to the Governorship of New Guinea. Here again the dictates of convenience and economy will be most happily consulted, for, having a most efficient astral body at his command, Lord ROTHERMERE will continue as Air Minister to provide for the urgent aerial needs of the Navy and Army, and devote all the resources of his subliminal consciousness to the solving of the problems involved.

We have also good authority for stating that Lord NORTHCLIFFE, at the urgent request of the PRIME MINISTER

and the War Cabinet, will shortly proceed on a great propagandist and publicity campaign to Tibet. The exact designation of his new office has not yet been decided upon, but it will probably be "Supreme and Uncontrolled World-Interpreter of Great Britain in the Far East." A special feature of his mission will be the founding, staffing and organising of a number of newspapers, a sphere of activity in which the Tibetans have hitherto been deplorably backward. Here again the dictates of economy as well as convenience will be handsomely consulted, as Lord NORTHCLIFFE will continue in his absence to hold the post of Foreign Secretary (Extraordinary). Preparations for a suitable reception are already far advanced at Lhasa, and the GRAND LAMA is said to be in a state of intense emotion at the prospect of entertaining his illustrious guest.

"The hidden hand may find in the ultimate result that it has cut off more than it can eat."  
*Morning Advertiser.*

And then it will get into trouble with Sir ARTHUR YAPP.



Instructor. "GO ON! KILL IT! YOU DON'T COME HERE TO BE LEARNT TATTOOIN'."

### THE BLESSED ISLE.

(Written after a short experience of Lord Roxford's sugar-rations.)

I FAINT, I languish. Set me on an isle  
Where only nut-shells pop beneath the palm,  
And turtle unto turtle all the while  
Says, "Where did that one go to?"—yet is calm  
(Knowing which tree it was the young ape shinned  
up),  
And storms are not nor strafes, nor any wind up.

And further inland let me find a grove  
Where the ripe cane drips juices all day long,  
And build a temple by that treasure-trove  
To Saccharina, subject of my song;  
For worse than Fritz and his venomous gases  
I do detest this shortage of molasses.

And there the maple shall be also found  
No whit less nectar'd than the Orient sweet  
And just as nutritive, and all around  
The woods be carpeted with bashful beet,  
And vast refineries and mills be handy  
Churning all day illimitable candy.

There let me sojourn for a few brief weeks  
And bind the barley-sugar's golden braid,  
And sticky both my hands and both my cheeks  
And sport with Demerara in the shade,  
And cut great cubes like glittering alabaster,  
And be the batman of the Quartermaster;

And quite forget at last the fume, the fuss  
Of this unsweetened twilight where we groan,  
Saying, "You must not shake the easter thus,"  
Or "You shall have one lump and one alone,"  
Or "Herbert is a dear boy, greatly gifted,  
But oh, so careless with the moist and sifted."

Ay, give me respite, give me but to breathe  
That honeyed atmosphere in dreams at least,  
And tread those spicy avenues and wreath  
My head with caramels and make a feast;  
And let no voice of outraged aunthood speak up  
When I put fourteen cubes into my teacup.

And pale but happier let me hear the call  
Of duty after dalliance and awake  
Ready to bear whatever may befall—  
The endless wiring or the iceless cake,  
The Bosch, the 5-9s, the old trench fashions,  
Or even England under sugar-rations. EVOE.

### The Alternative.

"Wanted, Concert Parties and Artists for Saturday Concerts, near Leeds; must be tip-top or useless."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

We could recommend quite a number of the latter kind.

### "MEAT CRISIS.

#### ACUTE WEEK-END SCARCITY.

After the experience which tens of thousands of people must have undergone during the past week-end it is idle to mince words."

*Daily Paper.*

But what else can one do? One must have something to eat.



## IN SUSPENSE.

THE IRISH ANDROMEDA (*gazing warily at her various Champions in Convention*). "IF THESE GENTLEMEN WOULD COME TO SOME EARLY AGREEMENT FOR RELIEVING THE SITUATION, IT WOULD GREATLY CONDUCE TO MY COMFORT."



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, January 21st.*—In the present state of our relations with Russia it is fortunate that we have a Foreign Minister who is especially acute in drawing nice distinctions. When Mr. KING, rushing in where even an archangel might fear to tread, inquired whether Russia was still an Allied State for the purposes of the War, Mr. BALFOUR replied, "As far as treaties can make her so, she is." Even Mr. TROTZKY could hardly take exception to that admirably diplomatic sentence.

St. James's Square, once a sylvan retreat for cats and elubinen, is now a wilderness of bricks and mortar. In reply to Sir ARTHUR FELL the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS disclaimed all responsibility for the transformation, which is the work of the American Y.M.C.A. The blame, if any, attaches to the *nouveau monde* and not to our own Sir ALFRED.

Several Members intended to oppose, for all they were worth—not a large amount in some cases—the passage of the Military Service Bill. Their principal objection was that it gave too much power to the Director of National Service. But Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES has not forgotten the use of a good bedside manner, and by promising his patients to show them the prescription that is, to lay his regulations on the Table of the House—he induced them to swallow what they seemed to regard as a disagreeable dose.

*Tuesday, January 22nd.*—In a carefully-balanced speech Lord CURZON admitted a platonic affection for Proportional Representation. It was "complicated" but not "unintelligible"—as if anything could be unintelligible to that massive brain!—"difficult" but not "impracticable." He would like to see the experiment tried, but nevertheless advised their Lordships to vote against it. Lord CREWE said "ditto to Mr. BURKE," but the Peers preferred the arguments of Lord CHAPLIN and Lord COURTNEY (for whom "P. R." has furnished, probably for the first time in their political lives, a common enthusiasm) and carried the proposal by a majority of ninety. Thus for the second time in a fortnight, Lord CURZON found himself in the unenviable position of *Bo-Peep*.

By way of answer, I presume, to the charge that the politicians interfere too much with the conduct of the War, the Government have decided that the soldiers shall have a chance of taking their part in politics. Accordingly to any soldier, commissioned or not, who is adopted as a Parliamentary candidate special furlough is to be granted. I

s anticipated that this new method of 'wangling' a few days' leave will be very popular in the trenches.

Another injustice to Ireland has been discovered by Mr. FIELD. Ordnance-workers under the Agricultural Department in his peaceful country are, it

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had "nothing to add" to his previous answer about the increase in race-meetings; but, lest he should be accused of encouraging gambling, assured the House immediately afterwards that the Government had no intention of issuing Premium Bonds.

Mr. TREVELYAN complained that among the pamphlets seized in a recent raid was one containing a message to the British Labour Conference from the Bolshevik "Ambassador" in London, and demanded that the pamphlets should be at once returned, "in order that the Russian representative might be allowed to address the British working-class in what words he pleased." As his words seem to have included "gross misrepresentations of the attitude of the British Government to the Russian people" the HOME SECRETARY declined the request, and added that he was considering the question of prosecution. The House loudly cheered the discovery that there are limits to the privileges of those who "lie abroad for the good of their country."

*Wednesday, January 23rd.*—In the absence of Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY the SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY received the full force of Mr. HOUTON's daily cascade of Shipping Questions. An attempt to divert it, by the request that his tormentor should put his views in writing, was met by the reply that he had already done so to the extent of ten pages of manuscript; and Dr. MACNAMARA, fearing trouble with the Paper Commission, did not press the suggestion. But I noticed that he seemed quite interested a little later on, when Mr. MACPHERSON, in the course of an answer on Army dentistry, spoke of the care now taken "in the treatment of jaw-cases."

On the motion for the adjournment a number of Members went head-hunting. This classical sport, as practised by the Dyaks in Borneo, involved the discharge of poisoned darts through a blow-pipe, and the House of Commons was not materially altered the method. As the attack was led by Major DAVID DAVIES, formerly Private Secretary to the PRIME MINISTER, it is supposed that the Head of the Government was the object aimed at; but most of the shots went wide and hit the Head of our Army in France. Mr. MACPHERSON's defence would have been more effective if he had not been careful to explain that he was "not speaking for the War Cabinet." The head-hunters included Mr. KENNEDY JONES, who (*teste* Mr. ROCHE) "moves in the best political circles," and Mr. KING, who only argues in them.



A GOOD BEDSIDE MANNER.  
SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES.

seems, paid only twenty-nine shillings a week, while similar workers at Woolwich are paid forty-seven shillings. It was delicately explained to him that the Ordnance Survey to which the rishmen belonged was concerned with the manufacture of maps, while the special business of Woolwich was to construct the means of altering them.



BO-PEEP.  
LORD CURZON.

Thursday, January 24th.—Echoes of last night's debate were still rumbling through the House this afternoon. Mr. BONAR LAW, on the invitation of Sir HEDWORTH MEUX, strongly deprecated Press attacks upon distinguished sailors and soldiers, but when further invited to put the CENSOR into motion described the suggestion as "easier to make than to carry out."

Mr. HORSFORD's latest complaint against the shipping authorities is that a cargo of "premier jus" has been held up in Argentina. Members who had jumped to the conclusion that the commodity was a species of "ginger" specially intended for the stimulation of Prime Ministers, were disappointed to learn that it was only "refined animal fat."

A notable addition to the many excellent maiden speeches delivered this Session was made by Lieut.-General Sir A. HUNTER-WESTON. "Forceful, eloquent, and vivid," as Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL rightly described it, this fresh breeze from the WESTON front blew away all the remaining opposition to the Military Service Bill.

### THE "SPOKE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—An article recently appeared in your pages, entitled "The New Industry" and dealing with the manufacture of spills, which must, I think, have deeply shocked all careful students of this subject. It cannot have been the writer's intention to mislead, yet it is strange that he should not be aware that the spill, in which he takes so childlike a delight, is already obsolete and went out, in the best circles, some time before queues came in. It has been finally superseded by the very device to which he so contemptuously refers as an "inefficient tube," namely the spoke.

I freely admit that a spoke made out of a whole *Morning Post* is impossible and indeed ridiculous. It must be made of a single whole sheet of newspaper, and should be light and firm, crisp and hollow, and some four feet in length.

It can hardly be necessary at this time of day to give any detailed account of the properties of the spoke, but I may perhaps point out its leading features—namely, that it lies in the fender and lasts for a week.

Would you picture it in action? I take it up absent-mindedly as my pipe goes out, and without rising from my armchair, without taking my eyes off my book, I prod gently in the grate, pluck up a little head of flame, bring it with a turn of the wrist in contact with my pipe.



Chinese Steward (to new Gunlayer). "LAST VOYAGE ME SUBMARINED."

Gunlayer. "THAT'S EXTREMELY SAD, OSWALD. HAVE YOU WRITTEN TO THE ADMIRALTY ABOUT IT?"

But what does our spillman do?

- (1) He springs up.
- (2) Pulls out several spills from the vase on the mantelpiece.
- (3) Puts back the superfluous ones.
- (4) Stoops down with the selected one.
- (5) Burns his fingers.
- (6) Lights it.
- (7) Lights his pipe.
- (8) Puts out the spill.
- (9) Puts it back.
- (10) Sits down and finds his pipe is out.
- (11) Starts again.

It may be that he is one of those who prefer, after the sedentary life of the office, to take exercise this way in the evening. If so he is unamenable

to reason. But let me tell him that in the hearts of his countrymen the spoke has already proved itself not only superior to spills but (in the immediate neighbourhood of the hearth) superior to matches.

I am, yours as usual,  
STATISTICIAN.

"If you are unable to offer your services during the daytime you can help to carry wounded and other men at Victoria from twelve until midnight."—*Weekly Dispatch*.  
It won't take you a moment.

"The Arethusa took part in the attack on Admiral Hipper's bottle-cruisers."  
*Harwich and Dovercourt Newsman*.  
A new type; believed to be a species of drinking-vessel.

## OUR HEROIC ECONOMISTS.

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE DESCRIBE THEIR PATRIOTIC PRIVATIONS.

By way of setting a good example to the mob Mr. Punch has invited a number of prominent personages to inform him of the sacrifices they are making to win the War.

*Lord Cruzos writes:—*

One of the great lessons which this War has taught us is that we never know what we can do till we try. The other day, for example, I had my first ride in an omnibus, and really it isn't bad at all. But for the other people in it I believe I should almost have enjoyed it.

*A well-known Lady Novelist (writing from Stratford-on-Avon) says:—*

I have recently made considerable reductions in my household stores. During such a war as this everyone must practise self-denial.

*Sir Pluto Kratt, G.B.E., writes:—*

It is probably on the rich that the new food restrictions bear most hardly, because the rich are accustomed to food and are in danger of neglecting some of their duties if they are deprived of it, whereas the poor will go along very much as usual. Personally I hold that one should grin and bear it.

"Fortitude with Fun" has long been my own motto. When yesterday, at the Club, I ordered beef and had to put up with mutton, did I lose my temper or grumble? Not a bit. Nor should I if I ordered mutton and was forced to eat venison or even pheasant. But I warn the Government none the less that we can be tried too far.

*Mr. MELBOURNE INMAN (the Billiard Champion) writes:—*

Realising the seriousness of the situation I have reluctantly given up eggs. It may not generally be known that a most excellent substitute for an egg is an old billiard-ball soaked in vinegar for a day or so to soften it. I often make a dinner off two of these.

*A Society War-Worker writes:—*

It distresses me so to think of poor people standing about in queues wait-

ing for bread. Surely they would be far wiser to eat cake? The reason why rich people are so seldom seen in queues is not that usually given—namely, that they send their servants instead, nor that other one, that they are served at the back door—but that they are more ready to use substitutes. For example, if I can't get Turkish cigarettes I smoke Virginian, and when I can't get Virginian I shall smoke brown paper. Everyone should help in the great cause which we have at heart.

*Lord RUONDA writes:—*

The country would be electrified did it know what I and my wife really live on. Now and then it is necessary for

the days when real meat was placed upon the table, and so fond am I becoming of substitutes that I am confident that however long the War lasts I shall hail the return to normal menus with distaste. In our household substitution has been carried to a fine art. My dear wife, who is the most ingenious of women, has hit upon some wonderful devices, her aim being to find substitutes for substitutes, and some day she is confident, if her researches can be sufficiently prolonged, of finding substitutes for substitutes for substitutes, which is very high patriotism indeed and worthy of a D.B.E. For example, being unable one day to get any turbot, she caught the gold-fish and cooked them, putting in the bowl in their place some sliced carrots shaped by her clever hands exactly like its recent finny denizens. The next day, when fish was again not to be procured, she cooked the carrots. A marvellous manager! But her greatest inspiration was, when a certain famous General was dining with us, to empty the shot out of several of my sporting cartridges for caviare. Judge then with what reluctance I shall view the arrival of peace.



*Sister. "NOW BE QUIET AND GO TO SLEEP."*  
*Wounded Tommy. "I WANT TO SEE THE MEDICAL OFFICER. I WANT TO LODGE A COMPLAINT."*  
*Sister. "WELL, YOU MUST WAIT TILL THE MORNING. IT'S TOO LATE NOW—IT'S TEN O'CLOCK."*  
*Tommy. "TEN O'CLOCK! WHY, OUT THERE WE USED TO CARRY ON THE WAR TILL HALF-PAST ELEVEN OR EVEN A QUARTER TO TWELVE."*

me to come out in the open, at, say, an Aldwych Club lunch, just to assure people that there should be no need for queues at all, and so forth, but normally I exist practically on air. We have it both hot and cold. I doubt if any household has got rationing down to a finer point than we have, unless possibly our friends the Yapps. For breakfast, the weight per person of one postage-stamp. For lunch, two postage-stamps. No tea. For dinner, three postage-stamps. And I never felt better or more in trim to tackle the problems of food distribution, which no doubt will one day arise.

*Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUE writes:—*

I have given up the "Le."

*Sir Trencher Mann (Ex-Sheriff of London) writes:—*

I look back with a kind of horror to

War that it is hard to believe that he is the same boy who up to August, 1914, could never settle down to anything. He had plenty of talent but apparently no concentration, and by the time he was five-and-twenty had made half-a-dozen false starts. I propose briefly to relate the last of these—his effort to secure a foothold in journalism. There was no reason why he shouldn't have succeeded, as he had a trick with the pen and a nice taste, beyond the fact that he was the Hatter; life seemed to him something of a mad tea-party, and he would always sacrifice the main chance to his freakish humour. He was full of his new scheme—as he invariably was—talked to me most sensibly as his father's oldest friend, and I was so much impressed that I gave him an introduction to Crawley Bland, the

## THE PERSONAL NOTE.

My young friend the Hatter has done so splendidly in the

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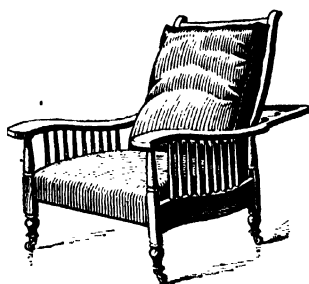
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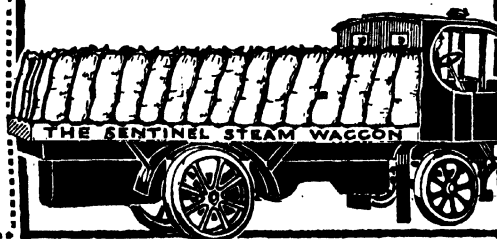
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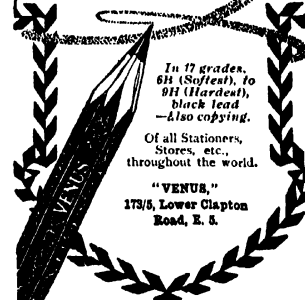


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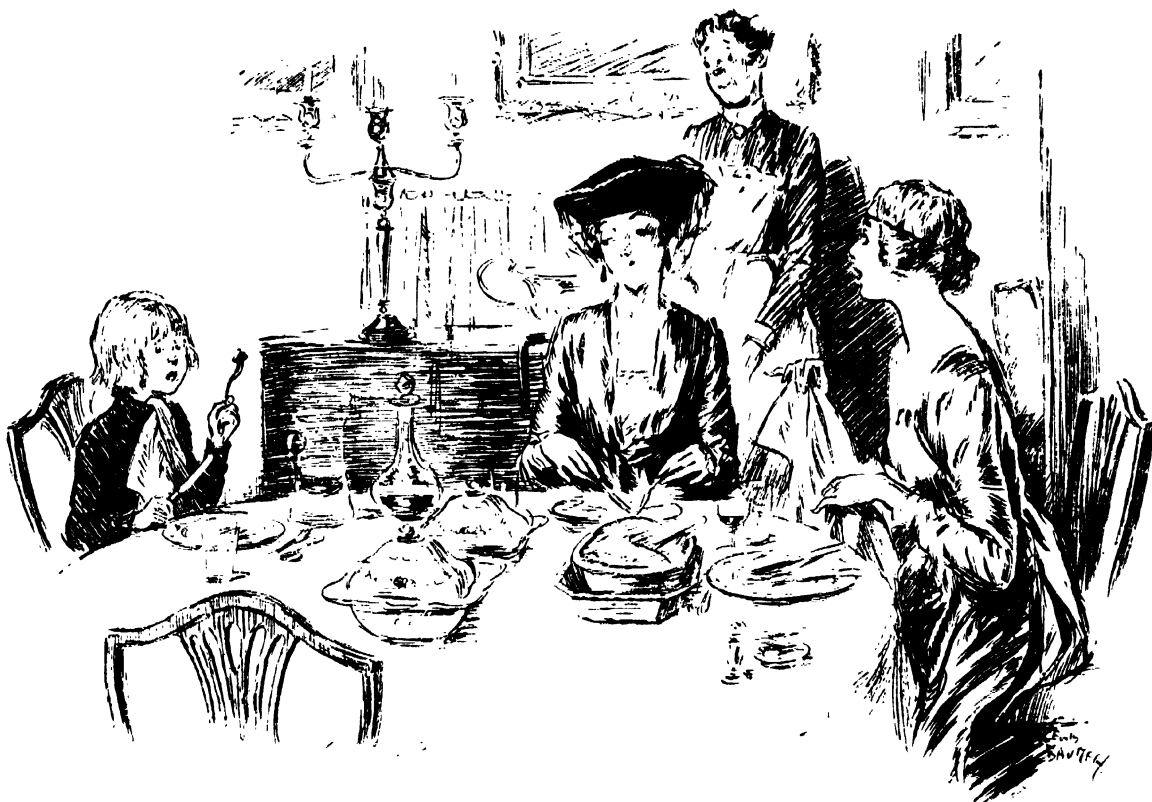
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Bobbie (who is eating shepherd's pie, and has been told not to be wasteful). "MUMMIE, JUST I EAT THIS? IT'S SUCH A LITTLE BIT OF THE SHEPHERD."

editor of *The Appreciator*. A month later he came to report progress and greeted me with effusion.

"Uncle Dick," he said, "you are a real benefactor."

"Well," I replied, "I suppose this means that you are now prosperously launched on the sea of literary journalism?"

"That's a rather large deduction," said the Hatter; "but, anyhow, I've written a review for *The Appreciator*. It hasn't appeared, and I don't think it will. But no matter; 'more was lost on Mohacz field.' I've had a great time with old Crawley Bland. I took your letter of introduction. I was shown up into his sanctum, and he 'minowdhered and minandhered and blandandhered,' as *Mulvaney* would have said, for the space of a quarter of an hour on the privileges and duties of criticism. Finally he handed me a book for review, with instructions that as far as possible I should give due prominence to the personal note, and I bowed myself out in a super-fatted condition."

"And then you went home and butchered the book?"

"Oh, no, Uncle Dick. I didn't cut it up and then sell the copy and buy a

bottle of brandy with the proceeds, like *Bludyer*. I faithfully carried out my instructions, and did so all the more easily because it happened that I had been at school and Oxford with the author. So I began by observing that knowledge of an author's antecedents and environment was always helpful in appraising his work, and described how Mr. Blank, owing to the sudden failure and imprisonment of his father as a defaulting solicitor, had been obliged to cut short his academic career and take to journalism under an assumed name."

"You put that in the review?"

"Yes. You see it was greatly to his credit. Besides he never liked his father."

"Any other personal notes?"

"Not much. I said that, although he suffered from epileptic fits, he was the best bridge-player of his time at Oxford and a master of the art of ornamental oburgation—rather a good phrase that, I thought. And then at the end, after saying the book was marked by 'vitality' and 'artistry,' I expressed surprise that, having published his first novel with Broadwood, he had issued this through the house of Pougher. I put it in that delicate way

just for people to read between the lines, for you know the sort of bilge that Pougher habitually prints."

"So the Editor turned you down?"

"Yes, I meant him to, after the way he had turned me up at our interview. But he wrote me a priceless letter, regretting that in the exuberance of youth I had so crudely misinterpreted his instructions."

"Hatter, you are incorrigible. What would you have done if Crawley Bland had printed your review?"

"Imagination's widest stretch in wonder dies away.' But I knew my man. Journalistic soap-boilers don't run those risks."

"So literary journalism is 'off' now, I suppose. And what's the next move?"

"I don't quite know. I'm thinking of becoming a professional singer oratorio, Albert Hall, you know."

But he didn't. Six weeks later the Hatter deserted the Muses for Mars and has remained methodically sane ever since.

"Mr. Ben Davies will sing, assisted by many well-known vocalists. All seas free."  
*Evening Paper.*

Count HERTLING will be glad to hear of this.

## TWO LITTLE ADVENTURES.

ON Friday last it became my duty to convoy to Buxford a lad aged ten years and a-half who acknowledges me as his father and is convinced that my proper task in life, during his holidays, is to minister to his amusements and to afford him my companionship. Ordinarily he is of a lighthearted, not to say rollicking, disposition; but on this occasion he was going back to school, and his high spirits were slightly dashed by the knowledge. I do not say he was gloomy, for that would be untrue, but he was conscious every now and then of life's seriousness when it has to be lived under the eyes of masters, and there came into his face, like a cloud sweeping over a sunny landscape, a tinge of regret for the less severely regulated joys of home. I do not blame him; I like to see a boy put a bold face on his return to school, but it is pleasant also to know that he appreciates his home.

Well, we jogged along in our cross-country train, and at last, after many stoppages, we arrived at Buxford as the shades of evening were closing in. Our school was two miles distant, but in the station-yard there were no taxis or vehicles of any kind. A porter who was consulted proved to be a pessimist. "Sometimes," he said, "you could get a conveyance, sometimes you couldn't;" and this apparently was some time when you couldn't. Was it any use waiting? "Well, you never could tell whether a fly mightn't turn up."

As he uttered these philosophical reflections I became aware of a movement, and up the hill there came slowly out of the heart of the shadows a—no, it couldn't be—yes, indeed it was—a hansom! How had it come here, this shabby disused gondola of the ancient streets of London? Old memories came flooding back at its aspect. I hailed it and became its temporary possessor, and the boy and I tucked ourselves into it as best we could.

It is not too much to say that our drive was a lurid one. The driver began by handling a lever and closing the doors on my fingers. All the old fears and all the old inconveniences were there. The horse, poor beast, was the slowest and the laziest in the world. It never fell down, but was always on the verge of falling, and constantly in imagination I saw myself and the boy describing parabolas in the air and landing on our heads in the middle of the slushy road.

Besides, the driver owned and used a whip the lash of which often missed the flanks of the horse and showed a tendency to entangle itself in our eyes. This led to an interchange of amenities with the driver, and what between anger, terror and strong words he and I were fairly exhausted when at last we arrived at our destination. The boy alone was calm, and I afterwards strove to impress upon him the memory of the historic occasion when he drove in a ghostly hansom with a demon driver to his school. For myself I marvel how men endured this terrifying sort of carriage for so long. This was my first small adventure.

My second had taken place before the first began, but I place it second because it was slighter and not so full of violent emotions. During part of our journey we had as a fellow-traveller a very young officer, over whose feet I tripped as I entered the carriage and with whom I exchanged reciprocal apologies. He appeared to think that this incident had given me some claim upon his courtesy, for when next he produced his cigarette-case he offered me, with a most winning smile and with extreme politeness, a cigarette. Here, I thought to myself, is a youngster who has no use for the alleged surliness of the travelling Englishman. He is probably on leave from the Front and is going to see his home. Being therefore very happy he

is determined to make everybody else as happy as he can, and with this view he gives me a cigarette.

I watched him with a sympathetic interest. As our journey proceeded he became restless, and at last, when we stopped at Fiddington, he sprang up, seized his belongings and flew rather than stepped out of the carriage on to the platform. There he gave a shout, a loud and joyful "Ah!" and, rushing forward, was gathered into the arms of a lady whom I guessed to be his mother. I had only a glimpse, for the train quickly moved on and the light was beginning to fade, but that glimpse kept me happy until we came to Buxford. If this should happen to catch the eye of a young and good-looking officer who on Friday week travelled to Fiddington I should like him to realise how much pleasure he gave to a fellow-traveller by his gift of a cigarette and by his joyous greeting of a gentle lady. R. C. L.

## THE HELLES HOTEL.

WHEN I consider how my life is spent

In this dark world of sugar-cards and queues,  
Where none but babes get proper nourishment

And meanly men remunerate the Muse,  
I dream of holidays when Peace is sent,

But not such dreams as common persons use —  
I know a headland at the Dardanelles  
Where I shall build the best of all hotels.

I know a cliff-top where the wealthy guest

From languid balconies shall each day view  
Far over Samothrace the tired sun rest

And melt, a marvel, into Europe's blue,  
To come back blushing out of Asia's breast

And hang, at noon, divided 'twixt the two,  
While shuttered casements looking out to Troy  
Shall faintly stimulate the Fifth-Form boy.

There shall they have, with those delicious skies,  
All that rich ease for which the Armies prayed,

Nor dust nor drought nor shortage of supplies,  
But long cool glasses in the cypress' shade,

And starlight suppers, and, of course, no flies;  
And in their bathing-place no mules decayed;  
Shall swim in the Ægean, if they want,  
Or go and do it in the Hellespont.

There shall they hear from olives overhead

The cricket call to them and no shells sing,  
While painted lizards flash before their tread

And in green gullies trills the sudden Spring;  
Shall walk, unblinded by disease and dread,

Where myrtle beckons and rock-roses cling,  
And find it difficult to tell their aunts  
The proper names of all these funny plants.

There shall they see across the storied Sound

Some snow-peak glisten like a muffled star,  
And murmur, "That's Olympus, I'll be bound,"

And tread old battle-fields where vineyards are:  
With scared young veterans they'll amble round

The Turks' entanglements at Sedd-el-Bahr,  
And practise at a reasonable charge  
Heroic landings in the hotel barge.

But there are dates when tourists shall be banned,

High dates of April and of early June,  
When only they that bear the Helles brand,

A few tired Captains and the Tenth Platoon,  
Shall see strange shadows in that flowery land.

And ghostly cruisers underneath the moon:  
And only they shall scale the sunny hills,  
And they alone shall have no heavy bills. A. P. H.





"WHAT'S UP, ALF? YOU DON'T SEEM HALF IN A RAGE!"

"SO 'UD YOU BE IF YOU SAW A BLINKIN' CIVILIAN FANNING YOUR BEST GIRL WITH HIS BEASTLY EXEMPTION CARD."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THOUGH I have found *The Stucco House* (UNWIN) a singularly depressing work, this is less my ground of complaint than a suspicion that the gloom is there for its own sweet sake, and without the excuse of any more artistic purpose. The house was that in which *Jamie* and *Catherine* continued the troubled existence which you may recall from a previous book, and brought up, very badly, an increasing family. Detestable, every one of them (the picture on the wrapper does them no more than justice, and I can't say anything worse than that), so that I found myself painfully indifferent to the long-drawn shipwreck, mutual loathing, drink, lunacy and every kind of disaster that finally overwhelms the group. But what I should like to ask of Mr. GILBERT CANNAN is (so to speak) some statement of his war-aims. What is he out for? Is the tale an indictment of conventional morality, of mental stucco-plastering, of the commercial idea or what? Surely in any case *Jamie* himself, who cared for none of these things, might have been presented as a rather more endurable character. The fact seems to be that Mr. CANNAN's people lack humanity; they impress me as figures of tin cleverly painted to look like men and women, but empty, so that their fall produces clatter but no sense of tragedy. The pity of this is the greater because Mr. CANNAN as artist has just that quickening sense of beauty which should save him from his present fault of cold cleverness. He can give you the essentials of a scene or a situation unforgettably, whether it be like the home-coming of *Jamie* in the beginning of the book, with its wonderful sketch of Mersey-side landscape, or a sordid grotesque such as the cheese-cake episode that marks his domestic downfall. For this I

should compare him to Tchekov, but he misses the Russian's sympathy and affection for his characters. It is perhaps the absence of this that makes Mr. CANNAN's catastrophes so hollow-sounding.

My reading of *Dust* (Duckworth) has produced in me the sensation of an unexpected encounter with the antique. Perhaps because I had supposed that these careful records of Lancastrian or Yorkist domesticity had had their day. Far from it, however; here is Mr. JOHN L. CARTER detailing for us the home life of Leeds, the intolerant manufacturer-parent, the uncomprehending mother, the revolting (in both senses) daughter—in fact the whole dreary *ménage*, as though we were back in 1890 and the Repertory Drama yet slept within the womb of Time. I hardly think I need give you any precise report of it all. You know by now how the son's evening hours and courtships will be resented by the stern parent, how the business will decline, the daughter marry the curate, and all the trivial uninteresting round of it. True, when Mr. CARTER allowed us to observe his paterfamilias embracing the girl from the confectioner's, I anticipated some ray of novelty; but all that came of this was (inconsequentially) a resolve on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Curate that theirs should be a union in name alone, which of course plunged us straight into a convention even older than the Manchester School. The fact is, I am afraid that those Northern parlours are no longer the happy hunting-ground for realistic fiction that they once were; nor perhaps is Mr. CARTER equipped with the manner that would enable him to tell an arid tale refreshingly. *Dust*, in short, is a title all too fatally apt.

*New and Old* (CONSTABLE) is a volume of hitherto unpublished work—letters, thoughts and some graceful verses,

together with reprinted essays and criticisms—collected and edited as a memorial to a very accomplished writer.

A charming character by Mr. A. C. BRADLEY. EDITH SIEGEL led a double life as a laborious scholar and versatile critic and as a friend of the poor and unfortunate, a friendship not bounded by gifts and easy patronage, but expressed in austere, constant, self-denying work and sympathetic companionship with her protégés. It was a beautiful life, sustained by a deep religious faith, lighted with a fine intelligence and enriched by varied interests and staunch loyalties. Of the letters—and she belonged to a generation that used the pen, not the typewriter, so that they have a gracious leisurely air—I enjoyed especially one packed with irreverent humour about the crowning of the Bards at an Eisteddfod (dare one be as flippant on so sacred a subject now that Cymry is in power?): and a letter more human than that of the usual writer on pilgrimage, describing her visit to GEORGE SAND'S garden at Nohant. Perhaps the "Thoughts" selected from her notebooks do not always escape the charge of being truisms, and they are too seriously felt to be embroidered with mere wit. But here and there is a jewel of insight or wisdom. A short study of East-end life, written with a certain grim power and here published for the first time, shows the writer in an unusual mood.

Permit me to introduce you to an admirable piece of fun with a lot of sound sense attached to its tail. Its name is *Escapade* (ARNOLD), and Miss MARY CROSBIE'S purpose in writing it was to help us to escape "from the pressure of war thoughts for an hour or two at a time." I have known other authors who have been imbued with the same beneficent

idea, but none of them has been more successful in carrying it out. *Daphne Carey*, a rich and young American heiress, believes herself disgusted with the world of flunkeydom, and buys a small island somewhere off the S.W. coast of England, on which she means to forget all about tiresome lovers and live the simple life. On her way to the island she meets a trio of strolling vagabonds, and promptly takes them with her. All three are types, and in their special line perfectly delightful. *Justina*, a middle-aged lady who has left her rich husband because she longs for freer scope, is nominally in charge of this troupe, but as at critical moments she is always talking hot air or painting cloud effects there is no depending upon her. Her adopted daughter, *Jill*, is really the mainstay of the party, the only one who has the true spirit of vagabondage in her, the untamed creature loathing bridle and bit. *Henry*, *Justina*'s son (also adopted, and no one was ever more adoptable than he), struggled hard with a poem of gigantic dimensions, and tried for all he was worth to be unconventional. But he had a suburban mind, and when attacked by measles was practically done for as a vagabond. Of course men from *Daphne*'s abandoned world enter into the story and add to the fun of it, but it is the attitude of *Jill*,

the real lover of the free life, to *Daphne*, who is only playing with it, that I most cordially commend. Some of us who have talked glibly about the delight of caravans and the open road will, after reading Miss CROSBIE'S book, recognise sadly that this is not our natural sphere.

In the early pages of *The Tempting Thought* (MILLS AND BOONS) Mr. (or Miss) HYLTON CLEAVER tells us how *Betty*, the accomplished and industrious junior typist to an engineering firm in the City, is oppressed by her superior, the wicked *Miss Barkshaw*, and is rescued by *John*, the junior partner, who shortly afterwards marries her and drops out of the book. *John* is a veritable *preux chevalier*. *Bill* and *Peter* are also of this kind, only more so. *Bill* secures little *Margaret Cannon* as his own without much difficulty; but *Peter*, a confirmed romantic, gets started on the wrong path and does not find it easy going. He has once seen an attractive girl-child in a black bus outside a public-house, and he hunts for her all the world over. Eventually he finds her (but he doesn't really find her, you know) at a

ball. She has become the wicked *Miss Barkshaw* (see above), and she nearly traps the foolish *Peter*, whose Aunt *Isabel* just manages to save him. I ought to add that the author writes of rowing and of Henley Regatta with a truly infectious enthusiasm. The description of the race in which "The Metropolitan Rowing Club" wins the Grand Challenge Cup is an excellent and stirring piece of work—though it is unusual, I think, for a coxswain to urge his crew on by calling upon them to "Dip! Dip! Dip!" Nor was it customary, I believe, at Henley or at other Thames Regattas to announce the end of a race by firing a pistol.

These, however, are trifles. The great point is that *Peter* wins *Barbara* and thus brings to an end a sound, wholesome and interesting story.

#### A HEARTLESS THIEF.

'Tis not because, returning last night late,

We found my wife's few jewels, brooches, rings  
And such-like, gone and with them all our plate,  
I feel for thee a large Teutonic hate

And curse thee thus, O man who stole these things.

'Tis not for this I long to spill thy gore,

But, man to man, I ask thee, was it right  
To use my last five matches, treasured more  
Than gold, and leave their corpses on the floor,  
Having thus robbed us by their precious light?

DICK TURPIN would not so have stained his fame,

Not thus would SHEPPARD his career have marred.

All just men's hatred shall surround thy name,  
And for this final, Hunnish, deed of shame

A righteous judge shall give thee ten years' hard.



COMBING-OUT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Official Torturer (applying for exemption). "I VERY MUCH DOUBT IF A SUBSTITUTE COULD BE FOUND; AND I WARN YOU, GENTLEMEN, THAT INEXPERT TREATMENT IS SURE TO CREATE A FEELING OF UNREST AMONG THE PRISONERS IN THE ROYAL DUNGEONS."

## CHARIVARIA.

It seems a pity that the Treasury should have decided not to issue five-shilling notes, when they would have proved so useful for wrapping up the Sunday joint. \* \*

A sensation was caused in a London suburb last week when it was reported that a young woman had accidentally swallowed some margarine. \* \*

It appears that the man charged at Eastbourne with wandering pleaded that he joined the queue at Redhill. \* \*

On inquiring about the lady who stated in the County Court that she had been frightened by a rabbit, we find that it was not a one-and-nine-penny one. \* \*

A large piece of shrapnel is reported to have fallen on a building where a Food Committee was sitting. We doubt, however, whether even this sort of thing will ever succeed in making air-raids really popular. \* \*

It is stated that the paper shortage is causing great anxiety to boot and shoe repairers, who fear that if supplies are any further restricted they may be compelled to use leather. \* \*

A commercial traveller has been summoned for using bad language to a taxi-driver. It is only fair to the taxi-driver to say that he did not know the language was bad till a policeman told him so. \* \*

The Marquis of ABERGAVENNY is selling his Monmouthshire estates, which include two mountains. He is said to be breaking up his collection of the latter. \* \*

"The Variety Artistes' Federation," says a news item, "advocate Parliamentary representation for their profession." We think they might well be content with the excellent substitutes they have in the House. \* \*

We can think of no finer example of the splendid self-sacrifice of the age than the decision of the Colchester

Guardians to present the workhouse barrel-organ to the Colchester Museum. \* \*

According to a Geneva telegram, "a new type of Zeppelin is undergoing its trials over Lake Constance." Its tribulations will no doubt be undergone elsewhere. \* \*

"Lantern slides," says a contemporary, "are the latest device to be used by the Food Ministry to acquaint the public with the position of food supplies." We usually have recourse to the microscope to locate ours. \* \*

A Chicago bride has been given a revolver by her father as a wedding present. We have before now noticed

the impression that it was Spring. On being informed of its mistake it replied philosophically, "Well, I've got first place in the queue, anyhow." \* \*

The Ministry of Food states that under the new rationing scheme meat will include sausages. We welcome the reassuring implication. \* \*

## "THE SYMBOL OF THE TANK."

Ex-Provost Smith said that the Cappel through 'Julian' was made to all classes to subscribe the wherewithal for the carrying on of the war. If they kept up the start they had made Leith would come out with a reputation as high as any town in the country. \* \*

*Edinburgh Evening News.*

The printer, at any rate, has played up splendidly.

## "Families Supplied."

"Parcel, new baby, 7.6." *The Lady.*

## Safe Bind, Safe Find.

Letter received by a firm of safe manufacturers:—

"Would you kindly send me one of your catalogues, on your secret safes? I have been away two years in a foreign port, and I am coming home some time in January; and I think it would be very safe to keep my money in also my wife, it would be better for her while I am away on active service."

"The Price of Foods Commission visited a tan nery to-day. To-morrow the commission will resume the taking of evidence in the boot trade."

*Australian Paper.*

Nothing like leather, except perhaps for eating.

## Strange Behaviour of a Brougham.

"A brougham, in which a lady was riding, shied at a coal dray in --- on Thursday last and sprang through the shop window of the premises of Mr. ---, furniture dealer."

*The Cabinet-Maker.*

"In any scheme of coal conservation the valuable by-products of the gasworks, essential in peace and vital in war, must also be considered."—*Scots Paper.*

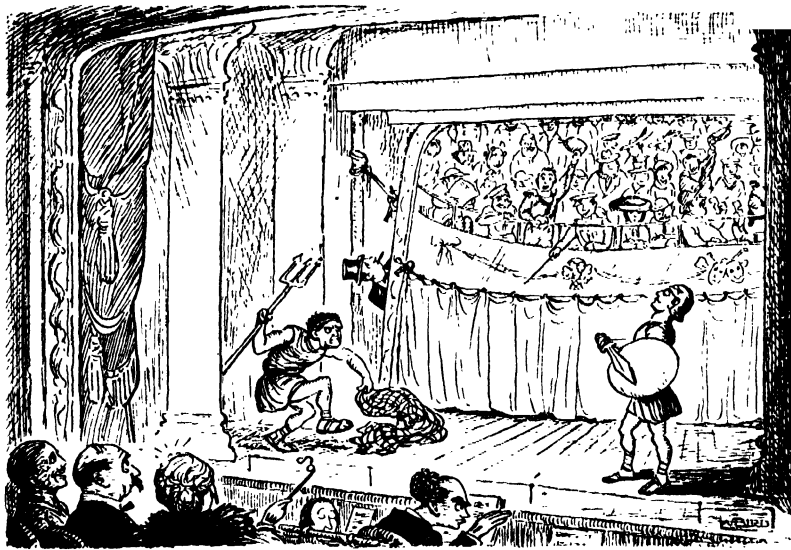
Our politicians may be trusted to see to that.

## "THE UNITED STATES' WAR PREPARATIONS."

AN AMAZING PROGRAMME.

America's second million million will be in the field long before the coming year is through."—*Times of Ceylon.*

"Amazing" seems the right word.



THEATRICAL MANAGERS ARE EXPERIENCING A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF TROUBLE AND EXPENSE IN ENGAGING PERSONS TO ACT AS CROWDS. ONE MANAGER, IN HIS ROMAN ARENA SCENE, HAS GOT OVER THE DIFFICULTY WITH THE HELP OF A LARGE LOOKING-GLASS THAT REFLECTS THE GALLERY.

the strong objection that some women have to using the word "obey" in the marriage service. \* \*

Owing to the activities of the Pan-Germans the KAISER desires it to be known that it isn't his War any longer. \* \*

"The present Parliament," says *The Evening News*, "is the longest since Charles II." This, we understand, is denied by the Kitchen Committee, who claim that it is merely thinner, which makes it look longer than it really is. \* \*

"People that have no towns have no history," said Dr. A. SHADWELL in a recent speech. But they sometimes have butter, which is a far rarer boon. \* \*

An evening paper states that a tor-  
toise arrived at Blackheath under the

**WILLIAM II. ON DEMOCRACY. THE PASSING OF POLYDORE.**

Not for myself; I little care

For loud Imperial pomp and show;

None of the uniforms I wear

Affords me satisfaction, no;

My throne and crown, my high degree,

My busts that figure many a column  
on,

All are but vanity to me

Just as they would have been to  
SOLOMON.

From time to time I long to slough

The regal state that wraps me round,

To be reborn of common stuff

And move, like mortals, on the  
ground;

To seek, beyond the sacred pale,

Those joys that never gods like me  
know,

And lead in some sequestered vale

The simple life as led by TINO.

But oh, my people! 'Tis for them,

For their dear sako, I may not shed

This tedious orb and diadem,

Leaving my sheep unshepherded;

How would they miss, with me away,

The fold that now my flock I pen in,

And wander off, an easy prey

To Socialistic wolves like LENIN!

Being a simple German breed,

They're not at present ripe for that;

A guiding hand is what they need

Before they play the democrat;

As I observed to Trotsky's crew,

I'm all for "self-determination,"

But any step with this in view

Must first secure my approbation.

So here I am and here remain,

And, should they bleat for better food,

I must, though mine the harder pain,

Adopt a blood-and-iron mood;

Their rebel ranks with guns I'll sweep

And into mutton have them pep-  
pered,

Which is the just reward of sheep

That strike against their loving shep-  
herd. O. S.

"A shoal of herrings unexpectedly made  
their appearance off Deal."—*The Times*.

In future Lord RHONDDA would be glad  
to have notice.

"Charming Black Bear Goat Fur Set in  
new animal design. Sale Price 35/-."

*Advert. in Sunday Paper.*

We were afraid something like this  
would happen when the Russian bear  
started to play the goat.

From a draper's advertisement:—

"Up to date jumper . . . bordered with  
self material to true elastic fitting. Waist  
sizes 13½ to 14½."—*Daily Paper*.

We are "tightening our belts," aren't  
we?

We had been pulled out of the battle  
—right out of the mud into the snow-  
drifts, into a rural area where the tiles  
were on the roof and the pigs at peace  
in the pleasure. We could hardly  
believe it. The two junior subalterns,  
who joined us last Autumn, spent hours  
in speculation before they realised what  
gave the landscape its unnatural look—  
the absence of crump-holes, shell-cases  
and army clothing awaiting salvage.  
The dear lads had forgotten that there  
existed fields of this unscarred and un-  
littered variety. For we belonged to  
an Army Field Artillery Brigade, who  
require neither rest, rations, re-drilling  
nor recreation like common gunners.  
The youngsters thought that peace  
must have been declared since there  
were no longer shell-splinters in their  
morning tea.

Obviously the occasion clamoured for  
celebration. At first we thought this  
might take the form of an illuminated  
address to G.H.Q., in a casket specially  
made by the Battery fitter, but various  
considerations decided us instead to  
have something special to eat. Plainly  
a pig must die. Pigs in this blessed area  
were prosperous and prolific. Family  
parties of them foraged grunting before  
every threshold; the straw of innumera-  
ble stables rustled to their obesity.

But there are pigs and Pigs. The  
Mess Secretary, whose naturally æsthe-  
tic taste had been perverted by months  
of thankless catering, had his eye on  
the very Pig we wanted—an adolescent  
hog in whom he saw, as the sculptor  
fellow saw the angel in the block of  
marble, innumerable savoury meals.  
The family who were the guardians of  
this noble creature we interviewed *en  
masse*. It consisted of husband and  
wife and three be-pattened daughters,  
all bi-lingual and expert pig-dealers.  
Thus they had us at a disadvantage, for  
while we stated our terms in French  
they discussed them in Flemish, re-  
turning to the language of diplomacy  
only when their conference resulted in  
a decision.

We were still in a semi-stupefied con-  
dition from the surprise of being brought  
out of action, and finally agreed to pay  
a price satisfactory to them.

So the Pig, who will live in my  
memory under the name of Polydore,  
had to be weighed. Having neglected  
to train him to sit patiently on the  
scales, his guardians had to coax him,  
still unconscious of his destiny and  
grunting amicably, into a sort of crate,  
the weight of which had been scrupul-  
ously balanced by an equal weight of  
bricks; but we didn't insist on his being  
tubbed before weighing-in. Polydore

was an even hundred kilos. A day  
earlier or a day later and his price would  
have involved calculation and decimals.

It was rather sad to see how many  
volunteers there were to perform the  
dreadful deed of his execution amongst  
the very gunners whose billet Polydore  
had so often shown his willingness to  
share. They must have employed some  
summary method far deadlier than the  
ordinary civilian massacre; we heard  
no cry, no soprano protest, no reproach-  
ful swan-song. The spectacle of his  
corpse was spared to us. One morning  
we saw him as Polydore—plump, rosy  
beneath his camouflage, bristling with  
vitality; that afternoon we inspected  
him as mere pale impersonal joints.

Those were for the men. Our choice  
was his head, for we remembered appe-  
tising pictures of refectory-tables lined  
with round-paunched fathers smiling  
with one accord to see the ceremonial  
entry of the Boar's Head.

I will place it on record here that  
Polydore was a great success with the  
troops; he may be said to have gone  
down with them. Let that be his epi-  
taph. But his head! First of all the  
estaminet-stove proved too small to  
contain it entire, and it had to be cleft  
vertically. This of course marred Poly-  
dore's jovial expression and made cere-  
mony impossible. Then the senior sub-  
altern suddenly swore off pork for life,  
having realised, in one of those strange  
flashes of insight that come to thinking  
men, that crackling was neither more  
nor less than the material for saddlery  
misemployed. And finally our discou-  
ragement was completed by the carver's  
exclamations of astonishment and even  
horror when the moment came for him  
to set about his business.

Whether all the pigs of France are  
similar I know not, any more than I can  
say whether our Mess-cook had treated  
Polydore's head in some abnormal  
fashion, but as it was presented to us  
upon our plates none but an Eskimo  
could have contemplated it without  
quaking. All the most succulent and  
adipose-forming constituents of Poly-  
dore's diet seemed to have gone to his  
head. We do not happen to number  
any avowed Eskimos in the Battery,  
and so we abandoned the dreadful re-  
mains of our feast to the limber gun-  
ners, who were at the time short of  
lubricant for their axles. Next day the  
axles of every gun-carriage but one were  
lavishly over-greased, while the limber  
gunner responsible for the exception  
figured, dreadfully bilious, on sick  
parade. Never again shall I see the  
familiar fatuous full-faced smile of the  
porker without a shudder and a dis-  
quieting internal emotion.

Truly beauty is but skin-deep.



## WEARY WILLIAM.

LITTLE WILLIE (*calling on his Imperial Parent during the Berlin strikes*). "YOU'RE NOT LOOKING YOUR BEST TO-DAY, FATHER."

THE KAISER, "NO, MY BOY; I THINK I WANT A REST FROM WHAT OUR FRIEND HERTLING CALLS 'THE UNBROKEN JOY OF BATTLE.'"

## A LITTLE BIT OFF THE TOP.

"WHEN is a semi-silvan retreat not even that?"

There are doubtless several answers to this poignant conundrum, but the one which concerns me the most is, "When a private munition factory sits down within a bomb's throw of it."

If the space between my hedge and the factory wall were not piled up with the mortal remains of disembowelled motor bicycles, superannuated hip-baths and other gew-gaws of civilised life it would be more bearable.

Narrow as this space is, it was wide enough for a bomb (unnoticed by the Press) to drop into during the last air-raid. The resulting distribution of favours and a wish for a little relaxation caused me to write to the Managing Director of the works (Drainford Munitions, Ltd.).

DEAR SIR (I wrote),—Doubtless you are aware of the attack on the Drainford front last night. That your Company's delightful edifice was unoccupied and that my household had foregathered in the wine cellar at the time are matters for congratulation to all concerned.

My particular object in writing is to ask if your Company can give me any information as to the whereabouts of one of my chimney-pots (the kind my chimneys wear, not the sort with which you and I used to decorate our heads in happier days) which has mysteriously disappeared since (and, I believe, owing to) the explosion of a bomb belonging to your Company; but chiefly as to the present habitat of a patent cowl, its complement and constant companion for many years, which seems to have accompanied the chimney-pot in its flight.

Eagerly awaiting your favourable reply,

I am, Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTUS WINTER.

P.S.—Thanks for the half bicycle, the bucket of perforated design, and the two cans deposited on my lawn, which however I do not require. Perhaps you will send for them.

This drew a formal reply in the following terms:—

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of yours of even date and in reply I beg on

behalf of my Company to express regret for the loss of your roof ornaments owing to the raid, but regret that I can give you no information as to their whereabouts.

I am, Yours obediently,

JAMES J. BALDWIN,  
Managing Director.

James seemed to be entering into the spirit of the thing, so I thought I would carry on a bit more, and sent across the following reply at once:—

DEAR SIR,—Yours of uneven date (your typewriter is wobbly, isn't it?) to hand.

Am I to gather from your cold and formal letter that your Company are taking no steps to find out the whereabouts of my property, carried off, or at the least driven away, by this bomb,



TOMMY IN ITALY.

"THEM FLOWERS WERE GIVEN YOU AS A DECORATION, ME LAD, AND NOT TO CAMOUFLAGE YOURSELF WITH."

which was undoubtedly their (your Company's) property?

This is how I look at it. The Huns were clearly aiming at your Company's esteemed works (and it wasn't a bad shot either), therefore the bomb was intended for your Company, *ergo* the bomb was *ipso facto* presented to and belongs to your Company as aforesaid.

From these premises (not my house, you understand; I'm using the word in its legal bearing) it follows that, if any part, piece or portion thereof alienates the affections of any of my property or causes it to leave my demesne, thus depriving me of its use, functions, and, if I may use the term in this connection, usufruct (and the cowl was a particularly fruity design of my own, carried out by Simpson Brothers, of the London Road), then and in that case I hold that your Company is morally bound to inform me as to where your bomb has taken my property, as aforesaid.

Trusting that after this clear exposition of the case they will reconsider the matter and make a clean breast of it,

I remain, Yours hopefully,

AUGUSTUS WINTER.

James, as I happen to know, is practically the sole proprietor of Drainford Munitions, Limited, and also an iron-monger in what is known as a large way of business in Market Street, Drainford. He is quite a decent chap, but as keen as mustard to do business. Next evening I received from him the following letter (with enclosure):—

DEAR MR. WINTER,—I am writing to you in a friendly way to ask why you persist in writing such absurd letters to my Company. The Government are holding themselves liable for air-raid damage up to five hundred pounds, and

I should suggest your writing to them on the subject.

In the meantime I am sending you our current catalogue, and trust that, should you obtain pecuniary satisfaction from the Government, you will favour me with your esteemed commands.

Mrs. Baldwin joins me in kind regards and best respects.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES J. BALDWIN.

I found this answer most disappointing, and I sent a reply to it by hand, addressed to James at the shop

in Market Street:—

DEAR MR. BALDWIN,—Thank you for your letter and interesting catalogue: but surely these are spring and summer cowlings, and I want one that will do for hard winter wear as well. The sample on page 231 is the nearest in appearance to my lost treasure, but is too rococo in design to suit my rather severe chimney-stack, I am afraid. If you have some of those delightfully designed carpet tacks shown on p. 160 indly let bearer have about half-a-pint.

Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTUS WINTER.

I also wrote to him as Managing Director of Drainford Munitions, Ltd.:

*Re Air-Raid.*

DEAR SIR,—It has occurred to me that in my previous letters I may not have made it sufficiently clear that my anxiety to recover the missing cowl arises from particular affection for it. Designed by myself, it has withstood





*Extract from Mr. Jolliboy's Diary No. 1.*

"**T**O-DAY did meet poor Mr. Pessimist in woeful mood. I' faith he is the very Dismal Jimmy himself; but, thinks I, I know the very thing to dispel that lack-joy expression. So when he would have me discuss with him the news sheet, 'Stop,' says I briskly; 'go first and buy a pipe and some Chairman tobacco, for any news is better news when talked over a good smoke.' And he straightway did, and before the hour was out was slapping me on the back for a good fellow."

**Chairman**, a fine tobacco, is made in three strengths; **Boardman's** mild; **Chairman**, medium; **Recorder**, full; and is sold by tobacconists everywhere, at 9½d. per oz. packet, and 3s. 1d. per ¼ lb. tin.



Is British as the Weather . . . but Reliable!



**A Victorious Ally . . . Always**  
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**Waterman's**  
**Ideal**  
**Fountain Pen**



**"What a Fine Pen"**

remarks the Officer as he uses the Waterman's Ideal, handed him by a subordinate. And that is the opinion of Army men wherever they are and whatever branch of service they belong. They are used with greatest satisfaction in Army offices, and with equally good results on Active Service abroad. One cannot make a mistake in choosing a Waterman's Ideal as a gift for a soldier friend or for one's own use.

Styles specially recommended for Active Service, being extra strong and large: No. 54 P.S.F. (Self-Filler), 20/-; Patent Clip Cap, 1/- extra; No. 44 (Safety), 20/-. Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.

**L. G. Sloan, Ltd.,**  
**The Pen Corner** Kingsway, London, W.C. 2

# "Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

## KHAKI SHIRTS

should appeal to the man of good taste. They are distinguished not only by the refined appearance they present, but by the real value they possess in durability, and the fact that they are unshrinkable. Another important consideration is that the garments possess a unique health value, for "Viyella" absorbs and radiates away the moisture from the body, and is thus perfectly hygienic.

**OF HIGH-CLASS OUTFITTERS.**

Should you have any difficulty in obtaining, write to the Manufacturers for name of suitable Retailer:—

Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd. (Trade only), 64, Viyella House, Newgate St., London, E.C. 1

## WITH WHAT SHALL WE COVER THE FLOOR?



**Seamless Axminster Carpets**

**M**ADE without seams, ready for laying down; beautiful designs and colourings suitable for Drawing Room, Boudoir and Bedroom, made also in Turkey and Persian effects for Smoke Room, Dining Room and Offices; from **£6.3.9.**

**Wilton Carpets**

**A**RE especially suitable for hard wear, close in texture, short in pile; very artistic and highly decorative; Persian reproductions; from **£9.9.0.**

**Duroleum**

**T**HIS remarkable Floor Covering is made in various colourings and designs, in imitation of tiles, carpets and parquetry. The pattern will not wear off, as it goes right through to the back, and can be fitted on stone or wood floors or used as surrounds to carpets—Linoleum from **3/10** per square yard.

**Oriental Matting**

**I**MPORTED from Japan, China and India; very ornamental appearance, cool, clean and cheap, suitable for bedrooms and surrounds—**from 2/-** per yard.

**British-made Turkey Carpets**

**N**OW that "Real" Turkey Carpets are so scarce, a great success has been obtained by a clever English invention, so that Carpets similar in appearance to real Turkish Carpets, knotted exactly the same way in very rich deep pile, in various sizes and colourings, are on show at Ludgate Hill—prices on application for any size.

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**68, 69, 70, Ludgate Hill**  
**London, E.C. 4.**

Under the shadow of St. Paul's.

## Harrods

### A Bureau - Bookcase



Designed in finely figured Mahogany, with deep carving round the top and carved cabriole legs, this Bookcase is both handsome and distinctive. The centre is fitted as a Bureau with cupboard; with bookcase either side.

SIZE: 5ft. wide by 4ft. 8in. high . . . **£65 : 10 : 0**

**HARRODS Ltd**

Woodman Burridge  
Managing Director

**LONDON SW1**



Private Smith (late assistant to palmist, etc., Bond Street). "WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT? THEY SEEM TO KNOW ME."

the down-draught and the breeze for many years, and I doubt my ability to plan such another. Moreover, the delay would make my life more unbearable than it is at present, what with the price of marmalade and carpet tacks. You would scarcely credit the price of a tumblerful of the latter nowadays in Drainford. I know, having recently purchased some in the town.

I can only add that the assistance of a search party from your Company's esteemed premises would greatly oblige.

Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTUS WINTER.

P.S.—Since I wrote the above my gardener, a most worthy soul (but for his habit of cutting the cheese for his elevenses with a pocket-knife that he uses for cleaning his pipe), has found the cowl, practically intact, in the rain-water cistern on my roof.

P.P.S.—Re the selection of iron-mongery deposited in my garden: as I shall not be placing any orders with you, kindly send for the samples at your earliest convenience.

I fear I may have unintentionally hurt James's feelings over the price of his carpet tacks; at any rate the correspondence has now closed.

### BALLADE OF FREE VERSE.

Up to the end of the great QUEEN'S reign  
Pegasus proved a tractable steed;

Verse was metrical, mostly sane;  
"Fleshly" singers who wished to exceed  
Seldom, however great was their need,

Held that prosody was a crime.  
Critics were one and all agreed:

"Poets will never abandon rhyme."

Now, inspired by a high disdain,  
Grudging the past its rightful meed,  
Georgian minstrels, might and main,  
Urge that verse must be wholly freed  
Now and for ever from rules that lead

Singers in chains to a jingling chime,  
Slaves of the obscurantist screed:  
"Poets will never abandon rhyme."

MILTON and TENNYSON give them pain;  
MARINETTI's the man they heed,  
Grim apostle of stress and strain,  
Noise, machinery, smell and speed.

Yet the best of the British breed,  
Fighters who sing mid blood and grime,  
Lend new force to the ancient rede:  
"Poets will never abandon rhyme."

### ENVOY.

Prince, *vers libre* is a noxious weed;  
Verse that is blank may be sublime;  
Still, in spite of the Georgian creed,  
Poets will never abandon rhyme.

### The Meat Shortage—A Drastic Remedy.

"Another new Order regarding the sale of Sheep, and bringing sheep into line with other cattle, stated that a farmer may slaughter his own household on condition that seven days' notice is given to the Food Committee."

*Provincial Paper.*

### No more Illiterate Centenarians.

"By the new Bill no child could leave school, in no reason whatever, until it was 114."

*Macclesfield Courier.*

"The proposal to constitute a Ministry that will deal with matters arising out of the War situation is viewed with favour and as reflecting the policy of Mons. Posthuma."

*Amsterdam Paper, quoted by "The Times."*  
This, after three and a-half years of war!  
*Eheu fugaces, Posthuma, Posthuma.*

"At Tunbridge Wells, Arthur —, aged thirteen, was ordered six strokes with the birch on his birthday."

*Evening Paper.*  
We are sorry for ARTHUR, whose birthday, we understand, was always a tender point with him.

## THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

UNDOUBTEDLY it was the best billet I had ever met in all my wanderings with the B.E.F. True the room had more than a flavour of the calf that occupied the stable next door. You could not stamp upon the tiled floor without bringing down fragments from the ceiling. A boiler in the adjoining kitchen bulged through the wall and occupied a quarter of the already sufficiently limited space; a large worm-eaten clothes-cupboard took up another quarter, and the manure midden of the Garde Champêtre might have been a trifle further from the not too spotless window. But the room contained—oh, rapturous sight—a bed! and little Germaine, my landlord's five-year-old daughter, watched from the summit of the midden my first ecstatic embrace of its voluptuous oat-flight mattress and eider-down quilt.

You know the expression of the diffident man who wants to tell you something but cannot quite make up his mind to do so. That was how Germaine looked at me and the old-fashioned clothes-cupboard. The thumb of one hand fairly corked her little grenadine-smeared mouth (she had lately lunched); the other grasped Antoine, a cockchafer, miserably suspended head downwards on a length of cotton.

Twice she ventured into the room and twice uncorked herself—once to absorb a proffered peppermint, and once to introduce me formally to the dangling Antoine. For the rest she watched in silence the disintering of my household gods from pack and pockets and their enthronement upon the flat top of the cupboard (most particularly did she watch the cupboard). And always she watched with that air of being on the point of making some tremendous announcement. At times the suspense became positively oppressive. Encourage her as I might, she could not apparently bring herself to give away the dreadful secret of the clothes-cupboard. Was she nerving herself to disclose the family skeleton, or did maiden modesty prevent her from extracting some article of apparel? No, it could not be that, for if I left the room she seemed to wait in a sort of silent agony for my return. I gave it up, and for the next half-hour forgot Germaine and her undivulged secret in the composition of a "green envelope" letter home.

Then suddenly I became aware of a huskily reiterated whisper of "M'sieur." There was no ignoring the beseeching importunity of that appeal, and I turned to find Germaine, flushed and

eager, standing with one pudgy fist on the handle of the mysterious cupboard. I felt instinctively that the crisis had come. With a gesture worthy of Professor VALENTINE presenting to a large and expectant audience the illusion of the Disappearing Donkey, Germaine flung open the doors and revealed, clear against the black interior, a pair of tiny white kid button boots!

For the space of ten seconds she let me feast my eyes upon the ravishing spectacle; then, apparently deciding I had had as much as was good for me at a single dose, reclosed the cabinet and uncorked herself to whisper the one word, "Dimanche."

That was enough. Germaine recorked herself and silently departed with an air of complete satisfaction.

## THE BALLAD OF PRIVATE CHADD.

I SING of George Augustus Chadd,  
Who'd always from a baby had  
A deep affection for his Dad—

In other words, his Father;  
Contrariwise, the father's one  
And only treasure was his son,  
Yes, even when he'd gone and done  
Things which annoyed him rather.

For instance, if at Christmas (say)  
Or on his parent's natal day  
The thoughtless lad forgot to pay

The customary greeting,  
His father's visage only took  
That dignified reproachful look  
Which dying beetles give the cook  
Above the clouds of Keating.

As years went on such looks were  
rare;

The younger Chadd was always there  
To greet his father and to share

His father's birthday party;  
The pink "For auld acquaintance' sake"  
Engraved in sugar on the cake  
Was his. The speech he used to make  
Was reverent but hearty.

The younger Chadd was twentyish  
When War broke out, but did not  
wish

To get an A.S.C. commish  
Or be a rag-time sailor;  
Just Private Chadd he was, and went  
To join his Dad's old regiment,  
While Dad (the dear old dug-out) sent  
For red tabs from the tailor.

To those inured to war's alarms  
I need not dwell upon the charms  
Of raw recruits when sloping arms,

Nor tell why Chadd was hoping  
That "if his sloping-powers increased,  
They'd give him two days' leave at  
least

To join his Father's birthday feast" . . .  
And so resumed his sloping.

One morning on the training-ground,  
When fixing bayonets, he found  
The fatal day already round,

And, even as he fixed, he  
Decided then and there to state  
To Sergeant Brown (at any rate)  
His longing to congratulate  
His sire on being sixty.

"Sergeant," he said, "we're on the eve  
Of Father's birthday; grant me leave"  
(And here his bosom gave a heave)

"To offer him my blessing;  
And, if a Private's tender thanks—  
Nay, do not blank my blanky blanks!  
I could not help but leave the ranks;  
Birthdays are more than dressing."

The Sergeant was a kindly soul,  
He loved his men upon the whole,  
He'd also had a father's rôle  
Pressed on him fairly lately.  
"Brave Chadd," he said, "thou speakest  
sooth!"

O happy day! O pious youth!  
"Great," he extemporized, "is Truth,  
And it shall flourish greatly."

The Sergeant took him by the hand  
And led him to the Captain, and  
The Captain tried to understand,  
And (more or less) succeeded;  
"Correct me if you don't agree,  
But one of you wants *what*?" said he,  
"And also which?" And Chadd said,  
"Me!"

Meaning of course that *he* did.

The Captain took him by the ear  
And gradually brought him near  
The Colonel, who was far from clear,  
But heard it all politely,  
And asked him twice, "You want a  
*what*?"

The Captain said that *he* did not,  
And Chadd saluted quite a lot  
And put the matter rightly.

The Colonel took him by the hair  
And furtively conveyed him where  
The General inhaled the air,  
Immaculately booted;  
Then said, "Unless I greatly 'err  
This private wishes to prefer  
A small petition to you, Sir,"  
And so again saluted.

The General inclined his head  
Towards the two of them and said,  
"Speak slowly, please, or shout instead;  
I'm hard of hearing, rather."  
So Chadd, that promising recruit,  
Stood to attention, clicked his boot,  
And bellowed, with his best salute,  
"A happy birthday, Father!"

A. A. M.

"A pacifist meeting was broken up yesterday. A crowd rushed the pulpit, pulled the pastor down by his coat tails, threw him bodily across the auditorium and out of the back door."

Peking Gazette.

Good bird.



### REPRISALS OFF.

"DID NURSE TELL YOU I'D BEEN NAUGHTY, MUMMIE?"

"NO, DARLING.

"WELL, THEN, I WON'T TELL YOU THAT NURSE DROPPED THE TOAST IN THE FIRE."

### THE MINISTRY OF ENTERTAINMENT.

THE suggestion of the manager of the Coliseum, made at lunch at the National Liberal Club (luncheon-rooms generally having become the new forum), that his employer, Mr. OSWALD STOLL, should be appointed Minister of Entertainment, quickly led to developments. A meeting of the entertainers and managers of London was called on Sunday to discuss the matter. The new knight, Sir HENRY TOZER, was in the chair, supported by a galaxy of talent.

The Chairman opened the proceedings by a few remarks as to the gratifying recognition recently accorded by the Crown to the Music Hall profession. (Hear, hear.) Doubtless, he said, a Minister of Entertainment would be a useful functionary. It was notorious that the soldier on leave and the tired war-worker found their greatest relief in theatres and music-halls—(Cheers)—and the propaganda play had, he was sure, a fine future—if done rightly. (Laughter.) So far, judging by the specimens which had been produced at the Coliseum, these plays could not be said to have been a shining success. What they had now to do was to select with the utmost care the right man. (Hear, hear.)

Lieutenant GROSSMITH said that the Minister of Entertainment must be someone in touch with the world—one who moved about and was seen, not a mysterious recluse. He proposed Mr. LAURILLARD for the post.

Mr. LAURILLARD said that he greatly valued the proposition which had been so unexpectedly—(Cheers)—made by his friend, whom they were all very glad to see there to-day, knowing as they did how difficult it was for him to snatch a moment from his naval duties; but he, the speaker, did not feel qualified to fill the post alone. With Lieutenant GROSSMITH to share the burden he might consider it.

Mr. C. B. COCHRAN said that he failed to see what a Minister of Entertainment would do. Every manager who knew his own business and was at all alive was a Minister of Entertainment as it was. What would Mr. STOLL do if he were appointed? Would he impose a revolving stage on every theatre? Was the propaganda play to be a staple? If so he, the speaker, was entitled to be heard, for he was the only person present who had been successful with it.

Mr. ALFRED BUTT said that he considered the suggestion of a Minister of Entertainment a good one, even though he might not approve of the particular way in which it was made; but obviously a man should be chosen who not only was at the head of the profession but had already been entrusted with Government administrations.

The Acting Manager of the Palace, following, proposed Mr. ALFRED BUTT as the best possible Minister of Entertainment.

Mr. GEORGE ROBESY said that in his opinion it was a mistake to appoint a

manager. Try as they might to avoid it, managers were almost certain to do something beneficial to their own places of amusement; whereas a comedian had no such axe to grind. He named no names, but he would remind them—as something of an augury—that there was present a comedian who not only had been successful in organising a number of War concerts, but who had earned the significant title of "Prime Minister of Mirth." (Cheers.)

Mr. STOLL, rising with a dignity all his own, said that he was both pained and surprised by some of the remarks to which they had listened. He had understood that his own appointment to the post of Minister of Entertainment was certain; and to hear so many other suggestions was distressing to him. Obviously he was the most fitting person, because in a peculiar way he combined intellectual and practical gifts. He understood finance, he understood HERBERT SPENCER and he understood the British public. Also he had never been seen without his tall hat. (Cheers.) Furthermore he came from Wales, where England was accustomed to find her saviours. Should he be appointed he could promise them that he would be unremitting in his energies and—

Mr. STOLL was still speaking when a messenger arrived from Downing Street with a note, stating that the PREMIER had no intention of establishing a Ministry of Entertainment.



Officer. "DO YOU CALL YOURSELF A SOLDIER?"

Officer. "THEN WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU CALL YOURSELF?"

Recruit. "No, Sir."

Recruit. "A CAMOUFLAGED CIVILIAN, SIR."

### A WATCH IN THE NIGHT.

"WATCHMEN, what of the night?"

"Rumours clash from the towers;  
The clocks strike different hours;  
The vanes point different ways.  
Through darkness leftward and right  
Voices quaver and boom,  
Pealing our victory's praise,  
Tolling the tocsin of doom."

"Optimist, what of the night?"

"Night is over and gone;  
See how the dawn marches on,  
Triumphing, over the hills.  
Armies of foemen in flight  
Scatter dismay and despair,  
Wild is the terror that fills  
War-lords that crouch in their lair."

"Pessimist, what of the night?"

"Blackness that walls us about;  
The last little star has gone out,  
Whelmed in the wrath of the storm.  
Exhaustless, resistless in night,  
The enemy faints not nor fails;  
Thundering, swarm upon swarm,  
He sweeps like a flood through the  
vales."

"Pacifist, what of the night?"

"We hear the thunder afar,  
But all is still where we are;  
Good and evil are friends.  
Here in the passionless height  
War and morality cease,  
And the noon with the midnight  
blends  
In perennial twilight of peace."

"Soldier, what of the night?"

"Vainly ye question of me;  
I know not, I hear not nor see;  
The voice of the prophet is dumb  
Here in the heart of the fight.  
I count not the hours on their way;  
I know not when morning shall  
come;  
Enough that I work for the day."

"Two well-known clerics, the Bishop of Exeter (Lord William Cecil) and Lord Victor Seymour, vicar of St. Seymour's, South Kensington, are the sons of peers, and hold courtesy titles."—*Daily Paper*.

So, apparently, does the latter's benefice.

### Mr. Punch's Appeal for Raid-Shock Children.

31st January, 1918.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We are very grateful to your readers for their quick and generous response to your appeal for the poor children suffering from air-raid shock, who are being cared for at our Home at Chailey.

But, like *Oliver Twist*, may we ask for "more" help, as every post brings fresh applications for admission?

Believe me, Yours sincerely,

THE HON. TREASURER,  
The St. Nicholas Home for  
Raid-Shock Children,  
Heritage Craft Schools,  
Chailey,  
Sussex.

### Our Commercial Stylists.

From a Winter sales advertisement:—

"MILLINERY

Beautiful Copies of the inimitable Parisian Models."—*Daily Paper*.

### "Canadian Home Rule."

"After consulting its supporters the Quebec Government has decided to enforce prohibition in the Province of Ontario from May 1, 1919."—*North Mail*.

Ontario, we understand, proposes to return the compliment by enforcing conscription in Quebec.

Message from a battery position to the wagon-line, overheard by the telephone operator:—

"We have had no officers' mess rations for 48 hours; please send up some buffer springs and mineral jelly."

Iron rations indeed!

"A telegram from Vienna to the *Muenchener Neueste Nachrichten* says Dr. M'Kerle, the Hungarian Premier, had an audience with the Emperor."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

Our contemporary is to be congratulated upon having been the first to discover this distinguished Scotsman.

### The Literary Manner.

"He is an ornament to the Church he adorns. His flexible and learned style are a positive delight to anyone who can appreciate the fine points of English."

*Sunday Paper on Dr. Henson.*

We gather that the writer of this passage is an authority on style.



## THE HOME FRONT AND THE PEACE OFFENSIVE.

CIVILIAN (*on a visit to the trenches*). "WELL, ARE WE GOING TO WIN THIS WAR?"  
TOMMY. "JUST NOW, MATE, THAT DEPENDS ON YOU MORE THAN IT DOES ON ME"



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, January 28th.*—By way of a little gibe at the usual effect of Lord RHONDDA's regulations Mr. WRIGHT inquired whether he would fix a price for wood-pigeons, sparrows and rats. Feigning an obtuseness which I am sure he does not possess, Mr. PARKER replied that it was a question for the Food-Production Department, and drove the questioner to explain that if only the Food-CONTROLLER would fix prices for these pests they would immediately disappear.

*Armagh cirouque cano.* Mr. JAMES LONSDALE took his seat to-day in the room of his brother, now Lord ARMAGDALE. He was escorted up the floor by Sir EDWARD CARSON, who looks twice the man he did before he decided, a week ago, to practise his well-known virtue of resignation. When he left the previous Temple of Coalition it was to act as a battering-ram. Now, it is understood, his rôle will be rather that of a flying-buttress.

The Commons got through a lot of work in a short time. Mr. WHITEHOUSE and other patriots opposed the clause in the Registration Bill which empowers a policeman to require any man to produce his card. This, they said, was "sheer Prussianism"—a thing which, except in Prussia, they cannot abide. But the House accepted Mr. HAYES FISHER's assurance that the British constable, like another celebrated character, "is not a Prussian," and passed the Bill.

*Tuesday, January 29th.* In view of a recent magisterial utterance, to which Mr. Punch has already drawn attention, I ought perhaps to say that the Marriages Provisional Order (No. 2) Bill is not a statute for the encouragement or condonation of bigamy. It is the Order that is provisional, not the marriages.

Mr. FORSTER rejected as absurd the report that in a stone quarry near Calais, now worked by the Labour Corps, a dentist could possibly be employed. Yet one would have thought no profession would feel so much at home in a stone quarry.

Letters on purely family matters are occasionally delayed by the CENSOR's department because, according to the HOME SECRETARY, they are too long to be read, or too illegible. "But if they are illegible," asked Mr. HOGGE with the adamant logic of the Scot, "what harm can there be in passing them?"

On learning that the minimum price for potatoes had been fixed at ten shillings less in Scotland than in England, Mr. WATT was mightily

indignant. "It was," he said, "another instance of the Englishman bullying the downtrodden Scotsman." Mr. CLYNES, whom he accused of this tyranny, is, I should estimate, just about half Mr. WATT's fighting weight.

The House of Commons owes all its powers to its control of finance, yet, except on Budget nights, finance is



MR. PARKER FEIGNING AN OBTUSENESS.

the one subject which is sure to empty it. There was hardly a quorum while Mr. SAMUEL and other Members of the Select Committee dilated on the growth of national expenditure and suggested means of curbing it. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER listened patiently, even when Mr. SAMUEL quoted "A chiel's amang ye" in an accent which BURNS (ROBERT, not JOHN) would have failed to recognise. This may have upset Mr. LAW, for his endeavour to explain

his recent speech on the conscription of capital will hardly increase his reputation as a sound financier. Students may be interested in the "psychological movements in the mind of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER," as Mr. ASQUITH called them, but investors prefer a more tangible security.

*Wednesday, January 30th.*—Where the fair sex is concerned the Senior Service never forgets its chivalry. On learning that pheasants might be shot during the close season Sir HEDWORTH MEUX hoped that Mr. PROTHERO would discriminate in favour of the hens. I regret to say his example was lost upon Mr. KING, who, in drawing attention to the food difficulties in boarding-schools, laid special stress on the desirability of not reducing the rations of growing boys. "And why not growing girls, too, Mr. KING?" came in an audible whisper from where the grille used to be.

When the Lords' amendments to the Representation of the People Bill came up for discussion the Government temporarily abdicated its functions and left Proportional Representation to a free vote. With the reins on its neck and no fear of the Whip, the House kicked up its heels in fine style. All the party-households were divided against themselves. Tory twitted Tory, Radical railed against Radical, Labour belaboured Labour. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who was cradled in the Caucus, was sure that under "P.R." party-organisations would be more rampant than ever.

Lord ROBERT CECIL, who sees in "P.R." an umbrella against "the dangerous storms to come," denounced his late colleague as a "vehement and violent obscurantist."

Similarly when Sir GEORGE CAYE, most moderate of men, ventured to mention a few of the practical difficulties in the way, he was promptly accused of "unintentional exaggeration" by Mr. BALFOUR, whose enthusiasm for "P.R." is partly caused by the reflection that had it existed in 1906 he might still be Member for Manchester.

I rather think that Members in general shared the view of Mr. ASQUITH, who was all for trying "P.R." experimentally in somebody else's constituency, but recoiled in horror from the thought of its introduction into his beloved Fife. In the end "P.R." was knocked out by 110, the largest of the many majorities recorded against it this Session.

*Thursday, January 31st.*—To suppress Mr. LYNCH takes some doing. But where Ministers and even Mr. SPEAKER have failed Mr. J. H. THOMAS succeeded. The patriot from Clare



SCOTLAND BULLIED BY ENGLAND.  
MR. WATT. MR. CLYNES.



loudly demanded a further "comb-out" of the *embusqués* in Government offices, and declared that "Whitehall sticks in the gizzard of the public." Then a voice from the Labour benches, in quiet but penetrating tones, asked, "Does the over-anxiety on this question come from Ireland?" and Mr. LYNCH collapsed into silence.

The efforts of the Peers to improve the methods of election to the Lower House met with a further rebuff. *Non tali auxilio* was the feeling of the majority of the Commons, who decided to reinstate the "Alternative Vote" which their Lordships had eliminated. The debate revealed some ignorance as to the exact meaning of the subject-matter; but it is not true that a Scottish Member, much concerned about food substitutes, was heard to inquire, "What are these Alternative Oats, and are they any good for porridge?"

#### HEAD-COVER.

LIONS have strength; the nimble flea  
Depends on his agility;  
But, being slow and feeble, Man  
Protects himself as best he can.  
After three years of war my brain  
Bids me take cover from the rain.  
Work! O grey matter, in my knob  
To wangle me a cushy job.

I often think it would be grand sport  
To join the Inland Water Transport;  
Yoho! a sailor's life for me,  
But in the Inland Water T.  
At ease on deck in well-creased slacks  
I'll watch men marching by with packs,  
And thus—by proxy—feel once more  
The stern realities of war.  
Then, on the other hand, although  
I'd like to be an R.T.O.,  
And live in luxury with all  
KIRCHNER'S best pictures on my wall,  
I can't help feeling that I oughter  
Try for Divisional Soda-Water;  
Or I could rest for many moons  
Ground-officer to kito balloons,  
Whose uniform is much more gay  
Than that of our Y.M.C.A.  
At other times I think I'll go  
Down to Etaples as Pierrot—  
I think it would be rather jolly  
And quite a rest to be a Folly,  
Although they tell me that the gem  
Of cushy jobs is A.P.M.

And if in after-years my son  
Asks me what mighty deeds I've done  
In the great War, I'll simply yank him  
Over my knee and soundly spank him.

"However, you cannot for ever bask in the shade."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

We never bask in the shade for more than a year or two at a time.



Colonel (a renowned Spartan, to new Sub.). "I DO HOPE IT'S NOT GOING TO RAIN, MR. CRISP."  
New Sub. "WELL, SIR, IF IT DOES THEY CAN PUT ON THEIR GREAT-COATS."  
Colonel. "OH, THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT. I WAS THINKING ABOUT YOUR FURS."

#### The Irish Touch.

"The Department of Agriculture prosecuted John — for having caused a brood sow to be slaughtered without a licence from the Department. Defendant admitted the offence, but stated that the animal had met with an accident, and that it was essential to kill it in order to prevent her death."

*Northern Whig.*

"The official description is as follows:

Emily (aged 13), light blue hair, blue eyes, dressed in black skirt and green blouse, black boots and stockings."—*South African Paper*.  
With hair that colour, EMILY should be easily identified.

"Maxim Gorky . . . had a vicarious career before he won fame as a novelist. He had practically no childhood."—*Weekly Dispatch*.  
He seems to have begun his vicarious career by being changed at nurse for a grown-up man.

"Teacher wanted at nights to learn young lady to write English language."

*Glasgow Herald.*

Badly wanted.

"There were food queues at Northampton. Meat and fish were in very short supply and rabbits almost unobtainable. There was a rush for substitutes."—*Daily News*.

Poor pussy!

"WILTS. Charming seven-roomed cottage to let, furnished (or apartments). Free air raids."—*The Lady*.

But why Wilts? London can supply them just as gratuitously.

"The plumbers were working 48 hours to the day last week. Even the piping days of peace had nothing to equal it."

*Stirling Sentinel.*

It's the pipe-bursting days of war that does it.

## HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(The Emperor of AUSTRIA and Count CZERNIN.)

*The Emperor.* My dear CZERNIN, the only question is, are we to have peace? It is quite useless to discuss anything else, except in so far as it bears upon that question.

*Count Czernin.* I quite understand your Majesty, being, in fact, of the same opinion myself, and —

*The Emperor.* So far as it goes that is good and has my entire approval; but in order to make our views prevail we must proceed from words to deeds. Have you thought of the matter in that light?

*Count C.* That is precisely what I have done. I have indicated by every means in my power that Austria desires peace and must have it. It is only a few days ago that I made an appeal to the PRESIDENT of the United States.

*The Emperor.* Yes, that was well done. You carried out my wishes to the letter. But why has nothing come of it?

*Count C.* I must remind your Majesty that in this business we do not stand alone. We have allies whom we must carry with us if our words are to have any result.

*The Emperor.* Yes, I know. FERDINAND of Bulgaria, MEHMED of Turkey, and WILLIAM the German — Heavens! what a collection! Merely to mention their names leaves a bad taste in my mouth. Are we to be for ever depressed and wretched because we cannot shake ourselves free from these contemptible men?

*Count C.* If I may venture to say so, your Majesty utters my sentiments with regard to them. FERDINAND the slimy fox, cares for nothing except his own personal safety; the Turkish Sultan is a mere pawn moved hither and thither by the Prussian WILLIAM, and the Prussian WILLIAM —

*The Emperor.* Stop, CZERNIN, stop! The trade of being an Emperor in Austria is difficult enough in all conscience without the interference of this Potsdam drill-sergeant and professor of unctuous piety. There is something about this man so rancid that I can hardly bear even to think of him. Let him bluster as he likes, I, at any rate, am determined that Austria shall not be dragged down to utter ruin by such a man.

*Count C.* Bravo, your Majesty, bravissimo! There spoke a real Emperor and father of his people. For the War your Majesty is no way responsible. You came to the throne of your forefathers when it was already raging, and now, moved by the miseries of mankind, you are ready to

come forward and speak the word of release. But I fear your Majesty will find yourself stopped at every turn by this Prussian.

*The Emperor.* Then we must proceed without him. It is not we in Austria who are hated and distrusted; it is he alone; and I do not believe that it is written in the Book of Fate that the world is to perish because a Prussian is arrogant and mean. We are not yet over the precipice, though we are near to its edge. I desire to draw back

while there is yet time, and so I bid you work with all your might for peace, which alone can save us.

*Count C.* Your Majesty may rely on my whole-hearted efforts. The devil is in it but we shall get the better of this Prussian parvenu with his sabre-rattlings and his stampings about in jack-boots. I will in all things obey your Majesty's commands, so that your far-sighted designs for peace may, if it is still possible, be carried out.

*The Emperor.* Good! And if there be a chance of letting the Prussian know what we think of him I beg you will not hesitate to seize it.

"Boy for newspaper office, age about 11 or 15 years, state age,"

*Daily Dispatch.*"

Also state how old he is, when he was born, and how long he has been a boy.

From a Southsea hotel prospectus:—

"THE CANOE LAKE.—This sheet of water between the Esplanade and St. Helen's Parade is used chiefly for model-yachting. Its total area is about 3½ acres. A portion is laid out for tennis, croquet and bowls."

As aquatic sports these are new to us.



## A TRIBUTE FROM THE BRITISH EMPIRE TO BRITISH NURSES

MR. PUNCH DESIRES TO SUPPORT THE APPEAL OF THE BRITISH WOMEN'S HOSPITAL COMMITTEE FOR THE FUND THAT IS BEING RAISED TO ENDOW A COLLEGE OF NURSING AS A THANK-OFFERING FROM THE BRITISH EMPIRE TO BRITISH NURSES. GIFTS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE HON. TREASURER, THE VISCOUNTESS COWDRAY, AT 16, CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, S.W.1.

## LONDON RIVER.

Half a score o' sailormen that want to sail once more,  
Cruising round the waterside with the Peter at the fore,  
Half a score o' sailormen the sea 'll never drown  
(Seven days in open boats a-drifting up and down!),  
Out to find another ship and sail from London Town.

Half a score o' sailormen broke and on the rocks,  
Linking down Commercial Road, tramping round the Docks,  
Half a score o' sailormen, torpedoed thrice before—  
Once was in the Channel chops, once was off the Nore,  
Last was in the open sea a hundred mile from shore.

Half a score o' sailormen that want to sail again—  
And her cargo's all aboard her and it's blowing up for rain!  
Half a score o' sailormen that won't come home to tea,  
For she's dropping down the river with the Duster flying free,  
Down the London River on the road to the open sea!

C. F. S.

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## THE LAWS OF MUSIC.

[Dedicated with profound reverence to the author of the coruscating article on the same subject in a recent number of *The Times*.]

"Rules and schools are made for fools," as Squinchler says in his *Aphorisms for Artists*—a work proscribed at all academies, but of priceless value in encouraging fruitful revolt against systems and soulless precision. Music has its laws, but they cannot be stated with mathematical exactitude. Thus the law of centrality, the first law which the composer obeys, can easily be misunderstood by formalists. Of three things in a row one must be in the middle, but that does not make it central.

And as with geometry so with arithmetic—its rules are a broken reed to the musician.

The laws of music stand apart from all other laws, since they are most triumphantly obeyed by those who are entirely unconscious of their obedience or of the existence of the laws themselves. MOZART, as we showed recently, knew nothing of the law of centrality, but if we look at the texture of his work, the density of the stuff, the quality of his fibre, or at the period, the sweep of the effort and preciousness of the moments, we recognise that he was at least subliminally conscious of its paramount and insistent value.

This then is the first of those laws to hearken to which is better than the fat of rams—that things which are in the middle are not necessarily central, and that conversely things which are central must not be middling. There are four others of hardly less vital importance, all of which are splendidly obeyed by our younger composers.

The law of antinomy, which Squinchler in one of his luminous prefaces defines as a reconciliation between the categorical imperative and the cosmic paulo-post-futuristic permissivo, is that which young composers follow when they synthesize divergent planes of emotional content instead of leaving them to energe independently in their intrinsic fluorescence. It is this law which Squinchler himself nobly illustrates by the two immortal semiquavers that intrude upon the quavers in the penumbra of his *Aldebaran*. The law of obscurity, which darkens without hiding and produces an atmosphere at once fuliginous and translucent, suggesting a tropical twilight, is better displayed in Bobolinkoff's excursions into the crepuscular inane than in such square-cut tunes as "John Brown's Body" or "O Dem Golden Slippers." As Percy Cornstalk observes in one of his homely but pregnant apophthegms, "It is better to aim at nothing and hit it every time than to score a monotonous



First Munitior. "MY OLD MAN'S WON THIS MEDAL. DON'T IT MAKE YER JEALOUS?"  
Second Munitior (with great hauteur). "NOT ME! MY BILL WENT OUT TO KILL GERMANS  
—NOT COLLECTING SOUVENIERS."

string of bull's-eyes." The most ludicrous image of all antiquity was that of the Chimæra, *bombinans in vacuo*, and Diarmid McGralloch has translated it into terms of harmony more thoroughly than anyone, unless we except Bertram Bucktrout.

The law of exacerbation, which recognises the paralysing and enervating effect of tranquillity and prescribes a constant series of onslaughts on the principal nerve ganglia, is more loyally supported by Hercules Blogg than by BERLIOZ or RICHARD STRAUSS. And

lastly the law of curvature demands that the melody shall be sensitive and serrated and titillate the hearer voluptuously. MENDELSSOHN and SPOHR mistook the curve for that of the railway arch, but Prtnkévitshvntchitchitzky and Quantock de Banville know that it should droop like an intoxicated parabola.

These and their like are the laws which bind musicians; but the books never mention them. They are only to be found in war-time in the pages of *The Times*.

## AT THE PLAY.

## "LOVE IN A COTTAGE."

I IMAGINE the author of *A Man of Honour and Human Bondage*, tongue in cheek and one eyelid mischievously pendulous, spreading his elbows to the roguish work of writing *Love in a Cottage*. "I will give them," says he, "heaps of money; Como and Paris; some titles; some amusing lines and a few little quips of my own; a few of other people's, well worn, so that they at least will be recognised with the tribute of familiar laughter. I have done this sort of thing before, but this time I will not be merely artificial, I will be preposterous; not just pleasantly and flippantly shallow but deliberately and conspicuously insincere; my satire shall not be merely obvious, it shall be positively crude. And you will see they will come and eat it out of my hand. . . ."

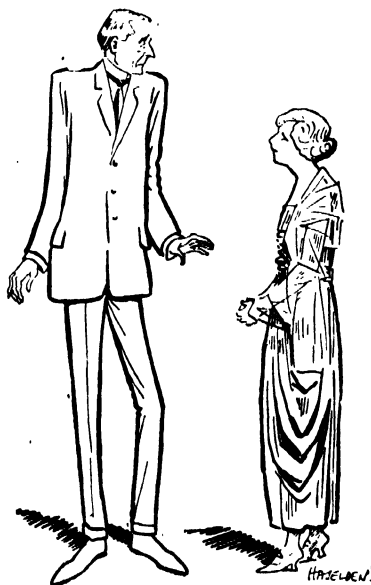
In the First Act the Hotel Splendide on the Lake at Como shows you a disgruntled millionaire; his spouse, a tyrannical hypochondriac; a sweet runaway wife, hired nurse of this unattractive patient; sundry women whose tongues wag against so unsuitably pretty a dependent; and sundry males competing for her favour and mitigating the severity of her bondage. The only soft spot in the old millionaire's money-bound heart, by the way, is his fatherly affection for our charming *Sybil*. A letter announces the suicide of her unsatisfactory husband and her inheritance of half-a-million, subject to the condition of her not remarrying.

Act II. gives us our heroine charmingly gowned. Toadying to the new rich takes the place of the felino gossip and tyranny. Our *Sybil* flippantly accepts the hand of a fortune-hunter who doesn't know of the will's limiting clause and who beats an ignominious retreat when he does; she refuses the proper hero, a pleasant philosophical young doctor who neither covets nor possesses the wealth that everybody else, including *Sybil*, thinks so desperately important. He takes his refusal without dismay, biding his Fourth Act. And *Sybil*, after distributing largesse to the parson and two shameless spinsters, stretches out her arms to Paris and freedom with a full purse.

And then (Act III.) comes disillusionment. At her famous fancy-dress ball, to which an exiled minor king is coming incognito, one of her guests borrows ten thousand francs and another blandly proposes that she shall be his mistress to save him the trouble of working for a living. So that when a telegram from the young Como doctor bids her come quickly to help a friend she forthwith

leaves her house by the window while the already announced royalty is mounting the stairs. Possibly she is apprehensive as to the size of the loan he will require or the nature of the liaison he will propose. The curtain deprives us of the sight of the royal chagrin—which is a pity.

It is, then, a disillusioned beauty that in Act IV. comes back to the azure Como . . . Money is a disaster. Nobody loves the rich—poor things. They are only milch cows . . . It is her friend the millionaire who is in trouble. His money is rising up and throttling him. Even as she is soothing him and reconciling him to life with money (so arduous and dubious a reconciliation)—the par-



A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR TO LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

Martin Arrol . . . MR. GAYER MACKAY.  
*Sybil* Bruce . . . MISS MARIE LÖHR.

son interrupts to beg her for help for his church, and the two spinsters try to negotiate a loan, which so annoys the old man that he goes off and shoots himself. And the doctor has hardly certified life to be extinct before he returns to press his rejected suit and the twain declare for *Love in a Cottage*. A most convincing sermon, is it not, on this misery of riches?

Miss MARIE LÖHR makes her first trial of the adventure of management. She has every reason to read the omens as favourable. "Her fortunate keel" should "touch golden sands," in the words of her modest and polite programme sonnet. She has the one indispensable quality for success on the London stage—a charming prettiness, which she uses with excellent effect in the many changes of becoming costume for which her thoughtful author had provided. She was best in her little

moods of quiet roguishness. If she did not seem to feel the more solemn passages—well, perhaps she had such excuses as I have indicated.

Mr. MULCASTER's doctor was a very pleasantly handled young man, the most satisfactory of the author's characters. Exquisite touches of humour and tenderness in Mr. VALENTINE's grim millionaire were good to see. Miss HAIDEE WRIGHT had to waste her fine powers on that foolish puppet, the millionaire's invalid wife, and Miss ELLEN O'MALLEY's cleverness had little or no scope in the peg part of a companion. Mr. GAYER MACKAY scored excellent points as the asinine and mercenary lover . . . I cannot think the players believed in their play, which should have an excellent run. T.

## MUSINGS ON MARMALADE.

[“The price of marmalade has hitherto remained uncontrolled. The omission is now to be rectified, and we understand that during the present week an Order will be issued by the Food Controller fixing the maximum retail price at 11d. a pound.”—*Times*, Jan. 29th.]

O MARMALADE, though bread and meat

Contribute more to our nutrition,

One meal at least is not complete

Without thy bitter-sweet addition.

Far back in days upon the Cam

I mind me how, in strictest training,  
From thee—’twas otherwise with jam—

There was no call for our refraining.

Thenceforth from youth right on to old,

With an allegiance staunch and stable,

Have I enthroned thee, unexcelled

Emollient of the breakfast-table.

The home-made brand I most esteemed,

Although at need I condescended

To purchased substitutes, which seemed  
Of glycerine and turnip blended.

Still, though the vulgar name of  
“Squish”

Aptly at times described the mixture,

Some form of marmalade, in dish

Or pot, was at my board a fixture.

But for a solid year at least,

Through war's demands on my exchequer,

Thy tonic attributes have ceased

To stimulate my morning pecker.

I missed thee, but thou wert too dear—

My purse was never a Goleconda—

When lo! on my enraptured ear

Falls this new Order of Lord

RHONDIA.

The glorious news is going round

Which indicates the resurrection,

Priced at elevenpence a pound,

Of this delectable confection.

And yet misgiving fills my mind

About this plan of maximuming;

For price means nothing if we find

The thing itself is not forthcoming.



"WHO'S HE, FATHER?"

"HE'S A BEEFEATER."

"IS THAT WHY LORD RHONDDA SHUT HIM UP IN THE TOWER?"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*The Free Press* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is a reprint in volume form of certain articles by Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC which I remember in the trenchant pages of *The New Age*. In them he sets out to prove that the Common (or Capitalist, as he calls it) newspaper is useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished; and conversely that the hope of the future lies in a Press genuinely free both from the shackles of private ownership and the tyranny of advertisement. In one respect at least I should join issue with Mr. BELLOC. Never, I fancy, was what we call the influence of the Press so apparently great but in reality so slight. We may all, or most of us, buy more papers than ever before; but as for that pathetic faith, which I seem to recall from the early days of 1914, by which a statement read in *The Daily Something* became *ipso facto* more probable than not—where, oh where is it now? Still, after making allowance for Mr. BELLOC's prejudices (notably that eagerness *chercher le juif* which is still an obsession with him) the fact remains that he has stated clearly and well an exceedingly strong case; though I cannot think that he is altogether kind in his comparison of the notes in *The Spectator* to "the conversation of commercial travellers in a railway carriage." That any indictment of the "advertisement-run" papers naturally resolves itself more or less into a puff of certain organs notoriously not thus supported is perhaps unavoidable. Mr. BELLOC's little book is a half-crown's worth of special pleading over which anyone, with whatever result to his convictions, may spend a stimulating hour.

and almost excuses himself for allowing it to be published. Both explanation and excuse are unnecessary. Mr. WALPOLE is dealing with a subject which will be as vital when the War ends as it ever was. It is not so much a story of family life (though it is that) as of Family. The *Trenchards*—we have here their history through three generations—were obsessed with the Family Idea. (Incidentally I may say that longevity was a habit of theirs, and to crowd uncomfortably under one roof was another.) Unfortunates who were neither *Trenchards* nor connected with them simply did not count. Whether in London or Cornwall, which for some unintelligible reason is called "Glebeeshire," the *Trenchards* fortified themselves against the outer world. Through their defences a young man thrusts himself and has the temerity to fall in love with *Katherine*, of the youngest generation, the joy of the whole Family. How the intruder is absorbed into and deadened by the *Trenchard* atmosphere is cleverly told; though the process of assimilation would have been more impressive if he had had a really strong will of his own. The triumph of the book is *Katherine's* mother. Till now I never appreciated how devastatingly selfish a devoted mother can be. Though Mr. WALPOLE's wealth of detail is doubtless justified by the nature of his theme, I confess that at times it strained my patience. On the other hand I would gladly have been told more about *Vincent Trenchard*, who is announced to be coming home from Eton, but (though I anxiously looked for his arrival through many pages) never puts in an appearance. An Eton boy's breezy presence among so many ancient and middle-aged people would have been a welcome tonic. It is a great pity that he got mislaid.

In a dedicatory letter Mr. HUGH WALPOLE explains that *The Green Mirror* (MACMILLAN) was written before the War

*Stepsons of France* (MURRAY) is a very happy title for Captain P. C. WREN's collection of tales of the French



Foreign Legion. These episodes, sometimes blood-curdling, in the outlandish careers of individual legionaries, be they English, Scottish or American, serve indirectly as an indication of the fighting spirit of France. If her stepsons are like this what must her sons be? The tales are said to be true, but I find it hard to believe that the gay and lively imagination of the author has not had some play. True, the dépôt of this regiment was once the ultimate collecting-place of the world's most reckless, adventurous and abandoned rips. Even for them, however, life could not have been such a concentration of brutality and romance, terror and humour. But no matter if Captain WREN has touched up the picture a bit; these infantry units of the grand French army deserve to be advertised on flaming posters. I hope he will do the same for the other magnificent troops to whom he refers from time to time; in particular the Chasseur Alpin requires to be better known out of his own country. Meanwhile it should be noted that these tales do not touch upon the present War. This, I think, is just as well. The achievements of the Legion in the line are better left to the historian to be recorded—as they have been decorated—collectively. Readers of Captain WREN's stories, who should be very many and various, will not only enjoy these reminiscences of the past; they will be impatient to know of all being done in the present by the Legion.

I have been reading a small book called *A Communion of Sinners* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), with the result that I would give a good deal for a quiet conversation with Miss EVELYN SHARP, who wrote it. She has apparently composed the sketches in this volume to express the detestation of war that is of course common to us all. Whether she objects to the present War chiefly, or to wars in general, is a point that may be left obscure. What is by no means obscure is the perplexed irritation of the author over the fact that the majority of her fellow-countrymen should have found even the horror of war preferable to certain other unpleasantness, to national dishonour for example. On every page that she devotes to this problem you will read plainly the vexation of a clever pleader devoid of arguments; in their place she can give us nothing but vain reiteration of the physically revolting aspect of bloodshed (as if there was a man or woman to-day who did not understand as much!), mingled with uneasy sarcasm at the simplicity of mind that would brave such terrors for an ideal incomprehensible to the better-informed writer. There is a certain sameness, not to say monotony, about the method of Miss SHARP's propaganda; the "quiet" puppet, generally "in the corner," figures largely, with what the author clearly intends as unanswerable objections. "'Why are the Germans called Huns? And why have we gone to war with Hunland?' proceeded this tiresome young woman. The old gentleman pretended not to hear." Really, of course,

Miss SHARP is far too intelligent not to estimate such rubbish at its proper value; one recalls work of hers in the past, contributions to *The Yellow Book*, for example, as proof of this. And one feels sorry for her to-day.

*Elizabeth Allenby* in *An Officer's Wife* (JENKINS) was the victim of a vexatious will, which made her whole income conditional upon her remaining single. No doubt it was right in principle, but somehow it wasn't made to seem natural in fact, that, having roused her *Tony* up to an enthusiastic proposal, she should lie about this in the fear that the proposal might be held up by chivalrous feelings on her account. After all, he was very, very young and she was very, very pretty, and they were together in a conservatory, and the lights were low and the palms were accommodating; it only needed an "I'd sooner be as poor as poor with you, darling, than as rich as be blowed by myself," and I don't think *Tony* would have given the matter another thought

until some few weeks after the honeymoon. However, once they were married the sequel developed naturally enough; and the fatal will behaved in an entirely normal and life-like manner by remaining valid till the very end. I thoroughly approved of *Captain Grant*, whether he was to be regarded as a virtuous villain or a not too persistently heroic hero. *Hannah*, as occasional chorus, gave great satisfaction, and I have met few women more delightfully detestable than *Mrs. John Luttrell*. There was, too, a noteworthy sympathy for the feelings of other officers' wives which will please many. A word of advice, in conclusion, to LOUISE HEILGERS: she should not permit her women to use improbable cattishisms; and next time



Mistress (to general, who has been sent on an errand). "YOU ARE VERY LATE, MARY."

Mary. "WELL, MUM, THE BUTTER QUEUE GOT MIXED UP WITH THE 'IPODROME QUEUE, 'AN BEFORE I KNEW IT I WAS SWEEP IN."

she should get a man to edit her slang and bring it up to date. *Tony*, meaning to be intensely human, appeared at times, by reason of his selection of words, to be slightly common.

*The Chronicles of St. Tid* (SKEFFINGTON) gives us yet another opportunity to admire Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS in his out-and-out West-Country mood. Here we have sixteen sketches of St. Tid, which is the Phillpottian for Delabole, and although none of them is remarkable all are readable. Possibly the characters are not quite so quaint as we are accustomed to find them in the author's West-Country tales, but what we lose in humour we gain in truthfulness to life. For my own part I am never more content than when Mr. PHILLPOTTS has seated a bevy of his creations comfortably in an inn, and I may stay with them

"Until the clock with muffled chime asserts that it is closing time, And o'er the fields now white with rime the company retires."

In this book there is not much bar-parlour gossip, but the tale which appeals to me most is suggestively called "'The Green Man' and 'The Tiger.'" However low this taste of mine may be, Mr. PHILLPOTTS is responsible for having created it, and I am grateful and unashamed.

## CHARIVARIA.

THERE is no truth in the report that the postponement of the sale of the MEDICI Letters at CHRISTIE'S is due to a belated offer on the part of the CENSOR to put a few finishing touches to them.

Nor is there any ground for the rumour that the stoppage was due to the fact that the A.S.E. had not had time to consider the matter.

Dr. DELMER CROFT, the American "Old Moore," states that in his opinion the end of the world will come in the year 3187 A.D. Every effort is therefore being made to push on with the War in order that the two events shall not clash.

The *Lokalanzeiger* points out that Sweden has offended Germany. We have felt for some time that Germany was annoyed about something.

The Ministry of Food is carefully watching the production of sausages. It is evident that there is much nervousness existing among sausages, for they seem of late to be going about in groups.

Broadstairs residents claim to have heard the cuckoo, while from Ramsgate comes the almost incredible story that a butcher has been seen in full bloom.

The *Kölnische Zeitung* donies the story that, while shaking hands with the CROWN PRINCE at a Berlin meeting, a neutral journalist had his pocket picked. At the same time it would be wise in futuro to insist on LITTLE WILLIE showing both hands.

People are requested by the authorities not to use the telephone during air-raids. Should it be absolutely necessary it is suggested that the conventional "Are you there?" should be replaced by some phrase less likely to depress the operator, such as "How are you all at home?" or "A nice bright night for the time of year."

The finding of the Government Commission that someone was to blame for the Halifax disaster has caused profound dissatisfaction in naval circles.

Two recaptured German prisoners who escaped from a Welsh internment camp were found to be carrying haversacks filled with food. It is understood that the kindly fellows were greatly

disappointed at not being able to carry out their idea of sharing their plenty with less fortunate British civilians.

The American millionaire who recently offered to buy a pair of tanks has since notified the Government that to ensure safe delivery the creatures should reach New Jersey before the mosquito season begins.

"It is Germany," says a Hun paper, "who will speak the last word in this War." We agree. And the last word will be "Kamerad!"



Officer. "DON'T YOU SALUTE AN OFFICER WHEN YOU SEE ONE?"

Labour Tommy. "I AIN'T IN YOUR CRUSH, SIR. I'M IN MR. JONES'S COMPANY."

Violets are reported from a Sussex garden, and Mr. OUTHWAITE, who as a patriot would prefer them to be onions, will ask a question about it in the House of Commons.

A ghost, with a "clutching hand," has been seen at Gillingham. There is a popular superstition that a Quartermaster-Sergeant was hanged there in the reign of CHARLES II.

Any attempt to brighten up the literature of the day should be encouraged. We are glad to note that the January issue of *The London Telephone Directory* has been brought up to date by the inclusion of the postal number of the various districts. By carefully

remembering this number and adding it to the telephone number which you want, it may be possible to get through to the wrong number without voluntary aid from the operator.

According to *The Evening News* a London bus conductor, upon seeing a cheese in a shop window, stopped the bus. The cheese however still sticks to the story that it did not signal to the bus.

## CHURCH AND STAGE.

[A country Vicar has lately forbidden his Curate to appear on the amateur stage in pyjamas.]

"Tis difficult upon the stage

Proprieties to keep;

What should a poor young Curate wear

As he poses himself for sleep?

If his pink pyjamas he selects

The Vicar declares he's shocked;

If he chooses to don a night-shirt

He'll probably be unfrocked.

Retaining his regular clerical garb

May save the Church's face;

But is going to bed with your trousers on

An infallible sign of grace?

"Handsome. Blue-fronted Amazon Parrot; plain Talker; cheap."

*Provincial Paper.*

We fear that the bird's talk was plain to the point of rudeness.

Headline from an article on domestic economy:—

"FISH COQUETTES."

*Evening Paper.*

We understand that the main ingredient in this attractive dish is what lawyers call a *feme sole*.

From a story entitled "The Girl who was Incompetent":—

"She had exactly twenty shillings in her purse. Six of the twenty would go for the week's rent of the shabby little back bedroom she inhabited, the remaining fifteen lay between her and starvation."

It is absurd to call a girl incompetent who can turn pounds into guineas.

## Indian Food Hogs.

"Don't congratulate me," he would say in a tone of injured brusquerie, "it was the men who did it," and he was as genuinely uncomfortable as if he were wearing borrowed plums."—*Times of India.*

This and the other habit of wearing ripe tomatoes should be discountenanced in War-time.

"The Committee wish to impress on the supporters of the hospital all over Ireland that the Matron can utilise vegetables of any sort, especially potatoes, eggs and poultry."

*Irish Times.*

We have heard of "asparagus chickens," but the vegetable egg is new to us.

## LETTERS FROM THE HOME FRONT.

MY DEAR REGINALD,—I sometimes fear that in the ordered conditions of your trench life you lack imagination to picture the cruel rigours of war as we suffer them at home. You who, except when you leave the beaten track for a few days' excursion into the enemy's lines, can always count upon that regularity in the service of meals which is so essential to a right assimilation of food—it is difficult for you to grasp what it means to be uncertain where your next pat of butter is to come from. Will you believe it that last Friday a friend of mine, after an exhausting round of golf, could get nothing more sustaining at the club than a dozen of oysters, a medium-sized sole (Dieppoise), an omelette aux fines herbes, and a couple of pêches Melba? No cheese at all, mark you.

You cannot have figured to yourself what is likely to be the effect upon one's self-respect of being forced to live on a diet of vegetables for five or six hours on end (it may come to this!), when all one's life one has ridiculed the fanaticism of those who adopt the vegetarian creed. Nor can you conceive the humiliation endured by the citizen of a free country when he is compelled to present an official sugar-card before he can be served with sweetening matter. You are indeed fortunate to have none of these disintegrating anxieties to distract you from the performance of your daily duties.

And what do you know of the indescribable horror of the queue, you who have never so much as seen one, except outside a cinema palace or a music-hall? For you can hardly call it a queue, in our bitter sense of the word, when you move in single file up a communication trench to relieve some unit in the firing-line. In the first place your forward progress is relatively swift and continuous; and, secondly, you are at least fairly well assured, as we never are, of attaining your object at the end. You seldom arrive to find disheartening notices posted up on the enemy's parapet: "No whizz-bangs today"; "No snipers"; "No gas," and so forth.

Still, you must not think that we are complaining. Rest assured that we bear these sacrifices, however involuntary, with a reticence worthy of the race. You should be proud of us. Grumblers there are, of course, here and there; but I for one have no patience with those who protest that they would give a good deal for a week or so at the Flanders front.

I naturally say nothing of the perils to which we are exposed on the Home

Front. After all, your own life out there is not entirely free from danger. You too run a certain risk from enemy bombers. But you have your compensations which I think you may be apt to overlook. You engaged yourself to be a soldier and it is your business and therefore, no doubt, your pleasure to be bombed. With us civilians it is what I may call an extra—an imposition which we never undertook to tolerate. In your case, again, it is part of a daily routine which has by now, I hope, become an unconscious habit with you. With us, on the other hand, these air raids are so desultory and spasmodic in their incidence that we have not yet acquired the familiarity which breeds indifference.

Further, unless you deliberately project yourself into the zone of your own barrage you are largely immune from the attacks of British guns. Whereas we, as often as once a month or even more, are compelled to seek cover from the devastating duds of our Metropolitan artillery.

You will recognise, then, my dear Reginald, that, though you and I share the common burden of Armageddon, it presses on us in very different ways. You are engaged, if I may so say, upon an interesting expedition after big game in foreign parts, where everything has a spice of exotic adventure. But here the War (which we never went out to meet) comes home to our very doors.

Once more I am not complaining. Nothing could be further from my thoughts than to wish to unman you by the tale of our sufferings. I only want you to understand what we are bearing for your sakes, because, if I know anything of your sympathetic nature, a full comprehension of the facts will only strengthen you in your determination to complete the overthrow of an enemy who is causing so much inconvenience in the home circle.

Ever your affectionate Guardian,  
O. S.

## Not a Swan's Song.

"The Navy Department has notified the owners of the American steamer *Texas*, which was reported two days ago to be sinking after being rammed, that the ship is safe."

*Daily Paper.*

"Disabled Soldier seeks Financial Help.—Would any lady or gentleman interested in soldiers and poultry write?"—*Times.*

One of the "Bantams"?

## "WOMEN AT THE FRONT."

PRIVATE DENOUNCES 'GROSS LIBELS.'

In the Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury at Westminster the Archbishop of Canterbury, dealing with the question of women's work at the front," etc.

*Provincial Paper.*

When did his Grace join up?

## MY WICKET.

As I sit in this bleak camp, in the depths of a North-country winter, a sudden ache comes over me for Summer and the South and freedom. I want to babble (like *Falstaff*) of green fields—of green fields and white flannels, of gay blazers and frocks, of the smell of cut grass and all the keen clean leisureliness of country-house cricket. And so, until my day-dream is interrupted by the voice of the Sergeant-Major crying aloud that the company is ready to have its foot inspected, I will talk to you about my most memorable wicket.

It happened at a house in Sussex, where I was the only civilian—I mean layman—in a Pan-Anglican team of clergymen.

I was a stranger, and the prospect of meeting the clergy in bulk made me very nervous, so before starting I wrote myself a short but warmly expressed testimonial of character from the Bishop of Sodor and Man as moral support. However, they proved a most cheery company—and they could certainly play cricket. We stayed in the whole of the first day, making over four hundred.

Our opponents had several first class bats, and their first three wickets produced two hundred runs; then there was a slump in the standard, and the innings closed for two hundred and twelve. They followed on at three o'clock, determined to play out time if they could.

The heroes of their first innings—a gunner Major and a Cambridge Blue—came in again and gradually took root. Bowler after bowler was tried without success. Runs came slowly, but runs had ceased to count; the whole question now was, could we get their first three wickets down in time for the subsequent procession to repeat itself?

As usual, I had at the beginning of the game warned my captain that no useful purpose would be served by putting me on to bowl.

On this occasion, however, things were desperate. The captain came up to me. "Have you *never* bowled?" he asked.

"Hardly ever, unless I was captaining the side."

"Well, have a go this end. How do you want your field? Are you fast?"

"Far from it." I gave a glance round the field. "They'll do as they are, except that I want one man on the leg boundary to stop the pulls."

"Right. Hugh, you go."

Hugh, a fat and benevolent-looking curate with a pair of enormous spectacles, sighed dismally.

"Be merciful," he pleaded as he



# UNDOING THEIR BIT.

UNDOING THEM  
 QUEUE OF CONSCIENTIOUS DISORGERS PATRIOTICALLY EVADING PROSECUTION.

passed me "I'm horribly short in the wind."

My first ball to the Blue was a superb long-hop to leg. The batsman smote it contemptuously past the square-leg umpire, and Hugh, after a wild sprint of fifty yards, failed by inches to save the boundary. The Major at my end grinned. Hugh was not a graceful runner.

I signalled to him to stay where he was and bowled again; the thing pitched twice before it reached the batsman, again on the leg side. Hugh, rushing back to his original position in another frantic effort, again just failed to reach the ball. This time he sat down and rested his head in his hands before throwing in.

"What about having another man out there?" suggested the captain.

"I don't think so. You see, in theory I'm bowling entirely on the off, and at any moment I may begin to do so in fact."

"Um!" he said. I don't know what he meant, but the Major, who seemed to have a strong sense of humour, gave a gurgle of laughter.

My third delivery was a short one just wide of the leg stump, and the batsman, with the careless certainty of habit, whacked it to the old place behind the square-leg umpire. I didn't see anything to laugh at, and I'm sure Hugh didn't, but the Major lay on the ground and shouted.

"Bowler's name?" piped our host's thirteen-year-old daughter suddenly from the score-ent.

"Other," I said hastily.

"A. N. Other." But it was useless to try to hush it up. Everybody on the field seemed to be shouting my name for the next ten minutes, covering me with confusion.

As I took off for my next ball I suddenly noticed that the captain had, without further consulting me, reinforced the apoplectic Hugh with a long-legged prebendary from extra-cover. Annoyed by this insult, I determined that, at any rate, the next ball should pitch on the off side of the wicket.

It did.

Point was very nice about it, but I could see that he was more hurt than he would admit. He insisted, however, that it was his own fault entirely; he ought to have been on the look-out. Mid-off pointed out that the previous balls had each scored four to the batsman, whereas this one merely added

one to the extras; which showed a very gratifying improvement on my part.

I delivered my next amid a tense hush of expectation. It was (at last) according to schedule, a slow one, pitching on the off and breaking in. But the batsman—a man of few ideas and hawk-like eye—hooked it round straight at the unfortunate Hugh, who was wiping his dewy spectacles and continued serenely to do so while the ball trickled between his legs to the boundary.

A roar of laughter went round the field, and the Major showed signs of hysteria. He was so far gone that the fact that my next two balls were good

began to laugh and was bowled. He staggered back to the pavilion with the tears streaming down his cheeks.

This was the turning-point of the game. We won ten minutes from time by an innings and thirteen runs. No arguments of mine could persuade the youthful scorer to credit me with my wicket, but I think no right-minded person will deny that—

"Oh, all right, Sergeant-Major. I'm just coming."

## A MATTER OF TEMPERATURE.

I HAD not seen Frederick since we were at school together until the other day, when I came across him standing in the snow and regarding, with a fine air of proprietorship, the R.E. timber dump of which he is in charge. It was a nice dump. I told Frederick so. I said he must be a proud man to have control of such unlimited fuel.

"Not fuel," said Frederick, turning a pale eye on me.

The temperature of our Mess, I remarked, was so inhospitable that I felt I could not possibly ask a long-lost friend into it. So he led the way into his little office, where we sat before a roaring log fire.

I talked about the dear old school. I quoted the sentiments of the Eton Boating Song. I said how well we held together—always ready to extend a hand to one another in the hour of need. I regretted my slackness in the old days and discovered an admiration for the virtues of application and perseverance which had always characterised Frederick.

I put in some violent coughs, attributed them to a weak lung, and mentioned a tendency to chilblains. Sapping up from yet another direction, I quoted a report which argued that *moral* was a matter largely to do with the temperature of the blood. Now I come to think of it, I'm afraid I did most of the talking. I got little more than monosyllables out of Frederick, certainly not so much as a handful of shavings.

Clearly Frederick was not a case for diplomacy. Timothy, my batman, who overheard my impotent ravings later in the day, also came to this conclusion. On that as on other occasions Timothy decided to act and enlightened me only after the event.

I gather that a bored and frozen sentry, whose duty it was to guard Frederick's dump, beguiled some mo-



Worker's Wife. "URRY UP, FATHER. ONE OF OUR CHICKENS 'AS LAID A EGG IN NEXT DOOR'S PLANNER!"

length and had to be treated with respect seemed to him to be the crowning absurdity of the whole incident.

The field changed over and the captain came up to me.

"Reluctantly," he said, "I must take you off. We have all enjoyed your over very much, and if we only had a little more time to spare. . . . However, you must come down later on and do it for us again, and we'll ask Hugh down for the day."

Our fast left-hander began his run. . . .

"But look here," you say, "if you were taken off at this point, what about your wicket?"

Well, as a matter of fact it was, so to speak, a posthumous wicket, but still mine by all the laws of cause and effect. For, as the left-hander delivered his first ball to the Major, that happy warrior once more lost control of his emotions,

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## with vegetables helps to economise meat.

Here are two more suggestions for OXO and vegetable dishes which are particularly appropriate to the present time.



### AN OXO VEGETABLE PIE (enough for four persons).

*Ingredients:* 1½ lb. potatoes; 2 onions; ½ lb. butter beans; 2 teaspoonsful of OXO.

Well mash the potatoes; slice the onions and fry them, and cook the beans which must have been soaked overnight. Pass the beans through a mincing machine, and arrange all in a well greased dish in layers. Dissolve the OXO in hot water, and pour over the vegetables. Put a layer of mashed potatoes on top and bake until the potato crust is a golden brown.



### OXO STEW WITH HARICOTS.

*Ingredients:* 1 lb. potatoes; 1 onion; 2 teaspoonsful of OXO; 2½ ozs. haricot beans.

Soak the beans overnight; place them in a saucepan with the sliced onion and the OXO dissolved in 1½ pints of hot water, and allow to cook for three hours or until the beans are soft. As the water boils away add more to keep it to about 1½ pints. Add the potatoes about half-an-hour before the stew is needed.

*In these recipes one OXO cube is  
equivalent to a teaspoonful of OXO.*

Many other simple OXO and vegetable dishes can be prepared on similar lines.

OXO increases their food value considerably and supplies that appetising and nourishing meat basis which would otherwise be lacking.

A handbill containing recipes for OXO and vegetable dishes, etc., will be sent free on receipt of a postcard addressed to—

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## THE WILL-TO-BE-WELL

"By the force of my will I shall subdue this disease."—*Buddha.*

"If you can force your heart, and nerve, and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you

Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'"

*Kipling.*

"I must—I *will*—get back my health!"

The man who says this to himself—really meaning it—is thereby helping and hastening his own recovery—so much does will-power influence bodily processes.

But in nerve weakness, unfortunately, the will-power itself is enfeebled; the patient is too limp and listless to make the necessary effort of volition; and it is here that Sanatogen comes to his aid.

For Sanatogen, writes a physician in the *Medical Press and Circular*, "acts as a powerful nervine tonic, supplying stimulus to the higher centres of the brain and spinal cord, and **exciting the will-power to vigorous action.**"

Yet Sanatogen, though so wonderfully invigorating, is quite harmless—it causes no reaction—and its effects are permanent.

That is why all nerve sufferers should

## FIRMLY RESOLVE TO TAKE SANATOGEN

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Do not, however, be misled into thinking that other preparations will produce the same effects. "At first glance," writes Professor Goldwater, M.D., in *Therapeutic Medicine*, "Sanatogen would not seem to be greatly different from other food powders on the market, but this similarity is only superficial, for a further study of its qualities proves that the union of the casein with the glycerophosphates endows it with quite distinctive properties."

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NOTE.—Sanatogen will later on be re-named Genatosan—"Genuine Sanatogen"—to distinguish it from inferior substitutes.



ments that night in friendly converse with one who stayed to chat in spite of the dark and the cold. "Did he know," this one asked, "a bloke called 'Enery Coleman—a little fair chap with a ginger moustache?" No, he did not. He knew Bert Coleman, who was in the same section. Bert Coleman was a little chap, but you wouldn't hardly call his moustache ginger; it was darkish-like. There was also a Corporal Coleman in the Umptieth Company—the same Division. Corporal Coleman was fair, but hadn't got no moustache. And so on until two shadowy figures, heavily laden, had crossed out of the dump behind the sentry and were lost in the blackness of the night.

The quest of 'Enery Coleman was resumed twenty-four hours later. The sentry, touched by the pathetic story of Mrs. Coleman, who sighed for news of her 'Enery, forgot his duty, forgot the dump and forgot even to blow his fingers and stamp his feet. He was helpful; he suggested that 'Enery might have shaved his moustache, might now be a corporal. He gave elaborate directions to the place where Corporal Coleman might be found. Timothy could hardly get away from him, he was so interested in the Coleman case.

Then Timothy tried daylight, forswearing the aid of 'Enery Coleman. With two men and a hand-cart he trundled briskly into the dump just as Frederick emerged from the other side of it. Timothy owed much, I understand, to the moral effect of the hand-cart.

"Cold morning, Corporal," Timothy said politely. "I just seen your officer. Nine pit-props, eight feet long, six inches diameter," he added, consulting a piece of paper. "Shall we take 'em off of that heap?"

"No, my lad," said the N.C.O., who regarded a private of infantry as something very easy, "you'll take 'em from 'ere." And he carefully selected nine particularly twisty pit-props that might have been designed by ARTHUR RACKHAM. "Now you can sign for 'em," he added.

"That'll take us three journeys," says Timothy. "I'll sign when we got the nine. Now, boys, up wiv 'em!"

They got eight pit-props away in two journeys and sacrificed, a little regretfully, the ninth . . .

Timothy told me all this afterwards, and I was very stern with him. I cited K.R. and the penalties for theft from a comrade. He told me, in fact, just after I had received a note from Frederick which had followed us to billets in another village. "A series of mean thefts from my dump," Frederick



Staff-Sergeant (instructing). "STOP WHISPERIN' TO 'IM IN PUBLIC! D' YOU THINK IT'S A BLOOMIN' SECRET THAT YOU'RE A BEGINNER?"

wrote, "are clearly traceable to your Battalion, if they come no nearer to you than that. I know perfectly well that you will plead an alleged inability to trace the individual delinquents as an excuse for your unwillingness to take proper disciplinary action. It only remains for me to say that any pleasure I may have felt at renewing our acquaintance, happily never intimate, is overshadowed by regret that one who had an honourable upbringing should associate himself, in sympathies and probably in deeds, with those who are habitually addicted to larceny of this order."

I replied:—

"DEAR FREDDIE,—To receive a letter from you gave me a warm glow of pleasure. If you won't let me thank you for timber, believe me I am grateful for your bark. You will be glad to know my chilblains—particularly

Frederick, named after you—are now much better.

"P.S.—Do you happen to have a man named Henry Coleman in your Field Company?"

There was an old man of St. Bees Who lived for a month on tinned peas;

Then he stood in a queue

From eleven till two

And asked for "two plops, if you cheese."

"BREST NOGOTIATIONS."

*Evening Herald (Plymouth).*

This looks like a misprint; but it is really an inspiration.

"Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when rusty sloth Finds the damn pillow hard."

*Glasgow Daily Record.*

But we question the propriety of thus accentuating the poet's meaning.

## THE SIMPLER LIFE.

I.

### A RAT OFFENSIVE AND A COUNTER-ATTACK.

If anybody had told me a few weeks ago that Elizabeth was ever likely to be of the faintest use either to us or to any other family of human beings, I should merely have smiled. Our latest general and the worst who has ever commanded us, a veteran of forty-six, combining a most forbidding appearance with every fault domestic flesh is heir to, she had, at the time of our move into the cottage, successfully baffled three several attempts on our part to dismiss her. On the first occasion she had informed us next day (with tears) that she forgave us; on the second she had declared that she never accepted notice on a Sunday; on the third she had refused to deal with us in the matter save through the medium of her solicitor. Finally we took her with us to the cottage. It was just possible that the kitchen range might kill her; at any rate there could be no harm in trying.

Rats are really rather romantic animals till they take to shodding their fur on the butter. Then it is time to put your foot down. The great difficulty is to put it down in the right place, that is, on the rat. Hardly any man has ever done it successfully except by a fluke. And of course women never attempt such a thing; they prefer to leap on to the mantel-piece.

We might have known that there would be rats in a country cottage. It was true that our landlord had omitted to mention the fact; but now I come to think of it almost the only matter he did mention was the rent. He is a man of few words, disregarding in essentials and going straight to the heart of things.

On the third night after our arrival they started. It seemed to be a race-meeting, and was possibly one of their ordinary fixtures, though from the number of events and competitors I was inclined to regard it at the time more in the light of a joy-gathering to celebrate our advent. The course was roughly circular and embraced the whole of the ground floor below the boards. Next day we missed a loaf of bread, a pound of margarine and part of a ham, so no doubt refreshments had been included in the programme.

On the following night proceedings were quieter, but morning brought evidence of still greater activity in the larder and the store cupboard. We all felt that something must be done.

The problem was, what. Of course there are several varieties of poison, all

guaranteed "to destroy the vermin and leave absolutely no odour behind." I bought a bottle; but my wife disliked the idea of leaving poison about the house, even at night, since the younger of our two children had more than once been known to walk in her sleep, and, as every parent knows, there is scarcely an hour of the twenty-four when a little girl of three years old is not hungry. Elizabeth advised us to pour tar into their dug-outs. No rat, she said, could abide tar on its feet. My objection to this was that the enemy could easily counter by constructing fresh dug-outs, so that such a plan of campaign would merely end in the eventual honeycombing of the whole place.

"Why not try a trap?" suggested my wife.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I do not know," I said, "the precise number of rats there may be at the present moment in and about this cottage. Possibly it runs into hundreds. With a trap we might, or we might not, catch a couple a week. Is it worth it?"

"No," she agreed.

That was really my point all through. Half-measures, I felt, were useless. By hook or by crook I must devise some fearful devastating blow which would either slay them or drive them from the cottage *en masse*. Nights and days dragged wearily by, nights of fitful sleep broken by the horrid riotings of our invisible foe; days of deepening anxiety and desperate aimless resolves. And then quite unexpectedly it fell, the blow I dreamed of dealing. But it was not I who inflicted it.

One morning at breakfast-time Elizabeth announced that two rats had run over her face in the night. I did not believe it, and for a very good reason. She said that in her dread of the creatures she had gone to sleep with her candle alight by her bedside. Had the room been in darkness I could have understood the accident happening. But on her own confession the woman's face must have been visible. She stuck to her story, however, and a little later to my surprise I came across a dead rat just outside her bedroom door. There was no mark of violence on the body, which appeared plump and well-nourished. Suddenly I understood. Elizabeth had spoken the truth. I picked it up by the tail, carried it into the kitchen and showed it to her.

"Heart failure," I said.

Presumably its companion survived the shock and got off with nothing worse than a bad scare. But the word must have gone round, for since that night there has been no trace of a rat either in or anywhere near the cottage.

## THE PHRASE OF THE MOMENT.

WHENEVER there's a notice in the paper  
Of trouble in the country of the Hun  
Which makes me cut an optimistic  
caper

Or fancy that the "cracking" has  
begun,  
Some leader-writer, promptly interven-  
ing,  
This deadly phrase discharges at my  
door:

"Twere rash to overestimate its mean-  
ing;  
'Twere foolish its importance to  
ignore."

If Labour in some influential section  
Displays a wholesome hatred of the  
Bolsh;

If weighty words, condemning insur-  
rection,  
Fall from the lips of, say, Archbishop  
WALSH;

Our Mentor, still oracularly screening  
His vacillation, takes again the floor,  
And begs we won't attach a serious  
meaning

To statements which we oughtn't to  
ignore.

Or if again some reassuring cables  
Hint at a healthier attitude in Spain,  
Or indicate the turning of the tables  
Upon the Trotsky crew in the  
Ukraine;

Or if we get a lull in submarining,  
That fatal phrase again is to the fore:  
"We ought not to exaggerate its mean-  
ing,  
Nor yet its true significance ignore."

Suppose I read that Austria is seething  
With discontent, that Turkey's in  
the dumps,

That LITTLE WILLIE's youngest child  
is teething,

That HINDENBURG is smitten with  
the mumps;

As sure as death or taxes or spring-  
cleaning

It comes just like the raven's "Never-  
more":

"Twere rash to overestimate its mean-  
ing;

'Twere folly its importance to ignore."

The need of duly sifting fact from fiction  
Cannot be too persistently upheld

In dealing with a foeman whose ad-  
dition

To "shamming dead" has never been  
excelled;

But though our mood should not be  
overweening

There's no excuse for this eternal  
bore

Who bids us not to overrate the meaning  
Of something that it's folly to ignore.



"LISTEN TO THIS, MRS. 'IGGINS. 'GERMAN OFFICIAL. THE ENEMY WERE REPULSED AT ALL POINTS  
 "'THE ENEMY'? DO THEY DARE TO CALL US 'THE ENEMY'? IMPERENCE!"

### WAR-TIME APPAREL.

THERE is a shop in Holborn that I find it very difficult during war-time poverty to get out of. Even in those days of high prices everything is absurdly cheap there. There are baskets of socks costing almost less than a leash of sausages a pair; silk ties at fourpence-halfpenny each hang in serried rows above one's head; pyjamas that would startle a cab-horse to be had for the price of a pound of tea, and gloves for next to nothing at all.

I was passing the door the other day, at least I hoped I was, but a basket of ties at the door drew me in to see if there were others less garish at the same price inside, and I was lost.

When I had bought two ties, one black with white spots and one ditto with purple ditto, I paid ninepence and prepared to walk out. As I got near the door the string which was holding up the port-side of my trousers gave notice and I turned back. A bunch of rare and refreshing braces met my gaze and I retired to a secluded part of the basement to fortify myself with tenpence-halfpenny-worth of trouser anchorage.

My next attempt at leaving was more futile than the first, and I found myself in the basement, wearing a new

bowler at four-and-elevenpence. With the silk lining of my old bowler marked "Superfine" inside my new purchase I felt like a temporary gentleman.

By this time my loose silver was thinning, and a nail-brush and a comb reduced my exchequer by another tenpence-halfpenny.

"Do you mind leading me out?" I said to a rather attractive French or Belgian shop-assistant, extending my hand and shutting my eyes. But she was evidently "the girl who took the wrong turning," because when I opened my eyes I found myself in front of boxes of wash-leather gloves, and she was saying enticingly, "Look, Sare, only two-and-elevenpence and wash like new. Try a pair on. Ah, zey fit you perfectly."

Whether the engaging smile made the fit seem more satisfactory or not, I certainly parted with another two-and-elevenpence and made a determined rush for the exit; but, chancing to bump into a short stout gentleman who was apparently in charge of the sock-enclosure, I was fined one-and-twopence for my carelessness, receiving in exchange a pair of socks that will compel me to show a few inches of them on the least provocation, so fascinating are their clocks, which almost tell the time.

I then gave myself up for lost and ran amok. By the time I reached the door I was staggering under a load of haberdashery and outfittings; my overcoat pockets were full of ties, collars, studs, socks, gloves, a nail-brush, a tooth-brush, a comb and the remains of my old braces, which I was ashamed to leave behind, and the string on them was too useful to be abandoned. I had under my arm a parcel containing a pair of purple-and-white-striped pyjamas, a pair of ditto ditto of an even rarer vintage and a cotton shirt of choice blend.

As I met the chilly air of Holborn I found that all my loose cash had melted away, and, in order to raise enough capital for my bus fare to Charing Cross, I was obliged to re-enter the shop and realise a couple of collar-studs.

"One takes off one's hat to a player who is—horrible dicta!—unafraid to play English music."—*Daily Paper*.

We recommend songs without these horrible words.

A squeamish young man of Red Hill  
 Once declared that "pigmeat" made  
 him ill;

Now he plunges his fork  
 Into cold fat boiled pork  
 (When he gets it) with hearty goodwill.



*Indignant War-Worker.* "AND SHE ACTUALLY ASKED ME IF I DIDN'T THINK I MIGHT BE DOING SOMETHING! ME! AND I HAVEN'T MISSED A CHARITY MATINÉE FOR THE LAST THREE MONTHS."

### THE LAST SACRIFICE.

(Addressed to Ananda, who is about to feed her pets.)

FALL in the pigeons. Fall them in two deep,  
 Pouters in front and fantails to the rear;  
 And while you dig the scoop into the trough  
 Now for the last time make them cover off  
 And prove the little squad and proving weep  
 Over their toes a pardonable tear.

So bright they are, so beautiful and gay  
 That all men joyed to hear their hovering wings;  
 Only the jobbing gardener, Mr. Brown,  
 He never could abide them. But the town  
 Loved to behold them, tossed like driven spray  
 O'er the high church. Yet they eat corn and things.

Mere ornamental fowls, and not like those  
 Their active brethren of the service brand,  
 Who, borne in osier baskets up the line,  
 Care not a button for the 5.9,  
 And sometimes roost upon the Major's nose  
 And eat their rations from the Colonel's hand;

Then, when the boys advance beyond the bags  
 To none knows where, because the wires are cut,  
 Come softly fluttering to a General's door  
 With tales of love and tidings of the War,  
 And he puts on his spectacles and wags  
 His finger at the dears and says, "Tut, tut!"

No, they are not like these. The nodding plumes  
 To rearward are a ceremonial dress;  
 The forward bulging of the shoeny kit,  
 That anyone might say would pass them fit—  
 That is but empty pomp, and none presumes  
 To comb them out. The birds are not G.S.

Nor are they doves; they are not fit to bear  
 Soft olive branches for the Hun to take  
 And send again, a camouflage of lies,  
 Saying that everywhere men fraternise,  
 And now 's the time for Labour not to spare,  
 But strike for home and sweet exemption's sake.

Still they must serve, although my heart is torn  
 And the great tear-drop wells into my eye.  
 What—have they eaten then the utmost grain?  
 Forn fours! and march them to the bagpipes'  
 strain,  
 And when they reach the irrevocable bourne  
 Halt and left turn, and fall them out for pie.

EVOR.

"It is the time of testing. Not once nor twice in our rough ideal story have such trials come."—*The Globe*.

We infer that somebody has again borrowed our contemporary's copy of TENNYSON.



## CAIN.

MORE THAN FOURTEEN THOUSAND BRITISH NON-COMBATANTS—MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN—HAVE BEEN MURDERED BY THE KAISER'S COMMAND.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, February 11th.*—The long-drawn-out struggle between the two Houses over Proportional Representation reminds me of a chapter in *Out of the Hurly Burly*, describing the fate of Cooley's yellow dog. The dog died and its owner flung the corpse into *Max Adler's* garden. *Max* returned it, *Cooley* riposted, and so on *du capo*, until, at the end of a far from perfect day, all that remained of the unfortunate animal was its tail, which *Max's* hired man, who had taken the place of his wearied principal, interred in the cabbage-patch.

Far be it from me to suggest which of the protagonists who have been bandying the unfortunate "P.R." backwards and forwards during the past few days resembles the objectionable *Cooley* and which the blameless *Max*. Suffice it to say that to-day the *corpus vile* was in the custody of the Peers and that, on the motion of Lord SELBORNE, boldly seconded by Lord LANS-  
DOWNE, who advised their lordships not to be afraid of "the bogey men at the other end of the corridor," they once more flung it, curtailed by the omission of the counties, back to the Commons.

Content with this assertion of their powers, the Lords proceeded to pass sundry other Bills brought from the Lower House. On the Redistribution of Seats (Ireland) Bill some of them protested against giving two more members to that already over-represented country; but they did not insist on a division, and meekly acquiesced in the Government's proposal to amend the schedule by substituting "Parnell Street" for "Great Britain Street." It was only "a drafting amendment," as Lord PEEL explained; yet to those who remember 1886 and 1893 it symbolises a revolution.

*Tuesday, February 5th.*—Before resuming the contest with "another place" the Commons had a little business of their own, in a list of 184 Questions. The information extracted from Ministers was, as usual, in inverse ratio to the curiosity of the questioners. Still the House as a whole was glad to hear that if the Germans transferred their officer-prisoners to air-raid areas we should not hesitate to do the same. Ex-Colonel LYNCH was at first a little disappointed to hear that the Versailles Conference had not yet appointed a Generalissimo for the whole of the Allied forces. On second thoughts he

came to the conclusion that warrior-statesmen of the kind required do not grow on every tree, and decided to get his old uniform—"same I commanded the Irish Brigade"—out of cold storage.

One of the best stories of the War Office has been relegated to the limbo of legend. Mr. FORSTER can find no trace of the fortunate wheelwright who was alleged to have received two suc-

cessive cheques for £95 in payment of an account for 9s. 5d.

Shades of 1906! To think that in 1918 we should hear from a Government including a large infusion of Liberals that they were employing Chinese Labour—not in South Africa, but in Berkshire. Truly the wheel has come full cycle in Cathay.

When *Cooley's* dog again came over the fence—in official parlance, when the House entered upon the consideration of "the Lords' amendments to Commons' amendments to Lords' amendments" to the Representation of the People Bill—Members tempered their animosity with a certain amount of discretion. They did not want to be left with the tail on their hands or, in other words, to lose the Bill altogether. They would not, however, have "P.R." at any price. London and Birmingham joined in protest against the proposal to make the boroughs the subject of this electoral experiment. Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, who, untrammelled by office, is becoming quite a lively speaker, referred to an argument advanced in the Upper House that "P.R." would be a safeguard against revolution. "Let them try to keep out the Atlantic if they like," he exclaimed, "but why should I be the mop?"

Having knocked out "P.R." by a majority of 97 the House, as a sop to the Lords, decided to confine the Alternative Vote to the Boroughs. The voting was on strict party-lines, the proposal being carried by 195 Liberal, Labour and Nationalist Votes, to 194 Conservative. It was a great chance for Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING to show the importance of a really Independent Member. But, alas! he was absent.

*Wednesday, February 6th.*—"Last day, take it all in play," as we used to say at school. I suppose there was a good deal of make-believe about the vehement oratory heard in both Houses on this the final day of the Session. When Mr. BALFOUR heard Mr. CHAMBERLAIN fulminating against the Peers (who had again inserted an attenuated version of "P.R." and again knocked out the "A.V.") for their audacity in trying to tinker a Bill for the election of the Commons he must have imagined that he had somehow got back to 1884, and that the voice was the voice of JOSEPH, not AUSTEN. For the moment it looked as if rather than allow the Lords to insert even the thinnest end of the wedge of "P.R." the Commons would sacrifice the Bill altogether and refuse the franchise to eight million people, three-fourths of them women.

[But are there really six million women prepared to make statutory declaration that they are over thirty?]

Some pleasant chaff by Mr. BALFOUR, who had no idea that his right honourable friend and late colleague held such strong views about the House of Lords, and by Mr. ASQUITH, who only wished he had had his eloquent assistance eight years ago, brought the House to a more businesslike mood. A final effort to retain some semblance of the Alternative Vote was defeated by a majority



THE WESTMINSTER NEIGHBOURS.

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"WHY SHOULD I BE THE MOP?"  
MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S REPLY TO  
LORD LANS-  
DOWNE'S SPEECH.



of 18; and then the Government, putting on their Whips for the first time in the long history of the Bill, carried the motion to agree with the Lords' amendment by 224 to 114. And so ended the seventh Session of a Parliament which by its own rash Act should have committed suicide two years ago. The KAISER has a lot to answer for.

### TO THE WIFE SILENT IN WAR-TIME.

FAR as the Empire's bounds are flung,  
She shall be honoured, she be sung,  
Who keeps safe locked within her breast,

Unboasted, unbetrayed, unguessed,  
Bound as with triple chains of gold,  
What things her soldier-lord hath told.  
O woman, in our hours of ease,  
Careless in chatter as the seas;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow  
(In point of fact, precisely now),  
Accept the homage of a bard  
Who knows it more than common hard  
To bear, unmoved, from age and youth,  
Rumours, where you must know the truth;

To hear them over asking why  
And smiling put the question by.  
But when the Dawn shall break at last

And the long vigilance be past,  
Be yours this recompense sublime  
To say, "I knew it all the time!"  
And stand confessed by old and young  
The heroine who held her tongue.

### THEIR STRANGEST WAR EXPERIENCE.

FAMOUS AND TYPICAL PEOPLE ON THINGS  
THAT HAVE STRUCK THEM MOST.

*Mr. PRINGLE, M.P.*

The strangest sight of the War that I can recall is the presence of the PRIME MINISTER in the House of Commons.

[Several other Members of Parliament have written to the same effect.]

*Vacuus Viator.*

The War has been so full of striking incidents that I have some difficulty in selecting only one; but I could not help being struck by a police-court scene which I chanced to witness in the country the other day. The defendant, who lived in a place where even margarine was hard to get, was prosecuted for having in his possession a secret fifty-pound firkin of butter while drawing margarine at the same time. Two things struck me with peculiar force. One was that he was fined only a guinea and was apologised to by a grovelling Bench. The other was that he was a clerk in what a well-known lady novelist calls wholly hoarders.



*Jones.* "YOU'RE LOOKING RATHER BELOW PAR. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE NOW?"

*Robinson.* "I'M WORRYING ABOUT WHAT WE'LL HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT WHEN THE WAR'S OVER."

*Mr. LESLIE HENSON.*

Nothing, I think, has made such an impression on me since the inception of this vast European struggle as the interest of the public in the question (which could be decided only by the proper authorities) as to whether I should or should not go into khaki.

*Mr. Thomas Atkins.*

It was during my last leave a week or so ago that I saw the strangest sight of this war. I had just arrived in London and as usual I had two or three Bosch helmets with me as presents for my pals and a parcel or so for the old woman, and I was coming

away from Victoria all jolly when what should I see but a long line of people, shepherded by policemen, waiting to get into a grocer's shop. "Nothing in that," you'll say—and perhaps there wouldn't be to you; but it was a striking experience to me because they were all waiting for that horrid stuff, margarine, while one of the parcels I was carrying to the missus contained six pounds of the best fresh butter from Boulogne!

*Mr. John Smith.*

The thing that has struck me most in this War was a piece of shrapnel in the last air-raid.





*Flood-Control Visitor.* "WHAT IS THE NAME OF YOUR BUTCHER?"

*Servant.* "GEORGE, MUM. AN' WE'RE GOIN' TO BE MARRIED IN APRIL."

### DEAD-MULE TREE.

#### A SONG OF WISDOM.

It's a long step round by the Crucifix for a man with a mighty load,  
But there's hell to pay where the dead mule lies if you go by the Bailleul road,  
Where the great shells sport like an angry child with a litter of broken bricks,  
So we don't go down by the Dead-Mule Tree, but round by the Crucifix.

But the wild young men come bubbling out and look for an early grave;  
They light their pipes on the parapet edge and think they're being brave;  
They take no heed of the golden rules that the long, long years have taught,  
And they will go down by the Dead-Mule Tree when they know that nobody ought.

And some of us old ones feel some days that life is a tiring thing,

And we show our heads in the same place twice, we stand in a trench and sing;

We lark about like a kid just out and shatter a hundred rules,

But we never go down by the Dead-Mule Tree, we aren't such perfect fools.

And the War goes on and the men go down, and, be he young or old,

An English man with an English gun is worth his weight in gold,

And I hate to think of the fine young lads who laughed at you and me—

Who wouldn't go round by the Crucifix but died at the Dead-Mule Tree.

A. P. H.

### HIS FINAL ARROW.

(With apologies to Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE and "His Last Bow.")

My name is Potson, as all the world now knows. I am only a poor doctor and suffer from the consequences of a wound received in a border skirmish in Afghanistan many years ago. It is not for any merits of my own that my name has become celebrated, but because I have enjoyed the friendship and the society of the most illustrious and most detective man known to this or any other age. That man, as every reader will have guessed, was Picklock Holes. It was his custom, when engaged on one of those marvellous feats of investigation which made Continents shudder and Scotland Yard grow green with envy, to take me with him, not so much to help him—I never aspired to that—as to be the recipient of his confidences and the foil for his humour. "Potson," he would say to me, "you are not clever; in fact, not to put too fine a point on it, you're a fool; but if I want any one to tell me how many beans make five you will do for the job as well as any other man. Of course you ask silly questions, but they don't worry me now and therefore I can endure you."

"My dear Holes," I used to murmur, "I love your quaint harshness and could not do without it. Load on and wherever you go I'll follow."

I am now about to relate the last and perhaps the most

# PELMANISM.

## "The Little Grey Books."

**N**O BOOKS have achieved greater popularity during the war than "the little grey books," as they are affectionately called.

Soldiers pore over them in the trenches; sailors con them in their brief intervals of leisure in the Grand Fleet; business men and women consult them at every possible opportunity; lawyers, doctors, and students declare them to be an ever-ready source of help, stimulation, and encouragement.

In fact, everybody is studying these wonderful "little grey books" in which the principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly explained: "Pelmanism"—that extraordinary new force in modern life—the "cardinal factor of success," to quote TRUTH'S telling phrase.

If you do not know the "little grey books," if you are not a Pelmanist, you should hasten to make up for lost time. "Nobody who has not studied these books," says an ardent Pelmanist, "can conceive the immeasurable benefits resulting from them."

"A single one of them would be cheap to me at a hundred pounds," declares a solicitor. "As a direct consequence of them I gained a step in promotion," writes a Lieut.-General.

A General writes from France: "The importance of the Pelman Course can hardly be exaggerated. I agree it should be nationalised."

Many clerks, shop assistants and salesmen tell how they doubled and trebled their incomes as the result of a few weeks' study of the Pelman Course. Tradesmen tell of "record turnover" and 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. increase in profits. The latest batch of reports from Pelman students (including men and women of all occupations in life) show that less than one per cent. —not one in a hundred—failed to gain substantial advantages from the Pelman Course.

And all at the price of half-an-hour or so a day for a few weeks! It sounds too good to be true; but there are thousands of letters to prove that it is absolutely true. There is not a class, not a business or trade or profession in these islands in which Pelmanism has not proved itself a wonderful help to success. That is to say, a means of increasing efficiency and developing "braininess" to such a degree that promotion and a bigger salary follow as surely as night follows day.

Women are particularly keen on Pelmanism; it has proved such an enormous help to them in "getting on" in business. Many of them describe it as "the best investment I ever made!"

Moreover, they find it a truly fascinating study. "I am genuinely sorry the course has finished. I have found it so absorbingly interesting as well as profitable." These are the exact words used by students of the Pelman Course.

TRUTH has lately made another report upon the progress of Pelmanism amongst various classes, and confesses it would be impossible to name a business, profession, or vocation in which there were not hundreds of Pelman students.

Army and Navy officers are very "keen on Pelman"; 48 Generals, 10 Admirals, and over 6,000 other officers are studying the course, as well as thousands of rank and file. A large number of readers of PUNCH and other leading journals have taken it, and have already profited by it in income and position.

The directors of the Institute have arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable the readers of PUNCH to secure the complete course with a minimum outlay.

**To get the benefit of this liberal offer application should be made at once by postcard to the address at foot of next column.**

## INTERESTING LETTERS.

### From a Director.

I consider the PELMAN Course is of the utmost value. It teaches one how to observe and to think in the right way, which few realise who have not studied it. The great charm to me was the realisation of greater power; power to train oneself for more and more efficiency. I gained from each lesson right up to the end of the Course.

### From a Clerk.

Looking back over the time since I first enrolled for the Course, I marvel at the changed outlook and wide sphere which it opened out to me. The personal benefits are a great increase of self-confidence and a thousandfold better memory. If only the public knew your Course I am sure your office would be literally besieged by prospective students.

### From a Works Manager.

Your System has certainly been of great assistance to me in a variety of ways. Up to recently I was works manager for a big firm of yarn spinners, but have now attained the position of right-hand man to the owners, being removed from the executive to the administrative side of the business.

### From a Bank Cashier.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the practical value of the PELMAN System as a means of developing one's mental powers. My chief regret is that I did not take the Course years ago. I have found the training of great value in clearness of mental vision, quickness of decision and greater self-confidence. The outlay is quite nominal compared with the great advantages attained.

### From a Textile Buyer.

From my own experience I would strongly recommend the PELMAN Course to all who are ambitious and keenly desirous of success. Perhaps its greatest value is that it causes one to feel more independent of circumstances of any and every kind; it tends to transfer our destiny from chance into our own keeping.

### From a Coach Builder.

It is a pleasure to me to express my appreciation of the PELMAN System. My powers of observation and concentration have increased so enormously that it seems scarcely possible for such improvements to have taken place in so short a time. There seems to me no limit to the possibilities of the System.

## IMMEDIATE BENEFIT.

"Benefit," says "Truth," "is derived from the very first, and this is the general experience of the vast majority of the students. Almost before they are aware of it the brain is being set methodically to work on the lines which will bring out its full capacity."

## OVER 250,000 MEN AND WOMEN.

The Pelman Course has already been followed by over 250,000 men and women. *It is directed through the post, and is simple to follow.* It takes up very little time. It involves no hard study. It can be practised anywhere, in the trenches, in the office, in the train, in spare minutes during the day. And yet in quite a short time it has the effect of developing the mind, just as physical exercise develops the muscles, of increasing your personal efficiency, and thus doubling your all-round capacity and income-earning power.

A full description of the Pelman Course, with a complete, synopsis of the lessons, is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with "TRUTH'S" special supplement on "Pelmanism") will be sent post free to all readers of PUNCH who send a postcard to The Pelman Institute, 1, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

# SENTINEL

THE *ECONOMICAL* STEAM WAGGON

**I**N addition to its 1-ton greater load-carrying capacity, its higher average speed, and its fuel and repair economy, the Sentinel Steam Waggon has another advantage over the ordinary steam or petrol waggon—that of the two effective braking systems, each entirely independent of the other, and a hill is descended steadily and under perfect control. Also, the Sentinel is particularly easy to manoeuvre in awkward corners, congested traffic and narrow archways, being as easy to operate as a motor-car.

**Messrs. Alley & MacLellan Ltd.,**  
Sentinel Motor Waggon Works,  
Shrewsbury.

Note—Only one driver is required.



# POOLING INSURANCE

FOR SELECTED RISKS

**N**ON-MUTUAL except in respect of **Profits**, which are distributed Annually amongst the Policy-Holders.

Under this Scheme are given :

**"The Pool  
Comprehensive Family  
Policy"**

at 4/6%. Covering amongst other risks **Fire, Burglary and War.**

**"The Pool  
Comprehensive Shop-  
keepers' Policy"**

Which similarly covers all risks to the shopkeeper at rates according to trade, but always lower than obtainable elsewhere.

**ONE** POLICY  
PREMIUM  
RENEWAL

**The Licenses & General  
Insurance Co., Ltd.**

24, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 2.



Founded  
1893

## War Work means Overwork



**H**ELPING in the Buffet or canteen, or work in the munition factory and shell shop—all require long hours and heavy physical strain, so that the complexion soon begins to suffer, and the hands become rough and coarse.

Care must be taken that the lines of physical strain, which soon become visible on the face, do not set.

Keep the skin properly nourished, use **OATINE** regularly, it will preserve the complexion from these disfiguring lines and wrinkles, for a wrinkled skin is nothing more than a starved skin.

# Oatine

FACE CREAM

Oatine is of equal value for the hands. It removes dirt and grime from the pores, which soap and water cannot reach, and keeps the skin soft and velvety. It can be obtained from all Chemists and Stores, and many Drapers, 1/14 and 2/3. The Oatine Co., London, S.E. 1.

**USE IT AND PROVE IT**



# "AZA"

Khaki Shirts.

**T**HERE is nothing so good at the price as "AZA" Khaki Shirts, and for Active Service wear they cannot be surpassed. They are light yet warm, soft and non-irritant, unshrinkable, exceedingly durable and healthful in that they readily absorb and radiate away the moisture of the body, thus leaving the pores of the skin unhampered to do their work.

Obtainable in Standard and Heavy Weights, and in regulation shade,

**OF HIGH-CLASS OUTFITTERS.**

Should you have any difficulty in obtaining write to the Manufacturers for name of suitable Retailer:  
**WM. HOLLINS & CO., Ltd.** (Trade only),  
25w, Newgate Street, London, E.C. 1.



# BULMER'S CHAMPAGNE CIDER.

**DELICIOUS  
TO THE LAST DROP.  
WARDS OFF  
GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.**

Write for Illustrated Booklet to

**H. P. BULMER & CO., Hereford.**

Wholesale London & Export Agents:  
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London Bridge, S.E. 1.



Stout Coast Defence Gunner (to ditto). "'ALL RATIONS TO BE REDUCED EXCEPT FOR MOBILE FORCES.' ARE WE MOBILE, JIM?"

striking example of my wonderful friend's genius. Every-one will remember the sensation that was caused a year or two ago by the discovery that there was a shortage in the accounts of the Food-CONTROLLER of one lump of sugar and three standardized bread-crumbs. All kinds of guesses were hazarded to explain the deficiency and to discover the culprit who was responsible for it, but none was successful. It was thought at one time that German spies, whom this country, by the way, has never sufficiently hated, were responsible for the loss; but this supposition proved to be untenable. At last the War Cabinet decided to call in the assistance of Holes, and he, as usual, summoned me to his side. Without a moment's delay I repaired to the Baker Street room on which Holes had conferred the dignity of his presence. I found him deep in calculations. Without looking up or even responding to my greeting he continued to cover sheets of paper with mysterious formulæ until at last he noticed that I was there.

"Potson," he said, "we learn from the arithmetic books that nine times twelve is a hundred and eight."

"Are a hundred and eight," I ventured to object.

"Brainless chatterer," he hissed, "is this a time for grammatical subtleties? Can you tell what this is?" and he handed me a fragment of something green.

"It belongs," I said, looking at it carefully, "to the vegetable kingdom."

He gave me one of his piercing looks. "Any fool," he said, "could have told me that. Do you not see that it is a *strawberry* leaf, and do you not remember that, according to my *Detective's Manual*, a strawberry leaf is always a clue of the first importance? Let us proceed. We will eliminate

the strawberry and the cream, because there is no cream to be had, and the strawberry has already been eaten, and we then find ourselves brought up against a ducal coronet."

"Holes," I said, "you are a perfect marvel."

He waved me aside and continued: "Proceeding twice, according to the well-known theory of 'Next Things,' we find that the next thing to a ducal coronet is a Duke, and the next thing to a Duke is a Marquis. This leaf was found in the back-garden. Therefore it was found *outside*. Now fetch *Who's Who*, and look at this entry, '*Outside, family name of the Marquis of Bobstay.*' Ah, Henry Brabazon Beltravers, Marquis of Bobstay, I think we have got you fixed at last, and shall bring your career of crime to a close." In a moment we had flung ourselves into a taxi, and in about ten minutes we had arrived at the palatial mansion of the Marquis of Bobstay. We found his Lordship at home and were ushered into his library. He is a stout man and evidently well fed. Holes grappled with him at once, and after a short struggle produced from the Marquis's breast-pocket a glistening lump of sugar. The bread-crumbs were discovered in the ticket-pocket of his Lordship's overcoat. On the following morning the miserable man paid the penalty of his wickedness.

"Holes," I said, as we came away, "what made you think of this?"

"I never think," said Holes; "I always know."

"Wanted, General Servant, able to cook young girl willing to learn preferred."—*Beckenham Journal*.

If the young girl is willing to learn we think she might be given another chance.

## AT THE PLAY.

## "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."

THE statement in an advertisement column (reproduced from a critical judgment) to the effect that the new farce at the Savoy was "ONE BIG SCREAM," might have excused the gloomiest forebodings. And at first they appeared to be justified when Mr. PAUL ARTHUR, as an American speculator, started with an irritating smile (directed into open space) long before anything funny had been said. We had also to suffer a good many preliminary platitudes on the social necessity for telling lies. But as soon as that delightful artist, Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS (in the part of *Robert Bennett*), registered a bet of ten thousand dollars that he would speak "nothing but the truth" for four-and-twenty hours, we knew that all was well. Only to watch the eloquent spasms of his knee-joints always gives me confidence.

Some of the embarrassments that were bound to follow from his deadly candour—as when he was forced to tell a charming young lady that her hat was "awful" and her singing "terrible"—were easy enough to foresee; but there was a touch of freshness about the ironic satisfaction which he took in exposing the frauds of his partner *Ralston*—an exposure which in the end cost that unscrupulous financier a good deal more than his share of the wager. For *Bennett*, in love with his daughter, had undertaken to invest the sum of ten thousand dollars which she had raised for a charity and turn it into twenty thousand; *Ralston* having guaranteed to double any sum that she collected from twenty thousand dollars upwards; and the exposure of his attempt to plant shares in a worthless quicksilver mine on some of his friends determined a number of them to subscribe heavily to the charity and so get back on the guarantor.

I kept wanting to ask Mr. MATTHEWS why he did not run away and hide himself till the twenty-four hours were up; but the answer to this question, as to so many other obvious ones that I am often tempted to ask from my stall, is that, if playwrights were as intelligent as their audiences, there would never be any plays at all.

Apart from the fun of things, our sympathies were kept all the while at high tension. Would *Bennett* hold out to the end, even unto 4 P.M.? As the curtain rose on the last Act the clock was at 3.25. Thirty-five more minutes of agony for him and for us! Happily Mr. O. B. CLARENCE, as a reverend victim of fraud, entered to the relief of the teller of truth, and helped to eke out the dreadful minutes with a courage that came

again and again and could scarce have been more nobly iterative if he had been aware (he was not privy to the wager) that he was killing time in a great cause.

As *Ralston*, Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY'S robust methods were suited to his part as leader of the offensive. Mr. MATTHEWS, defending the beleaguered Palace of Truth, could afford to nurse his strength up to the end; and though it was a near-run thing he always had some reserve in hand. Miss RENÉE KELLY as *Ralston's* daughter was graceful and fairly sympathetic. Miss DOROTHY MINTO, who played a music-hall flapper, was given little chance for her *gamineries*, but she had one effective moment, when she recited



THE CONFESSIONS OF A TOO TRUE LOVER.

*Gwendolyn Ralston* . . . MISS RENÉE KELLY.  
*Robert Bennett* . . . MR. A. E. MATTHEWS.

with great gusto a tag from melodrama about the seduction of innocence.

Altogether it was quite a good farce, though I confess that I rather envied the susceptibility of an impressionable young subaltern behind me who just barked for joy at every sentence. Still, I was always glad that most of the humour was neither too subtle for me nor too Transatlantic. And I can assure President Wilson that this picture of American Society, where the one man who shows any attachment to the Truth charges ten thousand dollars for telling it for the duration of twenty-four hours only (he lies freely and naturally the moment his wager is won), shall not be allowed to shake my confidence in the good faith of our latest Allies.

"NAVAL TRENCH COATS."

Advt. in "Men's Wear."

Most useful when ploughing the ocean.

## THE "GOWRIE."

THE *Gowrie* wis the gangrel's name,  
A trawlin' boat o' evil fame,  
Twixt Forth an' Tay she went an' came  
A score o' times a year;

Her skipper's name wis Sandy Tait,  
Auld Robbie Lumsden he wis mate,  
Her crew wis ony that wad dao't,  
An' I wis engineer.

Eh, Sirs, she wis a fearsome boat,  
The owner wudna spare a groat  
Tao gie the feckless lass a coat

O' paint, or greaso the gear;  
An' ilka time I gaed below  
I thoct tae hear her boilers go,  
An' ilka time I prayit low,  
"Goad help the engineer."

Tao see her on the Sabbath day,  
When dawn wis breakin' grue an' grey,  
Gaun skelpin' east ayont the May,

Wad draw an angel's tear;  
The reid rust lay on hor like dew,  
She loupit like a kengeroo,  
An' ilka soul on board wis fou—  
Except the engineer.

Thae four years syne, I'll testify,  
Had ony Gairman lads been nigh  
An' seen yon shamofu' sicht gae by,  
They micht hae raised a sneer;

For a' the tongues o' Leith wad gie's't:  
"Is yon a boat or is't a beast?"  
"Ilao! aro ye heidin' west or east?"  
"Ilao! whaur's yer engineer?"

Ah, weel, it shows ye never ken  
When dealin' wi' seafarin' men;  
The *Gowrie's* kin' o' changed since then,  
An' gin ye wis tao speir,  
Ye so find that Tait's got braw new  
brecks,

That ao crew sticks tae us like looks,  
An' we've been sober ninety weeks,  
Mate, man an' engineer.

Aye ance a week the *Gowrie's* seen  
At Leith, Dundee or Aiberdeen,  
But whaur she gangs till in between

I canna mak' sao clear;  
But Lumsden's bocht a guinea knife,  
Tait sends mair money till his wife,  
An', man, but I've been seicin' life  
While I've been engineer.

"Whit wey?" Awa' an' haud yor  
tongue!

But heed ye this bit sang I've sung,  
The best's no' a' the saints among  
When works o' war appear.

What gars the *Gowrie* pay again?  
What's changit wild tae sober men?  
Speir o' the Gairmans, for they ken;  
I'm nae but engineer.

## Iron Rations.

"To Farmers and Poultry Keepers.—20 cwts.  
of nails taken from cases, 12/6 per cwt."  
*Manchester Evening News.*



*Absent-minded Old Lady (handing in sugar cord at railway ticket office). "HALF-A POUND, PLEASE."*

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

For the first time in the history of English letters a book has been written capable of inspiring me with a wish to visit China. This epoch-making result followed upon my perusal of *The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills* (LANE), a story of the modern Orient so sympathetic and knowledgeable and showing such an insight into the life that it describes, that I should place it well above any attempt to translate China for Western minds that has previously come to my notice. Miss EDITH WHERRY has, I believe, an earlier tale of the same *genre* to her credit, which I appear to have missed; this is certainly a misfortune that must not occur again. The present plot—an English child found by a mourning Chinese mother, brought up as her own son, winning the greatest honours of learning in the Celestial Empire, and then (inevitably for story purposes, but how I regretted it!) learning the secret of his birth and giving up all to become a wanderer—is cunningly fashioned to show as many aspects as possible of native mind and character. Throughout, too, you will be fascinated by Miss WHERRY'S local colour—in the strict sense of the word; her pen-pictures of Chinese scenes have all the brilliance of paintings upon rice-paper. Some day, as I say, I mean to confirm their truth for myself. But for the present, when piracy and preoccupation combine to keep us home-bound, there should be the warmer thanks to a clever lady for providing an unsinkable ship (dare I call it a trim-built WHERRY? Perhaps not) to transport us to this land of

strange and fragile beauty, still whispering from her porcelain towers the last enchantments of Eastern faerie.

I am interested to note a revival in confessedly "humorous" fiction; the latest volume of this kind that has come my way being one with the rather odd title of *Drifting* (with Browne) (HEINEMANN). Its author is Mr. BYERS FLETCHER, and he has contrived a book which, if it is not distinguished by any specially dazzling wit, affords a pleasant enough entertainment in its quiet, rather haphazard fashion. There are two main characters in the tale—the one who tells it and Browne; also a valet to look after Browne's comforts, and later to save his life, and a sister of the narrator for him to marry. You will observe that Mr. FLETCHER, recognising that humour in bulk is apt to become unwieldy, has diluted his with some proportion of sentiment. Unfortunately his touch here lacks (I thought) the restraint that makes the lighter passages so agreeable, and indeed verges perilously upon the sloppy. Far more to my taste were some of his reminiscences of such matters as the deal in rubber shares (if indeed one should jest upon so grim a theme!) or the amusing story of how not to get the better of an old-furniture dealer. The conclusion of the whole matter is that *Drifting* is a volume to be tasted rather than gulped. One legitimate ground I have of curiosity and complaint. Why should the title-page content itself with the curt announcement, "Illustrated," and convey no further clue to the artist of the many clever and spirited drawings that adorn the text? Surely this is modesty in excess.



Captain BRITTEN AUSTIN is one of the few writers of war fiction whose perspective has not been spoiled by his experiences. I do not mean to suggest that in *Battlewreck* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) he does not see war as it is. That he does, and can depict it powerfully and even terribly, such stories as "Verdun" and "Pro Patria" in the volume before me sufficiently attest. But he never makes the mistake of giving way to that atmosphere of sombre realism with which most war-tales are so easily and so naturally clothed, which adds so much to their value as heroic literature, but takes away so much from their worth as fiction. In romance, whatever its theme, if it is to perform the common function allotted to this kind of light literature, not only must the incidents and the actors be largely imaginary, but the whole must be informed with a spirit of pleasurable adventure not always very notably apparent in the real thing. In advancing this safe platitude I am far from implying that fiction cannot find, in the monstrous system of chemical annihilation that we call war to-day, something of the same allure that it found when war was a comparatively bloodless and picturesque affair of battleaxes or bell-mouthed blunderbusses. At any rate we may hope that Captain AUSTIN will continue to see things through the romantic spectacles which every good novelist carries in his pocket, and that his next sheaf of stories will maintain the excellence of his first.

Mr. JACK LONDON wrote *Michael, Brother of Jerry* (MILLS AND BOON) for the purpose of stirring up the feelings of humane people against the public performances of trained animals. In a foreword he asks us "to express our disapproval of such a turn by getting up from our seats and leaving the theatre for a breath of fresh air." By such silent protests he considers that managers will understand that these performances are unpopular, and will remove them from their programmes. This then is Mr. LONDON's purpose, and a sound one without any doubt. *Michael*, in the hands of his beloved master, *Dag Daughtry*, sails the high seas and performs tricks from sheer love of life and his master. But *Dag*, the dearest of old villains, had stolen *Michael*, and in turn his idol is stolen from him. Then the painful incidents in *Michael's* career begin. He falls into the hands of animal-trainers, who cannot find out the wonderful trick he possesses, and treat him with abominable cruelty. At last they discover it, and eventually he gets back to a more friendly atmosphere. But his cheerful spirit is crushed, and no soberer dog ever stepped the face of the earth. The author's sincerity and skill make this tale of *Michael's* tortures intensely moving. When Mr. JACK LONDON died, animals lost a very true friend and the world of letters a spirited writer. And never again can I watch a performance of trained animals.

In her delightfully illustrated book, *Mexico: From Diaz to the Kaiser* (HUTCHINSON), Mrs. ALICE TWEEDIE gives us a personal study made by the light of her own experiences

rather than a strictly historical account of a given period; and it is natural enough that the writer should now and again be tempted aside into fascinating digressions. So, though she has invited her readers to Central America, they have to play a rather irritating follow-my-leader to China or Flanders or Finland as she chooses, and return—sometimes along the track of almost identical phrases—to the deeds and policies of her hero, the great President. Not that the smoothness of her narrative suffers much, for certainly there is little enough smoothness in the brutal procession of recent Mexican politics, but it did seem at times that the writer would have made better use of her material had she been less willing to lecture for their good various people all round the world—myself and President WILSON, for instance. Mrs. TWEEDIE declares herself as, first and most, an admirer of DIAZ, and, secondly—with reservations—a supporter of HUERTA, who might, she contends, have pulled his country together but for the action of the United States; while of course she is not slow to

expose the wiles and duplicities of the ubiquitous Teuton. Her remedy for the condition of Mexico, which, alas! (to use a word of which the authoress is distressingly fond) does not hold much present promise of civilised stability, would seem to be some form of advisory control, which must by no means extend to inclusion in the Union by her great neighbour, though she seems to have half a hope that England may take on the job instead. Heaven forbid!



COMBING OUT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Old Gentleman (who has just taken a dose of elixir to restore him to youth). "DASH IT! THIS STUFF MAY MAKE ME LIABLE TO MILITARY SERVICE."

*Emily Trevor-Ward* was an ordinary pleasant English girl, whom her brother had invited to South Africa for a holiday. While waiting his arrival at Lourenço Marques

she opens a telegram, addressed simply *Trevor-Ward*, to find that it is for her brother, announcing the imminent arrival of a lady who signs herself "Wife." As nobody had supposed him married (as a matter of fact he was not); and as the lady, when met by *Emily*, turned out to combine every manifestation of the socially impossible, you will perceive that Mrs. HORACE TREMLETT's latest story, *Emily Does Her Best* (LANE), opens with a sufficiently intriguing situation. I wish I could add that it continues as well; but the fact is that, while the setting and the side issues are bright to brilliancy, the main problem of the relationship between *Jack Trevor-Ward* and *Pipsy* (the deplorable name of his alleged spouse) remains both obscure and, to my old-fashioned taste, not quite what one expects from an apparently harmless comedy of light-hearted adventure. But all the rest is capital fun. There are some excellently vivid scenes of life in the Portuguese town during the early months of the War, a sufficiency of espionage, and one admirably arranged surprise for a startling finish. Mrs. TREMLETT writes evidently of things she has known and seen, and with an infectious gaiety of style that I should have enjoyed whole-heartedly had not the plot of her tale kept me always a little out of ease. But at least her freedom from convention is undeniable.



## CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to a German periodical the CROWN PRINCE recently presented the Captain of a particularly successful U-boat with a gold watch and chain. The report does not say whose.

The COAL-CONTROLLER is stated to have gone down a coal-pit for the first time last week. On emerging he told a reporter that he would have recognised the stuff anywhere from the pictures he had seen of it.

At a recent dance in a Sussex village a young lady appeared as "Margarine." Nothing more has been heard of the young man who disappeared as a "One-and-nine-ponny Rabbit."

There is a strong feeling in the country that the opponents of the Government should make a clear statement of their vendetta aims.

The police are reported to be looking for a well-dressed man who was seen to deposit a bunch of carrots on the doorstep of the House of Commons on Tuesday in Food-Surrender Week.

A neutral correspondent reports from Amsterdam that Food-Surrender Week in the Ukraine does not promise to be the success that was anticipated by the Huns.

An exceptionally fine diamond has been given to the Red Cross for the sale at CHRISTIE'S. It is said to be worth its weight in butter.

Gloucestershire police declare that the deserter who was found concealed in a wardrobe in his mother's bedroom would in all probability have escaped detection if he had not attempted to allay suspicion by making a noise like a musquash coat. He seems to have heard the "Tinkle, tinkle" story.

According to Professor ARTHUR KEITH, eating alters the human face. For ourselves, we do not expect to undergo any facial change for some time.

A dairyman has been heavily fined for selling milk containing fifty-six per cent. of added water. The defence that the milk got there by accident was abandoned.

Peace has been signed between Germany and the Ukraine; the Bolshoviks have declared that Russia is out of the War, and Mr. FREDERICK MORGAN, of Wellington, has captured a queen-wasp. What a week!

The Ministry of Food is contemplating a further reduction in the strength of whisky. While declining to commit themselves on the subject of still further reductions they undertake that only in extreme circumstances will they tamper with the smell.

As a result of the epidemic of house-



A NEW WAR TERROR.

breaking at Brentford several nervous inhabitants now display on their garden gates the notice, "No Hawkers. No Circulars. No Burglars."

In connection with the grampus measuring nine feet in length which appeared last week off Deal, we are asked to say that some annoyance was felt by the local Volunteers because they were not called out.

A REUTER'S message states that two Australians have motored from Fremantle to Sydney, a distance of two thousand eight hundred miles, in one hundred and seventy hours. It is supposed that they were in a hurry.

In view of the serious shortage of

paper it is strongly urged that retailers of food and food-substitutes should be compelled to display announcements of what they have in stock, and not, as heretofore, of what they have not.

"There is nobody living in Germany," says Herr POLTHOFF, who strictly speaking has not earned imprisonment. Only consideration for Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S feelings has prevented us from expressing similar sentiments.

According to the German papers the Ukrainians were greatly delighted with the way they were treated by the German diplomats at Brest Litovsk. Indeed there is some talk of having another war just for the pleasure of talking peace again.

A sensation was caused during the recent Food Hoarders' armistice when an aged porkpie walked into a suburban police station and gave itself up.

## More Strong Language.

"General von Jöwenfeld, for many years commander of the corps of Prussian Guards, has been placed on the retired list, aged seventy. For many years he was the personal favourite of the Kaiser among the gilded popinjays of the Berlin-Potsdam dam set." *Daily Paper.*

"In order to keep the naval towns purely naval, the Admiralty steadily freeze out all other forms of industrial activity, and especially discourage or prohibit shipping. It would never do, in normal times, to have Plymouth Hoe choked with merchant ships."

*Bristol Times and Mirror.*

Of course it wouldn't. There would be no room for the perambulators.

Heading to a recent Army Council Instruction:—

"Boots.—Steps to be taken to economise." *Solitur ambulando.*

## RHONDEL.

I wonder, have I dined to-day?

My inner man would tell me no,

And yet an hour or two ago

I had a dinner bill to pay.

Yes, I recall the witty play

Of talk, the table white as snow—

I wonder, have I dined to-day?

My inner man would tell me no.

Only a Barmecide could say

How much to fancy's aid I owe.

Enough. Lord RHONDEL will it so;

But still my doubts will not away—

I wonder, have I dined to-day?

## THE SIMPLER LIFE.

II.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

William Rufus is our pig. Why we called him that I do not know; he is not red or even pink, but yellow. By all the rules he should have been bacon some time ago. Apart, however, from the firm hold he has obtained on our affections he is far too valuable an animal to think of killing. One hears sometimes of pigs being exports in arithmetic or thought-reading or dancing the minuet, but how many, I wonder, even of those more gifted of their kind, could catch a rabbit? Very few, I venture to assert. William Rufus's bag for the past three months has averaged a steady five per week. How does he do it? I will tell you.

At one end of the paddock where we allow him to range with Spearmint, our donkey, there is a bank riddled with rabbit-holes. Worming his way cautiously along the hedge to the mouth of one of these, William Rufus lies flat on the ground, tucks his legs beneath him and buries his head under a tuft of grass. As his skin is almost devoid of hair these are all the preparations necessary to complete his impersonation of a giant vegetable marrow. Thus he lies, absolutely motionless, the only trace of the excitement under which he labours being a slight extra tightening of his tail into two rings instead of its customary one. Presently a rabbit pops out, pops back, pops out again and has a good stare at the succulent-looking object. At this point a third ring usually appears at the end of William Rufus's tail.

Finally Bunny's mind is made up. "Ha!" he says, and goes greedily forward. "Ha!" replies William Rufus, and grabs him by the neck. Then he brings him to the back door, lays him carefully on the mat and rejoins Spearmint. That is all. Simplicity itself, isn't it? But genius lies in doing simple things that no one else has thought of.

With mice he is equally successful. In dealing with them he adopts the disguise of a Stilton cheese, an effect produced by humping his back into a sort of circle. He regards the mice as a perquisite and keeps them for dessert.

But it is not merely as a game-trapper that William Rufus excels. Besides keeping an eye on the children, to prevent their running across the paddock into the wood, he never fails to open the gate for them and to close it securely behind them when they go for their daily drives with Spearmint; and every evening at sunset he collects our six fowls and directs them to their roost. We have grown so accus-

tomed to him in his rôle of general odd-jobber that when he develops some fresh activity, as he is constantly doing, it passes now almost unnoticed. Yet I confess I was a little surprised when, a morning or two ago, I discovered that he had plaited the litter in his sty into a really artistic straw mat.

In one respect William Rufus is indispensable. Every Sunday morning, while we are away at church, Elizabeth bakes us what she calls a war-cake. Why she does this we do not know; what she puts into it we have never dared to ask. Every Sunday afternoon it is on the tea-table. We accept it, as we have accepted Elizabeth herself, as one of the horrors of war. But we never eat it. As soon as the meal is over I stroll casually out into a corner of the paddock invisible from the kitchen window. William Rufus is waiting for me there. It seems more patriotic than burying it, and apparently he does not mind obliging me. Nor does his health suffer; but I suppose a fellow who can eat coal is proof against almost anything.

## SENTIMENT FOR THE HALLS.

THERE were three persons in the room—a short fat man, who sat close beside the piano holding a note-book and a stubby pencil; a tall thin man, who occupied the music-stool and occasionally touched the keys of the instrument tentatively, much as an engineer might test the working of his machine before letting her go; and a third man, both fat and tall, who seemed to occupy the position of general overseer. The three had recently lunched, expensively, and were now smoking very long cigars, the smoke from which filled the room—fumes, one might say, of an industry working at full blast.

The little man with the note-book had been writing in it for some minutes, only pausing occasionally to moisten the stubby pencil, which he contrived to do rather cleverly without removing his cigar.

"Now," he said at last, "how about this?"

"The thought of you will keep me true,  
Though parted many a mile;  
I want no prize but your sweet eyes,  
No booty but your smile."

The tall thin man stroked the piano, and nodded approvingly. "Herrick at his best," he observed.

"Eric who?" snapped the big-both-ways man. "Dunno his stuff; but anyhow that sounds the goods. Play it."

On the instant the tall thin man became amazingly animated. He played it. Probably other tenants of the buildings may have cause to regret the

fact, since, once heard, it is practically impossible to forget it. That in this they are still a matter of some few weeks ahead of the rest of London may be a consolation or may not.

"Yes," repeated the large man thoughtfully, "it sounds all—— No!" He became suddenly emphatic and gesticulated with his cigar. "I know there was something wrong. It's that smile at the end. Too weak altogether. Let's the thing right down. Can't you manage to get more punch into it there?"

The poet nibbled his pencil. "*Love—heaven above—seas roll—soul,*" he murmured to himself in an experimental undertone. All at once he brightened visibly.

"Got it!" he cried. "Change the second and last lines and the thing's done:—

"The thought of you will keep me true,  
Though seas we two may part."

"Us two," murmured the tall thin man, unheeded.

"I want no prize but your sweet eyes,  
No booty but your heart."

"Bravo!" The overseer was moved almost to enthusiasm. "That's an A1 cert. anywhere. Nothing like a good old hearty finish." He chuckled obesely at his own humour. "Play it again, Charlie, and let's have the twiddly-bits this time."

So Charlie played it again, and the twiddly-bits were duly introduced—minor thirds and consecutive something-elses of a wistful and fatally haunting pathos. And once again the voice of the expert was lifted on a note of justifiable satisfaction. "If you ask me, boys," he said, "we're on a winner."

That was some days ago. Soon, in any one of a dozen theatres, a sudden darkness will fall upon the crowded house, and rows on rows of second-lieutenants, clasping each the hand of an adjacent flapper, will thrill to that adhesive melody, and, as the lyrics reach at length their cardiac climax, will murmur, a little awestruck as at some miracle of wonder,—

"Whoever wrote that might have known us."

SHAKESPEARE on the situation:—

"A mess of Russians left us but of late."  
"*Love's Labour's Lost*," Act V., Sc. 2.

From Lord KNUTSFORD's appeal for the London Hospital:—

"I have been run over by a motor-lorry which brought in £20,000, but that is the sort of thing that cannot be done too often."

Daily News.

We cannot agree with his Lordship, for we have known cases when it was done once too often.



### THE LIBERATORS.

FIRST BOLSHIEV. "LET ME SEE; WE'VE MADE AN END OF LAW, CREDIT, TREATIES, THE ARMY AND THE NAVY. IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE TO ABOLISH?"

SECOND BOLSHIEV. "WHAT ABOUT WAR?"

FIRST BOLSHIEV. "GOOD! AND PEACE, TOO. AWAY WITH BOTH OF 'EM!"

## THE EVIL EYE: A TRAGEDY.

"Look at that blinkin' bird, Sir," said the Mess-cart driver.

The magpie sat on the head of the horse and regarded the world with a jaundiced eye, as one who has drunk deep of the cup of life and finds the dregs distasteful.

I approached, wishing to exchange greetings with him, but the bird fixed me with such a baleful glare that I faltered in my stride and hesitated. At that moment the Mess-cart horse, angered by a fly on his nose, flung up his head, and with a bitter curse the magpie dived into the depths of the Mess-cart and was hidden from view.

Some weeks before, while we were engaged in one of our periodical attempts to cross France on foot, the magpie had appeared from nowhere in particular and attached himself firmly, but without ostentation, to the transport. At one moment there was the transport and no magpie, and the next there was the transport and the magpie. Like that.

The men took to him at once, though somewhat awed by his pontifical appearance and his remarkably evil eye. He was christened 'Rastus for no reason in particular, and developed a fondness for riding in the Mess-cart, slightly to the embar-

rassment of the Mess-cart driver, for, as the latter pointed out to me, "Does what 'e likes, 'e does, Sir. I can't argue with 'im. 'Fair mesmerizes me, 'e does, with that eye of 'is."

So 'Rastus settled down and became a notorious member of our flock, and his fame was noised abroad throughout the whole Division. And it was felt that, could he but speak, it would be well worth the while of even such a hardened reprobate as the Mess-cart driver to listen to him. Indeed the transport Sergeant himself, hitherto a confirmed sceptic in such matters, approached me soon after the bird's arrival in a fruitless endeavour to negotiate the loan of a silver sixpence wherewith to slit the tongue of the bird in order that his speech might be loosened.

It soon became evident that the magpie was not bound by any stringent rules of morality, but was possessed of a deep cunning and an abiding lawlessness that would not have shamed one of our leading criminals. He suffered

from an enormous appetite, and, rock-  
less of dyspepsia, would seek out and devour the most unusual articles to satisfy his craving. Thus on one occasion he appeared at the window of the Headquarters Mess during breakfast, and before the astonished and bulging eyes of the Colonel removed from his plate a sausage of noble proportions and made his exit unmolested.

At the same time he showed himself to be an ardent collector of trifles of any and every kind, and frequently caused severe heart-burnings by his habit of collecting some small article that took his fancy, and which was, on more than one occasion, its owner's most cherished possession. For instance, one day he was observed to cross the transport lines with unsteady gait, bearing with an air of unctuous

casting evil glances around him, and by the wicked and sardonic glare in his eye causing the inhabitants of several villages through which we passed to hurry indoors, crossing themselves.

Arrived at our destination, he resumed his old mode of life, established a new "cache," levied a toll on every house in the village, and appeared thoroughly to revel in his depraved and debauched existence; till one day a distinguished General, at a parade of the entire Brigade, informed an interested audience that we had been chosen to return to that very spot from which we had come, and, giants refreshed, to throw ourselves anew into the fray.

'Rastus, who had attended the parade in the pocket of the R.A.M.C. Corporal, was observed to appear slightly depressed as we left the field, but in the

upheaval caused by the General's words I thought no further of it until that afternoon I was informed that the Mess cart driver wished to speak to me.

"It's that bird, Sir," he said; "'e's committed suicide."

As he obviously wished me to accompany him to the scene of the tragedy I fell into step beside him and asked for the dreadful details. It appeared that 'Rastus had been seen to walk across the transport lines, wearing an air of settled melancholy and disappear

behind the cook-house. Later in the day one of the cooks, seeking the bird to offer him some form of nourishment, had discovered the corpse floating in a bucket of water. "And it's my belief, Sir," said the Mess-cart driver, solemnly, "as that bird knew where we was goin' back to an', not carin' for the hidea, drowned hisself."

We entered the transport lines, and I became aware of a small crowd gathered in the centre of the field. They made way as we approached, and revealed a large and war-worn bucket filled with water, on the surface of which lay the magpie, his feet pointing heavenward, and his evil eye wearing an expression so utterly angelic that it was almost impossible to recognise him.

"Look at that blinkin' bird, Sir," said the Mess-cart driver.

"I know not on which side truth lies."

Mr. Kennedy Jones, M.P.

Judging by the newspapers, we should say on both sides.



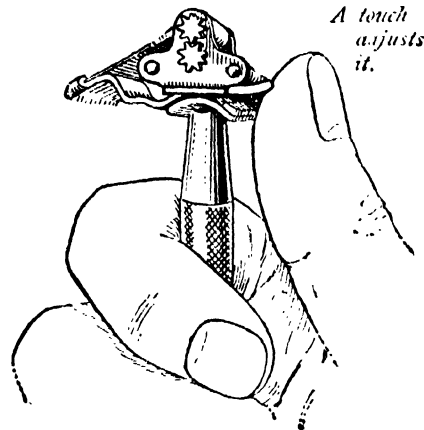
"ELLO, 'ERBERT, GOT A JOB, OR ARE YER FOOD 'UNTIN'?"

pride a scarlet carpet-slipper, one of a pair belonging to the Adjutant, tried veterans that had weathered the first battle of Ypres. The hue and cry arising from this particular outrage resulted in the discovery of the criminal's "cache," a battered and rusty biscuit-tin, lying beneath the bunk of the unsuspecting transport Sergeant, and containing, in addition to the carpet-slipper, a comb, the property of his ally the Mess-cart driver, three handkerchiefs of various hues, one tooth-brush of great age, a number of nails, several repellent pieces of food in an advanced stage of decadence, and a recent copy of Battalion Orders.

So matters stood when the battalion, covered with mud and glory, was removed from the line for a short rest. 'Rastus appeared to share in the general rejoicing and wore an air of conscious rectitude and intelligent anticipation that was more than human. On the march to our new home he rode pompously on the roof of the Mess-cart,

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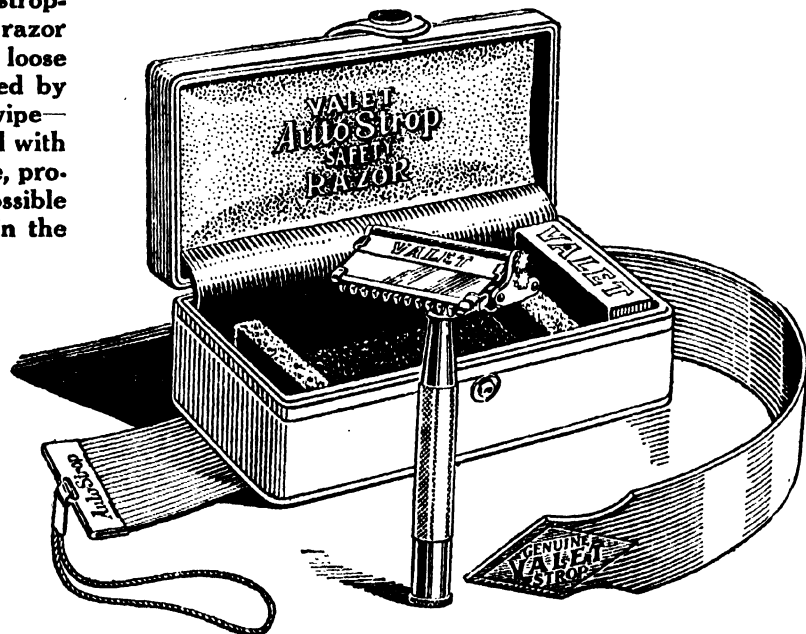
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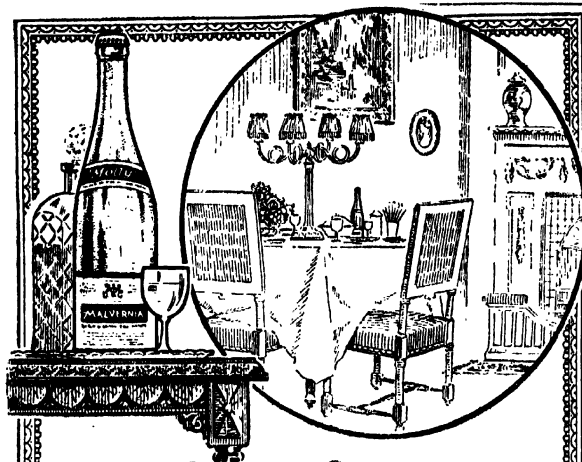
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"WOTCHER EXPECT TO GET, NED?"

"WOTCHER MEAN, 'GET'? I'VE COME TO PAY ME INCOME TAX."

### FINANCIAL EMBARRASMENTS.

Two moments of financial embarrassment have recently been mine.

One occurred about a fortnight ago in the Strand (where they are said to be very common), and I blame no one but myself. But then I go on my blundering way through life blaming no one but myself. It happened that I wanted an evening paper, and, seeing ahead of me a ragged but far from unhappy-looking boy with a number of *Stars*, I decided to place my order with him.

There was something about him so characteristic of the London street—he had so much of the recklessness of our young adventurers—that, under a generous impulse, as I handed him a penny, I said, "Never mind the change," accompanying the remark, no doubt, with an expression appropriate to such benevolence. His own expression however was very different, having in it elements of incredulity and scorn. Holding the penny in his hand, he maintained an odd but distinctly censorious silence.

There being nothing so trying to the pure philanthropist as to have his pure philanthropy unacknowledged, I said sharply, "You might say 'Thank you' for it, anyway."

"Thank yourself," he replied. "Wot is there for me to thank you for? The *Star's* a penny, ain't it?"

And it was. The price had just been raised and I had not heard of it.

I walked on, looking far bigger than I felt.

My other experience was in one of London's Town Halls, where I was engaged on that most pathetic of enterprises, the pursuit of a Food Card. After inquiring of many well-informed people I was ultimately directed to this abode of civic consultation, and there met with a stranger who turned out to be the friend of my life—the hall porter. Not only did he instruct me in the whole mystery, but he himself fetched one of the forms which I should long ago have filled up, and supplied pen and ink and blotting-paper, and then proposed that he should hand it in and save me the trouble of doing so.

While he was thus talking my fingers in my pocket were busy stealthily identifying among the coins a sixpence with which to reward him, when he startled me by remarking, "Oh, no; there's no need to give me a shilling. It's all in my day's work."

I have used the word "startled," but it must not be thought, even although a tide of hot blood rushed through me as I realised how narrow had been my escape, that I showed any sign of discomposure. On the contrary, for it is wonderful how rapid our muscular reactions can be and how swiftly we can readjust ourselves to new conditions, my fingers instantly, even as he spoke, relinquished the sixpence and found a shilling, and this I presented to him quite as though there had been no interruption of intent. But it was a narrow shave.

### "BETTER FACTORIES CLOSED IN BAVARIA."

Amsterdam, Jan. 13.—The Bavarian Legislature has ordered the closing of crematories on account of the scarcity of coal.

*Mail and Empire (Toronto).*

An echo of *Kadaververwertung*?



## EXCLUSIVENESS.

(*A Musing on Hospital Behaviour.*)

WHEN night in the trenches is stilly  
And raids and patrols are no more,  
When China has made peace with Chilo  
And Turkey annexed Ecuador;  
When homeward to hamlet and steeple  
The soldier returns with a sigh,  
I shall build me a club for the people  
Who were hit in the same place as I.

There are clubs for the staid and the  
flighty  
And clubs for the learned alone,  
But give me a man with a blighty  
Exactly the same as my own;  
For a love that can never grow colder,  
For a kinship that nothing can part,  
Identical blifs in the shoulder  
Are better than birds'-eggs or Art.

In the shoulder, you mark me. It rankles  
When people accost me to tell  
Platitudinous stories of ankles  
That take such a time to get well;  
Or narrate how the medico tinkers  
A fore-arm that suffered mishap,  
Unaware that for serious thinkers  
The fore-arm is right off the map.

How they wallow in alien details  
Of where they were patched by the  
vet!  
It's the same with the elbow and knee  
tales - -

These persons are not in our set;  
They have faced in the line of the  
legions

The bullets and billets of Gaul,  
But their deltoid and scapular regions  
Have not been affected at all.

But we, when my club has been founded,  
Shall sit by the smoking-room fire,  
With our coffee before us, surrounded  
By shoulders we love and admire;  
We shall show the decided improve-  
ments

Observed in this tendon or that;  
We shall try to exhibit some movements  
And empty the milk on the mat.

What a fervour will shine in our faces,  
What wonderful yarns we shall spin,  
Reminiscently putting the places

To prove where the pellets went in!  
O fortunate place of convention,  
Where shoulders of equals shall rub!  
And I think I've forgotten to mention  
I shall call it the Humorus Club.

EVOR.

## The Latest Form of Frightfulness.

"At nightfall all the German puns in the  
sector suddenly opened."

*Portsmouth Evening News.*

"Cui moriatur homo, cui salvia crescit in  
horto?" ("Why should a man die who raises  
sage in his garden?").—*Common Sense.*

Or worry about dead languages either?

## THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

VI.

## CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER LXXX.

*George.* Pray, Mamma, was the famous *Raffles* one of these "pro-fiteers"? I think he must have lived about the time you are speaking of.

*Mrs. M.* No, my dear boy, his time was over before the reign we have been discussing. He is said to have been a man of good birth and position, and to have squandered his patrimony. He then became, if I may use such a phrase, a sort of gentleman robber, and pacified his conscience by robbing only the rich. But his fame is more traceable to the play made about him than to any of his own good or bad deeds.

*Richard.* Is it true that everybody used to smoke in those unsettled times?

*Mrs. M.* Smoking was then a universal practice. In earlier times men of fashion affected cigars or long rolls of leaf tobacco, but were seldom to be seen with them in public places. But in this reign all ages and both sexes engaged in a public and promiscuous use of the cigarette, a small paper cylinder filled with cut tobacco, often, I regret to say, mixed with other deleterious ingredients. Lady Babbleton, in her *Memoirs*, speaks without shame of her daily consumption of fifty cigarettes. The embargo formerly laid on smoking in places of business was removed, and even small boys were seen puffing at these noxious cigarettes at all hours of the day. The cult of the tobacco-pipe, which had previously been regarded as a vulgar and unrefined mode of smoking, attained extravagant dimensions. The fashionable pipe-makers rose to a position of fabulous wealth and importance. Their shops were fitted up with a sumptuous and semi-sultanic extravagance; young men and women of the highest birth and the most polished manners were retained as assistants at very high salaries, and the power and influence wielded by the heads of these firms was so great that one of them was appointed Chief of the Staff as the result of a movement initiated by the leading paper, and another was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, though he was not ordained until after his elevation.

*Mary.* What a droll idea! I cannot imagine *you*, Mamma, smoking a pipe.

*Mrs. M.* I hope not, my dear, though my grandmother was given several pipes amongst her wedding presents, one of which I believe cost fifty pounds. The craze ultimately reached such proportions as to call for legislative interference. It began with the Act forbidding the use of cigarettes by all parents, for, as it was logically argued,

it was impossible to expect the young to abstain unless their elders set them a better example. Unfortunately this method did not answer, and the age limit was reduced in successive Acts until, by the prohibition of infantile smoking and the conscription of pipes, smoking was finally stamped out.

*Richard.* I do not think anything entertains me more than hearing about these old customs. Pray tell us something about the books which they used to read in these days.

*Mrs. M.* At this period perhaps the most remarkable feature of literature was the reverence paid to young writers. I remember my grandfather telling me that he made quite a hit by a novel which he published while still at a preparatory school, but that by the time he went up to Oxford his vogue had entirely ceased, and he resigned the career of letters for that of scientific agriculture. Nearly all the most popular books of the time were written by authors who were still in their teens, and those who had the misfortune to be over twenty were driven to falsifying their birth certificates in order to satisfy the requirements of publishers. Most of the famous books of this period took the form of onslaughts on established institutions. Marriage was impeached in the nursery, the revival of child-bishops was advocated from the perambulator, and the tyranny and brutality of the Public School system was held up to execration by members of the Lower Fourth Form. It was, in the cant phrase of the time, the era of the boom of youth, of the assertion of the right of unrestrained self-expression. It was triumphantly shown that age had no monopoly of wickedness and vice, and that in varied and vivid profanity the vocabulary of youth stood supreme.

*Mary.* But *you* do not agree with that, do you, Mamma?

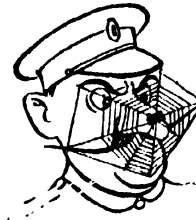
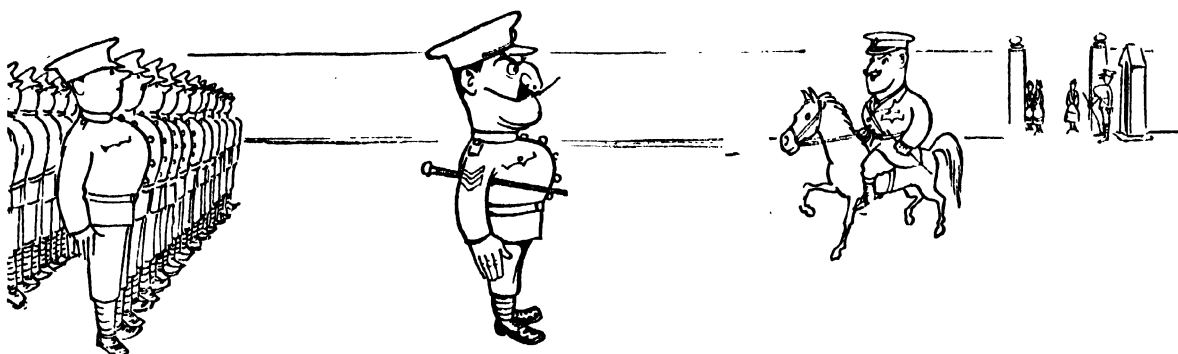
*Mrs. M.* No, my dear, I was indulging in the dangerous practice of irony. To proceed with my argument, the logic of youth is often unanswerable, but it lacks the ballast of experience. As a result of the enthusiasm which one of these books excited the writer was elected to the headmastership of a public school, but after a short and disastrous attempt to establish self-government by the boys he renounced his republican and independent principles and became a harsh and rigorous despot.

## "OUR YOUNG RUSSIANS."

LAW TO MAKE THEM SERVE DEAD."

*Daily Paper.*

But will they? Lately it was hard enough to get them to serve when alive.



H.M. BATHMAN. 1918.

STEADINESS ON PARADE.



There was an apparent food-boarder  
Who was charged with infringing the  
Order;  
But on searching his store  
They found greens—nothing more;  
He was just an herbaceous boarder.



### THE HOME FRONT AGAIN.

JOHN BULL. "ROTTEN BUSINESS THIS IN RUSSIA!"

MR. PUNCH. "I SHOULDN'T LET THAT WORRY YOU, SIR. WHAT WE'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT IS ALL THIS CURSED BACK-STAIRS INTRIGUE IN OUR OWN PRESS AND PARLIAMENT."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED VALENTINE SENT TO MR. BONAR LAW LAST WEEK, BELIEVED LOST IN THE POST.

*Tuesday, February 12th.*—Some malicious sprito—probably a species of printer's devil—took occasion of the opening of the eighth Session of this painfully protracted Parliament to play his Puckish pranks. First he so maltreated the Speech from the Throne that when His MAJESTY came to read it there was no trace of its most important passage—the summons to representatives of the Dominions and the Indian Empire to take part in the deliberations of the War Cabinet.

Next he turned his attention to the Mover of the Address in the House of Commons. For the most part General LOWTHER's maiden speech was an excellent blend of humour and common-sense, fully deserving the encomiums bestowed upon it by the Front Bench. But just once the imp of malapropinquity managed to trip him up and made him speak of our "unfounded"—instead of "unbounded"—admiration for the Navy and the Merchant Service.

The ensuing debate degenerated into a series of personal attacks upon the PRIME MINISTER by Members who, not without high example, regard this as the easiest road to fame. The only persons who have a right to congratu-

late themselves on the discussion are the Members of the German General Staff, who may not have learned anything that they did not know before, but have undoubtedly had certain shrewd suspicions confirmed.

*Wednesday, February 13th.*—There was a distinct drop in the temperature of the House. This may have been partly due to the absence of the PRIME MINISTER, whose incandescence is apt to be catching; but chiefly, one hopes, to the consciousness that yesterday's scenes had not done much to help the country's cause. No disturbance of the new mood came from Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL, who is emphatically not a fire-brand, but a coldly-calculating critic. In a more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger style he contrasted the comparatively meagre performances of the Administration with the perfervid prognostications of its ebullient Chief.

Of all the Ministers Mr. PROTHERO alone came in for a word of praise—not entirely, I trust, in order that Mr. SAMUEL might fire off his one and only joke about Sir ALFRED MOND sowing his wild oats in Richmond Park.

Mr. BONAR LAW, accepting a challenge that the critic had carefully

refrained from issuing, declared that his speech amounted to a condemnation of the Government, and that if the House of Commons agreed with Mr. SAMUEL it was its duty to find another. Then in one of his engaging bursts of self-revelation he observed, "I have no more interest in this PRIME MINISTER than I had in the last."

The House generally seemed to agree with Mr. ADAMSON, who, before changing horses again, wanted to be sure that he was going to get a better team. At the end of a statesmanlike speech the Labour Leader declared the comforting conviction that the overwhelming majority of people, while desiring an end to the War, were opposed to peace-at-any-price.

This declaration, coming from so unimpeachable a source, should have given pause to Mr. HOLT and the little knot of Pacifists below the Gangway. But they persisted in pressing their Amendment in favour of entering upon immediate negotiations with the enemy; and, though receiving some unexpected support from Lord HENRY BENTINCK and Colonel AUBREY HERBERT, both of whom seemed for the moment to be more concerned with the misdeeds of

Pressmen at home than of Prussians abroad, they were beaten out of sight when it came to the division.

The falling away of the Opposition was in some measure due to a conciliatory speech from Lord ROBERT CECIL, who incidentally remarked that he had himself prepared a scheme for a League of Nations, but begged not to be cross examined about it. Lord ROBERT had fortified himself with a gigantic file of *The Times*, but no special significance is attached to this precaution.

*Thursday, February 14th.*—This being the first day for Questions, Members had prepared a formidable catechism, comprising 134 items. Mr. PENNEFATHER, who desired to know what Germans meant by "the freedom of the seas," was referred by Lord ROBERT CECIL to the definition by Count REVENTLOW, who regards it as synonymous with the possession by Germany of the coast of Belgium and Northern France; but some Members appeared to consider that in quoting the Count as an authoritative exponent of the German mind the Foreign Office might be laying up trouble for itself. Would Britons like to be identified with the utterances of some of our own fire-eating publicists?

If Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING is to be trusted, ex-King CONSTANTINE still gets his wardrobe from London. "Anything in reason, WILLIAM," he is reported to have said to his Imperial brother-in-law, "but I draw the line at Berlin-cut trousers." There is reason to believe, however, that wherever TINO procures the garments in question it is SOPHIE who wears them.

The House discussed food with much gusto, and Lord RHONDDA, sitting in the Peers' Gallery, was the typical listener who hears little good of himself. He smiled when someone alluded to that Food-Controller of Ancient Rome who began by setting up his own statue and ended by decapitation. A "bust" of any kind is totally foreign to his present aspirations.

### ANOTHER DENIAL.

"HAVE you heard," said to me a man with a strong sense of rumour, "that most of the animals in the Zoo have been killed, to save food?"

"Not really?" I replied.

"Absolutely," said he.

In case this statement has reached other ears I wish to put it on record that I, a truthful person, visited the Zoo a few days ago in order to see for myself. And my report, made before a Commissioner of Oaths and signed and counter-signed by witnesses of the highest probity, states—

That I did, on the afternoon of



### THE IRREPRESSIBLES.

*Tommy.* "AND TO THINK THERE'S A MUSIC-HALL COMEDIAN AT HOME GETTING THREE HUNDRED QUID A WEEK FOR SINGING 'THE ARMY OF TO-DAY'S ALL RIGHT!'"

February 10th, at some personal inconvenience and at a cost of two shillings—which was fourpence in excess of the fare, but the cabman had (or said he had) no change—visit the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London, in Regent's Park.

That I did make a tour of the said Gardens and observed a vast number of exotic creatures, the exact meaning of which, and particularly the mandril, I have never been able to understand, but which nevertheless were in the full enjoyment of life in captivity.

That among these animals were polar bears, other bears (including those that imitate hat stands), apes, monkeys, toucans, sugar birds (without cards), squirrels, lions, tigers, leopards, sparrows, omus, snakes, vultures, alligators, camels, mice and elephants.

That if the Gardens are not at the top of their form it is not to be

wondered at, considering that it is only by sea that their reinforcements can come, but that a very brave effort to carry on is being made.

Such was my report, and I trust that it may not only still the voice of mendacity but stimulate readers to visit the Gardens.

### What we are Coming to.

Menu at an East End restaurant:—

"Special Stewed teak and potatoes."

"Two bullocks, worth £120, belonging to a Haslemere butcher, have died as a result of poisoning through eating vew."

*Evening Express (Liverpool).*

You eating bullocks is the trouble with the Food-CONTROLLER.

"Godmundur Kamban received the *honoris causa* from the College at Reykjavik, Iceland—the first and only time the prize has been awarded."—*American Review of Reviews.*

We can well believe this.



*City Man.* "I SHOULD THINK LAST NIGHT'S RAID WAS THE WORST WE'VE HAD YET."

*Pacifist.* "WAS THERE A RAID? I WAS AT THE PEACE MEETING AT THE CONGRESS HALL, AND WE NEVER HEARD ANYTHING OF IT."

## AT THE PLAY.

### "THE FREAKS."

It would seem that some of our playwrights, eager as ever to hold up a mirror to life, find that the times in which we are living just now are too dull and stagnant to stimulate the imagination. Anyhow, here is Sir ARTHUR PINERO, doyen of dramatists, straining after the grotesque and planting his novelty in a *milieu* that might have been mid-Victorian.

By an incredibly far-sought artifice, which I haven't the patience to report, he introduces a company of travelling freaks to the hospitality of a large suburban villa. They consist of a giant, a brace of midgets, a living skeleton and a girl who can tie herself into knots (but never does). Now I have nothing against freaks as freaks; they are among the accidents of nature that claim our pity; and though I should prefer them not to exploit their physical deformities in public I know they may be driven to this painful course by necessity, and in any case are no worse than those who do the same thing with their physical charms. But happily I am not compelled to indulge a prurient curiosity by paying to see them, since

it is fairly easy to avoid the attractions of an itinerant circus. When, however, Sir ARTHUR PINERO pushes them at me on the stage, then I'm done.

For an "Idyll" (the play is so described in the programme) it was a rather ugly spectacle, not sufficiently excused by the author's anxiety to explain to us that even a freak may be human; may actually entertain sentiments of loyalty and self-sacrifice. But did anyone doubt it? I was reminded of those revelations of the intimate life of exceptional people from which we are supposed to learn with surprise that a famous actor is fond of snowdrops, or that a distinguished warrior is decent to his dog. The concern which the other freaks felt about the health of the sick giant (though I could not share it, having had so little of his acquaintance) was the most natural thing in the world. All the same, since my eyes are more sensitive than my moral vision, those marks of spiritual beauty did not console me for the sight of so much physical ugliness. I could have borne it far better in a book.

Not that the freaks were all repellent. Mr. BEN WEBSTER, as the living skeleton who had only joined the company in the quality of an amateur, was no

thinner than I shall be after a couple of months' rationing; Miss LAURA COWIE, who never looked like tying herself into a knot, can't help being attractive; and the giant was just a harmless figure out of pantomime. But the three-foot-six midgets were pure freaks. For some reason not confided to us they had also a touch of the automaton about them; the gentleman midget was most uncertain on his feet and both of them had to be hoisted into their chairs.

I assume that they were children disguised, and it was a very natural error of judgment by which the young daughter of their hostess, in a spasm of almost maternal tenderness, lifted the male, aged forty-one, on to her lap. She was rebuked by the lady midget, who protested in a rich American accent, "I will thank you to put my husband down."

It was not easy to see how we were to get any love interest out of the scheme; yet Sir ARTHUR contrived, with perfect seriousness, to make the boy of the house (played very naturally by Mr. LESLIE HOWARD) fall in love with the girl freak, despite her habit of speech, half cockney, half nigger; and to manoeuvre his sister (pretty Miss ELSOM) into romantic relations with





## “When will you girls be ready?”

SHE: “We’re ready now.”

HE (to himself): “That means at least ten minutes wait. Lucky I dropped in to buy some more Kenilworth Cigarettes—they are the only thing that will stay your impatience when you’re

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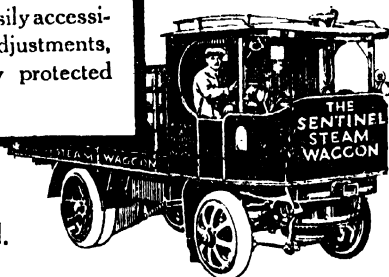
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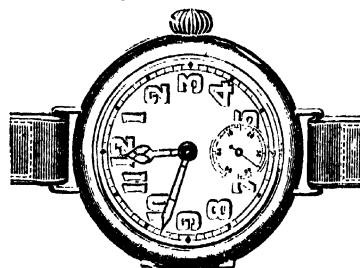
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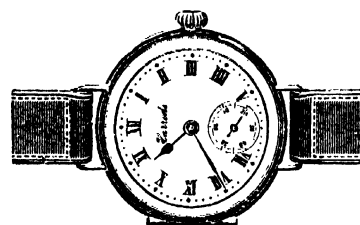


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I feel, therefore, that we absolutely owe our lives to the contents of your invaluable Ration Tin, and I have the greatest pleasure in informing you of these facts, and express my gratitude for so compact a Ration Tin containing so much nutriment. You are at liberty to use this letter in any way you like, and with my renewed thanks,

Yours truly (signed), — R.N.A.S.

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## SECRET DIPLOMACY.

Wife. "GEORGE, THERE ARE TWO STRANGE MEN DIGGING UP THE GARDEN."

George. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR. A BRAINY IDEA OF MINE TO GET THE GARDEN DUG UP. I WROTE AN ANONYMOUS LETTER TO THE FOOD-CONTROLLER AND TOLD HIM THERE WAS A LARGE BOX OF FOOD BURIED THERE."

Wife. "HEAVENS! BUT THERE IS!"

the living skeleton. Here the author lapsed into mere melodrama, and Mr. BEN WEBSTER (whatever he may have thought of the absurdity of it) was clearly resolved that we should not mistake it for anything else.

Sir ARTHUR, as I hinted, was straining after novelty, yet he was curiously old-fashioned in his dialogue. The obvious humour of his female curmudgeon, *Lady Ball-Jennings*, which ran through the play with deadly iteration, might have dated back to the period of the Albert Memorial. And where does he pick up the modern boy and flapper who colour their talk with such ejaculations as "My godfather!" or "By jinks!"?

There was one moment in the play that seemed to move the audience (I was sitting in the last row of the stalls and so had my hand as it were on the heart-beats of the Pit). It was when the local clergyman was invited to pray for the recovery of the sick giant. Unfortunately the solemnity of the scene had been spoiled for me by the reverend gentleman's introductory remarks, in which he had advised the company that it was their duty in such cases to "try every resource, even prayer."

An excellent cast, including that most delightful of actresses, Miss IRENE

ROOKE, was wasted on an indifferent play. Miss LAURA COWIE in particular did good work under almost impossible conditions. Perhaps the best features in a strangely unsatisfactory entertainment were Mr. FRED KERR's incidental reading from *Macbeth*, and a very clever drop-curtain designed by Mr. CLAUDE SHEPPERSON.

O. S.

"Dover police have seized 163 stray dogs. Soup is now sold at some London butchers' shops."—*Evening News*.

A sinister thought.

From a note on the new Master of Trinity:—

"Among his many scientific achievements was the discovery of the nature of the cathodic rays, which are generated by electric discharge through a vacuum."—*Morning Paper*.

Surely the last word must be a misprint for "Vatican."

From a letter on "Collection and Distribution of Food Supplies":—

"The Case of Rabbits and Birds.—Here the marksmen of the local Volunteer Regiments, or any good 'shot,' should be liable to be called upon."—*Westminster Gazette*.

And then once again "the crack of the rifle will be heard on the moors."

## LES BLUEYS.

I was creepin' on me crutches out o' Fleet Street yesterday,  
Feelin' gay as any sparrow jest to be about at last;  
I'd quite forgot me crippled foot, me cares, as you might say,  
When over on the Law Courts' side three laughin' Frenchies passed,  
An' I haven't felt the same again since those three Blueys passed.  
For the houses all grew misty with a faint horizon-blue,  
While I thought o' cornflowers peepin' from a blackened harvest land,  
With many a weary Frenchy fightin' where those cornflowers grew;  
An' I've got a kind o' homesickness—I cannot understand  
Since I saw those little Blueys goin' laughin' down the Strand.  
Oh, cottages with gapin' roofs a-starin' at the sky,  
Oh, ruined gardens on the Somme and trampled banks of Aisne,  
There's little left the Frenchies but to boat the Bosc or die.  
I'd go back to all we hated so, the noise an' filth an' pain,  
Jest to help those cheery Blueys win their little homes again!

### THE FUTURE OF COUPONS.

"Francesca," I said, "have you studied the coupon system which Lord RHONDDA has established in London?"

"Yes," she said, "I have. I have waded through solid columns of it, and then I have re-waded to the beginning and started all over again, and——"

"And you think you have completely mastered it?"

"No, I am under no such delusion. I am not yet on friendly and intimate terms with the coupon system, but I have a nodding acquaintance with it."

"Tell me," I said, "how many coupons are there in a sirloin of beef?"

"If you will put the sirloin on your writing-table I will endeavour to weigh it with my mind's eye; but of course you will first have to get the sirloin."

"Is the sirloin like a rabbit, then?"

"What do you mean? I never noticed a resemblance."

"Oh, don't you know?" I said. "Rabbits were mentioned at an earlier stage of these proceedings, and they became so bashful that they all disappeared and haven't been seen or heard of since."

"Well," she said, "if you put it in that way sirloins *are* like rabbits, and so are legs of mutton and ribs of beef and sugar and butter and lots of other things. As soon as you mention them they retire, and to all intents and purposes cease to exist. However, it's a great comfort to know that the German ration is only half that of the Londoner."

"Yes, that's a great score, and I've no doubt that the German rabbits have disappeared as completely as ours."

"Of course they have. Only a pacifist would attempt to deny it."

"We are straying," I said, "from the coupon system. Can you not tell me more about it?"

"It doesn't affect us."

"No," I said, "but it will. It is sure to spread from London into the provinces. One morning we shall wake up and discover that somebody has issued a decree as a result of which our innocent village is under the coupon system, and then we shall regret too late that we have made no preparations for it. Come," I said, "expound it to me with your usual force and brevity."

"Well, it's something like this. Everybody has got to get a card with so many coupons attached to it."

"So many? Can you not give me the exact number?"

"No, that's just what I can't do. Let's call it four."

"It doesn't matter," I said, "what we call it. It's what Lord RHONDDA calls it that matters."

"Well, let us imagine that Lord RHONDDA calls it four. Each coupon represents a certain value of meat, and when you've had your value you can't get any more. And if you're living in the country, where the coupon system isn't set up yet, and if you go to London and order lunch at your Club, they make you sign a declaration——"

"What sort of a declaration? There are many."

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "Probably the one in which you conscientiously believe that vaccination will be prejudicial to the health of your child; and then if they don't like you they can call for the production of your National Registration Card."

"So that altogether I shall have a merry time when next I lunch at the 'Rhadamanthus.' But surely, Francesca, you have slightly embellished?"

"I have told you," she said, "the truth and nothing but the truth about clubs, hotels and restaurants. As to the rest, I own that I am not yet letter-perfect. I only profess to have given you the general outlines of the scheme. But why have you not studied it yourself?"

"Because," I said, "I am tired of coupons. My brain

reels under them. I foresee that everything will soon be done by coupons. People will be born on the coupon system—so many coupons exchangeable for so many babies weighing twelve pounds and over. They'll be educated on the coupon system. Bright boys who now get a scholarship will in future get fifty coupons a year. Men and women will be married under the coupon system. The girl who can bring a thousand coupons into settlement will be looked upon as a rich match, and a youngster with two thousand coupons a year will be run after by all the matrons with marriageable daughters."

"And income-tax will be paid in coupons."

"Francesca," I said, "you are a priceless treasure. I will write to Mr. BONAR LAW about it at once."

"I wouldn't do that," she said. "If you put the idea into his head he may insist on paying you the interest of your War Loan in mutton coupons."

"Or rabbit coupons," I said.

R. C. L.

### THE OPEN BOAT.

"WHEN this here War is done," says Dan, "and all the fightin' 's through

There's some 'll pal with Fritz again as they was used to do;

But *not me*," says Dan the sailor-man, "*not me*," says he;

"Lord knows it's nippy in an open boat on winter nights at sea."

"When the last battle's lost an' won an' won or lost the game

There's some 'll think no 'arm to drink with squareheads just the same;

But *not me*," says Dan the sailor-man, "an' if you ask me why—

Lord knows it's thirsty in an open boat when the water-breaker's dry."

"When all the bloomin' mines is swep' an' ships are sunk no more

There's some 'll set them down to eat with Germans as before;

But *not me*," says Dan the sailor-man, "*not me*, for one—

Lord knows it's hungry in an open boat when the last biscuit's done."

"When peace is signed and treaties made an' trade begins again

There's some 'll shake a German's 'and an' never see the stain;

But *not me*," says Dan the sailor-man, "*not me*, as God's on high—

Lord knows it's bitter in an open boat to see your ship-mates die."

C. F. S.

### Our Indispensable Industries.

"Tennis Ball Inflaters, Cutters, and Makers; also Learners. Caramel Wrappers Wanted, at once."—*Manchester Paper.*

From an article on Communal Cooks:—

"Like the Israelites of old, they will be required to make bricks without stones."—*Gravesend and Northfleet Reporter.*

No communal pastry for us, thank you!

### A Hint for Lord Rhondda.

"For many years patrons waiting for the early doors suffered a good deal of inconvenience owing to the squeezing and pushing to get to the front, but this state of affairs has been rectified by J. O. Williamson, Ltd., issuing instructions that patrons have to be formed into a queue. The carrying out of this work has been entrusted to Mr. M. Burke (the well-known champion club swinger)."—*Brisbane Courier.*



Old Lady. "CAN YOU TELL ME, PLEASE, WHAT HE'S BEEN ARRESTED FOR?"

Hungry Queerist. "INDIGESTION, I EXPECT, MADAM."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It was of course inevitable that the humours—the surface humours—of a V.A.D. hospital should before long provide material for a book. Indeed, I pleasantly recall that the thing has been done already, from the patient's point of view; and now here is Mr. ROBERT ERSTONE FORBES giving us the official aspect in *Mrs. Holmes, Commandant* (ARNOLD). Having just devoured every word of it, practically at a sitting, I can testify to its ontiro and delightful success. From the moment when that wonderful lady, *Mrs. Holmes* (whom I thought, mistakenly, that I was going to dislike), sets out to bully a hospital out of the indolent inhabitants of Fairbridge, through all the bustle of preparation and the months of active work, to the quite charming climax, you will find your attention held, as mine was, with tenderness and laughter. Perhaps the best achievement of Mr. FORBES is that his people—the commandant herself, the staff, the teller of the tale, and the varied procession of patients—all live individually and most convincingly. Moreover (and I am not sure that this isn't even a greater exploit still) through obvious dangers he carries his theme breast-high above even a suspicion of sentimentality. The best chapter, to my mind, is that which tells of "The Romantic Career of Lance-Corporal Rainey;" in this especially the facile sigh could have been cheaply bought; but it is to Mr. FORBES's credit that *Rainey* marches out of the hospital, every man and woman in which he has reduced to helpless adoration, as human and unidealized a figure as when he entered it caked with the mud of Flanders. Briefly, my present trouble is that there are some fifty odd hospitalers to whom I wish immediately to lend my copy of *Mrs. Holmes*, with appropriate comments. But Mr. FORBES and his

publishers need be under no apprehension. I shall do nothing so unfair—or so altruistic.

The heroine in the Baroness VON HUTTEN'S *Bag of Saffron* (HUTCHINSON) is in effect a study of the perfect little beast. Not that *Cuckoo* hasn't her good points, but her conduct to her husband, whom she deserts in his sickness and poverty for that Magnificent Old Rake, *Sir Peregrine Janeways*, pushes beyond credible limits of callousness. Duly divorced, remarried, richly gowned and begommed by the flamboyant baronet, she finds that her ex-husband is dying of consumption. *Peregrine*, asked for a thousand pounds to save his predecessor, suggests that his latest present, a pear-shaped ruby, is worth about that and may be sold for this kindly purpose. Finding that *Cuckoo*, confronted with a choice between her discarded *George*'s life and the ruby, is all for the ruby, he begins to wonder whether she can be quite a nice girl. But this was a hasty judgment. For, learning that her *George* was really dying in a pool of blood (but still saveable by money apparently), she nobly surrenders the jewel. And then *Sir Peregrine* shows himself an—optimist. He hangs round his complex *Cuckoo*'s neck the *Bag of Saffron*, which (like the V.C.) is a little bauble of no intrinsic value but has a chain of diamonds attached. It is given by a *Janeways* to none but a really peerless wife (*Peregrine*'s two first were merely so-so). From which you will gather that the fond author doesn't share my view of *Cuckoo*. But, at any rate, she will admit that her creations are no ordinary mortals, and I in turn will handsomely allow that hero is an extremely entertaining and romantic volume.

To those whose feet are already pressing the downward slope and who spend their reflective moments in looking



backwards with regret rather than forwards with anticipation, the Right Hon. G. W. E. RUSSELL's *Politics and Personalities* (USWIN) will make its strongest appeal. And even the younger generation, though it may mildly resent the author's designating as "politics" those dead issues which have long since been relegated to the glass-cases of the Political Natural History Museum, will find food for reflection in his detached and philosophical if somewhat archaic views. Mr. RUSSELL is at pains to tell us that, like his distinguished ancestors, he is a Whig; but it is difficult to be really enthusiastic over such political cadavers as the Hawarden Kite, Cobdenism, Dynastic Succession, Aristocracy, etc., dissected according to the formulas of 1884. In other chapters we find the author struggling rather pathetically to fit Armageddon into a middle-Victorian microcosm under the title, "Ideals and the War," the ideals being those of the Athenæum Club in the eighties, and the War being the same little disturbance that has made Mr. H. G. WELLS's Republicanism sound like an essay on the divine right of kings. It is in that nameless borderland that lies midway between history and biography that Mr. RUSSELL is most completely at home, and it is to be regretted that in the volume before us he makes so few excursions into it. "A Nest of Whiggery," "A Queen Ready-made" and "Miss Jenkins and the Duke" are quite in his best vein.

Lieutenant ELLISON HAWKS, in a series of cheerful letters home from the Front, gave week by week to his friends and relatives an easily written and very easily read account, from the standpoint of an officer in a trench-mortar battery, of things he saw during the big push of 1916; and this narrative has since been offered to the world at large under the title *A Subaltern's Letters from the Somme* (CLOWES). I confess he worried me a little when he began, in notes beneath his first few pages, patiently telling me what is the weighty significance of such symbols as "N.C.O." and "C.B.," but before long we were very good friends. As they were received one by one at a time when news was scant, these letters must have been of absorbing interest; but Mr. HAWKS would be the first to admit that by now one would be hardly justified in claiming much novelty for them in the eyes of a public pretty well informed on such matters as "billets" and "brass-hats" and "kite-balloons." All the same there is a touch of intimacy about the volume that some of our more ambitious war-books have lacked. Moreover the writer has the good taste to place some verses from *Punch* on his first page. With this modest recommendation one may leave it.

There is plenty of good work in Mr. ALFRED OLLIVANT's *Boy Woodburn* (JENKINS), but coming from the author of *Owd Bob* I was a little disappointed by it. The hero be-

longs to the "silent strong" type beloved by certain lady-novelists. He is all right in the matter of silence, but is neither so strong nor so attractive as he was meant to be. *Boy Woodburn*, the heroine of the story, was the daughter of a delightfully astute horse-trainer and a puritanical mother. Bred from such stock she was naturally something of a hybrid; but whether she was grooming horses or riding them, or superintending a Sunday Bible class for stable-boys, I believed in her all the time. Her father too is admirably drawn, and though the pictures of life in a racing stable convey the impression that it is a rogue's game, I am not prepared to say that their colour is too thickly laid on. But *Jim Silver*, who easily checkmated the arch-villain of the piece times and again, left me stone-cold. However he really does not matter much, and only seemed to be there because a novel must have a hero of some kind. Where Mr. OLLIVANT shows at his best is in his descriptions of the Sussex Downs and in his sympathy with animals. And his account of a very sensational Grand

National stirs the pulses, although one knows that *Boy's* horse is simply bound to win. Even that best seller, Mr. NAT GOULD, might be jealous of such a sequence of thrilling incidents.

*Come In* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is what I should call an irritating book. It contains one overgrown short story, clever with a kind of ragged and slovenly cleverness that only serves to show what Miss ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE could do if she gave her mind to it. Its theme, sufficiently grim, is a study in the pathology of mutual boredom as between a mother and daughter cooped together in the



COMBING OUT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.  
AT THE MAGICAL SUPPLY STORES.

Shopkeeper (to youth equipping for war). "YES, SIR, YOU WILL FIND THE IMPREGNABLE ARMOUR AND THE CLOAK OF INVISIBILITY EXTREMELY USEFUL, BUT IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS I WOULD STRONGLY ADVISE YOU TO ADD A PAIR OF SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS TO YOUR OUTFIT."

merciless intimacy of a double bedroom at an economical private hotel. Told drily, but with understanding and a half-cynical pity, it is a picture of woman's inhumanity to woman that only one of the same gentler sex could have written. So much for "The Separate Room"; the rest of the stories—with one exception—are more comfortable, if less artistic. What point there exists in the not-specially apt title is furnished presumably by the "room" headings of the various sketches, as "Four Ballrooms," "Three Rooms," etc. Candour constrains me to say that most of Miss MAYNE's rooms contain nothing peculiarly worth the trouble of entering for. Perhaps the silliest is that which shows an unfortunate doctor-lover confronted with the prospect of having to give gas to the one woman. Experience teaches him that she will look far from her best under the ministrations of the tooth-extractor. This seems quite seriously meant. If Miss MAYNE really supposes anaesthetists to be of this fatuous kind, I can only sympathise with her in an experience clearly less fortunate than my own.

#### Epochs of Irish History.

(1) Pagan era; (2) Christian era; (3) DE VALERA.



*Private Puncher (the hope of "B" Company, slowly coming to). "WHASSER MASSER? DID 'E 'IT ME?"*  
*His Second (bitterly). "IT YER? DEAR ME, NO. IT WAS ONLY THE COLONEL'S 'ORSE WOT KICKED YER."*

## CHARIVARIA.

THE *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung* complains that there are on sale in Germany spittoons embellished with the likeness of HINDENBURG. For ourselves, though we are not often in accord with German taste, we regard this idea as a very happy thought.

The decision of the Saffron Walden Bench that tea is not food has caused widespread consternation, and large numbers of people who have been buying it in the belief that it was are angrily calling upon Lord RHONDDA to give them back their money.

A Bethnal Green tradesman, charged with throwing one of his lady-customers out of the shop, was told that if she came there again and smashed his windows he could summon her. This may be the technically right course to follow, but is it quite the way to treat a lady?

A man complained to the Bermondsey Food Control Committee that a dog had eaten part of his food-cards. The real object of the cards has since been explained to the animal, who has hand-

somely apologised to Lord RHONDDA for some heated personal remarks made under a misapprehension.

"By next Spring," says *The Sydney Telegraph*, "as far as Russia is concerned, things may be better or they may be worse." Upon reading this, a well-known Fleet Street War critic was heard to gnash his teeth with envy.

It is thought likely that the great push about to be undertaken by the Germans is nothing more nor less than the sudden blow which they have been threatening to make since 1915.

Since a cyclist dashed into a steam roller at Swindon last week, the road-crushers in the district are said to be so nervous that they will only venture out in couples.

A member of the Tobacco Control Board has informed a contemporary that the "outlook of the smoker depends on the brand he smokes." The outlook of his fellow-passengers will also continue to hinge upon the same factor.

Stating that in his opinion women

could get on without perambulators in war-time Lord KIMBERLEY informed the Norfolk Appeal Tribunal that he never rode in one when he was a child. We understand that several indignant mothers have written to say that, if a good smacking was also among the experiences of childhood which he had omitted, they would be happy to make good the defect.

A summons against Borough High Street provision-dealers for having in their possession cheeses not fit for human food was dismissed on satisfactory proof that the cheeses were not intended for human consumption. The Bench declined an invitation to visit their training quarters.

On learning that a film record has been made of the career of the PRIME MINISTER, Lord BEAVERBROOK is said to have dared anybody to produce a film that would keep paces with his (Lord BEAVERBROOK'S) upward progress.

A defendant charged at Bristol Assizes with bigamy pleaded that he had no recollection of his second marriage. Surely he could have made a note of it on his cuff.



## THE WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS.

I KNEW a Virgin passing Wise;  
 No one could call her dissipated;  
 Never her course was known to drift  
 From those high principles of thrift  
 With which, in case of rainy skies,  
 Her brain had been inoculated.

She husbanded her frugal store;  
 Her lamp with oil was well provided;  
 So were her tins of sprat-sardines --  
 Not stocked in view of submariners,  
 But garnered prior to the War  
 Against whatever chances betided.

I knew a Foolish Virgin, too,  
 With habits nothing like so proper;  
 Her lamp was woolly round the wick;  
 She lived from hand to mouth on tick;  
 Her ready cash she always blew,  
 And never saved a single copper.

From letting things serenely go  
 No fear of stringent times debarred her;  
 If but to-day supplied good fare  
 The morrow for itself might care,  
 And consequently there were no  
 Sardines collected in her larder.

Which was the better Virgin? She  
 Who made of life a game of skittles,  
 Reckless of Want that follows Waste;  
 Or she who resolutely faced  
 The problems of economy  
 And practised Virtue with her victuals?

Alas! the latter Virgin's found  
 Inferior in the moral order;  
 Her dozen tins of sprat-sardines  
 Have been a source of painful scenes  
 And RHONDDA's fined her fifty pound  
 As a confirmed and shameless hoarder.

O. S.

## THE FLYING BEAR.

Joan Minor has a flying bear. Its name is Teddy; only Uncle Gerald is allowed to call it Adam Zad (after Kipling) because—well, because Uncle Gerald is allowed to do anything.

In infancy there was little to mark it as of different clay from the common run of bears. Even Joan Minor at the first introduction, preoccupied with scientific research as to the nature and arrangement of her own toes, remained unimpressed. But gradually, as acquaintance ripened into friendship and friendship into love, we who were privileged to be its intimates recognised that here was indeed one born to greatness. It was not so much its moral character, though the faults were always those of a great and generous soul; it was rather the self-reliance and quiet dignity that shone undimmed through every adversity and survived even the impertinent assaults of the kitten.

But the day of parting came. Uncle Gerald was sent to France and Teddy was sent with him to comfort him and bring him back safe, a trust which so far he has most faithfully performed. He has also found time to arrange for Uncle Gerald's advancement from a mere private to the rank of captain, and about a year ago secured him a transfer to the R.F.C., followed by a heavenly period of home-training, during which Joan Minor spent several ecstatic week-ends at the town where they were engaged

in becoming proficient pilots; and now Uncle Gerald's last letter brings news of Teddy's crowning achievement.

DEAR PUDGE,—You will be glad to hear that Adam Zad has been just splendid. I told you that I had tied him on to my aeroplane right in front, where he can see everything. I had to tie him very tight because I was afraid he would try to jump at the German fliers, and if he had slipped he would have had a terrible fall and I might not have been able to find him again. Besides I don't think Germans would be nice for him to eat. Do you?

Well, the other day he and I were flying all alone, when suddenly a lot of Germans came swooping down out of nowhere. He shouted to me that they were coming, and I tried to shoot them with my gun, which is just behind where he sits; but something went wrong with the gun and it wouldn't shoot. The Germans were all round us, and we had to dive to get away from them as we couldn't shoot them. We went very fast, ever so much faster even than you and Adam Zad used to run when you were at home together, and when we stopped I noticed that he wasn't in his place. He had broken his string and was clinging on to the gun.

As soon as I had time I leaned forward and caught hold of him to put him in the seat beside me, as he didn't look very safe where he was. One of his legs was wedged tight in the gun and it tore a little as I pulled him away, but it is nearly well now. And then when I tried the gun again I found he had been putting it right. Wasn't that clever of him, Pudge? After that, of course, we went back and shot at the Germans and killed two and drove the rest away and came home to tea.

And now they are going to give him a ribbon and we shall be able to cover up the place on his chest where the kitten scratched him. It's quite a nice ribbon with two white stripes and a violet one in the middle. I was very sorry to hear about Belinda's nose. I told you it wasn't good for her to sit too near the fire.

Your loving Uncle,

GERALD.

That is the plain unvarnished account of the affair by an eye-witness. Imagine our astonishment when we read this official perversion:—

"Awarded the Military Cross.—Captain Gerald T. Smith, Royal Loamshire Regt., att. R.F.C., for great gallantry and presence of mind. While flying alone over enemy ground Captain Smith was attacked by a formation of at least six hostile machines of the Albatross type. During the encounter Captain Smith's gun jammed. He then descended to a lower altitude and coolly corrected the fault under intense enemy fire. Resuming the engagement he brought down two of the enemy aircraft and dispersed the remainder in flight."

Not a word, you see, about Teddy; and now we are wondering whether the stupid people will arrest him for wearing a military decoration without authority.

## Euclid on Rationing.

A ration joint is that which has position but not magnitude.

Parallel lines are those which, in a queue, if only produced far enough, never mean meat.

If there be two queues outside two different butchers' shops, and the length and breadth of the one queue be equal to the length and breadth of the other queue, each to each, but the supplies in one shop are greater than the supplies in the other shop, then the persons in the one queue will get more meat than those in the other queue, which is absurd, and RHONDDA ought to see about it.



### À LA CARTE.

WORKING MAN. "WHAT'S YOUR FANCY, MATE? MINE'S A COUPLE O' SAUSAGES."

PEER OF THE REALM. "WELL, SIR, I WAS WONDERING HOW MUCH SADDLE OF MUTTON I CAN GET FOR FIVEPENCE."

## THE MUD LARKS.

WHEN I was young I was extremely handsome. I have documentary evidence to prove as much. There is in existence a photograph of a young gentleman standing with his back to a raging seascape, one hand resting lightly on a volume of SHAKESPEARE, which in turn is supported by a rustic table. The young gentleman has wide innocent eyes, a rosebud mouth and long golden curls (the sort poor dear old ROMNEY used to do so nicely). For the rest he is tastefully upholstered in a short-panted velvet suit, a lace collar and white silk socks. "*Little Lord Fauntleroy*," you murmur to yourself. No, Sir (or Madam), it is ME—or was me, rather. When I was young no girl thought herself properly married unless I was present at the ceremony, got up like a prize-rabbit and tethered to the far end of her train. Nowadays I am not so handsome. True, you can urge a horse past me without blindfolding it and all that, but nobody ever mistakes me for LILY ELSIE.

Personally I was quite willing to be represented at the National Portrait Gallery by a coloured copy of the presentment described above, but my home authorities thought otherwise, and when last I was

in England on leave—shortly after the Battle of Agincourt—they shooed me off to Valpré. "Go to Valpré," they said; "he is so artistic." So to Valpré I went, and was admitted by a handmaid who waved a white hand vaguely towards a selection of doors, murmuring, "Wait there, please." I opened the nearest door at a venture and entered.

In the waiting-room three other handmaids were at work on photographs. One was painting dimples on a lady's cheek; one filling in gaps in a Second-Lieutenant's moustache; one straightening the salient of a stockbroker's waistcoat. Presently the first handmaid reappeared and somewhat curtly (I was waiting in the wrong room, it seemed) informed me that the Master was ready. So I went upstairs to the operating theatre. After an impressive interval a curtain was thrust aside and the Master entered. He was not in the least like the artist of my

first photograph, who had chirruped and done tricks with an indiarubber monkey to make me prick my ears and appear sagacious. This man had the mane of a poodle, a plush smoking-jacket with rococo trimmings, satin cravat, rings and bangles like the lads in *La Bohème*, and I knew myself to be in the presence of True Art, and bowed my head.

At the sight of me he winced visibly; didn't seem to like my looks at all. However he pulled himself together and advanced to reconnoitre. He pushed me into a chair, manipulated some screws at the back, and I found my head fast in a steel clamp. I pleaded for gas or cocaine, but he took no notice and prowled off to the far end of the theatre to observe if distance would

pleasing portraiture, an *objet d'art*, an ornament to anybody's family album. The man Valpré was an artist all right.

A few days ago the Skipper whistled me into the orderly-room. His table was littered with parade states, horse-registers and slips of cardboard, all intermingled. The Skipper himself appeared to be undergoing some heavy mental disturbance. His forehead was furrowed, his *toupet* rumbled, and he sucked his fountain-pen, unconsciously imbibing much dark nourishment.

"Identification cards," he explained, indicating the slips. "Got to carry 'em now. Comply with Italian regulations. Been trying to describe you. Napoo." He prodded the result towards me. I scanned it and decided he had got it mixed with the horse-registers. It read

as follows:—

BORN	Yes.
HEIGHT	17 hands.
HAIR	Bay.
EYES	Two.
NOSE	Undulating.
MOUSTACHE	Hogged.
COMPLEXION	Natural.
SPECIAL	
MARKS	

The Skipper pointed to the blank space. "That's what I want to know—special marks. Got any? Snip, blaze, white fetlock, anything?"

"Yessir," said I. "Strawberry patch on off gaskin."

He sucked thoughtfully at his fountain pen. "Mmph," he said, "shouldn't mention it if I were you.

Don't want to have to undress in the middle of the street every time you meet an Intelligence, do you?" I agreed that I did not—not before June, anyhow. The Skipper turned to the card again and frowned.

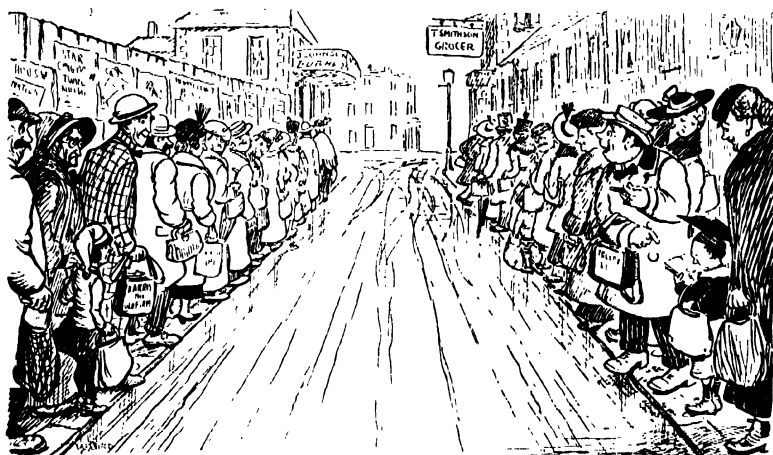
"Couldn't call it a speaking likeness exactly, this little pon-picture of you, could one? If you only had a photograph of yourself now."

"I have, Sir," said I brightly.

"Good Lord, man, why didn't you say so before? Here, take this and paste the thing in. Now trot away."

I trotted away and pasted Valpré's *objet d'art* on to the card.

Yesterday evening Albert Edward and I were riding out of a certain Italian town (no names, no pack drill). Albert Edward got involved in a right-of-way argument between five bullock wagons and two lorries, and I jogged on ahead. On the fringe of the town was a barrier presided over by a brace of Carabinieri heavily caparisoned with



Bored Bookmaker (trying to wake things up). "NOW LOOK 'ERE, MR. 'ARRIS, I'LL LAY YOU 4½ OUNCES O' MARGARINE TO 3 OUNCES BEST END O' THE NECK THAT SENIOR WRANGLER 'ERE GETS TO THE COUNTER BEFORE THE MOTHER HUBBARD FILLY THERE ON YOUR RIGHT."

lend any enchantment. Apparently it would not. The more he saw of me the less he seemed to admire the view.

Suddenly the fire of inspiration lit his eye and he came for me. I struggled with the clamp, but it clavo like a bull terrier to a mutton chop. In a moment he had me by the head and started to mould it nearer to his heart's desire with plump powerful hands. He crammed half my lower jaw into my breast pocket, pinned my ears back so tightly that they wouldn't wag for weeks, pressed my nose down with his thumb as though it were the button of an electric bell and generally kneaded my features from the early Hibernian to the late Greco-Roman. Then, before they could rebound to their normal positions, he had sprung back, jerked the lanyard and fired the camera.

Some weeks later the finished photographs arrived. The handmaids had done their bit, and the result was a



*Extract from Mr. Jolliboy's Diary No. 2.*

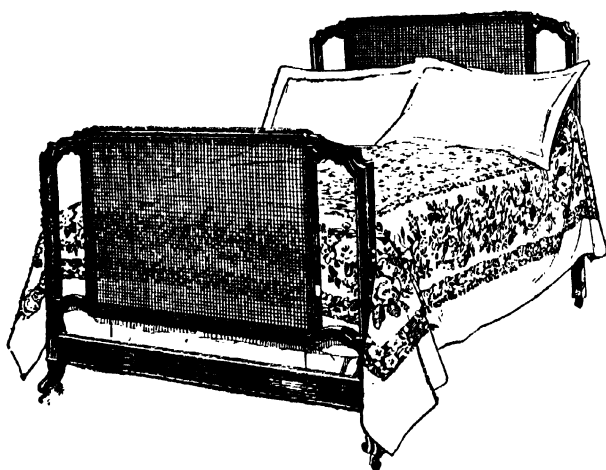
"HAD a breakdown to-day on my journey home. Happily my pipe came through unscathed so sat me down to smoke till help came. Calling the driver I asked him how long we would be. 'Just long enough,' says the wily rogue, diving for his pipe, 'to enjoy a smoke of that excellent tobacco you're smoking, Sir.' He was mighty pleased with it when he got it, for I verily believe the rascal knew 'twas Chairman all the time."

**Chairman**, a fine tobacco, made in three strengths; **Boardman's** mild; **Chairman**, medium; **Recorder**, full; and is sold by tobacconists everywhere at 9½d. per oz. packet, and 3s. 1d. per ¼ lb. tin.

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OF TASTE—QUALITY—DURABILITY.

In our Galleries you will find everything for the Bedroom. Our stock of Bed Linen and Quilts is the largest in the Kingdom.



A BEAUTIFUL 4 ft. 6 in. Mahogany and Cane Bedstead fitted with sanitary iron fittings.  
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3 ft. 0 in. Box Spring Mattress, top stuffed hair in fancy striped tick. Superior quality Wool and Hair Mattress in fancy tick. Goose Feather Bolster, 19 in. by 29 in. Down Pillow. The Set, £11 : 6 : 3

As above with 4 ft. 6 in. size, with 2 Pillows, £16 : 13 : 6

3 ft. 0 in. Superior Quality Box Spring Mattress with laced cane spring sides, top stuffed hair, in fancy tick.

Finest Fleece Wool and White Hair French Mattress, in fancy tick or plain sateen. Best Goose Feather Bolster, 21 in. by 31 in. Down Pillow. The Set, £17 : 11 : 6

As above, 4 ft. 6 in. size, with 2 Pillows. £25 : 12 : 6

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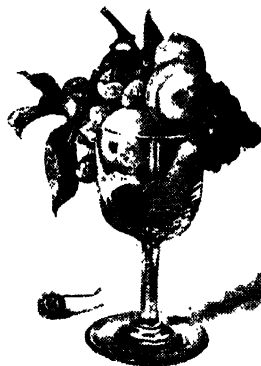
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## FORTREVIVER

Fortifies and Revives

A  
LIQUEUR  
TONIC

Entirely  
British  
Made



FRUIT FOOD  
Double-  
Highly  
Concentrated

Non-  
Alcoholic

"For Palates of Refinement."

## NEWMAN'S FORTREVIVER

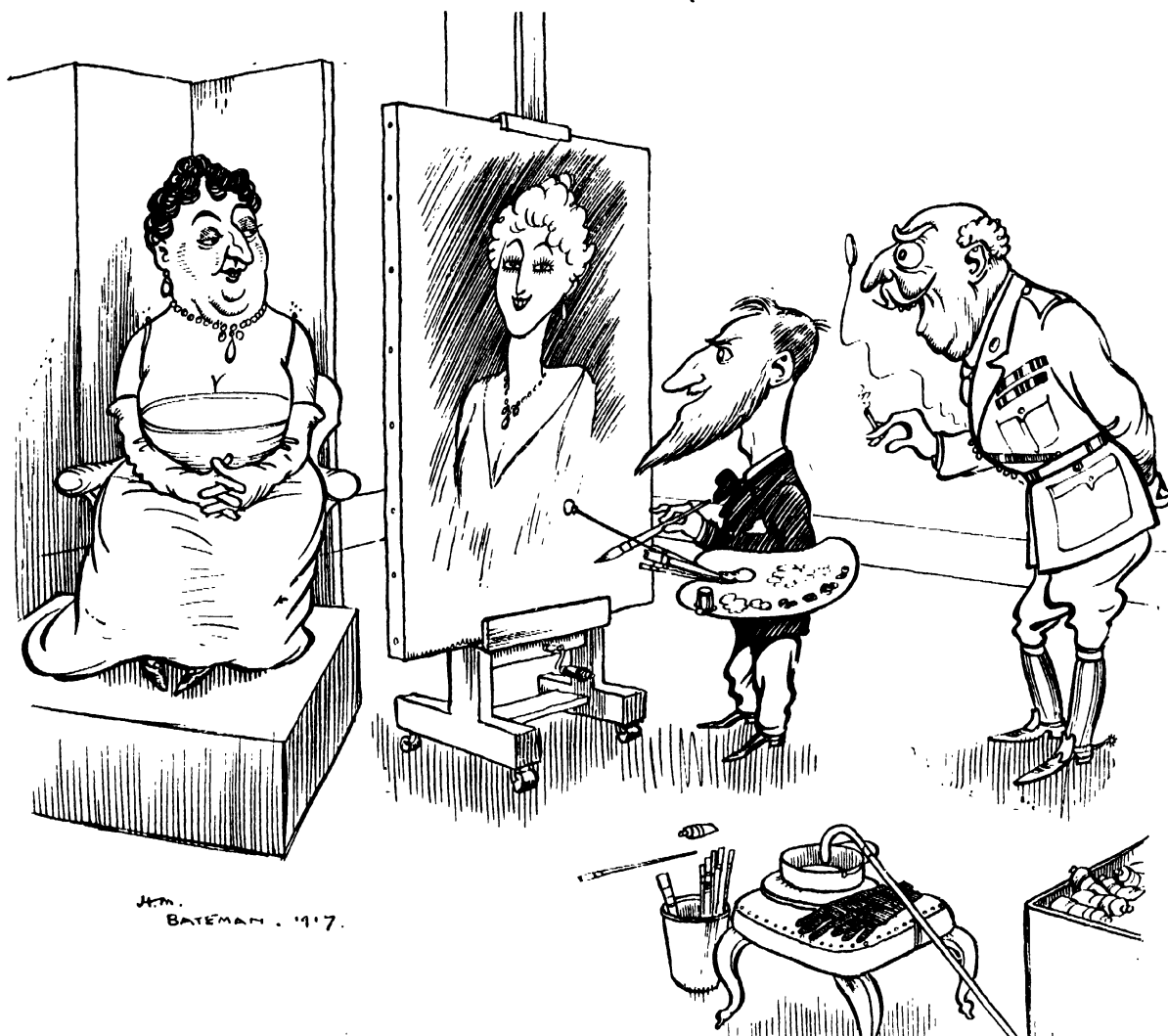
A LIQUEUR TONIC

NEWMAN'S FORTREVIVER is composed of the finest concentrated fruit juices and will be found to be a most health-giving tonic. It contains wonderful Fortifying and Reviving powers and is strongly recommended for all those wishing to retain health and strength.

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AS AN APPETISER—Before Meals.  
AS A LIQUEUR—After Meals.  
AS A TONIC—Without addition.  
AS A LONG DRINK—With Soda and a slice of Lemon.  
AS A STIMULANT—Between Meals.

Obtainable Everywhere: Large size bottle, 4/6; Smaller size bottle, 2/6. Should you find any difficulty in obtaining Newman's Fortreviver, apply to H. & C. NEWMAN, Dept. E, London Office: 41/42, Upper Rathbone Place, W. 1.



### HOW THE CAMOUFLAGE IDEA FIRST DAWINED ON THE MILITARY MIND.

war material, whiskers and cocked hats of the style popularised by BONAPARTE. Also an officer. As I moved to pass the barrier the officer spied me and, not liking my looks (as I hinted before, nobody does), signed to me to halt. Had I an identification card, please? I had and handed it to him. He took the card and ran a keen eye over the Skipper's little pen-picture and Valpré's original. "Lieutenant," said he grimly, "these don't tally. This is not you."

I protested that it was. He shook his head with great conviction, "Never! The nose in this photograph is straight; the ears retiring; the jaw, normal. While with you— [Continental politeness restrained him]. Lieutenant, you must come with me."

He beckoned to a Napoleonic Corporal, who approached, clanking his war material. I saw myself posed for a

firing squad at grey dawn and shivered all over. I detest early rising.

By this time the Corporal had out-flanked me, clanking more munitions, and I was on the point of being marched off to the Bastille, or whatever they call it, when Albert Edward suddenly insinuated himself into the party and addressed himself to the officer. "Half a minute, Mongsewer [any foreigner is Mongsewer to Albert Edward]. The photograph is of him all right, but it was taken before his accident."

"His accident?" queried the officer. "Yes," said Albert Edward; "sad affair, shell-shock. A crump burst almost in his face, and shocked it all out of shape. Can't you see?"

The Italian leaned forward and subjected my flushed features to a piercing scrutiny; then his dark eyes softened almost to tears, and he handed me back my card and saluted.

"Sir, you have my apologies—and sympathy. Good evening."

"Albert Edward," said I, as we trotted into the dusk, "you may be a true friend but you are no gentleman."

PATLANDER.

"MR. PROTHERO ON FOOD AND PRICES.  
THE PAMPERED PIG."

*Daily Paper.*

We protest against this vulgar abuse of one of our most respected Ministers.

"The consumption of both wine and whisky is, of course, still greater than the supply."

*Evening Paper.*

Another case of "dilution."

"Man (young) wishes situation as ploughman, with two women workers and a half one."—*Scotsman.*

In Ireland "a half one" means a little tot of whiskey, so in this case the phrase may be a synonym for "a small Scotch."

## THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

VII.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER LXXX.

(continued).

Richard. Was it not in this reign, Mamma, that there was the Ministry of All the Talents, or some such name?

Mrs. M. The title you refer to was applied to a Ministry in a much earlier reign. You are probably confusing it with the famous "Ministry of all the Ministries," which held office in this period. The tendency of Ministries to increase in size had reached what was supposed to be the limit in the case of its predecessor, which contained no fewer than twenty-two members, which, as some of its critics remarked, might be cricket but was not politics.

George. But I thought the great objection to politics was that so often it was *not* cricket, which it ought to be.

Mrs. M. That is a point, my dear boy, which I must leave you to discuss with your father when he comes in to tea, as my recollections of cricket are growing rather hazy. Anyhow, while the Ministry which succeeded the large one I have mentioned was nominally much smaller, as only a few members formed the inner Cabinet, the number of Ministries or Departments went on increasing more rapidly than ever. I remember my grandfather telling us that whereas in the early stages of this development the familiar comment about once a week was, "Great Scott! Another new Ministry!" later on this surprise gave place to a languid curiosity expressed in the daily question at the breakfast table, "Well, what's the new Ministry to-day?"

Mary. Pray, Mamma, who was "Great Scott"?

Mrs. M. The origin of this phrase, as of another in vogue about the same time, "Great Caesar's ghost," is wrapped in mystery. Moreover, the investigation of oaths or ejaculations is seldom edifying. To resume: some of the new Ministries, the formation of which was suggested by immediate national urgency, were harmless and necessary enough. Such, for example, was the Ministry of Margarine, the head of which presided over a Board of Synthetic Experts; or the Pork Board, directed by the Minister of the Piggeries. But after a while the founding of new Departments seemed to be no longer dictated by utilitarian or business motives, but by the desire of mere multiplication, as though some special credit attached to State intervention in and control of as many fields of human activity as possible.

Thus there came into existence the Ministry of Fiction, the aim of which

was avowedly to harness imagination to the service of the State, to issue licences to writers and to provide them with suitable themes for the exercise of their talent. This was a most laudable notion in the abstract, but the attempt to carry it out led to the famous strike of the novelists, which was only settled, after much effusion of ink, by a compromise, in which the Minister of Fiction was forbidden himself to publish novels, and his Advisory Board was elected by the votes of writers with a certified circulation of at least fifty thousand copies per volume. On these terms the Rev. H. G. Wells, who had accepted the post of Minister, resigned his office and things went on very much as usual.

The Ministry of Millinery, formed to discourage undue extravagance in dress, was in existence for six weeks and only cost the country about half a million pounds sterling. Its fall was precipitated by the patriotic but perhaps injudicious attempt of the Minister to enforce the universal adoption of a standardised suit of papier-maché—a material in the manufacture of which he took a deep personal interest—in the month of February.

Then there was the Ministry of Patriotic Psychology, employing a staff of six thousand brilliant journalists, under the direction of a great newspaper proprietor, the aim being "to mobilize the sympathies and antipathies of mass opinion in the interests of the Government." Their efforts were so successful that a Ministry of Conciliation had very shortly to be established with a view to counteract the influence of the six thousand, to tranquillize public opinion and compose the constant friction and collisions which arose.

Mary. I am getting rather tired of all these old Ministries. Can't we get on to something more interesting?

Mrs. M. Your impatience does not surprise me, and I will try to finish the subject as quickly as I can. In the old days the distinction between the Government and the governed was broad and clear. Under the "Ministry of all the Ministries" it had largely disappeared. Not one man in ten thousand could have given a list of Ministers and their functions, and the same was true of the Ministers themselves. Many of them did not know each other by sight, and when they did were not on speaking terms. So finally the Government had to appoint a special Minister of Ministries, whose duty was to answer questions in the House about the new Departments, what their powers were and by whom they were appointed. As the Minister in question seldom knew or was allowed

to state who was responsible for the appointment, was discreetly vague in defining the powers of the new Ministers, and could never give a better reason for their selection than that they were "believed to be better qualified for the post than anyone else," the questions on the subject became so numerous as to threaten to occupy the whole time of Parliament. Ultimately, by the joining together of some Departments and the suppression of others, the number of Ministries was reduced successively to 150, 100, 75 and ultimately to 22.

## THE BATTLE OF BUNNINNADDEN.

[According to *The Pall Mall Gazette*, the Sinn Féiners have taken over two hundred acres of grazing land in Sligo, disregarding the objections of owners. PHIBBS DOOBEG, near Bunninnadden, refused to give them any land, and trouble is expected in the district.]

Men have I mused on men of old

Who wrote their names on Memory's pages,

Unflinching heroes, uncontrolled

By the nice precepts of the sages,

Who never failed when *rebus in angustis*

To stand foursquare for Freedom and for Justice.

And of this breed I hail DOOBEG,

Who cared not, though the odds were fearful,

But stuck it bravely out, good egg.

Scorning the counsel of the tearful,

And utterly refused to give his acres

Into the hands of traitors and law-breakers.

And then, O Pharbus! what a name

And what a place too, Bunninnadden,

To fill the sounding trump of Fame

And with its inspiration madden

To rarest ecstasy the living lyre

And set the fat a-fizzling in the fire.

While others made no show of fight,

But meekly, weakly, knuckled under,

PHIBBS, standing firm upon his right,

Defied the advocates of plunder,

Staunchly resolved at any cost to quash

The tyrannous edict of the Celto-Bosch.

The issue still remains in doubt;

But whether PHIBBS should keep his end up

Or be o'erwhelmed and driven out

And Fate unkind his number send up,

Yet still the name and deed our hearts shall gladden

Of PHIBBS DOOBEG, the Boy of Bunninnadden.

"Sir Lewis Allenby is not likely to miss any chance of punishing the enemy in front of him."—*Westminster Gazette*.

This distinguished officer; who must not be confused with his namesake, Sir EDMUND, the captor of Jericho, began his career in the well-known West-end firm of Messrs. DOUGLAS and HAIG.





*Instructor (to man about to point). "AT THE THROAT AND STOMACH. AS YOU WERE, BETTER LEAVE HIS STOMACH ALONE A BIT—IT'S GETTING WORN OUT."*

### CIVIL SERVICE.

"TALKING of narrer squeaks," said Sergeant Buttle, "the narrerest as ever I had by a long chalk was out at Passchendaele, back in the Autumn. You remember that bit o' rising ground where you was hit, Sir? Well, when we went into the line again a fortnight later, the Bosch had got that bit back, which, seeing the trouble we'd had over it, was annoying. The orders to the Brigade was, 'You took it before, and you must take it again.' 'As you were,' in a manner of speaking.

"We had a toughish job round them pill-boxes on the right, but after they was took Fritz didn't put up much of a show. You know what he is, Sir, a good fighter from cover, but when it comes to close quarters hoppin' it pretty smart. I took a dozen men forward to see if we couldn't cut off some of them coming out of the pill-boxes, and sure enough, as I scrambled up out of a shell-hole, there was a Bosch not ten yards from me, looking this way and that like a frightened hare. I rests my arms on the rim of the crater and draws a bead on him.

"'Got you, my boy,' thinks I, and I looses off. You'll remember some of my scores for the Company Cup before the War, Sir. I didn't used to drop more than a point or two at six hundred

yards as a general rule. But peace is one thing and war's another, and if I didn't go and score a bloomin' miss! Gee, I was angry. I lep up and rushed upon Fritz with my bayonet, feeling like a wild beast, rather overlookin' it wasn't his fault I'd missed him."

"I thought you said you'd had a narrer squeak," I said. "It looks to me almost as if the squeak was Fritz's."

"Wait a moment, Sir. He hadn't had time more than to turn his head when I was on him; but at that moment I put my foot in a hole and come sprawling down at his feet with my rifle bouncing down the hill. Your number's up, Buttle,' thinks I to myself, 'and all thro' scoring a miss at eight yards in a good light on a still day.' And then what d'yer think happened? If old Fritz didn't dash forward, help me up, dust me down, and then run and get my rifle and hand it back to me. I never felt such a fool in my life. 'What's yer game?' I sez. 'But anyway you're my prisoner,' and he gives a grin and shuffles off along with one of the men what I was sending back to report.

"We had a discussion in the evening about that man. The Sergeant-Major said that Fritz had just come to the conclusion that it was high time the War was over, so far as he was concerned, like a good many of his pals

had. Young Thompson, what I'd had to dress down that morning, said Fritz had very likely mistook me for the Kaiser; but I don't think he meant me to hear it.

"Well, the next day when we went back blowed if I didn't see the very man in one of the cages. I gets hold of an interpreter and explains about it to him and gets him to ask Fritz why he acted as he did; and you wouldn't guess the answer in a hundred years. It seems that in private life that man was an attendant at a skating-rink in Berlin, and he done it just from habit."

### War-Fare.

"— & —, LTD.,

CUTLERS, CONFECTIONERS & BRAD BAKERS.  
UNBREAKABLE ENGLISH NOVELTIES."

*Provincial Paper.*

"Lost, a Cockatoo, the 18th, good reward."  
*Australian Paper.*

After such a run of bad luck why not try keeping a canary instead?

"During extraordinary scenes in Ennis yesterday, when a large number of prisoners were charged with cattle driving and intimidation, the magistrates ordered the court to be cleared. The prisoners also left and could not be found."—*Irish Independent.*

Mr. DUKE has been greatly encouraged by this example of prompt obedience to a magisterial decree.



### EVERYONE A FOOD-CONTROLLER.

*First Lady (in tramcar after two hours in the queue). "DID YER SEE THAT FOOD-'OG IN THE CHECK COAT AND SKIRT WIV A 'ALF-POUND OF MARGARINE IN EACH POCKET?"* *Second Lady. "WHY, YES—I PINCHED ONE."* *First Lady. "SO DID I!"*

### THE COOKERS.

#### A SONG OF THE TRANSPORT.

THE Officers' kit and the long low limbers,  
The Maltese cart and the mules go by  
With a sparkle of paint and speckless timbers,  
With a glitter of steel to catch the eye;  
But the things I like are the four black chimneys  
And the smoke-tails scattering down the wind,  
For these are the Cookers, the Company Cookers,  
The cosy old Cookers that crawl behind.

The Company Cooks are mired and messy,  
Their cheeks are black but their boots are not;  
The Colonel says they must be more dressy,  
And the General says he'll have them shot;  
They hang their packs on the four black chimneys,  
They're a grubby disgrace, but *we* don't mind  
As long as the Cookers, the jolly black Cookers,  
The filthy old Cookers are close behind.

For it's only the Cooks can make us perk up  
When the road is rainy and cold and steep,  
When the songs die down and the step gets jerky,  
And the Adjutant's horse is fast asleep;  
And it's bad to look back for the four black chimneys  
But never a feather of smoke to find,  
For it means that the Cookers, the crazy old Cookers,  
The rickety Cookers are *ditched* behind.

The Company Cook is no great fighter  
And there's never a medal for *him* to wear,  
Though he camps in the shell-swept waste, poor blighter,  
And many a cook has "copped it" there;  
But the boys go over on beans and bacon,  
And Tommy is best when Tommy has dined,  
So here's to the Cookers, the plucky old Cookers,  
And the sooty old Cooks that waddle behind. A. P. H.

### To the Memory of Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson.

Mr. Punch would like to give further publicity to an appeal for the New Hospital for Women, Euston Road, in memory of the late Dr. ELIZABETH GARRETT ANDERSON, who founded it in 1866. In recognition of Mrs. ANDERSON's work on behalf of women—it was she who pioneered the women's medical movement and won for them a professional status—this appeal is made in particular to all women who are earning their own living in whatever profession or occupation.

The War has greatly enlarged the scope and needs of the New Hospital for Women, which receives the overflow of patients from other hospitals that have been taken over for military purposes. It is hoped that funds may be raised for the endowment of fifty new beds, at a cost of £1,000 each. H.R.H. Princess Louise has consented to preside at a meeting of the Appeal Committee to be held at the Hospital on March 14th. Donations should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer of the Appeal Fund, Lady HALL, at the New Hospital for Women, Euston Road, N.W.1.

### The Refinement of Cruelty.

"Herr Dittmann, Independent Socialist Member of the Reichstag, has been sentenced by court martial for attempted high treason to five years' refinement in a fortress."—*Evening Paper*.

"Lord Rhondda will shortly issue an order prohibiting the use of eggs for any other purposes than human food."—*Daily Paper*.

"Tragedian" writes to ask why such an order was not issued years ago.

"The relegation of the older and slower ways of construction to the Greek Kalends (which for months on end dislocated pedestrian and vehicular traffic) will be welcomed by all lovers of progress."

*Provincial Paper.*

Just like the Greek Kalends. They always keep people waiting.



A PRICKLY PROBLEM.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, February 18th.*—In view of a possible "crisis," Members listened with ill-concealed impatience to the usual string of trivial Questions. Scottish Members, however, were aroused when Mr. GULLAND was informed that the Board of Trade could not amend the Motor Spirit Order in order to allow motor-car owners to drive to church. You may still take a taxi to the theatre, but that, according to Mr. WARDLE, is quite a different matter. It is presumed that he was referring to the fact that attendance at divine worship brings no grist to the revenue; but the rumour that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in order to remove this anomaly, is contemplating the extension of the entertainment-tax to churches and chapels—the amount to vary inversely with the length of the sermon—has not yet been confirmed.

Mr. FABER was requested to postpone his demand for a specific statement as to how far our military chiefs approved of the recent decisions at Versailles. Sir HENRY DALZIEL was more fortunate. With that passion for accuracy that characterises the PRIME MINISTER'S journalistic cronies he inquired whether there was any foundation for the rumour that Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON had accepted an important military post. The LEADER OF THE HOUSE, with a satisfaction that he did not attempt to conceal, admitted that there was: Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON had that day accepted the Eastern Command.

This Command is not to be despised. Commonly regarded as a feather-bed for weary warriors it has proved a spring-mattress for Sir HENRY WILSON, who leapt from it to his present post of Chief of the Imperial Staff. May it preserve its resilience.

*Tuesday, February 19th.*—It is no disparagement to the many eminent orators in the House of Lords to say that not one of them could have attracted such an audience as filled the Chamber this afternoon. Peers and

Peeresses, Commoners and journalists, had all come to see one slender boy, whose ducal robes barely concealed the nobler khaki beneath, take his place among our hereditary legislators.

As a soldier who has already seen service on two Fronts the PRINCE OF WALES might, if he had chosen, have told the Peers what the Army thinks about the ROBERTSON imbroglio, though not, of course, in the exact language which I understand is employed in the trenches. But he was content to listen from his grandfather's old place on the cross-benches while Lord DERBY en-

to promise any relief, and it is felt that the difficulty of preventing the atmosphere of the Convention from becoming unduly heated has been materially increased.

Although the Palace of Westminster is constitutionally outside the jurisdiction of the FOOD-CONTROLLER, both branches of the Legislature have patriotically decided to adopt the rationing scheme and to become Houses of Short Commons. In the Lower Chamber the Kitchen Committee will insist upon carnivorous Members producing their coupons, if their wives will let them;

while in the Upper all days will be meatless days.

The House listened with keen appreciation while Mr. MACPHERSON described the multifarious activities of the War Office. It is now the biggest textile manufacturer in the world, and has made enough khaki to put a girdle round the earth six or seven times over. It uses quinine by the ton and cotton-wool by the thousand tons, while the steel that used to go to the manufacture of jam-tins (now replaced by wood-pulp cartons) would have sufficed to build a 3,000-ton ship every year. An extract from an officer's letter describing the fighting in Palestine, including a cavalry charge not less heroic and much more fruitful than that of the



A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.

deavoured to explain why the Government had parted with the Chief of the Imperial Staff. It is hard to say whether their Lordships were convinced. As Lord MIDLETON expressed a desire for a Secret Session it may be inferred that he would have liked to use language unfit for publication.

In the House of Commons the PRIME MINISTER was simultaneously engaged in the same task as Lord DERBY, but with greater success. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has no equal in the art of persuading an audience to share his faith in himself.

*Wednesday, February 20th.*—Dublin, according to Mr. BYRNE, is suffering acutely through the recent order prohibiting the manufacture of ice-cream. Unfortunately Mr. CLYNES was unable

Six Hundred, was an effective interlude in a speech which fully merited the praise that it received from all quarters. Mr. TENNANT wistfully recalled the days when he sat in Mr. MACPHERSON'S place, and was not allowed nearly the same latitude.

*Thursday, February 21st.*—In presenting for the first time the estimates for the Air Force, Major BAIRD made a speech which Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING characterised as "nonsense," and which therefore needs no further testimonial.

The gist of the reply to Sir CHARLES HENRY'S inquiry whether the food-restrictions would apply to domestic produce was that, if you consume your little boy's pet rabbit, it will be counted as part of the meat-ration, but if you act upon Mrs. GLASSE'S instructions and



Little Girl. "MUMMY, YOU WON'T ASK ME TO GO AND STAND IN THAT QUEUE AT THE BUTCHER'S, WILL YOU? THEY'VE LET SUCH A LOT OF PEOPLE IN, ONE BY ONE, THROUGH A LITTLE DOOR IN THE SHUTTER AND I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYBODY COME OUT."

"first catch your hare," the capture will be out of the jurisdiction of the FOOD-CONTROLLER. Lest this *dictum* should lead to a regrettable increase of poaching among our law-makers, Mr. CLYNES hastily added that the arrangement was only provisional.

#### A WARNING TO PARENTS.

This is a warning to all parents, and in particular to those who have expectations from wealthy but nervous relatives. It applies also to all times, but in particular to those nights when the moon is more or less full.

Perhaps I shall best achieve my purpose if I narrate the tragic experience under which my wife and family, to say nothing of myself, have lost the interest of my wife's Aunt Letty. The calamity occurred last week, when dear Aunt Letty was paying a daylight visit before hastening back to the comparative security of Oatlands Park, where, since one of the early raids scared her nearly to death, she has resided. It happens that our house is at the moment blessed by, in addition to its regular normal occupants, the presence

of my son Roderick, whom an epidemic of mumps has driven back to a home circle which parted from him at the end of the Christmas holidays without any regret whatever. Other parents will, I am sure, bear me out when I say that a healthy boy who is at home when he ought to be at school comes nearer manifesting the condition of perpetual restlessness than anything on earth, a fox-hound's tail not excluded.

But I make the story too long. Enough to say that I left the house after lunch on the best possible terms with Aunt Letty, and walked to the Club, perfectly secure in my mind that certain little benefactions from her (not to be disregarded in war-time) were bound to materialise; and that I returned before dinner to find that she had left, with palpitations of the heart, in a rage that nothing was likely ever to moderate, vowing that no persuasion would ever get her under my roof again.

And the cause? The cause was a packet of parlour fireworks with which Roderick had been experimenting, entitled "The Dragon's Breath," the

directions for the proper exploitation of which I will now copy from a printed slip: "To show the effect of The Dragon's Breath place one teaspoonful of the powder in a tube and say nothing about it, then walk carelessly toward a naked gas flame or lighted candle and, while your friends are thinking about matters far removed from Dragons, put the tube stealthily to your mouth, point it towards the flame and blow a strong and sudden blast of air into the tube. The effect will be extremely startling, as a stream of fire will be produced reaching half across the room, and before they have time to see anything everything will be the same as before and the tube can be secreted again. Note—Be careful not to point the tube towards any person, but direct it rather to a vacant part of the room, to avoid any chance of accident." What had happened was that Roderick, in his zeal as a practical joker, had pointed the tube towards Aunt LETTY.

To all you parents, then, and especially to those who have their boys on their hands at this moment—a pathetically numerous class—I say, beware of The Dragon's Breath.



*Extract from letter of conscientious householder in reply to appeal. "DEAR SIR,—I REGRET DEEPLY THAT I AM UNABLE TO CONTRIBUTE TO YOUR NOBLE CAUSE, BUT MY LOCAL HOSPITAL HAS LATELY BEEN MAKING HEAVY CLAIMS UPON ME."*

### WILLIAM'S GADGET;

OF, ETIQUETTE AND ELECTRICITY.

EVERY morning for the last two weeks William has walked out of the hospital with me at 11 A.M., wearing on his left side what the nurses call a splint, but he, with a surer grasp of technical terminology, prefers to describe as a gadget. It consists of a kind of semi-circular straight-waistcoat made of japanned tin and nicely padded with felt; it keeps the left elbow of William at the same elevation as his left shoulder by means of a small tray projecting to the flank on a metal strut; another small tray projecting in front supports William's left hand. The machine is fastened on to William by means of three broad bands of white webbing. Removed from William it looks a little like a portion of an outrigger, but still more like the left-hand side of a dentist's chair. It is on the little tray in front, you see, that the glass of tepid water would be placed if it were really a dentist's chair. It is on the other little tray—exactly, yes.

William does not like his gadget. He says (a) that he can't light his pipe in

it; (b) that he feels like a half-opened tin of Maconachie ration.

In answer to these two points I have advanced two considerations—(1) that I can easily use all the matches the pair of us are able to buy, and (2) that, anyhow, Maconachie rations are better than meatless days. Besides, we all like watching William being interned in his great-coat every morning and having it removed from him at night. The operation requires two nurses. One of them holds William firmly by the head, whilst the other carefully draws the tarpaulin envelope over the metal frame. It is a curious and instructive spectacle, the taking down and reassembling of William.

At 2.30 P.M., having partaken of lunch, William returns to the hospital by himself for massage, and it appears that this journey is another tribulation to him. Strung out over a distance of three-quarters of a mile he encounters a matter of seven hundred other ranks of all regiments in twos and threes who have finished their dinner and are now leaving the hospital. Dogged pertinacity shines on every face. They are going to see the pictures. All of them

wear red ties, but unfortunately for William they are not all Socialists. They salute him, and he has to answer their salutes.

The other evening at 9 P.M., having been extricated from his great coat and his gadget, he came over to my bed to complain.

"How many times do you suppose I have had to lift my right arm between 'The Blue Boar' and the hospital?" he asked, sitting down wearily on my toes.

"I don't know, I'm sure," I said. "Were you carrying any refreshments on the little tray in front?"

"Two hundred and fifty three salutes," he cried wrathfully, putting a pillow over my face; "and nearly every one of them smiled. Do they suppose I'm wearing the thing for fun?"

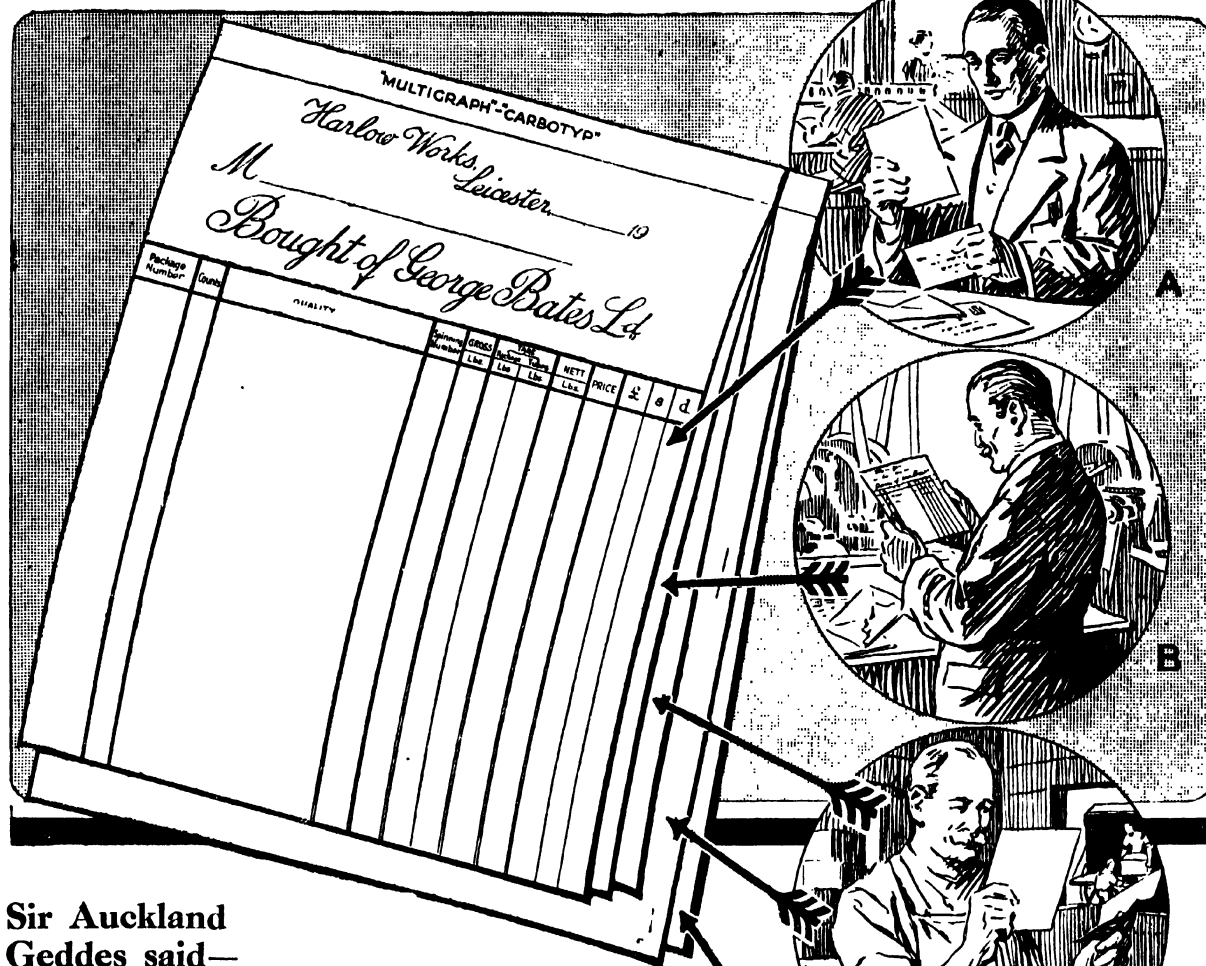
"Probably they think it's the combined body-shield and rifle rest that is being sold so much just now," I replied, removing the gas-mask, "or else the One-man Tank."

"What would you do if you were in my place?" he said.

"First of all I should get up off my toes—I mean off yours," I answered, "and then——"



**"Nothing counts except EFFICIENCY"—K & J**



**Sir Auckland  
Geddes said—**

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# Control Prices and a Moral

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"And what happens when I get to the massage-room?" he went on, paying no attention to my advice. "To begin with, they take off my gadget and put my arm into a little china bath with two wires attached. They turn on some taps and it tickles. I sit there wriggling and laughing and saying, 'Don't, please don't,' for about half-an-hour. Then I move on to another electrical which was it, and they pull a lever and dab me all over with a little pad like an orderly-room stamp for letters——"

"If I were censoring you," I began——

"Do shut up," said William. "After that they squirt hot air at me with a thing that's called radial heat. Then I get hand massage; then I am thoroughly slapped——"

"You probably did something to deserve it——"

"And then my arm is twisted about in a most Hunnish manner for about ten minutes until it's time for tea. I tell you I've had enough of it. This afternoon I spoke to the doctor. I made a brilliant and original suggestion to him. I said I wanted an entirely new gadget, one to fit on my right-hand side and support my right elbow and right hand."

"What did he do?" I asked, feeling a little more interested. "Send for your temperature chart?"

"He asked me what the deuce I meant, and I told him. I said that if I could have a gadget on my right arm I should be obliged to salute with my left, and if I took salutes with my left arm all the way between lunch and the hospital I should get exactly the same remedial exercise for my left-arm muscles as I now derive from being tapped and hauled about and galvanised with his beastly machinery. And what is more, it would save voltage. I told him that Lord RHONDDA says we are short of volts."

"And what did he say to that?" I asked.

"He was rather curt with me," said William. "He said I was a grumbler. He said I had much better wear gadgets on both my arms and so save the trouble of saluting at all. He said there were lots of worse gadgets than mine. He said he had seen one that would keep my arm above my head in the permanent position of a man stopping a bus. He asked me how I should like to wear two of those at once."

"And what did you say to that?" I asked him.

"Kamerad," said William. **EVOE.**

"Lady would undertake needlework (not fine) for one fowl weekly."—*The Lady*.  
But can she do feather-stitching?



*George Braham*

"I'll TAKE TWO OUNCES OF BARE; ONE-AND-THREE-QUARTERS OUNCES OF RABBIT; HALF-OUNCE OF CHICKEN; ONE-AND-A-HALF OUNCES OF MUTTON WITH ONE-SIXTEENTH OF BONE; TWO OUNCES OF BEEF AND ONE OUNCE OF PORK; AND I'LL COMPLETE MY ORDER AT THE END OF THE WEEK."

#### An Offal Bad Outlook.

Who can the heartless ox recall  
To still the people's cry for meat?  
His heart adorns the butcher's stall;  
Where is the breast where once it beat?

Her caudal limb we do not miss  
(Alas! too widely queues prevail),  
But what we want to know is this:  
Where is the cow that swished the tail?

"Of course, we shall be met with that most foolish of all proverbs, when wrongly applied, on the 'swapping horses' when in mid-stream. What else are you to do when the stream has to be crossed somehow and your mount is bucking and shying on the bank?"—*The Globe*.

But, as another proverb, when wrongly quoted, says: "You may take a horse to the bank, but that doesn't get him to mid-stream."

"America, Mesopotamia, and Arabia are not to remain under Turkish rule."

*Church Family Newspaper.*

President WILSON will be relieved.

"Wanted, in February or March, a small Country (unfur.), within 10 miles of London: low rental."—*Daily Paper*.

Can you guess the advertiser?  
'Tis undoubtedly the ——

A simple young man of Herne Bay  
Had never heard tell of "TAY PAY";

But the impact was such  
When they came into touch  
That he gave up all fats from that day.

"The shipping firm of Messrs. John —— and Sons has been since about 1830 engaged in the Mersey and Mediterranean trade, in the early days being known as the 'Z' Line, from the fact that the names of all the vessels engaged in the service commenced with R."

*Kingsbridge Journal.*

They needn't really have given a reason

## THE CRIMINALS.

THE scene of the drama which I am about to unfold was a certain London hotel, and the time was the eve of a meatless day. We were five in number—all men—and we sat down to the dinner-table with the hunger that a meatless day engenders, but with little of that agreeable anticipation which empty carnivora enjoy. For although on meatless days there is often more to eat than usual it neither fills nor sustains, and most assuredly it does not excite.

With the assistance of conversation, nonsense and the juice of the grape we got through the first two or three courses, in which fish and eggs and vegetables played their monotonous part; and then came a dish which caused each of us to glance furtively at his neighbour's plate, to see if it were an accident or if he had some too. Could it be true? our eyes inquired as they met in wild surmise. Could there be a substitute for bacon as exact as this, or was it the identical goods? It was. Beyond all doubt we were doing that astonishingly infrequent thing: eating bacon, beautiful adorable bacon, the authentic flesh of the authentic pig!

Naturally the talk at once turned to the question, "What is meat?" and all kinds of dialectical skill and ingenuity were brought to bear upon the theme. "Meat," said one, "is solely that kind of meat which butchers sell—beef, mutton, veal. The 'flesh of swine, however fine,' is not meat within the meaning of the Act." Another held that the only meat which is not meat is that of birds—poultry and game. It was, however, generally agreed that, whatever was not meat, anything appertaining to cattle most certainly was.

Judge of our dismay and delight when the waiter brought the next course, and we were again rapt away into an incredible Elysium; for the basis of this dish was tongue, indisputable tongue, and, so far as my own portion was concerned, tongue at its best—that part of the light and tender tip with which the ox says its wittiest things.

With so palpable a contradiction before us of all the decisions which we had reached, we gave up the discussion; and I made a private note of this hotel as a place to remember when Tuesdays and Fridays seem to be coming round too often or (as I shall certainly do) I lose my meat-card. And then this most satisfactory and stimulating of recent meals having come to an end, we moved to another room and forgot about it in the fumes of tobacco. The thought of guilt, even if it ever crossed our minds, vanished. Besides, if any

one was to blame it was obviously the landlord.

That was last Tuesday. This morning (Friday) I have a very different feeling, and I am sure that those other four malefactors will also be trembling if they too read *The Times*. For look at the subjoined cutting:—

### © MEAT ON A MEATLESS DAY.

Mrs. Eugenie Hardiman, of the Hoe Mansions Hotel, was charged at Plymouth yesterday with serving bacon and sausages on a meatless day, and ten of the guests at the hotel were summoned for consuming the meat. For the defence it was pleaded that bacon and sausages were not meat for certain purposes, and that Mrs. Hardiman had been misled by a newspaper article. Mrs. Hardiman was fined 20s. on this charge and 10s. for not keeping a proper register, and nine of the guests were fined 10s. each."

And it isn't as if ten-shilling notes grew on every tree.

## EARTHED.

AY, 'tis a wold-fashioned akkud sort of baath, an' it's bin here a good long while—well, forty years or thereabouts. But if so be as you 'm meanin' to have wan o' they pore'l'in beauties put in and gives *me* the job o' doin' it, I'll take thissen offen your hands an' make you an allowance for 'n. Sir? Well, us bain't a-goin' to quarrel about that; an' this yere baath is wan as I'd like to have i' my own parlour, fer to show to visitors, bein' as it's got a partic'lar hist'ry belongin' to 't.

You see, 'tis the way wi' these aowd man'r 'ouses to be close up agin the church as that there dissentin' chap Benjamin Eden, as were 'alf suspicioned by the par'sh of votin' Radical i' the 'lection of '95, wunst put it, "Church an' Staate be allus thick as thieves thegither." But thissen, you see, is banked up bang under agin the churchyard, so 's you c'd step straight out o' this yere bathroom winder an' take a short cut to church, if you'd a-minded, 'stead o' goin' downstairs an' trapesin' round the drive, which is seemlier 'owever. Aowd Mrs. Belcher tried it to-wunst, not long arter this winder were put in; but 'er got stuck till Mas'r 'Erbert, as were clerk in them days, come out at chancel door to see who 'twas a-spillin' the Te Deum wi' 'er 'ollerin'. So 'er wuz laate arter all.

Aowd Squire Belcher 'ad the winder put in as a sort of a safety-valve, along o' the story I'm a-goin' to tell you. There 'adn't used to be nobbut tother winder, which nobody cuddn't get out on, as you may see fer yourself.

Squire Belcher were a aowd-fashioned gen'el'man an' dead set agon praper 'ot-waater baaths, which wuz fire-bran-new at that time. 'E 'oodn't

'ave none put in on the ostate, an' 'a fell foul o' the matter even wi' Miss Tyack, as rented Tudor 'Ouse offen 'un, an' were a 'ooman as 'e respected fer the 'ardest-ridin' female i' the Mid-Mercian 'Unt.

"If *yeou* aren't got no sort o' use, Squire, arter a day's 'untin', fer ad-loosh'ns ab lib.," 'er says (George Hyatt, as were 'untsman, over'heard she say it), "I 'ave," 'er says. "I doan't sit down to my dinner 'ithout I baaths," 'er says.

"No more doan't I," says Squire. "But you 'm a-do same as you 'm a-doin' of now an' same's what me an' ivery Christian an' all does. Can't the mauids bring 'ee up all the hot waater as you do want?" 'a says.

"No, Squire," says 'er, very peart-like. "I doan't allow of no mauids comin' in when I 'm i' my baath and wants mwore hot waater, an' *yeou* 'adn't ought to noether. I wunner as Mrs. Belcher allows of sich goin's on," 'er says.

Well, Squire Belcher 'e 'ouldn't give in to she ner to no other faddy tenant as wanted baaths put in. An' then, begad, if 'a didn't goo an' 'ave a baath put in 'isself—this 'ere very baath 'twas as is 'ere to-day. 'E called my aowd father, as were i' the plumbin' line afore me, an' 'e eggsplains to 'm as the Doctor 'ad swore as there warn't no way for it, if Squire wanted to 'unt the pack another year, but settin' in 'ot waater up to the chin three days a wik, along o' his sufferin' from stiffness o' the jint's. Doctor defied 'im to sit i' the saddle else. So, fer the sake o' the 'Unt, 'a was agreeable—on'y 'e vowed as 'twere to be kep' secret 'bout him havin' a baath put in, or hout they sh'd aul goo, workmen and mauids, come Lady Day.

Well, now, you 'll agree wi' me as 'twere mortal foolish o' Squire to go fer to make a secret o's chin-up ad-loosh'ns, 'specially seein' as 'ow in my aowd father's opinyun Miss Tyack were privy to the hwole affair, 'er bein' a monstrous mishtiful 'ooman and iver so thick wi' th' aowd Doctor. My father had used to suay as 'twas she as set ho up to 't, and anny road 'twas rather better nur even 'lections on the hwole affair comin' out. Fer you caan't kip no secrets i' Dovedale par'sh, not if you tries iver so.

Well, this yere baath were put in, though Squire kip iffing an' ofsing, sayin' as 'e'd allus believed in gi'in' 'is baath the run of a loose-box like, an' not tyin' o' t up by the yud in a stall—but 'e durson't gie th' aowd Doctor the go-by 'owever.

An' now the story passes on past births an' buryin's, jyes an' sorr'ws, marryin's an' givin'-i'-marryin's, to



Tommy (home on leave, to engine-driver). "YOU CAN WAIT IF YOU LIKE, BILL, BUT I SHAN'T WANT YOU FOR NINE DAYS."

the next 'untin' season, when one marnin' Squire were that stiff in's jints as 'e thowt it better to stay at h'wome an' have his chin-full, in a manner o' speakin', so 's to be fit next time as houn's met.

But while 'a were havin's baath, houn's up an' started a fox i' Ditch-bury Bottom, an' while 'a were a-simmerin' an' a-simmerin' i' the hot waater, that theer fox were a-leggin' it an' a-leggin' it straight fer Dove-dale. Houn's were close on 's heels, so what does 'a do but double acrost the brook, loup ower the churchyard wall, an', bein' then at 's last gasp, I reckon, spy the winder o' Squire's baathroom, an' nip in at it afore you c'd say "Spud." An' all the houn's in arter 'un an' all, begad! Aie, aie!

Well, then there were a splutter if yeou like! When George Hyatt come up, theer were Squire, 'a said, a-standin' up mother-nakkud in 's baath, red an' steamin', an' a-ravin' an' a-dancin' an' a-damnin' away ninoty to the dozen (there warn't niver no stiffness i' the j'int's o' 's chops, anny road), an' theer were the maddest tangle o' houn's as ivor anny mortal did see in 's life afore, George said.

"Call off the houn's!" yells Squire,

so soon as 'e sees George a-peerin' in at the winder. "Call off the houn's, yeou dom' dolt!"

"As if a man cud," said George. 'E cuddn't get in at the winder, an' Squire 'e cuddn't get out o' the door 'ithout lettin' the houn's all through the house, an' 'a dursn't get out o' the baath anny gate, but stud theer a-splashin' an' a-swearin' i' the hot waater, an' flingin' soap, sponge, nail-brushes—ivery mortal thing as 'e c'd lay 's hands on, to keep that theer rampagin' riot o' houn's offen 'un, as was a-breakin' up o' the fox 'ithout anny help i' this world from George.

"Down, Naylor!—Rasper!—Blue-bell!" 'e yells (an' a lot more names too what weren't houn's at all), as some o' they comes a-whirlin' into the baath atop of 'un. And 'a starts a-heavin' of 'em off an' tryin' to hurl 'em back through the winder. You niver seed such a sight, George said. 'Twas fer all the world like wan o' they strugglin' shameful 'eathen statues you sees picters of.

An' then next minut the hunt rode up—leastways the h'wole first flight, wi' Miss Tyack, as Squire allus admired fer 'er ridin', a-leadin' of 'em.

George Hyatt rushed an' caught

a-holt of 'er bridle an' kip' sho back, tryin' to egsplain in a delicate an' fittin' manner how 'twere. But 'a might ha' shut 'is chops an' kip' 'is belly warm, fer Squire were a-tellin' all the par'sh what were a-goin' on, all the time, an' be-damned but Miss Tyack—an' 'tis a clear proof to me as 'er 'ad got a holt o' the Squire's secret—jest leaned down from 'er saddle i' the most owdacious an' ondacent manner, like as 'er was a-tryin' to peer in at the winder—ay, an' capable of it too—an' calls out, "Marnin', Squire! I see as you 've a-got a nice baath put in yourself," 'er says.

Well, George Hyatt took 'is oath as 'er cuddn't see, but Squire warn't to know that. An' 'e jest bellowed at 'er, "Goo away, you faggit! you gallus female!"—an' then 'a made but wan bound fer the door an' out at it, an' the houn's all artar 'un goo-oo-oo—mis-conceiving some'ow as 'e 'd a-got the fox as they were a-breakin' up, I reckon. I niver did 'ear what 'appened when they come to 's bedroom. W. B.

#### Food the Real Objective.

"Undoubtedly, one of the aims of the Germans in continuing their advance is to secure buns."—*Daily Dispatch*.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

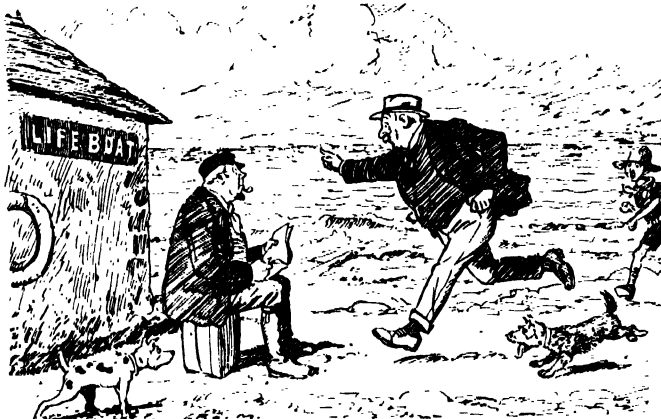
*His Job* (LANE) starts with the severe handicap of having to live up to the promise of an altogether charming picture-wrapper. While I will not go so far as to say that this promise was wholly fulfilled, there are at least two points upon which I may unreservedly congratulate Mr. HORACE BLEACKLEY—his obvious command both of the inner workings of the dye industry and the intricacies of Lancashire idiom. Indeed, a half-dozen chapters of *His Job* are enough to give the most uninstructed reader a grounding in the mysteries of colour production; while I have seldom met a novelist who seemed so securely at home amid the hazards of dialect. After this introduction do I need to tell you that *His Job* is the managing of the dye business that came to the hero in hereditary succession, when he would emphatically rather have been doing almost anything else? He is one *Ronald Egerton*, plucked untimely from the delights of Harrow and vowed to the uncongenial task of revitalizing a dwindling enterprise. Incidentally we see him snatching such solace as may be found in a love-affair (which comes to nothing) and some mild flirtations with the stars of Manchester pantomime. Eventually, subdued to what he works in, *Ronald* is left, the perfect dyer, heroically refusing the temptations of a combine. Perhaps the obvious moral is susceptible of varied interpretations. There is much careful observation in the story, notably in the relations between *Ronald* and his father; and, as I say, Mr. BLEACKLEY knows his theme. On the whole, however, I should call *His Job* (the title continually tempts me to add "or what a young man did") more interesting as a treatise than entertaining as a romance.

*The Duchess in Pursuit* (MILLS AND BOON) is one of those volumes agreeably made up of a short novel and a cluster of shorter stories. I take it that the reason for this custom is that fiction, like war-bread, is sold by weight, and that, as *The Duchess's* pursuit lasts for less than a couple of hundred pages, Miss I. A. R. WYLIE had to throw five odd pieces into the scales. Anyhow I have rightly called the result agreeable, if only for the impression that it produces of giving full value. It has also the advantage that, if the novel fails to entertain, you have still more than one further chance within the same covers. I am afraid I must go on to say that this latter consolation was needed in the present instance, since I found Miss WYLIE's chief contribution almost too wild for even the best-natured credulity. A widowed and white-haired Duchess, with a "modern" daughter, escapes from Park Lane, dyes her grey hair black, captures the affections of the young poet whom her daughter has just offended, goes to Paris and has amazing adventures with a pair of lovers and a derelict baby, finally ending up by accepting her life-long admirer, and backing herself and him to beat another elderly just united pair in a grotesque race to England. Frankly the scheme is too preposterous for me to do more than acknowledge the nimbleness of Miss WYLIE's invention. Skin through

this, if you have a taste for such fare, and then turn to one of the short stories, called "The Day of Days"; sentimental, I will not deny it, but for charm and delicate artistry this gentle little tale of two old spinsters squandering their last savings on a motor-drive for wounded soldiers easily attains a success that the *Duchess* and her convulsive coterie pursue in vain.

MR. ANTONIO DE NAVARRO divides his book, *The Scottish Women's Hospital at the French Abbey of Royaumont* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), into two parts, the first of which gives us the history of the Abbey itself, while the second tells us of the noble work which is now being done there. The author has been at infinite pains to collate the records of this historic monastery, and he has told his tale in a style and with a sympathy alike admirable, so that we approach the main subject of his book with a real feeling for the sentiment of the place and the romantic environment of the hospital that is established within the Abbey walls. I have already had the privilege of writing in praise of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, and it is a theme which anyone

who reads of their wonderful work is glad enough to be allowed to renew. With unflinching tact Mr. DE NAVARRO tells the story of the Hospital at Royaumont (the only one "run entirely by women"), inspiring us with his own assurance that the work done by such devoted women on behalf of such devoted men must be twice blessed. The sorrow of the patients when they have to leave is the best tribute to the kindness and skill that abound to-day in the Abbey. My only regret is that a book so delicately and delightfully



Excited Gentleman. "QUICK! QUICK! THE LIFEBOAT! MY FOOT CARD HAS BEEN BLOWN OUT TO SEA!"

written should be burdened by so cumbersome a title.

The three stories that go to the making up of *Cute McCheyne* (CHAMBERS), by J. L. WAUGH, are but slight and unsubstantial things so far as mere plot and incident are concerned. In the first story, indeed, which gives its title to the book, no sooner has Mr. WAUGH laid the foundations of a sound and interesting (if somewhat old-fashioned) plot, than, hey-presto, he whisks it away and leaves the reader foiled and gasping. This is not to say that Mr. WAUGH has not a pretty gift for narrative by dialogue. He has that and something more. He can tell a simple tale in a simple and straightforward manner, and if he uses sentiment he does so with discretion. But his chief merit—in my eyes at least—is his delightful employment of the Doric, the Scottish dialect that binds Scotsmen together all the world over. In this point Mr. WAUGH is unsurpassable. His dialect is the authentic stuff, crisp and forcible and redolent of the soil on which his characters are bred. Having read *Cute McCheyne* I feel that I could pass an examination in the vernacular, for I know the meaning of "kenspeckle," "fremit," "jalouse" (as a verb), "the haill rick-ma-tic," and many another bit of Scots, for which and for his stories I am grateful to Mr. WAUGH.

"CAILLAUX'S SAFE," says a newspaper heading. Without wishing to prejudice the result of his trial, we do not endorse this forecast.

# CHARIVARIA.

A NEW list of essential occupations is about to be issued by the Government, and many people are wondering whether eating is to be included.

With reference to the statement of the *Vossische Zeitung*, that Germany is preparing for another war, we suggest that if Germany knows of a better war she can go to it.

A wireless message reports that German troops at Dubno have captured 876 guns, 436 officers and 8,000 men. This bears out the recent statement of M. TROTSKY that Russia is demobilising.

According to a Petrograd message the Germans are advancing towards the capital in small bands. This is the formation in which in earlier days they used to terrorise the English countryside.

A piper preceded the bride at an Edinburgh wedding last week, but the gallant couple nevertheless insisted on going through with the ceremony.

In his evidence before the Select Committee on Premium Bonds, the Chief Constable of Manchester told of a workman who purchased a piano because it filled a recess in his room. "Tired Father" writes to say that the workman is to be congratulated upon discovering so harmless for piano.

Silver sugar-cases for the waistcoat pocket are among the latest novelties. We understand that there is now being placed on the market a smaller but quite artistic little case, to be worn on the watch-chain, for carrying home the week-end joint.

We are pleased to be able to say that the capture of German prisoners of war in this country still keeps pace with the escapes.

Last week an enterprising City gentleman, not wanting to use his meat-ration card at lunch, ordered a steak and kidney pie.

A German report points out that

General OTTO VON BELOW has been asked to direct the operations against the British front. It is supposed that in some way or another he has offended the KAISER.

Higher omnibus fares are hinted at. Nevertheless a large proportion of the L.G.O.'s patrons will continue to ride on foot.

The S.P.C.A. are asking that all possible publicity should be given to the case of the munition worker who

contribution to the upkeep of lunatics in Ireland. The Ministry protests that it is already doing its best.

A baby otter is among the latest additions to the Zoo, where he has created a most favourable impression by offering his meat-coupons to a grown-up lion.

Two men have been charged at Deal with stealing a thirty-six gallon cask of Government ale. It is not known what they wanted it for.



LIFE'S LITTLE COMPENSATIONS.

Smith (arrived in country on week-end visit to family). "WELL CHANGE AFTER STANDING ALL THE MORNING IN LONDON WAITING IN MEAT-QUEUE!"

was recently fined ten pounds for going away on a week's holiday and leaving the cheese locked up in the house.

A bittern is reported to have been shot near Windsor. Provision-dealers declare that there is always a boom in this class of bird.

The report that a poster seventy-five feet by forty-five feet, painted by Mr. BERT THOMAS, is to be exhibited outside the National Gallery instead of inside, has revived the question as to whether that institution is really moving with the times.

It has been urged that there ought to be an increase of the Government's

## Our Veterans.

"Arthur — was charged with being a deserter from the Navy. He admitted this, but stated that he had been in the merchant service since 915. . . . He had done a little bit more than the average naval man."

*Express and Echo (Exeter).* "Gunner — went to France in February, 1915, and took part in the battles of Fleurbaix, St. Julien, Festubert, and Givenchy."—*Kingston Daily Standard (Canada).*

"The price of fat cattle was fixed at 74s. per cwt. in September, with a downward scale, until it got to 0s. in January, when the Food-Controller was told there would be no beef in January, as it could not be produced at the price."

*The Farmer and Stockbreeder.* Our farmers' altruism is notorious, but it has its limits.

Notice received from a railway company:—

"I beg to advise you that a rabbit addressed to you has been received at this station, and is held at the Owner's risk and expense. . . . If not removed within six months from the date of this notice Rabbit will be sold."

Intending purchasers are recommended to queue up at once.

"NO WONDER FOOD IS SHORT!—For every 100 blankets produced in a normal year before the war, 250 are now purchased by the War Office."—*Sunday Paper.*

And now our grocer announces "No blankets."

"Reuter's correspondent at Italian Headquarters describes the magnificent spectacle of British troops marching through Italy. They are equipped with a great number of guns and accompanied by endless lines of lorries, carts, pontoons, and other accessories of the complete army. and 4s. 6d."—*Nelson Colonist (New Zealand).*

Even at the present rate of Italian exchange we are afraid this sum will hardly suffice for a prolonged campaign.

## 'EASY FRUIT'

AND A HARD NUT.

O how loud the sabres rattle,  
 O how bravely flash the swords,  
 When your Boschos meet in battle  
 Russia's unresisting hordes!  
 Woe betide the wretched laggards  
 On the fringes of the fray  
 When the Red Guards fly the Blackguards  
 After pouching Gorman pay,  
 And you follow by the railroad, finding nothing in  
 the way.

Then indeed your glorious mettle  
 Shows you made of martial stuff,  
 When the prey on which you settle  
 Hasn't strength to cry, "Enough!"  
 Thus were laid those deathless laurels  
 On the headpiece of the Hun  
 When you downed, in easy quarrels,  
 Helpless folk that had to run,  
 When you wolfed the little nations with the odds at  
 ten to one.

But where you have met your equals,  
 Gun for gun and man for man,  
 We have noticed other sequels—  
 It was always you that ran;  
 With the fighting chances level  
 You assume a chastened air,  
 Lift your foul hands like the Devil  
 When he's sick and takes to prayer,  
 And it's "Kamerad, kindly put me in a cage and keep  
 me there!"

Flushed with triumphs cheap and shoddy  
 Wrung from LENIN's rabble crew,  
 You may tell your Teuton God he  
 Merits well of WILLIAM TWO:  
 But the West—ah, there we hold you!  
 There, when next we come to grips,  
 Lies the issue which shall fold you  
 In the night of noon's eclipse,  
 With your favourite cry, "*Vae Victis*," in your ears  
 and not your lips! O. S.

## THE TROTSKY TOUCH.

I MET him in a large café with a fantastic ceiling, a favourite resort of Bohemians and other hair-hoarders. He was a little man, dressed in dark shabby clothes, and the fierce light in his eyes was faintly reflected on his elbows and knees. He had a soft felt hat on his head and a good deal of camouflage on his chin. He told me that he had recently come from Russia, and had spent some time in Finland disguised as a Swede. I was not surprised to hear it. He looked to me the kind of man who could have deceived anyone by pretending to be a mangel-wurzel. He tried to tell me the name of his native town, and when he had finished and felt better he became eloquent.

"Over here you talk a great deal of the Bolshevik movement," he cried; "but what do you know of its emotional expression, the glory of its contributions to Art?"

"Our Press has always tried to hide the worst," I said.

"The ineffable poetry," he went on, "the unspeakable painting it has produced, which, alas, are only too likely to be lost to the world!"

"Tell me a few of the ringleaders," I murmured.

"Runoff is the TYRTEUS, if I may say it, of the uprising.

I wish I could quote his poems to you in their entirety. He published them by wireless and I translated them myself. What do you think of this from his *Day of Deliverance*?

"In the distance is the thunder of the enemy's guns,  
 Freedom is at hand.  
 My bayonet is beside me, there is plenty of vodka;  
 The night is starless,  
 I am on guard.  
 But whom am I guarding?  
 I am guarding the Chief of the General Staff, the A.D.M.S.  
 and the Army Commanders;  
 The Soviet has imprisoned them,  
 They die at dawn.  
 In the distance are the flashes of the enemy's guns;  
 I have lost my bayonet, I have finished the vodka;  
 The night is starless,  
 But to-morrow is Dawn!"

"Stupendous, little great-nephew!" I shouted, fired by his enthusiasm. He continued to croon:—

"The enemy are upon us with bayonets and with bombs,  
 The wire is na-poo.  
 All around me are horrible explosions;  
 The parapet and the parados are broken to pieces;  
 But I am firm.  
 Imperturbably, indomitably  
 With arms outstretched I walk into No Man's Land;  
 Exhibiting my leaflets  
 I fraternise."

"Are they all war poems?" I asked after a short pause.  
 "Are there no songs of life and love, little steppe-son?"

"Are there not?" he said. "Listen to this:—

"Yesterday evening the frogs barked, the nightingales sang,  
 Everything was joyful, I sang and barked too;  
 To-day it is raining, the samovar is cold,  
 I will go into the garden and eat worms."

And this:—

"Sometimes when I look at Givushka  
 I know that I love her;  
 Sometimes when I look at Givushka  
 My heart is filled with hate.  
 It is something about the way that she does her hair,  
 Or else her clothes."

"Incredible!" I cried. "And what about the colour barrage?"

"It is almost impossible to describe," said the little man. The pioneers of the new movement called themselves the Centrifugals, and I suppose Yelovski is the best. There was always a little crowd round his 'Butter Queue.' The colour motive was bright saffron, and to symbolise their mental stress all the figures were standing on their heads.

"And how do you think the emptiness of the grocer's shop was portrayed? Simply a large square hole cut in the canvas. And you should have seen 'The Exploded Mine.' The whole canvas had been removed, cut up into irregular pieces with a pair of scissors, and pasted fanwise on the wall over the top of the frame. And then there was Scratchovitch's 'The Offensive.' It was sketched during a spinning nose dive. The confusion was indescribable. The chiaroscuro was magnificent. It was impossible to tell a salient from a re-entrant. The whole bloodscape seemed to leap out of the canvas and hit you in the face."

"It would," I said faintly. "Were there any portraits?"

"There was one of TROTSKY, by his greatest friend, Thatchov. The face was hexagonal, and there was one large single eye in the middle of it, partially closed. The nose, with a fore-finger touching it, was on the right-hand side; but of the mouth, the mouth which has issued so many manifestos and ultimatums, nothing could be seen."

"And why was that?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "it was at the back of his neck."

To conceal my emotion I rose and paid my score.

"And your friend?" asked the waiter.

I turned round. The little man was gone. EVOE.





THE IMPERIAL BAGMAN'S JOY RIDE.

## THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

VIII.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER LXXX.  
(concluded).

*Richard.* Was not the potato discovered in this reign, Mamma?

*Mrs. M.* Not exactly, my dear boy, though a second Sir Walter Raleigh flourished in these times. But undoubtedly the potato attained to great importance owing to the shortage of meat supplies and the variety of purposes to which it was turned. Flower-gardens were dug up and potatoes were planted everywhere. More than that, a group of influential newspapers devoted their entire energies to the promotion of potato-planting, and the principal proprietor was elevated to the peerage under the title of Lord Tuberstock in recognition of his services. Manufactories were established to make paper out of mashed potatoes, and an attempt was made to print books on prepared potato-skins; but this was discouraged as interfering with the food-supply. A rival group of newspapers took up the cause of parsnips with equal energy.

*Mary.* Oh, Mamma, how could they? I simply hate parsnips.

*Mrs. M.* My dear child, it is very foolish and ungrateful to speak disrespectfully of any vegetable. The parsnip is unusually rich in what are called "vitamines," or vitally nutritious properties. In the end, however, the two groups of newspapers were amalgamated.

*George.* I notice, Mamma, that you are always talking of amalgamation. What does it mean?

*Mrs. M.* I am sorry not to have used a simpler word, but amalgamation, which means joining or mixing together in one composite body, was a special feature of this age. Ultimately all newspapers were amalgamated into one great corporation and editors ceased to exist. Only journalists and proprietors were left. So too with the Government. Coalitions gave place to Amalgamated Ministries, and the Premiership was put into commission; that is to say, the nominal Premier was in reality only the Chairman, without a casting vote, of a Committee. There were Ministries but no Ministers, at least they were not known to the public, and it became very hard to say who were in the Govern-

ment, as those who were supposed to exercise most power disavowed all personal responsibility.

*Richard.* Were there no great men, then?

*Mrs. M.* Oh, yes, there were undoubtedly some very remarkable men, great inventors, men of science and discoverers. Thus, Lord Southmount, the Chairman of the first Amalgamated Premiership, discovered Lord Otterbeck, though some authorities declare that Lord Otterbeck discovered Lord Southmount. Anyhow their personalities



*Lady.* "WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHERE TO GET A NO. 9?"  
*Army Doctor (automatically).* "PARADE SICK TO-MORROW MORNING."

and activities became so indistinguishable that they were incorporated under the joint title of Duke of Brockenbourne. Lord Pulpington, again, discovered the true principles of military strategy, and a syndicate of distinguished statesmen rediscovered the existence of the forgotten island of Ireland, which had eluded the attention of the Government under the *alias* of "Sinn Féin." In the domain of literature a number of new epithets were coined or popularised by Sir HAROLD BEGGIE, the great apostle of uplift and unction. When your father comes in to tea we must ask him to read to us Sir HAROLD's famous description of the forehead of Sir OLIVER LODGE, which he compared to the dome of St. Peter's at Rome.

## THE SECRET OF GERMANY'S MAN-POWER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have now at last solved the problem of the hour, and I make haste to adopt my invariable custom of handing on my solution for the benefit of your readers. It has, of course, puzzled them to understand where all the German soldiers come from, or how it is that, at a time when (as is clearly indicated by their advertisements) they are in train to launch an overwhelming offensive in the West, they should also be able to undertake a fresh invasion of Russia. Where, in short, have these soldiers come from who are flooding Russia?

The truth has leaked out. They are not soldiers at all.

Though it has more than once been hinted at, the first clear statement of this singular development occurs in an appeal from the Bolshevik Government for the defence of the Revolution, which, they said, must shed its last drop of blood "against the adventurous march of the German capitalists."

So there you have it; it is by a colossal experiment in dilution that the Germans have achieved their concentration against us.

Three pregnant reflections occur to me:—

1. That German exhaustion in man-power must surely be far advanced before the capitalists were combed out *en masse*.

2. That from what I have seen of German plutocrats they would be a fine sight on a forced march.

3. That this is a war of exhaustion, and so I hope our own capitalists are getting

into training.

I remain, Yours again,  
STATISTICIAN.

## To Help Lord Rhondda.

"The L.C.C. Education Committee are increasing commencing salaries from £200 to £300 for assistant head fasters."—*Daily Paper*.

"ADVANCE ON THE EUPHRATES.  
TEN MILES FROM HIT."

*Daily Paper.*

It sounds a bit wide of the target.

"Required immediately, Teacher (qualified under Board of Education) for — Woodwork Centres, for 10½ days weekly. Salary £120-£5-£160."—*Higher Education Gazette*.

Nothing, you see, is said about payment for overtime.



# FADELESS DURO FABRICS

[TRADE MARK]

## Duro . . Cambrie

31"—for smart frocks and blouses—a dressy material in novel stripes and fine line checks, also in plain white.

## Duro . . . Zephyr

31"—a beautiful fine soft cloth in plain colours, stripes, checks and two tone effects.

## Duro . . . Suiting

28"—for coats and skirts—a novel check material in a range of colours and in plain white.

## Duro . . Shirtings

for the men's Trade—and Duro Shirts—are in very varied choice in Oxfords, Zephyrs and Fancies.

**All sold with the Guarantee:**  
*"Garment replaced if  
 colour fades"*

Smart in design, draping well, the "Duro" fabrics are not only the most charming of dress, costume and shirting materials, but also the most *economical*. Woven with the utmost care from the best of cottons, they combine absolute fastness of colour with wonderful durability.

It is more important than ever to get a "colour guarantee" when buying washing fabrics. In view of the constantly increasing cost of production it will be well to buy early.

Dyers and Manufacturers :

**BURGESS, LEDWARD & CO., LTD.**

## Duro . . . Pique

40" very smart and economical, with soft velour finish, in white grounds with coloured stripes and all white.

## Duro . . Gingham

40" for nurses' and general wear in a splendid range of plain colours, also in stripes and checks.

## Duro . . Burward

28"—a beautiful mercerised cloth making up into very smart costumes, in a range of shades.

## Duro Rainproofs

28" and 54"—are in a variety of weaves and in a good range of shades. Thoroughly proofed.

Ask your retailer, or write for patterns and the name of nearest retailer to Room 38, The British Textile Syndicate, 10, Piccadilly, Manchester.



# Tobacco Bouquet

The bouquet of Tobacco is a blend of natural perfumes, just as a nosegay is a commingling of sweet scented flowers.

Tobacco experts say of "Bond of Union" that it "has a good nose," by which they mean that the various leaves are richly aromatic and skilfully blended, so as to produce a perfect bouquet.

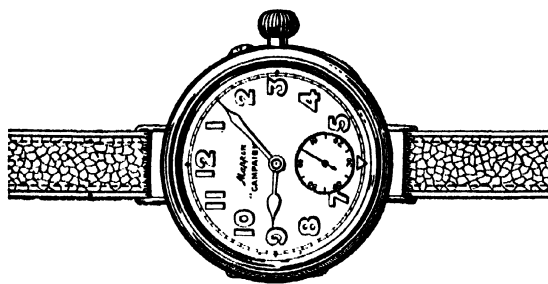
The bouquet of "Bond of Union" is not merely delightful in itself; it is evidence of the fine quality of the Tobacco, and it mingles with the fine full flavour to charm the whole palate.

COPE'S  
**Bond  
of  
Union**  
TOBACCO

Mild, 9<sup>0</sup> oz. ; Medium and Full, 8½<sup>0</sup> oz.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post "Bond of Union" to Soldiers at the Front, specially packed, at 4½ per lb., duty free. Minimum order ½ lb. Postage (extra) 1/- for ½ lb. up to 1½ lb. and 1¼ up to 4 lb. Order through your tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL.



## Luminous Campaign Watch

MAPPIN'S Famed Campaign Watch was first used in great numbers at Omdurman, and again during the Boer War. During the past 3½ years it has renewed its high reputation on every battle front and ocean.

*The Campaign Wrist Watch is compensated and jewelled, has luminous hands and figures, and carries 2 years' guarantee. In stout silver case.*

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The Most  
Practical  
"Knock-about"  
for  
Boys and Girls.

Jaeger Jerseys  
are ideal for  
Children's Wear.

**JAEGER**  
Fine Pure Wool

LONDON DEPOTS:

126, Regent Street, W. 1  
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102, Kensington High Street, W. 8  
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JAEGER JERSEY.

Buttons on shoulder.

20 in. chest, 6/3,

Rising 6d. for every 2 in. to 30 in.

White, Navy, Brown, Saxe,  
Fawn.

*Jaeger Agents in  
every town and  
throughout the  
British Empire.*

## A DRAMA OF DORSET.

ONCE upon a time, in the old days before ration-cards, there was a quarter of a pound of butter. It was as patriotic a little pat as was ever born in Dorset and it yearned to do its bit. To be spread on hot toast for a soldier home on leave; worked into a wedding cake for a V.C. and his bride; sent in a mustard tin by a mother to her boy in Flanders, met by a shell on the way and blown into his dug-out side by side with a French roll and a barrel of oysters—these were some of its day-dreams. But it never breathed them to anyone; it lay quite quiet on the counter behind the rasher machine, and it didn't contradict Mr. Jones when he said "No butter to-day" to seventy-five customers. It knew its time would come.

And it did. Lord de Courcy Mangles carried it home in his waistcoat pocket. He wasn't in the queue. He merely looked in to inquire after Mrs. Jones and the children and to remark how well Mr. Jones was standing the strain and he was sending him a brace of pheasants.

"I shouldn't do it for ourselves, of course," he said to Lady de Courcy Mangles, "it's for the poor old Mater's sake; you can't eat cart-grease at seventy-three, and perhaps I haven't been as good a son as I might have been. I wish it was twice as big."

Then, as luck would have it, he happened on the following recipe in the Press:—

## "HOW TO DOUBLE YOUR BUTTER."

To a quarter of a pound of warm butter take a quarter of a pint of warm milk and half a teaspoonful of salt. Work all together into a paste with a spatula. Leave until cold, when you will find the butter is twice its original size."

It was quite true. The pat was very proud of itself when Lady de Courcy Mangles had finished with it. It was rather pale and its sides trembled a little, but it tasted all right, she said, when she licked the spatula and gave Lord de Courcy Mangles a bit on her thumb. "Darling Mum," he wrote, "I'm sending you half-a-pound of Dorset. Stick to it yourself; don't let 'em handle it in the kitchen."

But the Duchess was a selfless old lady. "As if I could swallow a mouthful with a Convalescent Home for Wounded Officers just opposite," she said to Miss Gibbs, her companion. "I only wish there was more of it; I'm afraid half-a-pound won't go round."

"I'll make it a pound," said Miss Gibbs, who was a walking encyclopædia of war recipes. And she did. The pat of butter went paler than ever and it trembled to its soul. But there was



Policeman. "Now come on, sonny. Which way are you going?"

Traveler Hand. "It's all right, lad. This 'ere street reminds me. Once I very near married a little barmaid from a pub not far from 'ere."

the right stuff in it. It pulled itself together and looked its most inviting when the Matron uncovered it.

But the officers had aunts in Devonshire and weekly hampers. "There's a 'Tommies' tea-party next-door," they said; "drop it in there with our compliments."

"Quite a hundred are expected, I'm told," said the Matron; "we must give them a taste apiece." And she went ahead with a spatula.

The pat was the colour of ashes and fainted clean away at the finish. But the Matron put it in an ice pack and it lived long enough to smile at the promoters of the tea-party. "It'll do to grease the cake-tins," they said, "but we'll have margarine for the bread-and-butter."

That broke its heart. It gave one choky sob and fell lifeless in the dish.

## The Modern Joshua.

"KRYLENKO'S CALL: 'ALL TO ARMS!' JERICHO FALLS."

Daily Graphic.

## "BETTER NEWS."

GOVERNMENT TO RELEASE ANOTHER SUPPLY."

Manchester Paper.

And the sooner the better. Why they should have ever held up this valuable commodity we cannot imagine.

"The salaries paid to bank clerks are quite inadequate, and ought not to be continued."

Statist.

On the well-known principle that half a loaf is worse than no bread.

"I met the Cardinal walking near the Archbishop's house a day or so ago. There was little to indicate his identity save his hat."

Daily Mirror.

Still, a Cardinal's hat is fairly distinctive.

## THE JOKE: A TRAGEDY.

## CHAPTER I.

THE Joke was born one October day in the trench called Mechanics, not so far from Loos.

We had just come back into the line after six days in reserve and, the afternoon being quiet, I was writing my usual letter to Celia. I was telling her about our cat, imported into our dug-out in the hope that it would keep the rats down, when suddenly the Joke came. I was so surprised by it that I added in brackets, "This is quite my own. I've only just thought of it." Later on the Post-Corporal came, and the Joke started on its way to England.

## CHAPTER II.

Chapter II. finds me some months later at home again.

"Do you remember that joke about the rats in one of your letters?" said Celia one evening.

"Yes. You never told me if you liked it."

"I simply loved it. You aren't going to waste it, are you?"

"If you simply loved it, it wasn't wasted."

"But I want everybody else— Couldn't you use it in the Revue?"

I was supposed to be writing a Revue at this time for a certain impresario. I wasn't getting on very fast, because whenever I suggested a scene to him, he either said, "Oh, that's been done," which killed it, or else he said, "Oh, but that's never been done," which killed it even more completely.

"Good idea," I said to Celia. "We'll have a Trench Scene."

I suggested it to the impresario when next I saw him.

"Oh, that's been done," he said.

"Mine will be quite different from anybody else's," I said firmly.

He brightened up a little.

"All right, try it," he said.

I seemed to have discovered the secret of successful revue-writing.

The Trench Scene was written. It was written round the Joke, whose bright beams, like a perfect jewel in a perfect setting. . . . However, I said all that to Celia at the time. She was just going to have said it herself, she told me.

So far so good. But a month later the Revue collapsed. The impresario and I agreed upon many things—as, for instance, that the War would be a long one, and that HINDENBURG was no fool—but there were two points upon which we could never quite agree: (1) What was funny, and (2) which of us was writing the Revue. So, with mutual expressions of goodwill, and hopes that one day we might write a tragedy together, we parted.

That ended the Revue; it ended the Trench Scene; and, for the moment, it ended the Joke.

## CHAPTER III.

Chapter III. finds Celia still at it.

"You haven't got that Joke in yet."

She had just read an article of mine called "Autumn in a Country Vicarage."

"It wouldn't go in there very well," I said.

"It would go in anywhere where there were rats. There might easily be rats in a vicarage."

"Not in this one."

"You talk about 'poor as a church mouse.'"

"I am an artist," I said, thumping my heart and forehead and other seats of the emotions. "I don't happen to see rats there, and if I don't see them I can't write about them. Anyhow, they wouldn't be secular rats, like the ones I made my joke about."

"I don't mind whether the rats are secular or circular," said Celia, "but do get them in soon."

Well, I tried. I really did try, but for months I couldn't get those rats in. It was a near thing sometimes, and I would think that I had them, but at the last moment they would whisk off and back into their holes again. I even wrote an article about "Cooking in the Army," feeling that that would surely tempt them, but they were not to be drawn. . . .

## CHAPTER IV.

But at last the perfect opportunity came. I received a letter from a botanical paper asking for an article on the Flora of Trench Life.

"Hooryay!" said Celia. "There you are."

I sat down and wrote the article. Working up gradually to the subject of rats, and even more gradually intertwining it, so to speak, with the subject of cats, I brought off in one perfect climax the great Joke.

"Lovely!" said Celia excitedly.

"There is one small point which has occurred to me. Rats are *fuma*, not *flora*; I've just remembered."

"Oh, does it matter?"

"For a botanical paper, yes."

And then Celia had a brilliant inspiration.

"Send it to another paper," she said.

I did. Two days later it appeared. Considering that I hadn't had a proof, it came out extraordinarily well. There was only one mis-print. It was at the critical word of the Joke.

## CHAPTER V.

"That's torn it," I said to Celia.

"I suppose it has," she said sadly.

"The world will never hear the Joke

now. It's had it wrong, but still it's had it and I can't repeat it."

Celia began to smile.

"It's sickening," she said; "but it's really rather funny, you know."

And then she had another brilliant inspiration.

"In fact you might write an article about it."

And, as you see, I have.

## EPILOGUE.

Having read thus far, Celia says, "But you still haven't got the Joke in."

Oh, well, here goes.

*Extract from letter:* "We came back to the line to-day to find that the cat had kitted. However, as all the rats seem to have rottened we are much as we were."

"Rottened" was misprinted "rat-tened," which seems to me to spoil the Joke. . . .

Yet I must confess that there are times now when I feel that perhaps after all I may have overrated it. . . .

But it was a pleasant joke in its day. A. A. M.

## MINISTERS À LA MODE.

Lord Wombat and Lord Wallaby

Were two tremendous peers;

Their riches far exceeded

The treasures of Do Beers;

Their fame was known through ev'ry zone

Of both the hemispheres.

Lord Wombat and Lord Wallaby

Upon the self-same date

Were both promoted to the charge

Of Ministries of State,

With power to do and carry through

Things strange and new and great.

Lord Wombat was appointed

Head of the Wireless Board;

Lord Wallaby was chosen

To be First Crisis Lord;

And simple men remarked, "The pen Is mightier than the sword."

Who summoned them to fill those posts

None seemed to know or care;

Some said it was the PREMIER,

But nobody could swear;

We rack our brains, the fact remains

That both of them are there.

The news of their appointments,

We readily confess,

Enraptured all the Wallaby

And all the Wombat Press,

But caused elsewhere a sort of scare

And deep uneasiness.

For though these wondrous creatures,

Compact of fire and zeal,

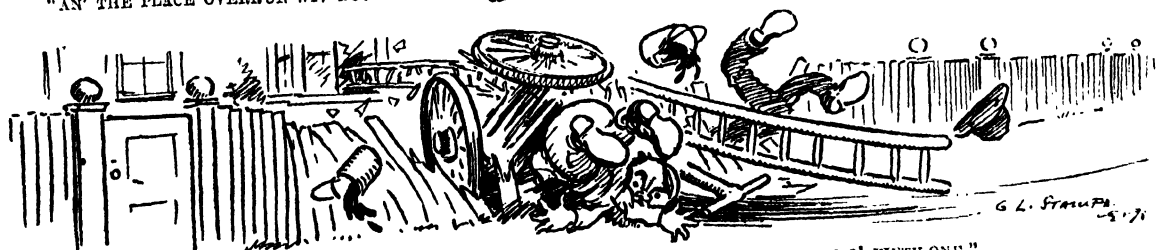
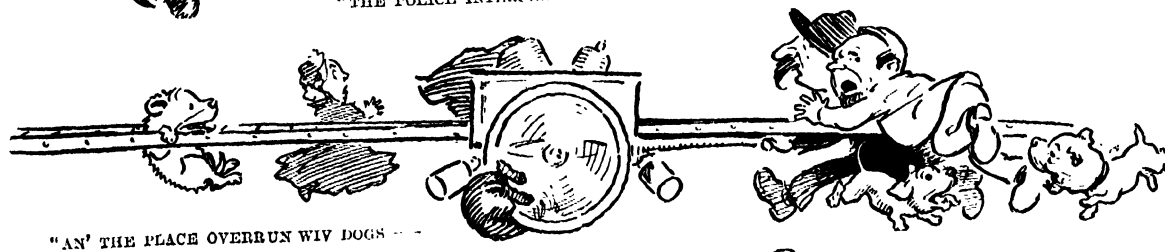
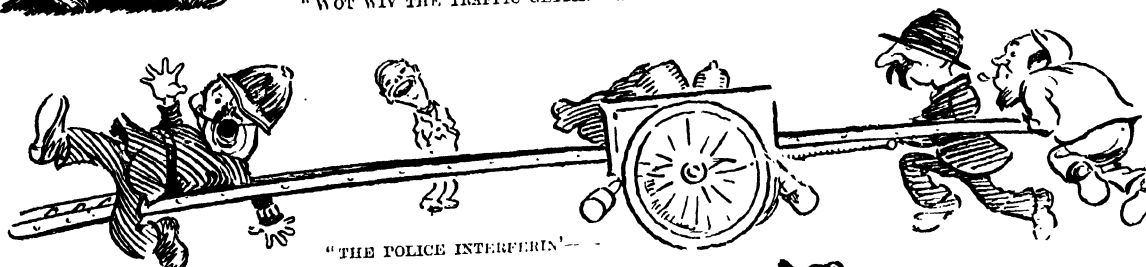
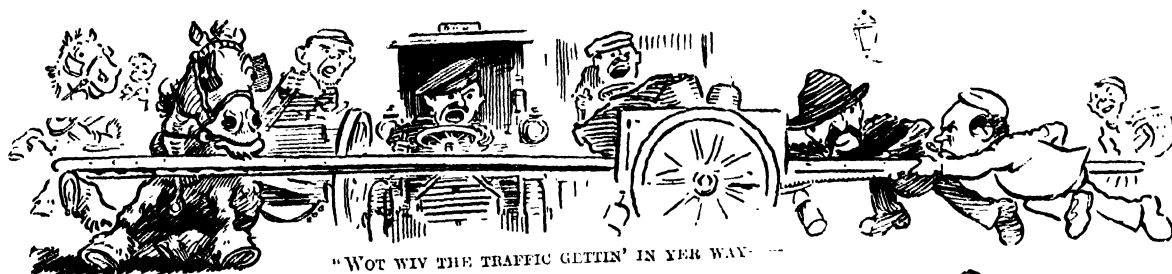
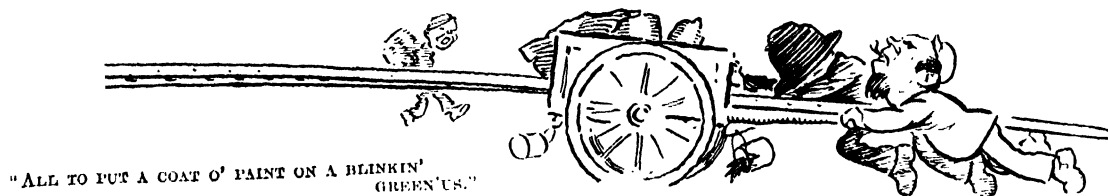
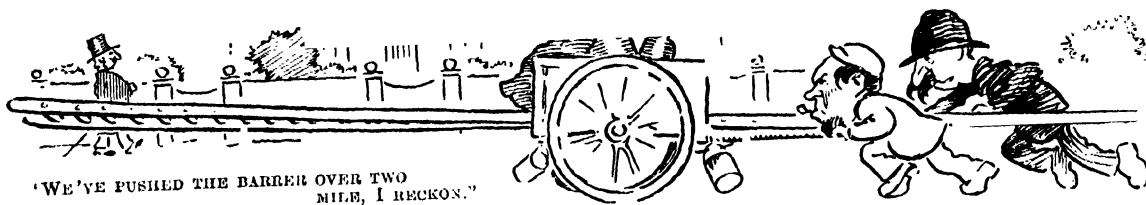
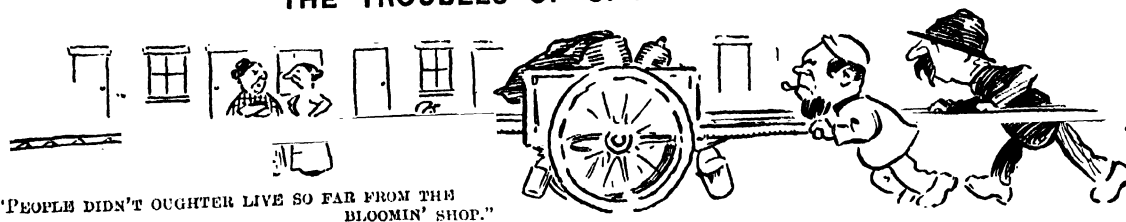
Are harmless when the Ship of State

Rides on an even keel;

When storms arise it is not wise

To trust them with the wheel.

THE TROUBLES OF CIVILIAN LIFE.



G. L. FRANKS.





*Absent-minded Sidesman (in the grocery line). "NO BUTTER, NO CHEESE, NO MARGARINE."*

### THE MYSTERY SHIPS.

TO "THE COASTERS AND MERCHANTMEN WHO ACCOMPANY THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.

THERE'S order and law in a battleship's might;  
The cruisers proceed on a logical plan;  
While even destroyers go gay to the fight  
By tactical units as well as they can;  
But far away out in a world of their own,  
Where logic and limit are shivered to bits,  
You'll light on the ladies who labour alone,  
The jocular gipsies who live by their wits.

Disciples of DRAKE and DUNDONALD,  
The sea in their blood and their bones,  
They sail in the wake of BOSCAWEN and BLAKE  
And hail as an ally PAUL JONES;  
For better than honour and glory  
They reckon the frolics and quips  
Which daily illumine the story  
That comes from the Mystery Ships.

They're nautical zealots who never suppose  
That right is defended by leisure and ease;  
The submarine, quaking wherever she goes,  
Can tell they're abroad by the feel of the seas;  
There's ominous oil in the wake of their work;  
The soles on the Dogger take cover again,  
And cry, as the stranger alights with a jerk,  
"The Mystery Ships have been at it again!"

Untutored, but versed in the oldest of creeds,  
The King's Regulations decay on their shelves;  
Between the Addenda, which nobody reads,  
The Mystery Ships are a law to themselves;

Their pictures and pranks are denied to the Press,  
Till out of the office as blithe as can be  
A weather-worn sea-dog of twenty or less  
Blows in to the Palace to get a V.C.

The family fought in ELIZABETH'S time  
From Bristol and Dover and Harwich and Leigh;  
From Barnstaple, Yarmouth and London and Lyme  
They hurried away at the call of the sea;  
Their titles are writ in the Rolls of their Race,  
With laughter and love we can picture them still;  
Is mystery work to be done for HER GRACE?  
My lord in the Flagship can summon at will

The *Lark* and the *Lamb* and the *Moonshine*,  
The *Hazard* and *Happy Pretence*,  
The *Wraith* and the *Smoke* and the *Merlin* and *Joke*,  
The *Riddle* and *Royal Defence*;  
As quick as a cradle could spare them  
They scuttled away from the slips,  
For England, the mother who bare them,  
The first of the Mystery Ships.

"Exactly like Home.—Lady desires Chronic or Elderly People;  
large house."—*Liverpool Echo*.  
What is home without a chronic?

"The 37th meeting of the Irish Convention was held yesterday, and,  
after some discussion, the Convention adjourned to afford members  
an opportunity of considering the port."—*Evening News*.  
Let us hope with fraternal effect. It had been feared that  
they would never reach it.



THE RIGHT KIND OF QUEUE.

MR. PUNCH. "NOW THEN, LONDON!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, February 25th.*—Fifteen Gas Bills had been put down for Second Reading, but not one got through. As each title was read out by the Clerk the fatal words, "I object," came from below the Gangway. Some Members, it is clear, are not disposed to facilitate any infringement of their monopoly.

This being the first day of compulsory rationing the House was even more than usually interested in questions of food. A suggestion by Mr. MACMASTER that the Army Council should fatten their own pigs was resolutely declined by Mr. FORSTER, who does not fancy himself as a swineherd on an extensive scale. One Hogge at a time is his motto. His handling of the Member for East Edinburgh, who had been rooting riotously among the Army Estimates, was very deft.

At the end of the evening Mr. BILLING attacked the Air Board for, as he averred, keeping far too many types of aeroplane engines in stock, instead of standardizing half-a-dozen and sticking to them. Though he reeled off his list of machines with a great show of authority he did not make much impression on a small House. He succeeded, however, for once in getting Major BAIRD to take the gloves off. Members who had accepted the volatile critic's capacity as an aviator at his own valuation were surprised to hear Major BAIRD's very different description of it. When Mr. BILLING urged the Air Board to go in heavily for reprisals he did not mean to be taken so literally.

*Tuesday, February 26th.*—As soldiers on leave have to be provided with emergency ration-cards, Captain CARR-GOMM suggested that these should be given them before they start; otherwise, judging by this week's experience, we shall have to introduce a new word of command, "Form-Queues."

There seems still to be room for further co-ordination—blessed word!—between certain departments of the Government. Mr. BARNES once more attempted to explain his attitude to the 12½ per cent. bonus conferred by the generous-hearted MINISTER OF MUNITIONS, but did not entirely succeed. The impression that I gathered was that he approved of the bonus, but did not approve of Mr. CHURCHILL. At any rate Mr. KELLAWAY thought it necessary to come to the aid of his Chief with a spirited speech, in which he regretted that Mr. BARNES should

have spoken as he did. It is an odd world in which junior Under-Secretaries rebuke members of the august War-Cabinet.

*Wednesday, February 27th.*—In the course of a detailed defence of the Food Regulations Lord RHONDDA observed that he had no desire "to curry favour," but omitted to state whether he had any substitute in view.

The FOREIGN SECRETARY is sometimes accused of undue reticence, but he admitted this afternoon that the Government do not regard ex-King CONSTANTINE as a friend of the Allied cause.



HOSTILITIES ON THE HOME FRONT.  
MR. HERBERT SAMUEL GETS ON WITH THE WAR

Mr. BILLING was so pleased at this announcement that he offered to pay for Tino's clothes provided that they were not despatched to Switzerland. It is not known whether the Hon. Member proposes to wear them himself, and if so whether they include a *fustanella*.

Mr. CLYNES often reminds me of BRET HARTE's hero—"he was a most sarcastic man, that quiet Mr. Brown." To-day a Scottish Member invited him, when allowing increased rations to invalids, to "consider the case of men suffering from mental debility." Mr. CLYNES politely replied, "I did not wish to import any kind of personal reference into my answer."

Undeterred by previous rebuffs Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL, once more lectured

the Government on its various sins of commission and omission, varying from too much beer to too few ships, and including, of course, the appointment of the new Directors of Propaganda. On this last point Mr. BONAR LAW, while personally indifferent to the matter, considered that if propaganda be necessary at all, people connected with the Press would be the right people to deal with it. For the rest, if Mr. SAMUEL and his friends thought the Government so incompetent, it was their plain duty to turn them out, instead of indulging in far from helpful criticism.

The subsequent debate was chiefly remarkable for the glowing testimonial given by Mr. LYNCH, of all people, to Lords NORTHCLIFFE and BEAVERBROOK; and for a searching analysis by Mr. BALFOUR of the German CHANCELLOR's latest peace-effusion. "Why," he asked, in reference to Count HERTLING's demand for guarantees from Belgium—"why is Belgium to be punished because Germany is guilty?" Even Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD was driven to admit that "there must be no humbug about Belgium"—reserving to himself, I suppose, the right to talk as much humbug as he pleased about other aspects of the world-war.

*Thursday, February 28th.*—Questions were many, but not conspicuously important. Mr. ARTHUR SAMUELS regretted that it had been found impossible to develop certain anthracite deposits in Cork, as the seams were much twisted and contorted, and the coal contained a lot of sulphur. Irish coal would appear to be painfully like Irish politics.

The Ministry of National Service is considering the recruitment of women for the Air Service. No difficulty about nomenclature, such as occurred with the "Waacs" and the "Wrens," is anticipated in this case, for the flying ladies will inevitably be known as the "Angels."

## Shakspeare on Rationing.

Let the superfluous and lust-dioted man

. . . feel your power quickly;  
So distribution should undo excess,  
And each man have enough."

*King Lear, Act IV. Sc. 1.*

"The word *Premunire* and its mysterious meanings and mysterious threats have been much in the mouths and the minds of people of late."—*Times*.

But don't run away with the idea that it is a kind of meat-substitute.



### THE LADY WHO PAYS THE RENT.

"GLORY BE, PAT, BUT WHAT ARE YE DOIN' WITH THE PIG?"

"GIVIN' THE CRATUR A BIT OF DIVARSHUN. SURE WITH THE PRICE SHE'LL BE FETCHIN' ME, HOW COULD I BE DRIVIN' HER IN THE ASS'S CART?"

### THE WATCH DOGS.

LXX.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I am afraid my letters will be few and far between, for I am at the moment further away from you than ever, very busy on my own in Timbuc— (Censored).

It all started by a request to report to the War Office. I had nothing particular to report about, but I know it is no use arguing with people, so I said to myself, "If they want me they shall have me," and wrote a sharp minute to myself to tell me to do as I was told and be quick about it. I packed up as many of my belongings as would go into my bags; distributed the remainder amongst those to whom they properly belonged; said good-bye to my little staff and gave them each a belonging or two to carry to the station; told my successor that, though he could never be like me, he must be as like me as he could; handed over the current correspondence and directed that it should all be held up for a fortnight in order to give me time to get well away; made up my accounts to give them a superficial appearance of in-

tegrity and fair play; opened the office door, paused, sighed heavily; went out; closed office door; opened office door; went in again to do all the things I had forgotten; was forcibly ejected by my successor, who was engaged in tearing up all my files and starting a new and a better set of his own; and eventually found myself in Whitehall, entering the imposing front-door of an eligible villa residence, and ultimately going for a long, long walk with an even more eligible flapper in a brown suit.

I think her name must be Flossie. If she isn't Flossie, then it is either little Clara or Ermytrude who takes hold of me when I drop in at the War Office to have a chat with the management, and makes me follow her about. I'd follow any of them anywhere, upstairs, downstairs, in the lift, along thousands of miles of unsympathetic corridor; obeying their slightest whim, advancing till they tell me to stop, stopping till they tell me to advance. To me they are the Goddesses of Battle; to them I am a ne'er-do-well, with whom they would never consent to be seen walking but for the exigencies of war. Oh, yes, my lad; it is all very

well for you people, sitting in your nice armchairs away from it all, to write impudently that Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON must go, and the A.G. must go, and the Q.M.G. must go, and everybody must go, and what we must have is a BUSINESS MAN. But just you step into the lion's den yourself and do a route march behind Flossie's haughty pigtail, and at the end of half an hour of her superciliousness you will look forward to the time when you may be allowed to go yourself.

Flossie handed me over to a Colonel, glad, obviously, to get rid of me, but not apparently thinking much of the Colonel. He said, "Good morning." What a waste of time, when he ought to have been getting on or getting under. I said "Good morning" back, thinking that as it was the same morning it might just as well be good for both of us. He asked me what I wanted. "Nothing," I said. This caused a stir; it was a most unusual request. Why had I come? To report. What for? Duty. And so the War dragged on.

The Colonel sent someone to look me up on a card index, being too lazy to carry two or three hundred thousand



### BY SPECIAL REQUEST.

*Customer.* "HERE, WAITER, TAKE A COUPON OFF THIS AND ASK THE BAND TO PLAY FIVE-PENN'ORTH OF THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND."

names in his head. He gave me a cigarette. The Business Man would have let me smell the smoke of a cigar. That just shows, doesn't it? However, I smoked it while they were finding out about me. Meanwhile the Colonel went on with his work. Just fancy that—working when he ought to have been getting on with the War.

The man who looked me up on the index found I hadn't been previously convicted, so we all got down to business. They wanted me to run over to Timbue—and do a job of work. I rubbed my chin and said I wasn't sure I wouldn't do it. They were glad to hear that, because they had already arranged the journey, booked the tickets and announced my coming at the other end. I said I should want a day or two at home to get my things together. Things do get so apart, don't they? They had thought of that and had allowed me a week. I wasn't for wasting any of it on them, so I rushed off home and spent the next days telling people, in an off-hand modest sort of way, that I had been specially selected

for the most important job in the War. Everybody congratulated me and called to mind brothers, husbands, *fiancés* and things who had each and all been specially selected for the most important job in the War.

On the last morning I hustled a collar or two into a bag and then got into a train. From that I got into a tube, then into another train, then into a boat, then into another train, then into three more boats and four more trains, and then, when I was quite sure I had shaken the Hun off my track—arrived.

And what do you think I ran into on the doorstep of the hotel? A real fat and unmuzzled Hun himself, walking about just as you or I might do, the very thing I'd been itching to meet these last three and a-half years. And what do you think I did about it when I did meet it? Took off my hat to it and said, "*Après vous, Monsieur.*" Well, I mean to say . . . really! Now your Business Man would never have done that, would he?

Yours ever, HENRY.

### THE DIM AND DISTANT PAST.

Most of us, it is well known, have lost our memories during the War, so that we have no recollection of what took place before it. But I met a man the other day who has preserved the clearness of his mind. I don't expect to be believed when I say that he can recall not only 1913 but 1914; yet he can; and he allowed me to draw him out. It was really a most remarkable experience.

"I understand," I began, "that you are about to publish your memoirs."

"That is so," he said. "I fear that unless I do so the record of social England in the early teens of the twentieth century may be utterly lost."

"Tell me," I said earnestly. "I so long to know what life was like then. Give me some idea of the scope of your book."

"It will read like a fairy tale, I fear," he replied musingly. "But it is all true. For instance"—he paused and lowered his voice—"do you know that even as late as July, 1914, you could



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You fashion the clay of life to your fancy.

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walk through the streets of London all day and never see a soldier?"

"Nonsense," I replied.

"It is true. And you could occasionally find a girl under nineteen who didn't smoke."

"No?"

"And people wore full evening dress in the stalls."

"I don't believe it," I said. "And how did things go generally? Smoothly?"

"Fairly. The year was marked by certain functions that were never interrupted. In the early Summer, for example, all the world went to Epsom to see a race called the Derby."

"Epsom? Yes, I have heard of it. There are camps there now. And hospitals. One on the very top of the hill, beside a grass track."

"Yes, that is where the race was run. Between horses. Why, I can remember—it was 1913 or 1912, so long ago that even my memory is hazy—being present when a Suffragette impeded the King's horse."

"A Suffragette?"

"Yes, in those days, you know, women wanted the vote and stopped at nothing in order to get it. Those who wanted it were called Suffragettes. Then there was what was called 'Cowes Week,' when all Society flocked to the Solent to see people race with yachts."

"Yachts?"

"Yes, pleasure-boats. There were cricket-matches then, too; what was called first-class cricket was played before large concourses of people. An eleven chosen from one county met an eleven chosen from another county, and sometimes they played for three whole days. The Universities also met in the cricket-field, at a place called Lord's, in St. John's Wood, once a year."

"You bewilder me," I said.

"But I have only just begun," he replied. "What do you say, for example, when I tell you that you could get a glass of beer for twopence?"

"Rubbish!"

"And a whisky and soda for sixpence?"

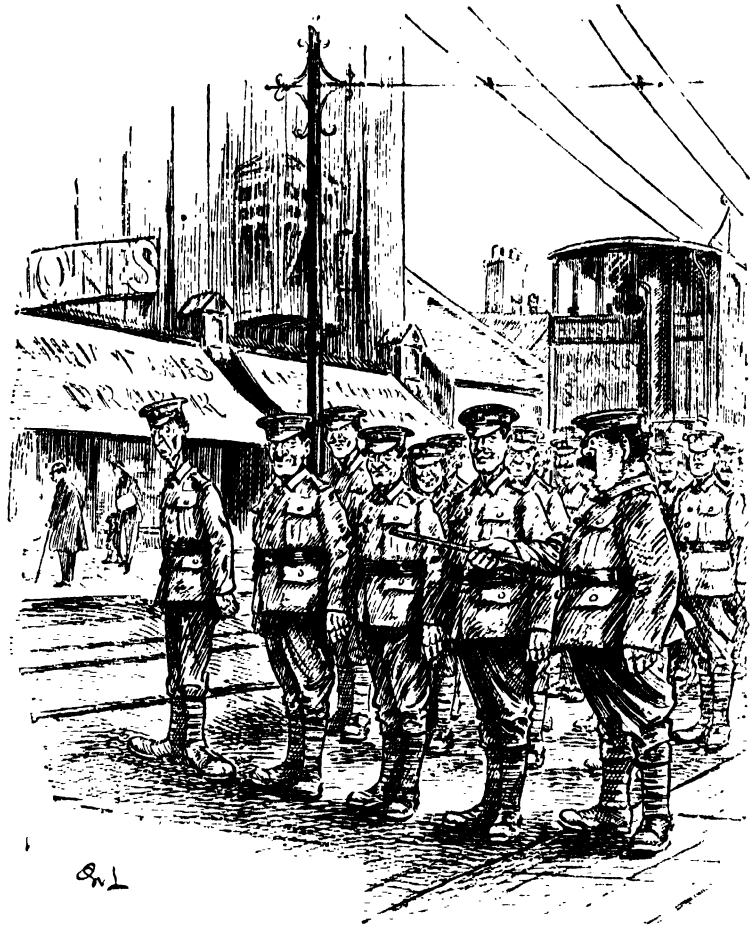
"Incredible."

"And butter was on every table?"

"I simply don't believe it."

"Some of my most cherished memories," he said, "are of meals. In those days—I refer to the early nineteen-hundreds—there was no lack of food. I can distinctly recall entering a restaurant in Regent Street, ordering a rump steak and getting it. There were joints too, from which one could have two or even three helpings if one wished."

At this point I believe I must have fainted, for the next thing that I heard had no reference to eating at all, but bore upon politics.



Sergeant. "Now, then, you on the right! Don't forget that we marches by 1 LEFT. So keep touch with the left, or you'll be tripping up the trams!"

"You have no idea," he was saying, "how excited people would get over party politics."

"What are they like?" I asked. "I have heard of politics, but not party politics."

"Well," he said, "the country was divided in those days—I am speaking now of 1913 and even 1914—between what were called Unionists and what were called Liberals or Radicals. To the Liberal all things done or said by Unionists were black, and all things said or done by their own leaders were white, and *vice versa*. England was really an odd country then. Why, I can remember when the present PRIME MINISTER said the most awful things about the very men who are now honoured members of his Government."

But this was too much for me.

"No, no," I said. "Don't tell me any more. I can't bear it." And I began to move off.

"Why, do you know," he persisted with all the implacable cheerfulness of the reminiscence, "do you know—"

But the next moment I was out of range.

#### More Iron Rations.

From a report of Mr. MACPHERSON'S speech on the Army Estimates:—

"The jam rations alone needed for monthly consumption as much steel as was required to build a 300-ton ship. They had experimented successfully, and were now using for this purpose wood pulp board, instead of steel, saving 60 tons of steel a week."—*Yorkshire Post*.

From a sale catalogue:—

"Our 'Blue Bird' Crepe-de-Chine Night-dress, good quality, flesh pink embroidered blue bird and finished blue ribbons. Actual value 5/9. White Sale Price 30/."

Well, you couldn't expect to get all these colours in a "white sale" without paying a bit extra.

#### Controlled Weather.

From a London Bank's "Yearly Review," just published:—

"It must not, however, be overlooked that in agricultural matters much depends on the weather. In most countries Government have not failed to take steps to deal with the situation, and have issued decrees with a view to increase the output."

The prospect of having our weather output increased seems to us to be appalling.

## A RATIONAL EXAMINATION PAPER.

WE understand that it has been decided to allot posts in the Office of the Food-CONTROLLER according to the results of an examination, and we have been able with great difficulty to secure one of the papers recently set. We learn with considerable gratification that Lord RHONDDA has in this matter set an excellent example. His Lordship and Lady RHONDDA at once went in for the examination, and passed brilliantly in every paper. *O si sic omnes!* Here is a specimen paper:—

1. Show by the application of Grimm's Law to the Binomial Theorem that the system of rationing by coupons is (a) necessary, (b) desirable, (c) simple. Give in detail the points distinguishing the existing British system from the German and other systems. Do you consider the British system superior? If not, why not?

2. A City man named Alfred Adamson travels to London from Surbiton by the 9 A.M. train on a Friday. When he reaches Waterloo he discovers that he has left his ration card at home, and telegraphs to his wife requesting her to send the gardener's boy with the card to his office. State what in your view are the chances (a) of the gardener's boy reaching the office, (b) of Mr. Adamson getting any luncheon. If Mr. Adamson had telephoned, would it have made any difference? [Note.—In answering this question it is to be assumed that Mr. Adamson's card has been entirely lost, by being blown out of Mr. Adamson's dressing-room window, and that Mrs. Adamson will send her own card by the gardener's boy. Is this lawful? If not, who should be punished, and how?]

3. What is the least common multiple of a half-pound of sugar, one sausage, a quarter-pound of margarine, three oysters, one shepherd's pie, one pound of veal, half-a-pint of butter beans and one kidney potato? How many meat coupons would this represent, a liberal allowance being made for returned empties and goods damaged in transit?

4. A, a butcher in Bucks, stutters violently; B, a grocer in the same county, is cross-eyed; C, a solicitor who is registered with A, cannot endure stutterers because they make him nervous, and D, the solicitor's wife, who is registered with B, has an overpowering dislike to cross-eyed people. Suggest an easy remedy for this unfortunate situation, it being assumed that all the other butchers in Bucks are cross-eyed and all the other grocers are stutterers, except one, who is about to join the Army.

5. Explain and amplify the following sentences: *Bis Rhoddad qui cito edit; Rhoddabunt alii Protheron; Rhoddari a Rhoddato; Rhoddando vincit; Artificem Rhoddad opus.* [NOTE: Latin dictionaries may be used by candidates who have had a public school education and are aged more than thirty years.] What inferences as to Lord RHONDDA's disposition do you draw from these sentences?

6. Write a memorial ode, containing at least sixteen lines, to a mutton chop.

7. What are the chief points of difference between a poached egg and a French rhyme, and between a sauté potato and a split infinitive?

## Calendar Note.

February 25th, 1918.—First day of Compulsory Rationing. Sir GEORGE CAVE refuses the Rolls.

A suggestion for the programme of the band in Trafalgar Square:—The overture to *Tancrède*.

"Ex imo dires omnes" from one learn all. And let us learn lessons from what has passed and is now passing."—*Provincial Paper*. One might begin by learning Latin.

## THE ROAD TO OONOEWARE.

(A Song of the March—with apologies to the Author of "Mandalay.")

THERE'S a village in the distance, we'll be getting there to-night,

And per'aps we'll 'ave an easy or per'aps we'll 'ave a fight;  
We don't know what we're doing and we ain't supposed to care,

We only know we're always on the road to Oonoesware—  
On the road to Oonoesware, and there *may* be billets there,

Or there mayn't, and if there isn't there'll be 'caps of open air,

'Eaps of jolly open air;

We can bivvy in the Square,

But our Cooker's ditched be'ind us and it's very 'ard to bear.

We walks along and wonders what on earth it's all about;  
We 'opo that *someone* savvies, but at times we 'us our doubt,

When the Adjutant looks worried and the Colonel seems in pain,

And we whispers in our sorrow, "Ah, 'e's lost 'isself again";

Oh, 'e's lost us all again; can't we take the blooming train?

The estaminays is shutting and it's coming on to rain—

On the road to Oonoesware,

'Course it isn't *our* affair,

But I wish some gent would tell 'em 'ow to get to Oonoesware.

We 'alts at level-crossings and 'as a lovely view  
Of 'igh-class trains a-shunting, but they ain't for me and you;  
We only go on railways when there's dirty work ahead,

And when we ride in motors it means we're nearly dead—  
Yes, it means you're nearly dead, with your body full of lead,

And a ticket on your tummy says, "This man must not be fed"—

But the Colonel sits 'is mare,

And it don't seem 'ardly fair

That we 'aven't all got 'orses on the road to Oonoesware.

And when our backs is breaking and death seems very near  
We marches at attention and inspects the Brigadier;

'E sees our tin 'uts polished and our 'ipes got up to please,  
But if 'e saw our blisters we should all be O.B.E.'s,

Bloomin' blistered O.B.E.'s, all a-wobbling at the knees,  
And first we sweat like rivers and then we sit and freeze,

On the road to Oonoesware,

Ah, *ker voolay, c'est la gair,*

Only this 'ere step they're setting is enough to make you swear.

But the old sun comes out sometimes and the poplars climb the 'ill

Like a lot of silly soldiers at extended order drill;  
And there's bits of woods and scen'ry, and the 'Uns don't seem so near

When the band plays through the village and the kids come out to cheer—

All the kids come out to cheer and a man feels kind of queer,

And the girls they blow you kisses and the mothers bring you beer,

On the road to Oonoesware,

Ah, it ain't all skittles thero,

But I'm some'ow glad I'm always on the road to Oonoesware.

A. P. H.



First Sub. (eating game paste). "THESE PEOPLE GIVE YOU THE REAL THING. HERE A SHOT IN MY STUFF!"  
 Second Sub. "I USED TO THINK SO TOO TILL I GOT ONE IN MY POTTED SHRIMP."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN an admirable introduction to *The Lowland Scots Regiments* (MACLEHOSE) Sir HERBERT MAXWELL complains that the War Office has systematically maltreated them for many years. It obliged them to adopt a hybrid uniform, consisting of Highland doublets and tartan trows, and then refused to allow them to garrison their own capital, lest the Southern tourist should be disappointed by the absence of philabegs and sporrans. His remedy would be to "take the breeks off" the Lowlanders and clothe all Scottish regiments in the "garb of old Gael." They would look more picturesque, no doubt; but that they would fight any better no one who reads these stirring pages will be inclined to believe. Very wisely the various authors have confined themselves to the doings of the regiments before August 1914. Their exploits in the present War will be recorded in another volume—if indeed one will be sufficient. For the present campaign has furnished abundant evidence that the Lowland Scots of to-day are one in spirit with their gallant forbears. For an example of their discipline it is sufficient to quote WELLINGTON's statement that not a single man of the Scots Guards was brought before a general court-martial during the Peninsular War, and the almost identical tribute that they earned nearly a century later in the South African campaign. Of their courage one story is typical. At Balaklava an excited A.D.C. rode up to the Colonel of the Scots Greys and told him that "ten men who dare go anywhere and have no fear" were needed for "a desperate job." The C.O., scarcely turning in his

saddle, calmly gave the order, "Greys, from your right, number off ten!" It would be easy, did space permit, to quote a dozen similar anecdotes regarding the Royal Scots, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the K.O.S.B.'s and the Cameronians, whose records are contained in this sumptuous volume. My compliments to all concerned in its production, not forgetting Mr. GEORGE KRUGER, whose pictures in colour of the old uniforms are a pleasant reminder of the days before "the pomp and panoply of war" had become a meaningless phrase.

In *Martie the Unconquered* (MURRAY) Mrs. KATHLEEN NORRIS has chosen a simple and almost commonplace theme, the struggle of an energetic and ambitious girl towards self-expression, and made of it a very human and moving record. The upward progress of *Martie*—not in worldly prosperity so much as in development of personality—is no unreal affair of "roses all the way." From the moment when you first meet her, youngest daughter of a decayed Californian family, *Martie* is the born fighter. Jilted, unworthily mated, threatened with utter ruin, bereaved, she struggles on, never more than temporarily daunted, to the end that leaves her fighting still, but placed, established, the captain of her soul. I can praise the book unreservedly; but I can do no more than hint at the sense of poise and serenity behind all the stress of the actual happenings which remains my clearest impression. Mrs. NORRIS is scrupulously fair to her characters. Even the less worthy are given their share of good, so that they all live most humanly and convincingly. *Martie* is a long tale, but I think you will not wish it shorter by a single

page; for observation and selection and (to express it in one word) dignity, I have no hesitation in calling it one of the best novels that has come to my notice for a great while.

Miss OLIVE WADSLEY's latest novel, rather quaintly called *Nevertheless* (CASSELL), is a story about nice affluent people and nice times; one might also add, in a somewhat different sense, *Nice Goings On*—a tale of love and politics and the romantic emotions, all as these were understood in the piping days of a decade ago. There is a handsome hero, who, on learning that his mother is unmarried, behaves like a cad to her; engages himself to and is jilted by a smartly objectionable *Lady Carolyn*; finally taking up with a middle-aged woman, who, having counted the smart world well lost for love (how, you may ascertain at first hand), gets soundly rated by this unheroic swain and deserted in her turn on the last page. Have I mentioned the word "smart," perhaps more than once? If so it is because this remains my prevailing impression of Miss WADSLEY's well-groomed and slightly waxworky personages (at an emotional crisis it struck me as significant that one of the heroines could take approving note of the hero's hair-wash), who all live in the best kinds of houses and generally seem to enjoy more money and time and food—oh, but colossally more food!—than they knew what to do with. What with the Berkeley and the Savoy and open-air dinner at Ranelagh, followed by supper somewhere else, they certainly do themselves amazingly well. Perhaps this may make for admiration of a wistful kind. Personally I found it

all very far-off and unreal; but let Miss WADSLEY now pen a topical sequel, showing all these expensive idlers involved with the odd half-ounce (bone included) of their meat-cards and I will promise her at least one enthusiastic reader.

When a novelist is modestly content to label his or her story as "An Episode," one must of course admit that criticism is to some extent disarmed. At the same time I feel bound to observe that any episode that includes in its tumultuous course a murder, an elopement, a romance, a desertion, not to specify many other considerable events, is in some danger of becoming overgrown. All these things happened during a little visit that *Lyndon Travess*, the heroine of Miss C. FOX SMITH's new story, *Singing Sands* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), paid to some relations who lived at this spot of the romantic name. It may save you from the disillusion that awaited *Lyndon* and myself to say at once that *Singing Sands*—the place, not the story—by no means carries out the exquisite promise of its beautiful title. As for the book itself, that I must confess has put me into some sort of quandary; I think I should be inclined to compromise by calling it a good tale badly told. Miss FOX SMITH's manner seems at times to combine every possible exasperation; it is lingering where the matter demands speed, baffling where it should be clear, and

throughout uncertain, and even amateurish, to an almost maddening degree, and yet one has further to admit that, in the words of a celebrated tribute, she "gets there all the same." Perhaps this is the reward of sincerity; in part it is certainly due to her feeling for atmosphere. *Singing Sands* contains some pen pictures of Canadian landscape that are suggested with quite wonderful beauty. I am bound to repeat, however, that in this crowded episode of *Lyndon's* visit to her remarkable relations you may find the places more attractive than the plot, the setting than the very unsatisfactory set. Which of course, being precisely what Miss FOX SMITH intended, is only another proof that, against every handicap, she has done what I knew she would, and reached her objective.

*Green and Gay* (LANE) is an excellently readable little war-comedy that may commend itself to you even more for the charm of its *mise-en-scène* than for the not specially original thrills of its intrigue. The life at the old Convent of Paix, converted into a war-hospital, is delightfully told; Mr. LEE HOLT's description of the orchards and gardens,

basking in autumn sunshine, was vivid enough to give one reader at least a nostalgia for mellow apple-burdened Normandy, where that special kind of weather seemed always at its best. The plot, if conventional, is sufficient to hold one curious about the next chapter. Partly it concerns a mysterious patient at the hospital, who has lost both speech and memory, and eventually turns out to be—well, as he is beloved of the *ingénue*, need I add what he turns out to



LEGITIMATE DRAMA.

be? For the rest we have an affair of spies and secret caves and submarines, all on lines that, if beginning to get a trifle hackneyed (the petrol-mixtures as before), have not yet quite lost their capacity for stimulating interest. But even here I feel bound to protest against Mr. LEE HOLT's overwork of the "dropped clue." The way in which his conspirators sprinkle the ground with their most confidential documents seems to suggest either some lack of invention on the part of the writer, or a *maladresse* rare even in the records of the German secret service. Also I do wish that he would revise his proofs (of the novel, not the conspiracy) with greater care. Twice in the first chapter I had to cope with passages of which the grammatical meaning was at obvious variance with the writer's intent—a want of care that no pleasant gardens or creepy caves could make me wholly forgive.

#### Another Injustice.

"An Order made by the Food Controller allows potatoes of the varieties 'Myatt's Ashleaf Kidney,' 'Duke of York,' 'Sharp's Express,' 'Eclipse,' 'British Queen,' 'Royal Kidney,' and 'King Edward,' grown in England or Wales in the year 1917, without Scottish or Irish ancestry, to be sold for seed purposes."—*Times*.

But don't all potatoes derive from the ancient family of MURPHY?

## CHARIVARIA.

CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN announces that he will start for the North Pole in the Summer. Gossip has it that Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN is being pressed to accompany him. \* \*

The latest news from Ireland is that County Clare, which has been showing great "self-determination," has now decided on a separate peace with Great Britain. \* \*

The Ministry of Food, it is stated, is thinking of commanding the New Forest for pig-breeding. Any less enterprising department would have been content with a couple of West End hotels. \* \*

Political neglect of agriculture, declares Sir C. BATHURST, M.P., has added a year to the War. His critics are naturally asking "which year." \* \*

It is reported that a certain Government Office will shortly make an important announcement on the question of Tape Power. \* \*

At a luncheon recently given by the American Museum of Natural History in New York the guests were served with whale. It was pronounced delicious, and the success of the Californian whitebait industry is declared to be practically assured. \* \*

At a benefit recently given in honour of the leading tenor of Salzburg the donations included a sausage four and a-half feet long draped in the Austrian flag. By way of distinction, the members of the operatic company wore their ordinary clothes. \* \*

We are informed that a picture on exhibition at one of the London galleries has been covered with a huge sheet of brown paper by order of the CENSOR. There is some talk of purchasing the paper for the nation. \* \*

The Burgomaster of Vienna has sent an urgent message requesting that food-stuffs from Ukraine may be sent by rail at once. The Germans are understood to have replied that when they have taken all they want the residue will be sent on to Vienna by pigeon-post. \* \*

LENIN's newspaper states that the

Esthonian bourgeoisie are putting Bolsheviks to death. We have felt for some time that sooner or later something serious would happen to the Bolsheviks. \* \*

It is all nonsense to say that Russia will get nothing out of the War. With certain reservations we understand that she will be allowed to keep the peace. \* \*

A postman has been fined in Dublin for throwing a brick at a wedding

ing of the forthcoming German offensive in the West. In the absence of gains they will of course still have the alternative of pocketing their pride. \* \*

It is rumoured that at a recent important gathering of newspaper editors it was decided to have a WELLS-less day. \* \*

The Berlin University is advertising free instruction in Turkish. This is in marked contrast to the expense the Turks have been put to with the upkeep of their German masters. \* \*

A certain medical officer has applied for a reduction of salary on the ground that he has less work to do. No other symptoms have been observed. \* \*

Chatham magistrates have decided that crystallized violets are a sweetmeat. This will come as a surprise to those who have been taking them as an antidote for barber's rash. \* \*

"Indian soldiers in France," says a news item, "had over fourteen thousand bottles of hair oil from the Indian Soldiers' Fund last year." No one will grudge it them, even if it does mean an increased shortage of margarine. \* \*

"We won the War in 1916," says *The Cologne Gazette*, "and we won the War in 1917." They have only to win it once more and it becomes their own property. \* \*

## THE WAR PIG: A PALINODE.

MUCH obloquy was thine in days of yore,  
O Porker, and thy service manifold

(Save for a casual mention, curt and cold)

Ungrateful man continued to ignore;  
Nay worse, he ceased not daily to out-pour

Abuse upon thy breed, to sneer and scold,

Till every porcine trait, in days of old,  
We learned to ridicule or to abhor.

But now the days of calumny are past,  
These cruel innuendoes we disown,

And epithets designed to blame or blast  
Take on a now and honorific tone;

For England needs thee, blameless Porker, now,

And PROTHERO salutes the sovereign sow.



PYGMALION.

Maker of artificial delicacies for shop windows. "OH, IF IT WOULD ONLY COME TO LIFE!"

couple when leaving the church. There is really no excuse for this kind of thing, for the price of confetti has been very little affected by the paper shortage. \* \*

"The British woman," says an essayist, "is a remarkably clever woman, generally speaking." "Generally speaking" is perhaps a little unfortunate.

A large chunk of cliff near Ramsgate fell into the sea last week. There is no truth in the rumour that it was deliberately pushed in by a pacifist. \* \*

We shall not hesitate to pocket our gains," says *The Cologne Gazette*, speak-

## LETTERS FROM THE HOME FRONT.

MY DEAR REGINALD,—From certain phrases dropped by you on the eve of your return from your last leave I gathered that you had formed curious misconceptions of the War-conditions which we are enduring at home. "Well, old dear," I overheard you say to your sister, "there doesn't seem to be much wrong with England; I've never known her in better form." It seems that your friends had given you a champagne dinner every night, followed by a revue or a dance, or both, with a race-meeting and a day or two with the hounds thrown in, and you came to the unwarrantable conclusion that the War had left us intact.

My dear boy, this is all what you would call camouflage on our part. We put on a brave face to hide our hearts, for fear that we should unnervise you by the exposure of our trials. Apart from the fatigue which we suffer in the service of the country we naturally have no taste for such frivolities and self-indulgence; but we sacrifice our own inclinations for the sake of the dear boys from the Front, who have a first claim upon us. This means a constant strain, moral and physical, for hardly a day passes but what we have some friend or relative home on leave, for whom we have to make a pretence of gaiety.

And this applies not only to Society, but to those professions, such as that of the actor or the jockey, whose duty it is to provide entertainment and recreation for our fighting men—a duty bravely borne but very irksome to those who are aching to be in the trenches or to take up some form of work which would appear to bear a more immediate relation to the War.

I am sending you a photographic weekly largely devoted to the recognition of these sacrificial types. You will be interested in the full-page portrait of your cousin Gladys, in a most attractive tea-gown, with the legend underneath, "A BEAUTIFUL WAR-WORKER." She is, perhaps, not looking quite her best, having over-taxed her strength with assisting at charity matinees and visiting Homes for Convalescent Officers; though, with characteristic self-effacement, she attributed her air of fatigue to the fact that she had been up dancing for six successive nights. I happened to hear indirectly, for she would never have confessed it herself, that she had taken upon her this additional duty for the sake of a young friend in the Household Cavalry who was having a brief respite from Divisional Staff work and stood in sore need of mental relaxation.

So you see, my dear Reginald, you must not be misled by disguises which we wear for your sake to keep up your fighting spirit. Nor has it ever been consonant with the genius of our race to advertise its virtues. *Noblesse oblige.*

The food-restrictions and the shortage of petrol are beginning to tell upon my figure, a fact to which my tailor drew attention the other day when taking my Spring orders. Naturally the obsession of this World-War absorbs my mind to the exclusion of trivial matters such as dress; and it is only from motives of economy, in view of the rising prices of clothing material, that I allow myself to renew my wardrobe. It enables me also to dispose of my last year's clothes among the deserving poor, a form of charity which always attracts me by its intimate personal note.

In consequence of the rationing system I am compelled to dine at home with regularity, having at a considerable sacrifice contributed my meat-coupons to the family ménage. I miss my dinner at the Club and that fellowship of congenial spirits of one's own age and way of thinking which is so fruitful a source of mutual sustenance in these dark hours.

I am averse, as you know, from any change of habit; but the War has compelled many changes, even heavier than this, in the ordered tenour of one's life. In the circumstances I have found it beneficial to take an extra glass of port. It stimulates optimism and enlarges one's outlook. I am sure you will agree with me that it is the first duty of a good citizen to employ every means in his power to preserve and strengthen his moral.

In conclusion, I have forborne to dwell upon my personal efforts and sacrifices. After all, you have your own responsibilities, scarcely less exigent than ours. By the time you receive this letter you may be engaged in delivering or repelling an offensive on which our very existence, yours as well as mine, may depend. If anything that I have said should serve to hearten you with the knowledge of what some of us, in our quiet unobtrusive way, are doing on the home front for your support, I am content.

Your affectionate Guardian,

O. S.

"The Evil that Men Do"—The truth of the familiar dictum ascribed to Mary Antony is vividly illustrated by Bismarck's action in regard to Alsace-Lorraine."

Daily Paper.

We suppose SHAKESPEARE was mistaken in attributing the "dictum" to Mark Antony instead of to his clever sister Mary.

## THE SIMPLER LIFE.

III.

SPEARMINT.

OUR donkey is called Spearmint, after the well-known racehorse. I christened him this myself, to stir his ambition and give him something to live up to. But so far his speed limit appears to be four miles per hour forwards, four and a half backwards, and five sideways (right or left); unless you approach him with a parsnip or a round of hot buttered toast, when he makes for you like an overdue express train.

As donkeys go, Spearmint is really rather a nut. The prevailing note of his colour scheme is a warm mahogany, deepening into old-oak legs. His face however is a dead-white from the ears downwards, except for the small jet-black moustacho which by way of piquant contrast covers his upper lip and the entrance to his nose. His eyes are dark and brilliant.

One reason why I am attached to Spearmint is that I am sorry for him. I know (though none of the others does) that he may at any moment be taken from us. He is living on the edge of a volcano, or perhaps I should say all round a volcano. Some little while ago he swallowed a bottle of rat-poison. Why he should have done such a thing (unless out of sheer bravado), or how he managed it, I cannot explain; but the fact, like the bottle, remains. I can vouch for it, because I saw him do it. Fortunately the thing was corked and sealed, and presumably it is still in the same condition.

I am doing what I can for him. The obvious thing is to shake the bottle as little as possible, and so when he starts out of an afternoon with my wife and the children my last words to them are always the same, "Don't bustle him." In the execution of this command they always have his loyal assistance.

So far he has invariably returned intact. I am not sure whether he realises his position, but occasionally, when I have taken him out of the trap and turned him gently into the paddock, his expression seems very thoughtful as he strolls to the fence and stands gazing over it towards the distant hills. Does he know? I hope not.

"Even according to cautious estimates, Russia has now to reckon with a loss of territory comprising over a million square kilometres, or double the extent of Germany."

Evening Times (Glasgow).

This calculation is, we are afraid, too cautious. According to the latest information the extent of Germany is considerably over one square metro.





### DIVISION OF LABOUR.

TOMMY (off to the Front—to ship-yard hand). "WELL, SO LONG, MATE; WE'LL WIN THE WAR ALL RIGHT IF YOU'LL SEE THAT WE DON'T LOSE IT!"



## THE MUD LARKS.

We were told off for a job of work over the bags not long ago. The Staff sent us some pigeons with their love, and expressed the hope that we'd drop them a line from time to time and let them know how the battle was raging, and where. (The Staff live in constant terror that one day the War will walk completely away from them and some unruly platoon bomb its way up Under den Linden without their knowing a thing about it.)

Next morning we duly pushed off, and in the course of time found ourselves deep in Boschland holding a sketchy line of outposts and waiting for the Hun to do the sporting thing and counter. More time passed, and as the Hun showed no signs of getting a move on we began to look about us and take stock.

Personally I felt that a square meal might do something towards curing a hollow feeling that was gnawing me beneath the belt. As I was rummaging through my haversack the pigeon-carrier approached and asked for the book of rules.

Now to the uninitiated, I have no doubt, pigeon-flying sounds the easiest game in the world. You just take a picture-postcard, mark the spot you are on with a cross, add a few words, such as, "Hoping this finds you in the pink, as it leaves me at present—I don't think," insert it in the faithful fowl's beak, say, "Home, John," and in a few minutes it is rattling into the General's letter-box. This is by no means the case. Pigeons are the kittlest of cattle. If you don't treat them just so they will either chuck up the game on the spot or hand your note to HINDENBURG. To avoid this a book of the rules is issued to pigeon-carriers, giving instructions as to when and how the creatures should be fed, watered, exercised, etc.

On this occasion I felt through my pockets for the book of the rules and drew blank. "What's the matter with the bird, anyhow?" I asked.

"Looks a bit dahn'-earted," said the carrier; "dejected-like, as you might say."

"Seeing you've been carrying it

upside down for the last twenty-four hours it isn't to be wondered at," said my Troop Sergeant; "blood's run to its head, that's what."

"Turn it the other way up for a bit and run the blood back again," I suggested.

"Exercise is what it wants," said my Sergeant firmly.

"By all means exercise it, then," said I.

The carrier demurred. "Very good, Sir—but how, Sir?"

Ask the Sergeant, said I. "Sergeant, how do you exercise a pigeon? Lunge it, or put it through Swedish monkey motions?"



LITTLE PROBLEMS OF FOREIGN FINANCE.

Tommy. "BUT LOOK 'ERE, MARCO, OLE SPORT. IF TWENTY-SEVEN FRANCS EQUAL A POUND, AND TWO LIRE IS WORTH A BOB, 'OW MANY LIRE CHANGE OUGHT I TO 'AVE OUT OF A TEN-BOB NOTE AFTER SPENDIN' SEVEN FRANCS AND TUPPENCE-A'PENNY?"

The Sergeant rubbed his chin stubble. "Can't say I remember the official method, Sir; one might take it for a walk at the end of a string, or——"

"These official pigeons," I interposed, "have got to be treated in the official manner or they won't work; their mechanism becomes deranged. We had a pigeon at the Umptcenth Battle of Wipers and upset it somehow. Anyway, when we told it to buzz off and fetch reinforcements, it sat on a tree licking its fluff and singing, and we had to throw mud at it to get it to shift. Where it went to then goodness only knows, for it has never been seen since. I am going to do the right thing by this bird."

I thereupon sent a galloper to the next outpost, occupied by the Babe and Co., asking him the official recipe for

exercising pigeons. The answer came back as follows:—

"Ask Albert Edward. All I know about 'em is that you mustn't discharge birds of opposite sex together as they stop and flirt."

P.S.—You haven't got such a thing as a bit of cold pudden about you, guv'nor, have you? I'm all in."

I sent the galloper galloping on to Albert Edward's post.

"Don't discharge birds after sunset," ran his reply; "they're afraid to go home in the dark—that's all I recollect. Ask the skipper."

P.S.—Got a bit of bully beef going spare? I'm tucked up something terrible."

I sighed and sent my messenger on to the skipper, inquiring the official method of exercising pigeons. Half an hour later his answer reached me—

"Don't know. Try eating 'em. That's what I'm doing with mine."

While on the subject of carrier-pigeons, I may mention that one winter night I was summoned to Corps H.Q. Said a Red Hat: "We are going to be rude to the Bosch at dawn and we want you to go over with the boys. When you reach your objectives just drop us a pigeon to say so. Here's a chit, take it to the pigeon-loft and get a good nippy fowl. Good night and good luck."

I found the pigeon-fancier inside an old London omnibus which served for a pigeon-loft, spoon-

feeding a sick bird. A dour Lancastrian, the fancier studied my chit with a sour eye, then, grumbling that he didn't know what the army was coming to turning birds out of bed at this hour, he slowly climbed a ladder and, poking his head through a trap in the roof, addressed himself to the pigeons.

"That you, Flossie? No, you can't go with them tail feathers missing to the General's cat. Jellicoe—no, you can't go neither, you've 'ad a 'ard day out with them tanks. Nasty cough you've got, Gaby; I'll give you a drop of 'ot for it presently. You're breathin' very 'eavy, Joffre; been over-eatin' yourself again, I suppose—couldn't fly a yard. Eustace, you're for it."

He backed down the ladder, grasping the unfortunate Eustace, stuffed it in a basket and handed it to me.

# PELMANISM.

## "The Little Grey Books."

**N**O BOOKS have achieved greater popularity during the war than "the little grey books," as they are affectionately called.

Soldiers pore over them in the trenches; sailors consult them in their brief intervals of leisure in the Grand Fleet; business men and women consult them at every possible opportunity; lawyers, doctors, and students declare them to be an ever-ready source of help, stimulation, and encouragement.

In fact, everybody is studying these wonderful "little grey books" in which the principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly explained: "Pelmanism"—that extraordinary new force in modern life—the "cardinal factor of success," to quote TRUTH'S telling phrase.

If you do not know the "little grey books," if you are not a Pelmanist, you should hasten to make up for lost time. "Nobody who has not studied these books," says an ardent Pelmanist, "can conceive the immeasurable benefits resulting from them."

"A single one of them would be cheap to me at a hundred pounds," declares a solicitor. "As a direct consequence of them I gained a step in promotion," writes a Lieut.-General.

A General writes from France: "The importance of the Pelman Course can hardly be exaggerated. I agree it should be nationalised."

Many clerks, shop assistants and salesmen tell how they doubled and trebled their incomes as the result of a few weeks' study of the Pelman Course. Tradesmen tell of "record turnover" and 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. increase in profits. The latest batch of reports from Pelman students including men and women of all occupations in life) show that less than one per cent. —not one in a hundred—failed to gain substantial advantages from the Pelman Course.

And all at the price of half-an-hour or so a day for a few weeks! It sounds too good to be true; but there are thousands of letters to prove that it is absolutely true. There is not a class, not a business or trade or profession in these islands in which Pelmanism has not proved itself a wonderful help to success. That is to say, a means of increasing efficiency and developing "braininess" to such a degree that promotion and a bigger salary follow as surely as night follows day.

Women are particularly keen on Pelmanism; it has proved such an enormous help to them in "getting on" in business. Many of them describe it as "the best investment ever made!"

Moreover, they find it a truly fascinating study. "I am eminently sorry the course has finished. I have found it so absorbingly interesting as well as profitable." These are the exact words used by students of the Pelman Course.

TRUTH has lately made another report upon the progress of Pelmanism amongst various classes, and confesses it would be impossible to name a business, profession, or vocation in which there were not hundreds of Pelman students.

Army and Navy officers are very "keen on Pelman"; nearly 80 Generals and Admirals, as well as over 20,000 other officers and men are studying the course. A large number of readers of PUNCH and other leading journals have taken it, and have already profited by it in income and position.

The directors of the Institute have arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable the readers of PUNCH to secure the complete course with a minimum outlay.

**To get the benefit of this liberal offer application should be made at once by postcard to the address at foot of next column.**

## INTERESTING LETTERS.

### From a Director.

"I consider the PELMAN Course is of the utmost value. It teaches one how to observe and to think in the right way, which few realise who have not studied it. The great charm to me was the realisation of greater power; power to train oneself for more and more efficiency. I gained from each lesson right up to the end of the Course."

### From a Doctor.

"I took the PELMAN Course because my practice was not in a satisfactory condition, and I could not discover the cause. Your lessons enabled me to analyse the trouble, discover the weak points, and correct them with most satisfactory results. Your Course has proved to be a splendid investment for me. My chief regret is that I did not take it at the beginning of my student days."

### From a Solicitor.

"I have found the Course particularly useful in my business; it has helped me to advise far more usefully, and to deal with professional work and problems far more efficiently. Altogether I have no hesitation whatever in recommending the PELMAN Course as a wonderful tonic to the mind. No one who practises the system perseveringly can possibly fail to receive great benefit."

### From a Clergyman.

"It is now twelve months since I used a note of any kind in public speaking. I hardly dared to believe that I could so completely abandon them. I thought that for special occasions I should fall back on notes; but this is not so. This is a great satisfaction to me."

### From an Architect.

"The benefits derived from the Course are inestimable. A Pelman student is equipped with a wonderful stock of information and devices that cannot fail to help him to get the best out of any problem in life. I consider the lesson on personality is alone worth the whole fee. My position has undoubtedly improved, both socially and financially, since I took the Course."

## IMMEDIATE BENEFIT.

"Benefit," says "Truth," "is derived from the very first, and this is the general experience of the vast majority of the students. Almost before they are aware of it the brain is being set methodically to work on the lines which will bring out its full capacity."

## OVER 250,000 MEN AND WOMEN.

The Pelman Course has already been followed by over 250,000 men and women. *It is directed through the post, and is simple to follow.* It takes up very little time. It involves no hard study. It can be practised anywhere, in the trenches, in the office, in the train, in spare minutes during the day. And yet in quite a short time it has the effect of developing the mind, just as physical exercise develops the muscles, of increasing your personal efficiency, and thus doubling your all-round capacity and income-earning power.

A full description of the Pelman Course, with a complete synopsis of the lessons, is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with "TRUTH'S" special supplement on "Pelmanism") will be sent post free to all readers of PUNCH who send a postcard to The Pelman Institute, 1, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

# Take your Organisation problems to K&J

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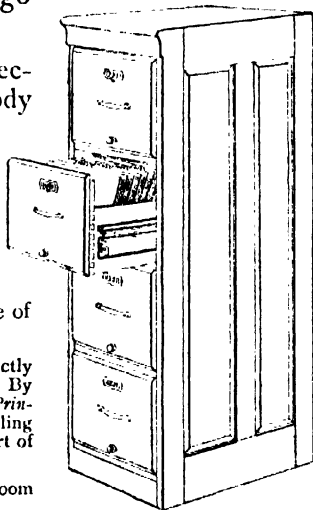
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is digested and absorbed makes it most welcome to patients, and it ranks highest among nutritive foods.

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*The Lady.* "OH, MY VALIANT LORD, HOW REJOICED I AM TO SEE YOU SAFE! BUT THINK YOU IT WAS WISE TO BRING HOME YON LOATHLY BEAST? THE FOOD-HOARDING ORDER, YOU KNOW——"

"I hope this is a good bird," said I, "nippy and all that?"

The fancier snorted, "Good bird? Nothing can't stop 'im, barrages, smoke, nothing. 'E's deserved the V.C. scores of times over; e's the best bird in the army, an' don't you forget it, Sir."

I promised not to, caught up the basket and fled.

I reached the neighbourhood of the line at about 2 A.M. It was snowing hard and the whole front was sugared over like a wedding-cake, every track and landmark obliterated. For some hours I groped about seeking Battalion H.Q., tripping over hidden wire, tobogganning down snow-masked craters into icy shell-holes, the inimitable Eustace with me. Finally I fell head-first into a dug-out inhabited by three ancient warriors, who were sitting round a brazier sucking cigarettes. They were Brigade Scouts, they told me, and were going over presently. They were also Good Samaritans, one of them, Fred, giving me his seat by the fire and a mug of scalding cocoa, while his colleagues, Messrs. Alf and Bert, attended to Eustace, who needed all the attention he could get. I caught snatches of their conversation here and there: "Shall us toast 'im over the brazier a bit, Alf?" "Wonder if a drop o' rum would 'earten 'im?" "Tip it into his jaws when 'o yawns, Bert."

At length Eustace's circulation was declared restored and the three set about harnessing themselves for war, encasing their legs in sand-bags, winding endless mufflers round their heads and donning innumerable odd overcoats, so that their final appearance was more that of apple-women than scouts.

We then set out for the battle, Bert leading the way towards the barrage which was cracking and banging away in yellow flashes over the Bosch lines.

Presently we heard a muffled hail ahead.

"Wazzermatter, Bert?" Alf shouted.

"They've quit—slung their 'ook," came the voice.

Fifty yards brought us bumping up against Bert, who was prodding through the debris of a German post with the point of his bayonet.

"So the swines have beat it?" said Fred. "Any soovenirs?"

"Nah!" said Bert, spitting, "not a blinkin' 'am-sandwich."

"Is this really our objective?" I asked.

"It is, Sir," Bert replied. "Best sit down and keep quiet; the rest of the boys will be along in a jiffy, and they'd bomb their own grandmothers when they're worked up."

I put my hand in the basket and dragged Eustace forth. He didn't look up to V.C. form. Still I had explicit

orders to release him when our objective was reached, and obedience is second nature with me.

I secured my message to his leg, wished him luck and tossed him high in the air. A swirl of snow hid him from view.

I didn't call at H.Q. when I returned. I went straight home to bed and stayed there. As they did not send for me and I heard no more about it I conjectured that the infallible Eustace had got back to his bus and all was well. Nevertheless I had a sort of uneasy feeling about him. I heard no more of it for ten days, and then, out walking one afternoon, I bumped into the pigeon-fancier. There was no way of avoiding the man; the lane was only four feet wide, bounded by nine-foot walls with glass on top. So I halted opposite him, smiled my prettiest and asked after Eustace. "So glad he got home all right," said I; "a great bird that."

The fancier glared at me, his sour eyes sparkling, his fists opening and shutting. I felt that only bitter discipline stood between them and my throat.

"Ay, Sir," said he, speaking with difficulty, "he's a great bird, but not the bird he was. He got home all right yesterday, but very stiff in the legs from walking every step o' the way."

PATLANDER.

## THE MARK IV. LIGHT POCKET CIGARETTE CASE.

It was the eve of my oral examination in the Lewis gun.

I was sitting in my billet with a large note-book on my lap, testing myself with questions of "Mechanism," of "Points after Firing," of "General Description"—in fact with all kinds of questions which might in any way be connected with the "Light Automatic .303 inch Lewis Machine Gun." I was trying to practise concentration and hardly looked up when the door opened and a Staff-Sergeant-Instructor entered the room. He did not, I think, salute, though I am sure that his cap was on, but, producing an oblong cigarette-case (which, now that I come to think of it, was, I believe, my own), he arrested my attention. I had no time to say anything, for he started off with his lecture straightaway:—

"Ere we 'ave the MARK IV. LIGHT POCKET CIGARETTE CASE. Take it down in your note-book, please, Sir, under the heading 'General Description.' It is made of aluminium for lightness: length, 5½ inches; breadth, 3½ inches; weight, when empty, 2½ ounces, when full, 3½ ounces. It consists of two slightly curved hoblong pans—the HUPPER PAN and the LOWER PAN. The hupper pan is convex and the lower pan is concave."

Here he paused; then with great emphasis he went on: "*The reason why: in horder for the case to come flush against the ribs of a man's body.* The two pans are fastened together by a HINGE and a HAXIS-PIN. The haxis-pin may be removed with the aid of a Mark IV. PUNCH by tapping from right to left—so."

"At the hopposite side of the lower pan we 'ave a STUD, which protrudes through a SLOT or cut-away portion of the lip. It is a matter of hin-difference which way you call it. This stud is known as the CATCH-SPRING-HACTUATING-STUD, because it hactuates the catch-spring."

"In order to hactuate the catch-spring you depress the catch-spring-hactuating-stud with the thumb of the right 'and—in *this* manner; and be sure you remember, Sir, on the day of the examination, that in horder to be a good instructor you must *illustrate* as well as *demonstrate*."

"I now hopen the cigarette-case—so—and on the hinside of the lip of the lower pan we see the catch-spring, which consists of a steel SPRING RIB and a PROJECTION which is hundercut."

"The spring rib is made of steel for strength and is of *two* patterns. The Mark I. pattern is shorter in length

than the Mark II. pattern, which we 'ave here, and is 'old in position by one screw only. It has now been condemned and is only hissed to the Expeditionary Forces, so we will content ourselves with the description of the Mark II. pattern spring-rib which is fitted to this case."

"It is 'old in position by two small screws, one at hoither end. The screw on the right is known as the RIGHT CATCH-SPRING-RIB-FIXING-SCREW, and the screw on the left is known as the LEFT CATCH-SPRING-RIB-FIXING-SCREW."

"Each screw is marked with a number. One screw is marked with a ONE and the other screw is marked with a TWO. The RIGHT CATCH-SPRING-RIB-FIXING-SCREW is marked with a—"  
He paused as though leaving me to complete the limerick. Without looking up from my note-book I blurted out "a ONE."

"*Wrong and hincorrect*, Sir," he replied. "The right catch-spring-rib-fixing-screw is marked with a TWO and the left catch-spring-rib-fixing-screw is marked with a ONE."

"Why on earth didn't they mark them the other way round?" I protested.

His answer upheld the oldest traditions of the Army.

"*Because*, Sir," he said, "there was a Liberal Guv-er-mint in power at the time. And we will now go on to consider the projection which is hundercut. It is dovetailed into the steel spring-rib and is hundercut in horder to provide a flange which springs into a corresponding clearance or *ree*-cess on the inside of the lip of the hupper pan when the pressure of the thumb of the right 'and on the catch-spring-hactuating-stud is released."

"One minute, Sergeant," I said; "what's *that* little scratch intended for?"

He hesitated, and for a moment I thought that I had caught him out, but only for a moment. "That small *groove*, Sir," he replied, with an air of finality, "is for the Harmourer," which of course settled the question.

"The Mark IV. Light Pocket Cigarette-case," he went on, "contains, when full, twenty-eight rounds, fourteen rounds in the hupper pan and fourteen rounds in the lower pan—twenty-eight in all. Each pan is provided with a strip of Mark VII. RUSSIAN SILK ELASTIC, which holds the rounds in position. There are two methods of unloading—(a) Deliberate, (b) Rapid. In horder to give you practice in *loading* before *unloading* I will now unload according to method (b). Standard time, three seconds."

He gripped the cigarette-case firmly

in one hand, holding it open, and started to shake it—gently at first, then more and more violently. Apparently some of the rounds refused to be shaken out, and, losing all control of himself, he banged the cigarette-case on the table; even my chair seemed to vibrate.

Then at last I opened my eyes. Russell was standing over me shaking my shoulder.

"You've been snoozing, old dear," he said. "Get a move on or it will be midnight before you've finished your notes. Have a gasper?"

He drew a cigarette-case from his pocket as he spoke.

"Thanks," I said, looking at it suspiciously; "I prefer a pipe."

## THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF MEMORY.

THE correspondence on "Facial Memory" in *The Spectator* seems to have infected our readers also. At least this seems to be the only explanation of the budget of letters on the subject which, Mr. Punch has lately received and from which he publishes the following selection:—

### THE PREDOMINANT FEATURE.

*Much Boreham, Herts.*

SIR,—It is an interesting question in connection with facial memory which feature impresses itself most deeply on the recollection. Personally I am inclined to give the preference to the nose. This may be due to the fact that my own family is remarkable for the prominence of that organ. Indeed I had an uncle, a well-known entomologist, whose nose was so long and set at such a peculiar angle that he could not smoke a cigarette without burning the tip. He was a bachelor, a man of considerable means, and I never forgot him. The colour of people's eyes I rarely notice, but I find a squint a decided assistance to memory. Thus I recognised an old schoolfellow who was afflicted in this way after an interval of upwards of forty years. But I ought to add that he also had a pronounced nose and a game leg. Voices, again, I seldom forget. JOWETT's voice, as I have noticed in my *Conversations with Celebrities* (Vol. III. page 289), was of a cheerful chirping *timbre* that at once arrested the ear, and his nose too, though not pronounced, was characteristic (see page 294). Indeed I cannot help thinking that it would be a safer method for our police to take impressions of the noses of criminals than to rely on finger-prints. But as I have dealt exhaustively with this subject in my *Luminous Lucubrations* (Vol. IV. page 792) I may content myself here



*Pacifist Visitor.* "WELL, LITTLE MAID, AND WHERE IS YOUR DADDY?"

*P. V.* "AH! AND WHAT IS HE DOING THERE?"

*P. V.* "DEAR! DEAR! AND WHEN IS HE COMING HOME?"

*Small Scots Patriot.* "IN FRANCE."

*S. S. P. (stoutly).* "KILLING GERMANS."

*S. S. P. (very stoutly).* "WHEN HE'S FEENISHED WT' THEM A'."

with a brief statement of my conviction.

I am, Yours faithfully,  
LEMUEL LONGMIRE.

A CRUEL CONTRITEMPS.  
*Emperor's Gate, S.W.*

SIR,—I much sympathize with those whose memory for faces plays them false, having long suffered from this defect. It is not that I forget faces (in this respect my memory is truly royal) but that I am unable to pigeon-hole their owners. For example, I remember meeting a smartly-dressed man in Pall Mall years ago whose face was perfectly familiar. As he showed symptoms of recognition I stopped and shook hands with him, when to my horror it turned out that it was my tailor, to whom at the time I owed a rather heavy bill. I am bound to say that he seemed even more embarrassed than I was; but I don't think that tailors ought to frequent Pall Mall during the daylight.

Yours faithfully,

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

#### A STRANGE STORY.

*The Oaks, Gillingham.*

SIR,—This correspondence on the subject of memory is most interesting. Perhaps you will allow me to contribute an experience of my own. As a rule, my memory for names and faces is excellent, but it is subject to occasional lapses. For example a few years ago a young man accosted me in the street as I was leaving my house, reminding me that he had once been in my service as a boot-boy. He knew my name, though I had forgotten all about him, and asked my assistance to enable him to pay his railway fare to Gloucester, where his father was lying dangerously ill. I lent him a sovereign, which he promised to repay me; but from that day to this I have never heard from or of him. Strange to say I found that he had told a similar story to several other residents in the neighbourhood. As his narrative was most circumstantial and his manner convincing, it has occurred to me that he was also suffer-

ing from a lapse of memory, although his last words to me were that he would never forget my kindness.

I am, Sir, yours truly,  
SAMUEL SWALLOW.

"LEST WE REMEMBER."

*Look-ahead Institute,  
79A, Kingsway.*

SIR,—Most contributors to this correspondence proceed on the assumption that a good memory is a blessing and a thing to be cultivated. Personally I am of opinion that it is far more important for success in life to cultivate the art of judicious oblivion. As the poet says, "Tis madness to remember, 'Tis wisdom to forget." Acting on this view I have organised a School of Scientific Forgetfulness. Full particulars will be sent on application to me at the subjoined address; but I may say that my main aim is to disburden the mind of useless knowledge and to enable students to concentrate their attention on the needs of the moment.





Wife of Profiteer. "ER--CAN YOU TELL ME IF--ER--REALLY NICE PEOPLE EAT HERRINGS?"

Gratifying results have already been obtained, and one of my pupils, whom I have taught to eliminate all recollection of what he had learned at school and the University, has been appointed to an important post in the new Ministry of Information.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,  
ANDREW THRUSTON.

#### The Passing of the Horse.

"Fifteen hundred dollars Sausage Making Plant at sacrifice or exchange for five passenger car (latest)."—*Montreal Daily Star*.

"The Premier's wife also visited Hampstead, where she was met by 50 ladies in national costume."—*Morning Post*.

What exactly is the national costume of the Hampstead Heathens?

"The United States Government wireless stations transmit the following message from Washington:—The Food Commission announces that the meatless days have saved 140,000,000 pounds of beer in four months."—*Manchester Paper*.

Although it is perhaps unusual to reckon beer by the pound, this is indeed good news for the members of the United Kingdom Alliance.

#### THE HOLE.

Lines to a Prospective Tenant.

This is The Hole; and here, my friend,  
Your lessor all but met his end,

Only the gods were good  
When out of heaven swung the bomb,  
Diverting me a moment from  
My day-long dreams of food.

Yet, as I organised a queue  
Of such as congregate to view  
Whatever sport's afoot,

And heard men saying every minute  
That "you could put two taxis in it"  
(But I had none to put)—

I mostly wondered if you'd mind  
This gaping orifice behind  
Your future kitchen-door;

Yet fancied you'd be quite content  
(If anything, I felt the rent  
Should be a little more).

For think how scarce the croquet-lawns  
In which this kind of crater yawns,

So beautiful, so deep;  
In all this suburb, bruised and charred,  
No hole is held in more regard—

And you can have it cheap.  
Only you must not fill it in,  
But for all time the Prussians' sin

Shall be attested here;  
Others may mend their premises;  
We'll keep our wreckage as it is,  
The perfect souvenir.

Save that around shall yew-trees grow  
And some small tablet let men know  
How nearly I was downed,  
And folk will come in flocks to see  
Who would not visit you or me  
On any other ground.

And if your friends' war-arour dies,  
Or should your terrier fraternise  
With dachshunds in the street,  
Show them the hole and tell them bits  
About the wickedness of Fritz  
And how he must be beat.

Maybe the croquet won't be grand,  
But what a hazard lies at hand  
For clock-golf, don't you think?  
Or you may line the thing with tin  
For gold-fish to revolve therein  
Or puppy dogs to drink.

And since men say no second shell  
Where one has fallen over fell,  
And I should like to know,  
When next you hear the Archies roll  
Please put your household in the hole,  
And see if this is so. A. P. H.





### MADE IN GERMANY.

CIVILIZATION. "WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT?"

IMPERIAL ARTIST. "WHY, 'PEACE,' OF COURSE."

CIVILIZATION. "WELL, I DON'T RECOGNISE IT—AND I NEVER SHALL."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, March 4th.*—In moving that a grant of twenty-five thousand pounds be made to the widow of Sir STANLEY MAUDE the PRIME MINISTER paid a noble tribute to this very perfect gentle knight who, after deeds that restored the Nation's faith in itself, fell a victim to his own chivalry. The motion was approved *nemine contradicente*, Mr. SNOWDEN being nobody.

My congratulations to Lieutenant-Colonel WILL THORNE on his new rank and to the 1st Battalion Essex Volunteers on having a C.O. who, in addition to other merits, has a voice that should be the envy of the sergeants' mess.

The MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE was much heckled regarding the shortage of pigs, and when told that not a single sty should be left unfilled, was understood to say that that depended more upon the sows in the country than upon the bores at Westminster. The House had a further proof of Mr. PROTHERO's practical knowledge of farming when, in alluding to the relaxation of local by-laws, he casually remarked that "no man minds the smell of his own pig."

*Tuesday, March 5th.*—Of all the Members of the House the last I should have suspected, *prima facie*, of sympathy with Bolshevism is Mr. MORRELL, who is the brother-in-law of a Duke and dresses the part to perfection. But Pacifism, like Poverty, introduces one to strange associates, and Mr. MORRELL, it appears, has in public meeting advised the British proletariat to adopt Russian methods. But if he wants to be taken seriously he must grow a beard à la LENIN and eschew clean collars and soap.

It was, of course, very ungenerous of Mr. LYNCH and Mr. PRINGLE to complain that Sir ERIC GEDDES was reading his speech, and the SPEAKER was quite right in rebuking them. All the same I think the FIRST LORD, who can make a very good speech if he cares to, would find that his statements of naval policy would gain in effectiveness if he trusted more to his memory and less to his manuscript.

For one Parliamentary innovation, however, he deserves our thanks, and that was the exhibition of an immense diagram, illustrating the downward tendency of the U-boat depredations. There are other orators who might with advantage imitate this method. In fact there are some whose speeches would be more enjoyable if they were all diagrams.

The best news that Sir ERIC had to impart was that the Allies have at last realised the necessity of uniformity in

naval as well as military policy; the worst was that owing to labour troubles (for I didn't gather that he attributed any blame to Admiralty methods of dealing with the shipbuilding trade) our output had fallen far below last year's record.



THE ENVY OF THE SERGEANTS' MESS.  
LT. COL. WILL THORNE.

*Wednesday, March 6th.*—Visitors who repaired to the Upper House in the hope of hearing some brilliant epigrams from Lord RIBBLESDALE, who sought a return of the Government's "semi-ministerial, semi-departmental, and semi-official" appointments, had first to sit through a debate on the important but seldom exhilarating topic of foot-and-mouth disease. This de-



ERIC; OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE.  
"There 's as bad fish in the sea as ever came out of it."  
SIR ERIC GEDDES.

pressing prelude may have taken the sparkle out of Lord RIBBLESDALE, who was not nearly so sprightly as usual. In fact the best joke of the afternoon came from Lord HYLTON, who on behalf of the Government refused to give the return because it would use up too much paper.

On this subject Parliament is waking up. In the Commons complaint was made that a pamphlet published by the Board of Agriculture contained two pages of complimentary matter, and Sir R. WINFREY promised that such a lapse from official frigidity should not occur again. In future the motto of the departments will be that of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, "No flowers, by request."

Like all popular assemblies the House of Commons passes rapidly from mood to mood. Members of all parties were plunged in sadness this afternoon by the untimely death of JOHN REDMOND, snatched away just when his distracted country most needed his moderating influence. Of the many tributes paid to his memory none was more moving than the few simple words in which Sir EDWARD CARSON told of a friendship begun when they went on the Leinster circuit together and lasting unshattered by all the storms of political controversy.

Within an hour Sir EDWARD was the centre of a very different scene. Challenged to say whether he approved of the supersession of Lord JELlicoe he startled the House by the revelation that, though a member of the War Cabinet at the time, he had never been consulted on the subject, and that he considered it "a national calamity." Sir CHARLES SEELY was not expressing a solitary view when he said, "May I ask whether there is any Government?"

From Mr. BONAR LAW we learned that there is a Government, but that it is not considered necessary to consult it over such trivialities as the appointment of the director of our naval strategy. That is a matter solely for the civilian who happens to be First Lord, who may, however, and in this instance did, take the opinion of another civilian who happens to be Prime Minister.

*Thursday, March 7th.*—Mr. BYRNE seemed to be disappointed to learn that in Ireland (where Mr. DUKE has been engaged in teaching the young idea not to shoot) no prisoners are now being forcibly fed, and that those who refuse to take food have to take the consequences instead. He does not approve of these substitutes.

That indefatigable sleuthhound, Major HUNT, scored a notable triumph. His discovery that "a large silk manu-



Medical Officer. "BLESS ME, MY LAD, WHAT DO YOU WEIGH?"

Recruit. "EIGHT-STUN-TWO, INCLUDING BONE, SIR."

factory" in Staffordshire had been purchased by "a German woman" was pronounced by Sir ALBERT STANLEY to be singularly accurate, save that "the largo silk manufactory" was a small fancy-shop, and that "the German woman" had been married to an Englishman for fifteen years.

Even in those days a Vote of Credit for six hundred millions is rather a large dose to swallow at a single gulp, but Mr. BONAR LAW sugar-coated his pill with the explanation that it would enable the House to have a long holiday at Whitsuntide. As he also announced a slight but welcome diminution in the daily rate of expenditure, and furnished a candid but, on the whole, encouraging account of the position on our numerous fronts, there was little criticism, and the Vote was carried just in time for Members to be "marooned" in the Tubes.

#### What our Pro-Consuls have to suffer.

"To-day is the Governor's birthday. His Excellency's quotation in Lady Bertram's Birthday Book is

*Vis consili expers mole ruit sua.*

His Excellency's career in Ceylon has already verified its truth."—*Ceylon Paper*.

"There were in the Dominion large quantities of S. P. Hagnum moss, found to be suitable for dressing wounds."

*Taranaki Daily News (New Zealand).*

We welcome the appearance of this new scientist.

#### APPEALS TO THE YOUNG.

PEOPLE who say that there is any lack of enterprise in the thousand-and-one Ministries of economy and propaganda are woefully out of it. Energy is conspicuous everywhere. An idea of the thoroughness with which the Food-Control authorities are doing their job may be gathered by a few extracts from the advance proofs of a series of new versions of favourite tales for children which are about to be issued on the principle that you cannot catch the mind too tender.

We do not quote the stories in full, but merely those parts where the hand of the FOOD-CONTROLLER has fallen heaviest. Here, for example, is a vital passage from the revision of

"Little Red Riding-Hood":—

"Now, Riding-Hood," said her mother, "I want you to take this basket of eatables over to your grannie's."

"What have you put into it, mother?" asked the little girl.

"There's a pound of butter, a dozen eggs and six sausages," was the reply.

"But, my dear mother," exclaimed the child, "have you not read about rations? This is a very unpatriotic and dangerous proceeding."

"Nonsense!" said her mother; "the only danger is the Wolf."

"On the contrary," replied Little Red

Riding-Hood, "I consider the Wolf as comparatively negligible. What I fear is Lord RHONDDA. My conscience also forbids me to contravene the regulations."

"Bless you, my daughter!" said her mother. "What a treasure you are! I was only testing your character and now I am satisfied."

And with these words Little Red Riding-Hood was presented with a new shilling, a beautiful doll and a packet of Lupicide.

A somewhat similar motive is to be found in the next extract:—

*From the new "Hansel and Gretel."*

The two hungry children were walking hand-in-hand in the dark forest. At length they saw in front of them a clearing among the trees.

"A house!" cried Hansel; and they both began to run towards it.

"Such a curious little cottage," they exclaimed when they came near it.

In a few minutes they had reached it, and Gretel, struck by something odd about the appearance of it, touched the wall with her hand. "Why, it's built of cake," she cried delightedly.

"And the roof is made of butter-scotch," said her brother as he broke off a piece. "And it's good too," he added as well as he could with his mouth too full.

So the children ate till their hunger



"IS IT VERY POWERFUL?"

"IT IS, LADY. FOR INSTANCE IF THERE WAS A GOTHIA TWO MILES UP IT WOULD BRING IT DOWN TO FIVE HUNDRED YARDS."

"AND THEN I SUPPOSE ONE OF OUR RIFLEMEN WOULD DEAL WITH IT?"

left them. Then, being well brought up, they began to reflect that perhaps they were doing wrong. "No, little sister," said Hansel gravely, "we will not go to the front-door. This is food-hoarding—a crime against the State."

"Yos," said Gretel, "and peculiarly ingenious too, for who would think of seeking for hidden comestibles among the materials of the very fabric of the building?"

"Exactly so," replied Hansel, "and the guilt of the hoarder thus becomes the more serious. Let us hasten away and find a policeman."

So the two little patriots wandered on, although suffering the pangs of greed, until their search was rewarded. . . .

It is generally supposed that the story of *Blue Beard* illustrates callous turpitude to the full. But the Food Department have a different opinion, and in their version of the legend other and even more serious crimes are added to his account: duplicity and an anti-social spirit almost beyond description.

*From the new "Blue Beard."*

After her husband had gone and the last sound of his car had died away the

wife of Blue Beard tiptoed up the stairs and came to the door of the secret room. In defiance of all his instructions and in breathless haste she tried the keys, and at length found one which turned in the lock.

She paused and, placing her hand on her bosom to still the tumultuous beating of her heart, she silently entered and closed the door behind her.

Some hours later her lord returned and found her seated in her boudoir, pale but collected. Gazing into her eyes he said sternly, "Have you visited the secret room in my absence, madam?"

The colour mounted to her cheeks as she ran and threw her arms about his neck. "You darling," she cried, tears of joy coursing down her rosy cheeks, "how kind of you!—not to let me know!—such heaps of margarine, such quantities of sugar, such—"

"Hush, my dear," said her dastard lord, looking round him with the apprehensive manner peculiar to the worst kind of citizen; "remember—the servants."

**Polyphone for Gramophone.**

"Parrot, grand talker; 4 years; will exchange for good Gramophone and Records."  
*Manchester Paper.*

### Shortage.

A certain young woman of Hoddesdon Asked for lunch—and they gave her a modest 'un.

"We've no butter or bread Or potatoes," they said, "And all the fish (even the cod) is done."

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.—No, Horace, the quotation, "His fair round belly with food-coupons lined," is not, as you suppose, from *BACON'S As You Like It*, but from *RHONDDA'S Whether You Like It Or Not*.

"We can honestly recommend those who were not there last night to go to-night to another performance they are having at the Church of England Institute commencing at 9.30 and we feel sure that it will please even the most exacting. The funeral takes place this evening."—*Hyderabad Bulletin.*

The English take their pleasures sadly—even in India.

"BANDS OF HOPE,

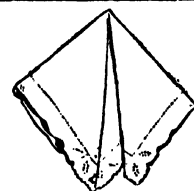
43RD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE — UNION, Staggering Possibilities."

*Local Paper.*

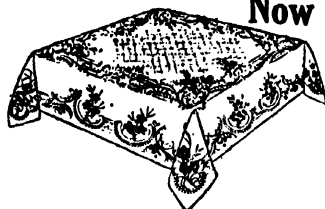
Surely these are just the possibilities which Bands of Hope were intended to prevent.

# WARING & GILLOW'S WHITE SALE

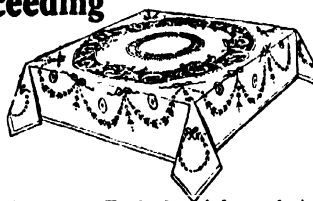
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40 dozen Ladies Fancy White  
Embroidered Handker-  
chiefs. Special offer.  
Usual price 9/11  
Sale price 7/6 doz to clear



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Fine Hemstitched and Em-  
brodered Cotton Sheets, for  
Single Beds only. Size 2 by  
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Usual price 14/9 each.  
Sale price 11/9 each.



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Real Irish Double Damask Table Cloths.  
Heavy make and a good wearing quality.

Handsome exclusive design in Fine  
Hand Woven Irish Double Damask  
Tablecloth. Louis XVI Trellis style.

Size 2 by 2 yds.	Size 2½ by 2½ yds.
Usual price ..... 35/6	Usual price ..... 55/-
Sale price ..... 29/6	Sale price ..... 45/6
Size 2 by 2½ yds.	Size 2½ by 3 yds.
Usual price ..... 42/6	Usual price ..... 63/-
Sale price ..... 35/6	Sale price ..... 55/-
Size 2 by 3 yds.	Size 2½ by 4 yds.
Usual price ..... 49/6	Usual price ..... 85/-
Sale price ..... 42/6	Sale price ..... 75/-

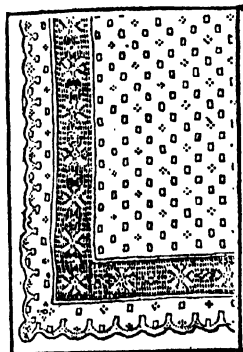
TABLE NAPKINS to match.

27 by 27 inches.  
Usual price ... 65/6 doz. | Sale price ... 55/- doz.

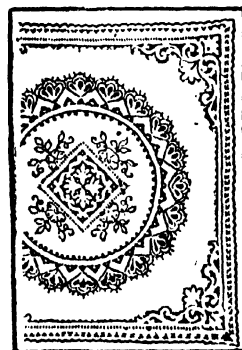
Size 2 by 2 yds.—Usual price .....	26/9
.. .. Sale price .....	20/-
Size 2 by 2½ yds.—Usual price .....	31/6
.. .. Sale price .....	25/9
Size 2½ by 3 yds.—Usual price .....	37/6
.. .. Sale price .....	29/6

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27 by 27 inches.  
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95 pairs Lace Curtains in Cream  
only. 43 ins. wide by 3 yds. long.  
Usual price 5/9 pair  
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Fancy Net and Lace Cushion Cover.  
Size 23 by 23 ins.  
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the prettiest of frocks—for your-  
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or overall that must defy wash and  
wear—you will find everything you can  
want in these absolutely fadeless cloths

Duro . . Pique

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frocks and  
blouses, in novel  
stripes, fine line  
checks and plain  
white.

Dyers and Manufacturers:

BURGESS, LEDWARD & CO., Ltd.

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31"—a beautiful  
fine soft cloth,  
in plain colours,  
stripes, checks  
and two tone  
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Duro Gingham

40"—for nurses'  
and general  
wear in a sleet-  
did range of  
plain colours,  
stripes & checks

# Muratti-



## CIGARETTE SITUATIONS—No. 5.

When parting is to-morrow, Aristons induce to-night a full appreciation of every hastening moment's pleasure

To make enjoyment fuller, and to restore a just perspective—to enhance pleasure or to mollify discontent—smoke Aristons, the Cigarettes of rich, sweet mellowness that is due to chance of blending but that price cannot buy in any other cigarette known.

*Arrange with your tobacconist to send a regular supply to your Naval or Military Friend. Quantities of 200 are duty free and carriage paid. Ariston No. 10—15/-, Ariston Gold Tipped—15/-, or Neb-Ka No. 2—13/-.*

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These soaps do not leave a scum on basin, sponge or skin as all other soaps do. They quickly allay skin irritation from whatever cause by extracting the dirt from the pores of the skin, and impart a soft velvety smoothness to the face and hands, creating a healthy and invigorating glow throughout the whole body.

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**RUSSIAN TAR SOAP . . . 4d. per Tablet**

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All "Sapon" Soaps lather freely in any water, hard or soft.

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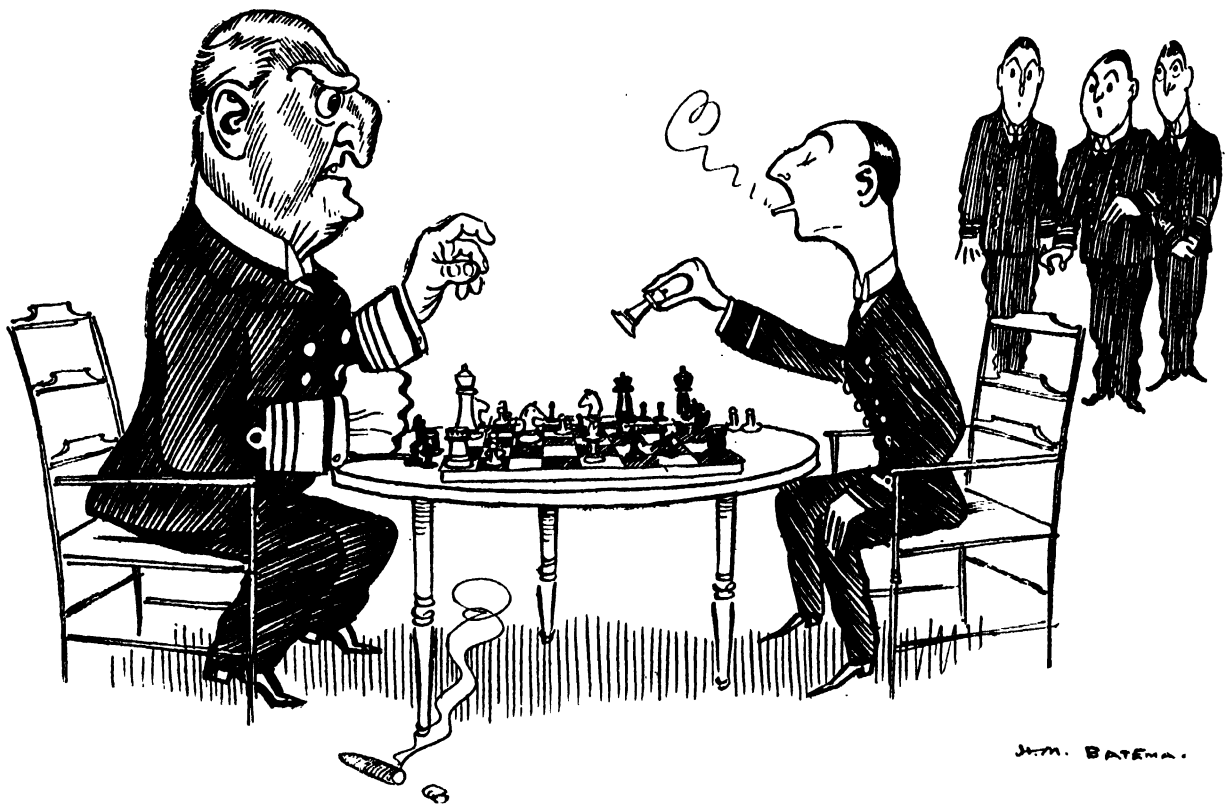
NOTE—  
Only one  
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# SENTINEL

THE ECONOMICAL STEAM WAGGON





### DEEDS THAT OUGHT TO WIN THE V.C.

THE SUB-LIEUTENANT TAKES THE ADMIRAL'S QUEEN.

#### THE FAMILY MOTTO.

"*Ab uno disce omnes*," remarked the Adjutant, who had been examining some German prisoners and was discoursing on the manners of the Bosch.

In the old days, when we despised margarine and matches, the Adjutant was a classical master at a public school, and he still talks, as the Colonel once told him, "like the end pages of the dictionary."

"Your knowledge of Latin makes you the best misunderstood man in the division," observed the Captain. "Yesterday, for example, my orderly asked me where Quoante was, and what it had to do with the War. That floored me, but on making inquiries I found he had heard you remark that we seemed to be fighting now chiefly to restore the *status quo ante*. He was under the impression that you said the 'State of Quoante,' and thought the place must be one of the South American Republics."

"The Sergeant-Major, by the way, seems to think your Latin tags are an original form of swearing. It would be a revelation to you, old chap, to hear him freely interpreting them to defaulters. And you should notice the subalterns looking intelligent when you

are talking like a Roman senator. Reminds me of young Fudge, who hadn't enough Latin to enable him to translate his family motto.

"Fudge, in spite of his unhappy name, was quite a nice lad, the son of a Midland manufacturer who had adapted his plant to make aeroplane parts instead of household ironmongery; and soon after the youngster joined us as a subaltern his father got a knighthood because he paid such a lot of excess profits tax. With the knighthood he promptly acquired from the College of Heralds a coat-of-arms and a family motto—of the "canting" kind, in Latin, of course.

"The fellow who prepared the motto must have been a bit of a humourist, and he took advantage of old Fudge's ignorance of Latin to explain that its meaning was, 'Death has no fears for a Fudge.' The old chap wrote to his son—his stationery was embellished with the new coat-of-arms—urging him to memorise the motto and say it when he found himself in a tight corner. Young Fudge, as I have said, had no Latin, but he got the family motto by heart, and always used it when he was just about to go over the top. The men of his platoon thought it was a prayer or that he was cursing Fritz in Greek, and

some of them even took to shouting it themselves as they went into action. The Boscches must have revised their opinion of British culture when they heard our men bawling Latin, and they usually bolted like rabbits.

"That motto certainly seemed to inspire Fudge. He did well, was twice mentioned in despatches, got his second pip, and was awarded the M.C. Then one night in Mess, when in an expansive mood he quoted his family motto, '*Melius fugere quam mori*,' another man told him that it meant 'Tis better to fly than to die'; and poor Fudge crumpled up."

"Your moral seems to be that ignorance of Latin is a good thing," remarked the Adjutant. "But in the end it let him down badly."

"Not at all," responded the Captain. "When he recovered from the shock he had an inspiration. Under the impression that '*fugere*' indicated flight through the air, he transferred to the Flying Corps, and now flaunts his family motto with greater conviction than ever."

From a patent medicine testimonial:

"Now I eat whatever I desire."

Weekly Paper.

Lord RHONDDA must be told about this.



## THE LAST POT.

LET others hymn the weariness and pain  
 (Or, if they will, the glory and the glamour)  
 Of holding fast, from Flanders to Lorraine,  
 The thin brown line at which the Germans hammer;  
 My Muse, a more domesticated maid,  
 Aspires to sing a song of Marmalade.

O Marmalade!—I do not mean the sort,  
 Sweet marrow-pulp, for babes and maidens fitter,  
 But that wherein the golden fishes sport  
 On orange seas (with just a dash of bitter),  
 Not falsely coy, but eager to parade  
 Their Southern birth—in short, O Marmalade!

Much have I sacrificed: my happy home,  
 My faith in experts' figures, half my money,  
 The fortnight that I meant to spend in Rome,  
 My weekly effort to be fairly funny;  
 But these are trifles, light as air when weighed  
 Against this other—Breakfast Marmalade.

Fair was the porridge in the days of peace,  
 And still more fair the cream and sugar taken;  
 Plump were the twin poached eggs, yet not obese,  
 Upon their thrones of toast, and crisp the bacon—  
 I face their loss undaunted, unafraid,  
 If only I may keep my Marmalade.

An evening press without CALLISTHENES;  
 A tabless Staff; immobilised spaghetti;  
 A SHAW with whom the Common Man agrees;  
 A ZAMBRA searching vainly for NEGRETTI;  
 When spades are trumps, a hand without a spade—  
 So is my breakfast lacking Marmalade.

O RHOŃDDA (Lord)! O KEILLER! O Dundee!  
 O CROSSE AND BLACKWELL, Limited! O Seville!  
 O orange groves along the Middle Sea!  
 (O Jaffa, for example!) O the devil—  
 Let Beef and Butter, Rolls and Rabbits fade,  
 But give me back my love, my Marmalade.

A. A. M.

## HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(The GERMAN Emperor and the Emperor of AUSTRIA.)

*The Emperor of Austria.* I say, Uncle. By the way, may I call you Uncle?

*The German Emperor.* Certainly you may call me Uncle if you like. But why should you wish to?

*The E. of A.* Oh, you've been very kind to me, you know, in initiating me into the deepest secrets of statecraft, and I felt that we were more than merely one Emperor to another. Anyhow, a sort of irresistible Uncle feeling came over me. But you're quite sure you don't mind?

*The G. E.* Quite sure. (*Aside*) What is he driving at? (*Aloud*) And shall we now begin our lecture?

*The E. of A.* Yes, Uncle, directly. But first, as your dutiful nephew, I want to tell you something which struck me as rather witty. Mind you stop me if you've heard it.

*The G. E.* I own I don't much care for witty strokes.

*The E. of A.* No, I know you don't. But you're sure to like this one. It's really funny, and made me laugh a good deal.

*The G. E.* Well, then, out with it.

*The E. of A.* Listen, then. They are saying in Vienna that my glorious predecessor, the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH—

*The G. E.* A good man if ever there was one.

*The E. of A.* Yes, I know. Well, they say about him that he is not really dead.

*The G. E.* I wish I could think so.

*The E. of A.* You don't quite mean that, do you, Uncle? Because, you know, if he were alive I should not be where I am, and you and I would not be holding sweet converse together.

*The G. E.* Oh, in that sense of course I did not mean it. But proceed with your witty stroke.

*The E. of A.* Well, they say in Vienna that our revered FRANCIS JOSEPH is not dead, but that he sold his soul to you in order to be young again, and that I, the Emperor CHARLES, am not myself but am only a continuation of FRANCIS JOSEPH, and that some day you will fetch me away with an army of little goblins. Ha! ha! But I see you don't laugh.

*The G. E.* Laugh, indeed! How should a German Emperor laugh when he finds himself compared to *Mephistopheles*? For that is what it comes to.

*The E. of A.* How clever of you to see it at once! But I am sorry you don't think it funny. It really means that you are the devil of a fellow, and that I am only the slave of your will. If I don't mind I don't see why you should. But some people never get accustomed to our Viennese lightheartedness.

*The G. E. (aside).* A strange idea of lightheartedness this young man seems to have. (*Aloud*) I must find out if there is any witty story about you in Berlin, so that I may tell it to you.

*The E. of A.* Yes, do. Then we shall know *si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit*.

*The G. E. (awfully).* YOUNG MAN!

*The E. of A.* Oh, I'm not frightened of you, Uncle. I used to be, but I've got over that. I try to teach myself to respect you as a worthy man striving to do what he can in a world that is wicked enough to have almost ceased to believe in him. You ought to be grateful to me, Uncle. If I were really FRANCIS JOSEPH you might have found things more difficult, for he knew a great deal and was not often liable to be deceived. However, let us proceed with the lecture. What is the subject to-day?

*The G. E.* The subject is, *How a Monarch shall earn the love of his subjects and the affectionate esteem of the whole world*. Have you your notebook ready? Then we will begin. [*Left lecturing.*]

## Another Impending Apology.

"At a meeting of the Parks Committee of the Birmingham City Council yesterday, the Administrative Sub-committee expressed the opinion that it was in the interests of food-production that pigs should be kept in some of the city parks. They, accordingly, recommended that the superintendent should be kept in some of the city parks."

*Liverpool Evening Express.*

## "FAST CRUISERS FOR BRAZIL.

BUENOS AYRES, Friday.

Congress is considering a project for increasing the credit for the fleet by fifty millions of gold pesos (normally £10,000,000), with a view to the construction of fast cruisers, submarines, hydroplanes, mines and naval stations."—*Evening Paper*.

The self-sacrificing attitude of Argentina towards her former naval rival should receive the widest publicity.

"General Wanted; good home, high wages on munition scale, and hardly any work; use of piano, bicycle, and drawing-room to entertain her friends; mistress will teach maid two modern languages, and master will instruct her in conic sections and the differential calculus."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

Mr. Punch is much obliged to the numerous correspondents who have sent him the above paragraph, but he deprecates jocosity on really serious subjects.



TIME 19—

The Youngster. "I SUPPOSE YOU WAS SOMETHING ELSE AFORE YOU TOOK TO SOLDIERING?"

The Veteran. "YUS. WHEN I WERE A NIPPER I USED TO SOUND THE 'ALL CLEAR!' ON RAID NIGHTS IN LONDON."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

PERCEIVING that *Simple Souls* (CASSELL) was going to amuse me, I said to myself that I would turn down the corner of any page that held a specially quotable or entertaining passage—a practice, I hasten to add, only permissible to the reviewer. Somewhere towards the end of chapter two, however, I abandoned this plan. Moderation, even in dog's-ears, must be observed. The fact is that Mr. JOHN HASTINGS TURNER has, as befits a dramatist, an aptitude for "lines" that makes *Simple Souls* one of the most titillating stories that I have met for a very long time. I wish I could add that the tale is as credible as it is amusing; but I think that even Mr. TURNER can hardly have hoped for many souls so simple as to believe in the idealistic Duke of Wymingham and his quixotic union with a daughter of the people to whom he had once given tea at the Zoological Gardens. But despite this unreality some quality of a whimsical fairy-tale beauty in the drawing of the two chief characters, and, above all, Mr. TURNER's gift of fantastic dialogue, give the book an appeal greater than anything that its improbable scheme would suggest. I am not saying that the wit, admirable as it is, does not sometimes get a little in the way of the story. The epigrammatic facility of almost every character may prompt a suspicion that they are only Mr. TURNER himself in different disguises; I say almost every character, for there is one exception at least in the Duchess's alcoholic father, a tiny portrait of admirable fidelity and observation. Now and again the author seems unable to resist "playing the lion too," with

the result that some wildly audacious *mot* leaves the reader so dissolved in happy laughter as to be forgetful of the situation. But as an irresponsible entertainment *Simple Souls* remains a notable and indeed brilliant success.

Though *Mulberry Springs* (UNWIN) is officially, and no doubt in fact, a first novel, I believe I am right in saying that its author, Miss MARGARET STORRS TURNER, is no novice in publication. She has now proved that she can write a very agreeable comedy of intrigue, which would be more than twice as good if it were rather less than half as long. When *Marie Louise* was so abruptly deserted by her fascinating father, on their way to the English home that she had never seen, I looked forward (encouraged by this excellent start) to a book full of the most entertaining adventures. But somehow, when the now impecunious heroine had been installed, under an *alias*, as social organizer to the rising health-resort of *Mulberry Springs*, most of the pleasant possibilities of the situation seemed to melt away in floods of not very interesting talk. To be mistaken first for a princess, then for an adventuress, seemed an insufficiently distinguished fate for so altogether charming a heroine. And by the time we passed to more strenuous happenings, not without drama, I have to confess that the verbosity of everyone had begun to get a little on my nerves. "I think you have the gift of springing straight into the middle of things, without troubling about the beginning or thinking of the end," the mother of *Marie Louise* said to her. I have to repeat the same criticism to Miss TURNER, with a regret that, once in the middle of things, she flings about her such a cloud of words that

beginning, middle and end are equally obscured. Wit, however, she has already by nature; brevity will come by art, and fulfil in a second novel (I hope) the promise of her first.

If you are an enthusiast for action untrammelled by the probabilities, *The Man of Silver Mount* (CASSELL) is just the book for you. Never, I venture to say, has hero wrung from a modest allowance of time and space a tithe of the adventures, hairbreadth escapes, desperate encounters, bolts from the blue and gods from the machine that young *Harry Dixon*, its hero, enjoys. From the moment that the good ship *Dunbar* sinks beneath the wave, leaving him at the mercy of the elements and a couple of blood-thirsty Mexicans, life for him may be described as one continuous vaudeville. Far be it from me to do Mr. MAX PEMBERTON the disservice of telling you how *Silver Mount*, an island of the blest in the middle of the Atlantic, came to be inhabited by the old *Man* and his band of desperados. These and the cockatoos are but a few of the objects of interest to be encountered in an island compared with which the *locus in quo* of the *Swiss Family Robinson* was as dull as Butterson Park. For one thing there is always a fight going on somewhere, and *Harry Dixon* finds it every time. He is there when the minions of the Mexican Republic come to smoke the old *Man* out, and when the latter starts to wipe the island clean of its Elizabethan aborigines *Harry* is still in the thick of it. When the German fleet arrives (subsequent to August, 1914) and prepares to massacre everybody, *Master Dixon*, reinforced by an American detective, remains in active eruption. Finally, when the British fleet appears and obliterates the enemy, he is to be found assisting at the obsequies. And as it is patently impossible for anything to happen to the British fleet there is nothing left for it but that everything and everybody should end happily, everybody, that is, who hasn't stopped something in the stirring events of the previous few days. Our hero returns safely to his native Edinburgh with a wife, a fortune and the makings of a reputation for being the biggest liar north of the Tweed. More than that reasonable-minded hero could expect.

Should you agree with the publishers you will think *The Lynwood Affair* (HURCHINSON) "another of those stirring romances which, without being a detective tale, has all the movement of an exciting mystery." Well, a mystery it is, but of such an anæmic kind that very little excitement is to be had out of it. *Lady Lynwood*, who for substantial reasons was unpopular with the family into which she had married, died suddenly in her bed about 3.30 A.M., and on the same date and with equal abruptness her husband died in a railway carriage at 3.45 A.M. Hence complications familiar to the Law. In this case *Syd Bond*, *Lady Lynwood's* brother, sought to prove that the baronet had

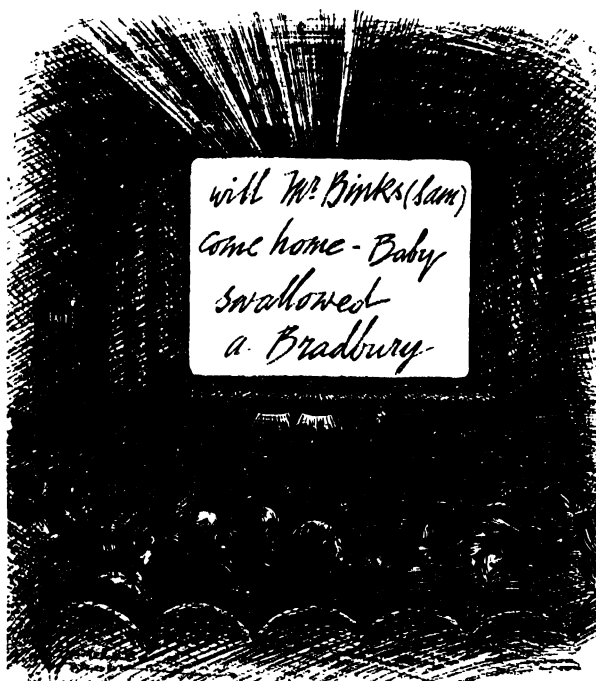
predeceased his wife; but he failed—to my great satisfaction, for he really was a prince of bounders. Still I have a grievance against Miss SILBERRAD for making me more interested in *Syd's* failure than in anyone's success. And that in a book of this *genre* is not quite right. Where, as always, Miss SILBERRAD triumphs is in the drawing of character and in easy natural dialogue. I wish she would leave mysteries to writers of less distinction.

DIXON SCOTT already has an enduring memorial in his posthumous volume of brilliant studies of *Men of Letters*, to which the versatile and appreciative MAX contributed a preface. Follows a friend—Mr. BERTRAM SMITH—with a sheaf of the young soldier-journalist's thoughts on *A Number of Things* (FOULIS). This handsome book betrays the fact that for all his skill in the handling of words he was better journalist than essayist. His essays seem to miss the calm reflective mood. They are restless, crammed full of good

things, be it admitted, but still crammed, uneasy and over-elaborate. But a too vivid imagination is a fault rare enough to count as a very considerable virtue, and it is here found in conjunction with a capacity for taking exquisite pains. And SCOTT could see. Perhaps the best instance of this power is the uncannily perceptive "Motoring by Night"—though I would hazard that this would be by no means his own favourite. He would no doubt have preferred those studies of the country by the ecstatic townsman which seem a little unreal.

I wish to treat *Problems of the Peace* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) with scrupulous fairness, but I confess that it contains hardly an argument that does not leave me violently unconvinced. The writer, WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON, is an exponent of the "concessional" school at (I should suppose) its highest development. Beginning with some admirable generalities about the world's

need of a peace, founded, not on treaties, but ideals, he proceeds to elaborate this theory into a policy that involves the concession to Germany of practically all the points at issue. If, therefore, you retain any lingering hopes of punishment for brutal aggression you must prepare, under Mr. DAWSON's tuition, to shed them now, or else leave the book severely alone. When a writer heads almost all his chapters with a quotation from RICHARD CORDEN it can hardly astonish anyone to find the contents of those chapters fiercely antagonistic to the "economic weapon." The author happens also to be gently impartial on the subject of Alsace-Lorraine, and sympathetic towards the Imperial aims of all Empires but our own. I hope I am not unfair, for example, in taking Mr. DAWSON's attitude towards the German Colonies, which he would, of course, return practically *en bloc*, as typical of a policy that would not only hasten to "grasp the blood-stained hand," but tactfully press into it a substantial honorarium. It is, I confess, an ideal that astounds me.



S.O.S. AT SUBURBAN PICTURES.

[In cases of emergency affecting any of the audience messages are sometimes thrown on the screen by the courtesy of the management.]

## CHARIVARIA.

**THE Haunted Gallery at Hampton Court** was opened to the public last Saturday. The spectre has not yet appeared, and a rumour is going about that there has been a hitch in respect to its food-card.

At Hove eight hundred dogs are said to be unlicensed. It is believed that they elude arrest by going into Brighton and posing as Russian tripe-hounds.

Now that the speed of express trains is to be reduced it is hoped that passengers will not attempt to pluck cabbages from rail-side allotments while the train is in motion.

What might have proved an awkward incident was avoided at the Zoo the other day by the prompt action of an attendant. It appears that a dear old lady, not knowing it was a meatless day, offered the biggest lion a caterpillar.

Surplices, we are told, were worn on Sunday by the Egham parish church choir for the first time in fifty years. It is not known who mislaid them.

According to a witness at Loves, gallons of beer are thrown down drains every day in many breweries. A correspondent writes to say that he often wondered how they got rid of the stuff.

Private IVEY CLEVELAND, of the United States Army, who takes size fifteen in foot-gear, has been discharged owing to the difficulty of getting military boots to fit him. The possibility of his being transferred to the Navy and served out with a pair of battle cruisers seems to have been overlooked.

It appears doubtful whether the War has improved our manners. Only the other day a Battersea motor lorry dashed into a house at Hither Green and sat down in the drawing-room without removing its bonnet.

A lamb has been born at Welton with five legs, but we understand that a recount has been demanded by jealous farmers in the neighbourhood.

We read of an American journalist who started work sixteen years ago and is now said to be worth 200,000 dollars. His frugality, good habits, total abstinence and the fact that an uncle left him 199,999 dollars brought about this result.

economies of this kind that the German Navy is really seen at its best.

An alarming falling-off in the birth-rate at Mannheim is reported by the *Berliner Tageblatt*. It seems that since the Allied air-raids on the town many Germans positively refuse to be born.

"Lord RHONDDA," says a news item, "has protested to the United Dairies, Limited, against the delivery of milk by motor-car." It could hardly be expected that an up-to-date Company would stick to the old-fashioned method of delivering milk by cow.

A Spaniard, discovered in Paris with a wireless apparatus installed on his roof, informed the police that he merely used it to get the correct time from the Eiffel Tower. It is thought that henceforth he may have to do his own time.

Railway companies are considering the question of doing away with the old first-class three-seats-a-side carriages. Several prominent profiteers, it is understood, have complained that the arm-rests prevent them from occupying more than one seat at a time.

"My favourite month for marriage," says Miss ELLA SHIELDS in a weekly paper, "is June." Nothing is said of her opinion as to the best month for resuming one's maiden name.



The Hero-Worshipper. "THERE'S ONE OF THE OLD 'CONTEMPTIBLES.'" Mrs. The Cynic. "ALL 'USBANDS IS CONTEMPTIBLES!'"

A South London housewife has won four tea services at four consecutive whist drives. All that is now necessary is to win one war and then she

## NOTICE.

## PUNCH AND PAPER SHORTAGE.

Owing to the further drastic reduction in the supplies of paper, no return of unsold copies will be allowed after the Number to be dated April 17.

Readers who desire to continue to receive *Punch* regularly should at once place a definite order with their news-agents.

will probably have the nucleus of a cup of tea.

A Hull skipper reports that a torpedo which missed his ship made a circular movement and returned towards the submarine which fired it. It is in little

## "CONCRETE SHIPBUILDING AT BARROW."

Newspaper Headline.

Better than all the abstract shipbuilding elsewhere.

"A — Car, still in active service, has a mileage record of 27,000 miles. This car has travelled a distance equal to more than ten times around the world."

Barbados Advocate.

How the world has shrunk! Rations, we suppose.

"United States citizenship papers have been refused by a Supreme Court Justice to Roberto Piccinini, an upholsterer, of New York, because in the spelling test he spelled 'cat' with a 'k.'" — *Daily Express*.

Hard lines, ROBERTO, that they did not try you with "kitten."

### "THE SOUL OF A NATION."

THE little things of which we lately chattered—

The dearth of taxis or the dawn of spring;  
 Themes we discussed as though they really mattered,  
 Like rationed meat or raiders on the wing;—

How thin it seems to-day, this vacant prattle,  
 Drowned by the thunder rolling in the West,  
 Voice of the great arbitrament of battle  
 That puts our temper to the final test.

Thither our eyes are turned, our hearts are straining,  
 Where those we love, whose courage laughs at fear;  
 Amid the storm of steel around them raining,  
 Go to their death for all we hold most dear.

New-born of this supremest hour of trial,  
 In quiet confidence shall be our strength,  
 Fixed on a faith that will not take denial  
 Nor doubt that we have found our soul at length.

O England, staunch of nerve and strong of sinew,  
 Best when you face the odds and stand at bay,  
 Now show a watching world what stuff is in you!  
 Now make your soldiers proud of you to-day!

March 28th. O. S.

### A BRIEF ROMANCE.

"THE return of the prodigal!" cried Peter as my manly form darkened the entrance to the dug-out. "But we shall not kill the fatted calf at present. Luckily for Tony."

Tony looked up from the fervent pages of *Love Triumphant*.

"Why luckily for Tony?" he asked.

"Because of his curious resemblance to the fatted calf. There might be some unfortunate mistake. But come in, old son," Peter went on, addressing me—"come in and sing us songs of Kensington, and tales of far Mayfair."

I was, as you will guess, newly returned from leave, and, with a reminiscent sigh, I settled myself in the corner.

"For fourteen glorious days I have lain upon silken divans," I began, "while lovely maidens danced before me or brought nectar in golden goblets."

"Very unwholesome. I don't care for the sound of it," said Peter. "I want something pastoral—something with fields in it and hedges and simple farming folk and cool dairies and—all that."

But Tony protested. "Nonsonso," he said; "we have pastoral pleasures enough and to spare. Me for the divans, as our good Allies would say."

"I have one story," I said, "which will combine both and thus suit the tastes of all my patrons. It is the story of Mirabelle."

"Mirabelle!" murmured Tony with his eyes closed, and there rose before his mind—this is pure conjecture, of course, but I feel confident of its truth—there rose before his mind the picture of a resplendent figure, all green sequins and bare arms and raven tresses and diamond tiaras.

"Mirabelle!" murmured Peter, and there rose before his mind—pure conjecture again—the picture of a slim land-worker in smock and corduroy breeches, backed by a thick-set hedge, and all about her the scent of the good brown earth.

"Mirabelle," I said, "loves the country." Here Peter smiled an appreciative smile. "But she lives in London."

"Good girl," said Tony.

"She lives in London in a house not a hundred miles from Grosvenor Square."

"No house in London"—Tony began, but I went straight on.

"Mirabelle is the most enchanting person in the world."

"Dark or fair?" asked Tony.

"Both. Dark eyes and fair hair. If you know her you wouldn't wonder that on my arrival, as soon as I'd cleaned up, I went off to see her. She received me with acclamation."

"With a what?" they both asked.

"Acclamation. Loud sounds of joy. 'Hurrah!' and that kind of thing."

"I've guessed it," said Peter. "It's going to be a dog or a rabbit."

"Yes, or a parrot," said Tony. "You remember it said 'Hurrah!' Or the Australian mynah at the Zoo. That talks, and the Zoo isn't a hundred miles from Grosvenor Square."

"You're quite wrong," I said.

"Well, what is it?"

"It's a human girl. Why not?"

"And she said 'Hurrah!' when she saw you? Oh, well, we must take your word for it," said Tony.

"You must," I said. "And you must take my word for it that she got off early from her hospital most days, so that she could play about with me, thinking it right that soldiers on leave from France should have special privileges. We had a topping time. Mirabelle enjoys everything and looks so nice while she's enjoying it. I told her about you, Peter."

"Did you, though?"

"Yes. And she said she'd like to meet you, and when were you coming on leave?"

"I say, did she really? I believe we should get on rather well together. You say she likes the country?"

"Yes. I told her about you too, Tony, and she asked when you were coming on leave."

"How ripping of her!"

"I expect you'd fall in love with her at once."

"I've done so already," said Tony.

"It's no good," said Peter. "I'm first for leave, and I've practically made up my mind to propose to her."

"Oh, no, you can't do that. I spoke first," said Tony. And they began an argument which became so heated that I was obliged to intervene.

"I'd better settle this at once," I said. "Under different circumstances she would no doubt have been pleased to accept either of you fine handsome young officers, but as it is she cannot."

"And why?"

"Because I am engaged to her myself." I said it quite quietly and casually, but I was unable to keep from my face a smile which I fear must have appeared idiotic.

"And this is your cruel way of breaking it to us," said Peter rather bitterly.

But Tony was utterly dejected.

"To think," said he, "that the romance of my life should have ended like this."

### Aeroplanes are Cheap To-day.

"Business Men's Week in Kendal and district produced a total of War Bond subscriptions which was beyond the highest expectations. The committee specially elected to conduct the arrangements set the district the task, at the behest of the Government, of raising £45,000 for 28,000 aeroplanes."—*Westmorland Gazette*.

"Caesar's opera, 'Omnia Rome,' 1469, a capital copy of the first edition, went for £180, against £600 in 1914."—*Scotsman*.

This, no doubt, is the composition which caused such a furore at the Coliseum—in Rome.



### THE NEW TERROR.

BRIGHTON ALIEN (*discussing the long-distance gun with Maidenhead Alien*). "WERE SHALL WE GO NOW? SHCOTLAND?"





"WHAT WAS IT, EXACTLY, THAT YOUR SON GOT HIS MEDAL FOR?"

"WELL, AS FAR AS I CAN BEE, MA'AM, IT WAS 'IM AND THE ENEMY—'IM OR T 'M, AND IT 'APPENED TO BE 'IM."

### UNHAPPY RETURNS.

THE Captain and the Lieutenant sat on opposite sides of the table in the dug-out and regarded each other gloomily by the light of a remnant of candle stuck on the crown of the Captain's steel helmet where it lay on the table. The Captain sat with his hands in his pockets and sucked repellently at an empty pipe. The Lieutenant withdrew his gaze from the depressing spectacle of his companion-in-arms and let his eyes wander round the walls of the dug-out, decorated with fungus-covered photographs, culled from the leading weeklies, of ladies high in the theatrical world, in strange attitudes and stranger apparel.

"Happy days," said the Captain suddenly and with great bitterness. "Listen to it."

Outside (and in one or two places inside also) the rain fell steadily, just as it had been falling for the greater part of a week. At the door there began a duck-board track, which wound away into the gloom of the evening, its progress apparently governed by no law save its own fancy and untrammelled by any necessity of ever arriving anywhere. On each side of the track

began the mud, which extended as far as and a good deal farther than the eye could see in all directions. It was the very best kind of mud, soft, liquid, deceptive mud, and one wondered, looking at its evil exterior, how many unsuspecting souls had met their end beneath its surface.

"Rations ought to be up soon," said the Lieutenant. "Good luck to 'em."

"To-day," observed the Captain, with the air of one for whom death cannot possibly have anything, "is my birthday. Twenty-six years ago the little old-world country village was electrified by the news that I had been born. Flags were hung out, bells were rung, the verger bought a clean collar, and my father debated with the Vicar at some length on the rival merits of Percival and Erasmus as names for the future Prime Minister."

"Ay, grandad," interposed the Lieutenant.

"And now," pursued the Captain, "here I sit, a palsied hulk, the wreck of a man that once was wont to cause fair ladies to turn in the street to gaze after him."

"Your back-view is the best," murmured the Lieutenant.

"Will anyone remember my birth-

day?" asked the Captain querulously as he warmed to his subject. "No. And again, No."

"I think I shall," said the Lieutenant.

"To-day will be exactly like yesterday and exactly like to-morrow, as far as I am concerned," went on the Captain, moodily hurling his revolver at a rat of mammoth proportions that was seeking to drown its sorrows in a pool of rain-water on the floor. "Where are the costly gifts? Echo answers, Search me. No one will send me the silver-backed brushes, the trouser-press mounted in platinum, the silk pyjamas or the last year's calendar. These things are not for me. I am forgotten; and here I lie, passed over by the hurrying throng, a mildewed wreck."

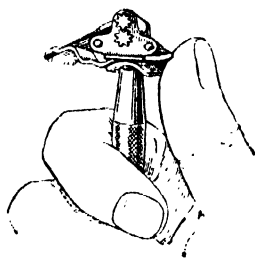
"Oh, is that mildew?" asked the Lieutenant with interest. "I just thought you hadn't shaved for a week."

At this point the candle expired abruptly, and the Lieutenant, after vainly striking nine matches, lighted a second fragment. "Those rations ought to be up by now," he said.

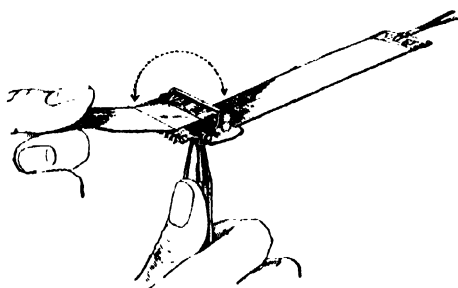
Even as he spoke there arose in the distance a tumult of voices, obviously proceeding from some little distance down the duck-board track. "That sounds like 'em," said the Lieutenant.



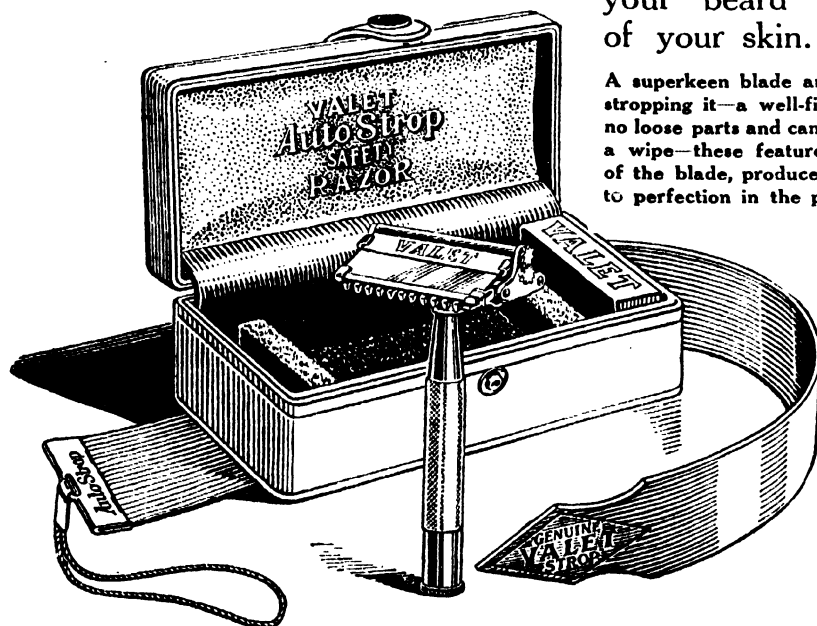
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The voices drew nearer, and it became plain that they proceeded from two persons engaged in heated converse as they walked. The occupants of the dug-out listened with interest to the peculiar squeelching noises that marked the progress of the procession, which pursued its way until apparently within some forty yards of the dug-out.

Even the face of the Captain had begun to show traces of faint interest, when on a sudden came a quick sliding sound, a thick oily splash, one hurried but forcible remark, and then silence. But not for long. In a few seconds the evening air was rent and ripped by the most masterly and inspired flow of language that it had ever been the Captain's privilege to listen to. On and on it went, rising to undreamed-of heights of eloquence for over a minute, and then faltered, died down and finally ceased, to be followed by an urgent demand for assistance. The other voice now joined the anthem, and the sounds that followed indicated to the relieved listeners that some wretched man was being saved from a horrible end.

Presently there came a knock at the entrance to the dug-out; the waterproof sheet which served as a door was thrust aside, and a face, round, heated and mud-besmeared, appeared at the opening.

"Good evenin', Sir," said the face.

"Good evening, Quartermaster-Sergeant," said the Captain; "and why have you shed the light of your presence upon us in this wise? Come inside and narrate to us of your adventures upon the road."

Thus adjured, the face entered, followed by what at first sight the Lieutenant took to be a section of the bank of the Thames at Wapping at low water, but which on closer investigation proved to be the remainder of the Quartermaster-Sergeant.

"Fell orf them perishin' boards, Sir," said the warrior. "And there's a parcel for you near as big as this dug-aht, which I thought as 'ow I'd better bring up myself, seeing as 'ow I was passin' this way."

The Captain started, glanced at the Lieutenant, and, pouring some whisky into an aluminium cup, handed it to the muddy Mercury.

"Thank 'ee, Sir," said the latter, and, wiping his moustache on the back of his hand, thrust his head through the doorway and hailed some person unseen. Whereupon there staggered in a small rotund private, tottering under the weight of an enormous sack, entirely covered with mud, which he let fall on the floor with a crash. This, when opened, disgorged a very large parcel, securely bound in canvas and fastened with stout cord.



*The Vicar.* "THIS IS INDEED A MOST DELIGHTFUL CUP OF TEA."

*Hostess.* "YES; POLLY MADE IT. SHE HAS GREATLY IMPROVED SINCE SHE WENT TO THAT GOVERNMENT OFFICE."

"Good night, Sir," said the Thames at Wapping, and with his satellite took his departure, their voices rising and falling and dying away down the duck-boards.

"Now, palsied hulk, what of it?" inquired the Lieutenant, producing a large knife.

"No," observed the Captain, "let us first of all gloat for a space and conjecture as to the contents of this wonderful thing. Observe the contour of the cake in the right-hand corner by your foot. Verily a sturdy cake. Down the side I would draw your attention to the thick roll of magazines of recent

date, whereby our hard-earned leisure shall for a while be rendered tolerable. Note also the small hard knobs denoting footstuffs in various forms. You may ask, how do I know all this? Instinct, is the reply. Moreover, what else but food for body and mind would anyone send to our gallant lads at the Front? What else would be so appreciated at the present crisis in our affairs? Therefore I say again, food it is. Truly, Allah is great, and we will have such a meal this night, good Master Ridley, that the consequences shall not leave us for many a long year."

"If you have finished the preliminary address," said the Lieutenant, "what about revealing the glories that lie hid beneath that calm exterior?"

The Captain cut the cord and emptied the contents of the parcel out on to the table. For a second there was utter silence in the dug-out, and then two loud gasps, as the Captain and the Lieutenant regarded with protruding eyes one steel body-shield (warranted to turn a bullet at fifty yards), five tins of antiseptic tooth-paste, one large box-periscope, seventeen Oxo-cubes, three copies of *The Church Times*, and, wrapped in cotton-wool, a large framed photograph of a stout old gentleman with long white whiskers and a benevolent smile.

With a shaking hand the Lieutenant picked up a small card that lurked beneath a tin of tooth-paste, glanced at it and handed it to the Captain, who had sunk back into his seat and was reaching feverishly for his revolver, forgetting that it lay on the corpse of the gigantic rat in the pool of rainwater.

The Captain took the card and regarded it with the expression of one who sees a snake in his bath. On it was inscribed in a clear round hand:—

"With birthday greetings from Uncle Jasper."

### WAR-TIME ECONOMICS.

We had been to the meeting of the local Food Vigilance Society, and when we left the hall it was raining. My wife said she was glad that she had married a man who always carried an umbrella.

It did not take me a minute to put it up; it is a peculiar umbrella, but I am used to it.

"But why do you carry a thing like that?" she asked, as she took my arm.

"That, my dear, is your fault," I said.

I have always been unfortunate with umbrellas. My average is about four a year, but I rather spoil it last summer when I lost three in two months.

The third was a birthday present from my wife. It was a gorgeous thing in green silk, with a gold waistband and a tortoiseshell handle. I prefer them plain. The third time I took it out I left it in the train. When I told my wife about it she said it was time I economised, and I promised to do so.

Accordingly I went to my umbrella shop, and told the proprietor, who had come forward with the affable smile he reserved for his best customers, that I wanted a *cheap* umbrella.

He said he quite understood, and with a lightning flap he opened one.

"A plain serviceable article like this," he said. "Quite a good silk at the price—a guinea."

"A *cheap* one," I repeated.

His smile fell ten degrees. He said the best was the *cheapest* in the long run.

"But it won't have a long run," I said. "An umbrella lasts me barely three weeks."

"In that case this might suit you."

He unrolled another. "A good strong mixture. Twelve-and-sixpence."

"The *cheapest* you have," I said.

He savagely produced another.

"Seven-and-sixpence," he said.

"You have nothing cheaper than that, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, we have," he said, with a sneer. "An umbrella we keep for people who *say* they only want one to go home with. Cotton. Five-and-six."

I took it. I could afford to lose ten of these a year and yet save money; and also gain a reputation for independence of character and common sense, like George Withers. Half the respect we have for George is due to his umbrella. It is a family heirloom, with a whale-bone frame; and the stick is a weighty oak sapling. We joke about it, but we are almost as proud of it as he is.

No one joked about my umbrella. I noticed one or two furtive glances as I placed it in the rack; and afterwards I saw people trying not to look at it. I attempted one or two jokes myself, but they fell flat. It looked what it was—a *cheap* umbrella. Never mind, I should soon lose it.

It was neither ornamental nor useful. Quite early two of the ribs came out of their sockets and had to be replaced each time I opened it. Then the stick warped, and it was difficult to put the thing up. Nor would it stay up. The spring catch refused to act. I had to brace the handle against my back and hold the frame in position while I fished for the spring.

Of course I did not leave *that* umbrella in the train. I simply *could not* forget it, try as I would. You may forget to remember a thing, but you cannot remember to forget it. Not if you play the game, as I did with that umbrella.

Once I nearly succeeded. I was talking eagerly to a friend as I left the train, but an officious person ran after me with the thing.

Several times when the light was bad in the hall I managed to lend it to friends, but they always sent it back the next day.

And I found that while saving on umbrellas I had to spend more on other things. My friends could afford to wear old clothes, but I could not while carrying that umbrella.

As with bent heads we struggled homewards against the rain I summed up the result of my war-time economy.

"A summer suit which I could have done without; a new overcoat—my old one is still good—at least three pairs of gloves, and two hats—one way or another that umbrella has cost me——"

"Mind!" cried my wife.

"Too late! Another umbrella crashed into us. Mine got the worst of the collision: it collapsed—an utter wreck.

The stranger hastily apologised; said it was entirely his fault, and he could not allow a lady to suffer through his clumsiness; thrust his umbrella into my hand, seized what was left of mine, and disappeared.

The umbrella he left with me was a very superior article. It had a silk cover, an ebony stick mounted in silver, with a malachite ball at the top; and it had a tassel.

I lost it next day.

### THE GIRL HE OUGHT TO HAVE LEFT BEHIND HIM.

Private Williams, the Marine, Is the tallest man I've seen (Though I'd tell him, were he smaller, That his tales are even taller).

Once "on leaf" he went ashore, Drank *one* glass of ale—no more (That's what all defaulters do, *One* glass, yes! but *never* two); Yet, alas, there's more to come, For he got the maximum.

Reader, wait until you've heard *His* account of what occurred; How it was he came to make Such a ludicrous mistake, Such a lamentable slip— Brought his gal off to the ship, Got himself into a mess Just through absent-mindedness.

After several hours ashore He forgot that "leaf" was o'er Till he saw the "Liberty Boat" about to put to sea. That was quite a sad mishap, For his gal was on his lap (Gal just after William's heart, "Small, yer know, but proper smart"), Sitting restful-like quite near, Not a cable from the pier. Private Williams, at the sight, Calling out with all his might, "'Ang on, mates! I'm on me way!" Snatched his matches and his clay, Pouches, pouch and other gear, Bay'net, bottle (ginger-beer), But forgot—the careless chap— What was sitting on his lap. And, while running for the boat, Crammed the lot inside his coat; Then, on duty so intent, Clean forgot the incident.

Such the simple tale he tells. Sentence: Fourteen days in "cells."



"THE WATCH ON THE RHINE."  
(NEW VERSION.)



*Old Lady (newcomer to district). "AND COULD YOU POSSIBLY LET ME HAVE SOME FISH HEADS?"*  
*Harassed Fishmonger. "WE DON'T SELL NO FISH-HEADS TO NEW FICES."*

## THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

XI.

### CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER LXXXIV.

*George.* Was it not in this time that there was the great dispute about education?

*Mrs. M.* Disputes about the best form of education were of long standing, but in this period they became more acute than ever, owing to the quarrels between the men of science and the humanists, or supporters of letters and the arts. A great scandal arose when it appeared that a well-known Chancellor of the Exchequer did not know what decimals were and irreverently alluded to them as "dots," prefixing an epithet which I cannot bring myself to repeat. It was also alleged that another eminent Minister confessed that until the age of sixty he was under the impression that a hydraulic ram was an animal. On the other hand, the scientists were charged with equally gross ignorance, and a famous Professor of Biology seems to have confused AUGUSTUS JONS with one of the Roman Emperors. Ultimately, as I think I told you, Greek and Latin were abolished at all schools and universities.

*Richard.* But how is it that I have to learn them now?

*Mrs. M.* Because of the second Restoration of Learning. Men of science, and doctors in particular, continued to use technical terms which were chiefly based on Latin and Greek, and it became necessary for students and patients to

re-learn these tongues privily in order to understand what they were studying, or what diseases they were suffering from. Secret schools for the classics sprang up all over the country, and it became so difficult and so unpopular to enforce the penalties prescribed in what was known as the WELLS Act, from the name of its proposer, that it was modified and finally removed from the Statute Book. We have good reason in our family to be thankful for this merciful change, as your great-grandfather, Dr. Theophilus Markham, had been actually sentenced to death for possessing a copy of the works of HOMER, but was granted a free pardon and subsequently compiled an excellent Greek grammar. Slightly as you may think, Richard, of his "poor old grammar," it was considered when it was written to be a most valuable work, and Cardinal BELLOC condescended to write a preface for it.

*Richard.* Then I will treat it with all the respect I can, for the sake of the Cardinal. All the same I wish the Greeks could have done without irregular verbs.

*Mrs. M.* Irregularity—always excluding morals—lends interest to life. At the period of which I am speaking, a great, and for a while successful, attempt was made to simplify spelling and write words as they were sounded. "Phonetic spelling" was legally enforced in books and newspapers, but, instead of producing uniformity, it led to reater variety and even chaos, for the

State pronunciation pleased nobody; Lancashire and Yorkshire absolutely refused to recognize aspirates, and at one time there were eleven competing systems of standardised spelling in England alone. Scotland, Ireland and Wales were exempted from the Act, and this only added to the confusion.

*Mary.* Still it must have been rather nice to spell as you liked.

*Mrs. M.* That is just exactly what did not happen. You had to spell as other people liked. And when it came to altering the spelling of family names, and our revered patronymic was degraded to Markun, a reaction set in and the trouble ended in a return to the old system.

"The population of Petrograd are starving, tortured and harassed by the Bolsheviks, who seem to be completely indifferent to Reuter's Special Service."—*Egyptian Gazette.*  
 They prefer WOLFF's Bureau.

"If it is not worth while going on with the race it is not worth while going on with the race," commented Dr. Salceby.

*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

He needn't have rubbed it in like that. We quite understand.

'A Contention has been sitting, seeking to settle the Home Rule' controversy on satisfactory lines, but it has not been successful.'

*Daily Gleaner (Kingston, Jamaica).*

We trust that the Convention will have better luck.



## THE DEATH-LORD.

THE KAISER (on reading the appalling tale of German losses). "WHAT MATTER, SO WE HOHENZOLLERNS SURVIVE?"





### TRIALS OF OUR AIRMEN.

*Stolid Highlander. "HAE YE BROKE YER MACHINE?"*

#### A GALLOP THROUGH AMERICA.

BY AN ILLUSTRIOUS LAWYER.

##### I.—THE TROTTING OSTRICH.

WITH so much to prepare and occupy my mind—for my programme included three months of continuous oratory, broken only by luncheons, dinners, suppers, Turkish baths, train journeys and visits to remarkable men—I don't know how I could have endured the voyage but for the trotting ostrich. At first there was the novelty of the departure, as we sailed on, the destroyers on each side, puissant symbols of the ancient sea-power of Great Britain, our own vessel ploughing a majestic course through the purple sea, the enchanting coastline of Ireland on our beam, and the shimmering airboats glittering in the wintry sun. Having strained my eyes through my field-glasses, a parting gift from dear BEAVERBROOK, for a last view of the Convention, I hastened to the gymnasium and, carefully selecting the same saddle as that used by Mr. BALFOUR, I mounted the trotting ostrich and never left his back—I mean voluntarily—until Sandy Hook appeared in sight. Try as I would, however, I could never induce him to break into a gallop. Thus occupied I composed

my speeches with such success that in all the campaign I never repeated a single sentence. *Nullo secundus.*

##### III.—STERN NEW YORK.

Of New York in the grip of the realities of war I say nothing. But I saw much. Let me indeed state that but for its eminent men, its beautiful actresses, its dances and its supper-rooms, such as SHERRY'S and the Coconut Grove, New York might have been too depressing. The members of the NORTHCLIFFE Mission, chief of whom was Mr. GEOFFREY BUTLER, who organised so wonderfully all our travelling, had, however, paved the way, and nothing that could be done to make a simple English traveller hear up was omitted. Never shall I forget the charm of Miss MAXINE ELLIOTT or the graceful convolutions of one of the Spanish ladies.

After a Turkish bath I made my first speech at a lunch at the Millionaires' Club. I was on my feet for three hours, and the spirit shown by all the listeners was admirable. That was, however, the only spirit present, for America is gradually falling to Prohibition. To me it made little difference, but my secretaries were far from pleased. HAROLD even threatened to return; but

I persuaded him to stay, especially as we were assured that St. Louis, one of the cities on our list, was still impenitent. *Ad astra.*

##### VI.—COLONEL HOUSE.

I now quote occasionally from my diary:—*Dec. 27th, 1917.*—To-day saw Colonel HOUSE. He really is a very remarkable man. I could see that he was pleased when as I left I pressed his hand and said, "You are more, Sir, than a House; you are a Terrace." In response he said very kindly that he looked forward with despair to the time when, after my departure, there would be only Smithless days.

To-night was the night for the banquet at SHERRY'S. It certainly was a most amazing assembly if measured by the importance of the guests, who, numbering ninety-two, sat around the vast table, and represented I know not how much wealth, learning and importance. Their kindness and enthusiasm were so great as quite to carry one away. They stood up several times, cheered loudly in the course of a speech I made and altogether showed so much warmth that I was deeply affected. Tears sprang to my eyes. No jury could have resisted me. Never before had I so realised how emotional

war can make one. Nothing but the blank looks of my secretaries at a side table, unable to procure any but teetotal beverages, brought me back to earth. HAROLD later went so far as to say that because the country was dry there was no need for my speeches to be; but I attributed that merely to brotherly affection. *Arcades ambo.*

### XIII.—MR. SECRETARY LANSING.

*December 31st, 1917.*—This being New Year's Eve my secretaries were naturally anxious to celebrate it, but no facilities being at hand I went instead to see Mr. Secretary LANSING. We discussed foreign policy for some seconds, and I left him greatly impressed. He is a very remarkable man. Like everyone else that I met in this hospitable country he gave me letters of introduction to a Judge. It is an American habit. *Cedant arma togæ.*

On leaving Mr. Secretary LANSING I lunched off gold plate with the MORGAN Partners, to whom I made one of my lighter speeches—only two hours—and gave incidentally some valuable financial advice. Among leading Americans present was Senator B. KELLOGG, who was delighted to hear of his cousin SHIRLEY's success in London. I have just mailed him an extract from her theatre programme, stating that her return to revue was at once the "bravest" and "finest thing" that "any actress has ever done in the history of the modern stage." This will, I know, give the Senator pleasure. *Par nobiscum.*

### XVII.—CINCINNATI.

*January 1st, 1918.*—After a delightful evening in the enormous house of the proprietor of *The Washington Post*, where two hundred guests dined and four hundred danced, we left for Cincinnati, where my real work was to begin, and in due course for St. Louis. But we had to wait three hours at the station in the cold. The train was late. BUTLER had at last failed us. But I managed to get my Turkish bath and be in time for lunch at one of the Rotary Clubs which have become such a feature of American business and national life. They are so called from the fact that, in order to circulate, the members keep on moving their seats, as in the tea-party in LEWIS CARROLL. Although I must have addressed a dozen of these clubs I never quite got over my feeling of dizziness. *Nisi prius.*

In the evening I spoke at a mass meeting. It was my first real oration and lasted for five hours. The friendliness of the audience towards us exceeded belief. I have not seen more enthusiasm at any public meeting since



Manager (engaging office-boy). "YOU'VE GOT TO BE ALIVE IN THIS FIRM—QUICK, ALERT—WE'RE ALL MOVERS HERE."

Boy. "THAT'S ME, TOO. I NEVER STOP MORE'N A MONTH OR TWO IN ANY JOB."

our old, far-away election days. As a result I was offered the famous LINCOLN statue by BARNARD, over which there has been so much discussion, and which is situated in this city, but I declined to deprive them of it. The feet are too big. *Ex pede Herculem.*

### XXI.—St. Louis.

*January 5th, 1918.*—St. Louis at last! My secretaries immediately disappeared. I was taken to a club where the best cocktail-mixer in America is to be found, and he gave me free his little monograph on that fascinating science. St. Louis, however, may not be wet much longer. *Proximus Ucalegon.*

In the evening I spoke for several hours at a dinner given by the American Bar Association.

### XXIII.—CHICAGO AND TAY PAY.

*January 6th, 1918.*—We arrived at Chicago in a terrible snowstorm, which I must speak to BUTLER about, as it was much colder than I like. Not even Mr. INSULT, with all his influence, could abate it. INSULT is an Englishman who is now one of Chicago's kings of industry. Although business affairs have forced him to become an American citizen he is true blue. Still, I feel that it is a defect to be so incapable of tempering the wind to the travelling Bar-lamb.



ENTERPRISING JEWELLER DOES A LITTLE SPRING PROPAGANDA IN LOCAL WOODS.

One result was that T. P. O'CONNOR, who is also doing wonderful federating work here, could not come to dinner. *Nil desperandum.* He came, however, to lunch the next day, and his hospitable snuff-box made me feel at home. With perfect tact he refrained from any allusion to galloping. *Nota bene.*

#### XLIX.—THE RETURN.

The expedition being over I sailed for home on February 23rd, after having spoken on an average seven hours a day. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of my meetings and I shall think kindly of America as long as I live. And America, I fancy, will not forget me. *Finis coronat opus.*

From a letter received by a subaltern from his tailors:—

"We are in receipt of your favour to hand, and beg to state that our charge for turning a British War is approximately 45/-."

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ought to find out how they do it.

"People inclined to disbelief in the existence of a gun firing from such a distance may be reminded that the difference between 75 miles and the greatest previously-recorded range of about 25 miles is less than the difference between the maximum range of our naval guns and those of Nelson's day."—*The Globe.*

The fact that NELSON's guns had apparently a range of *minus* twenty miles or so explains his preference for boarding-tactics.

#### INTELLIGENCE WORK.

"I was the hero," said William, "of a rather moving little drama yesterday morning."

"Release the episode," said I.

"You know the four cross-roads on the way from the hospital to the town?"

"Two cross ones, William, and two nice quiet ones with tall hedges. I know."

"Well, I've been meeting the Padre there every morning at almost exactly the same time. 'Shoulder better?' he shouts. 'Yes, thanks,' I say; 'sermon easier, I hope,' and we pass on with mutual esteem. But about a week ago he pulled a little black book out of his pocket and asked me to write my name in it and quote a line or two of poetry opposite the date of my birthday. 'Frightfully sorry, Padre,' I said next day, 'but I only remembered it once when I was depositing some more overdraft in the bank and there was too much nap on the nibs to suit me. You shall have it to-morrow.'

"Next morning I awoke with the sense of something terrible impending, but I couldn't think what on earth it was until I was two hundred yards from the hospital. There was only one thing to do then and I did it. I doubled smartly down to the cross-roads, beat him by about two minutes, and took a roundabout way into the town. That

dodge lasted me for four days. Yesterday, to my consternation, I saw him already at the cross-roads when I was half-way there. Fortunately I am a pretty cool hand in a crisis. I jumped over the three-foot wall on the right, lay down flat on my front and bit the grass.

"Talk about barrages! I don't think I can ever have had the wind up worse than I had as I listened to the thud-thud of his footsteps coming nearer and nearer. They came right up to me, and then the worst happened. He stopped. All my past life flashed before me like *The Exploits of Elaine* and my heart beat eighteen ounces to the pound. But nothing happened. After a bit I very slowly turned my face round and looked upwards. You'll hardly believe me, but I'm blest if he wasn't sitting on the wall sixteen inches away, with his back to me, making notes in an A.B. 153 with a fountain-pen. I fancy he was doing a turn of scout-work about the lambs and daffodils for Sunday morning. I don't blame him. It was a pleasant balmy sort of day to sit about in, you remember, but a bit damp under face.

"I lay like a log and wished to goodness I'd been wearing a sniper's suit with buttercups and bluebells painted on it. After a while a curious thing happened. The Padre stopped scribbling, dumped his writing equipment

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on the wall, and began to do a sort of reverie stunt with his head in his hands. Immediately a bright thought came to me. I wriggled the birthday-book out of my pocket, reached up ever so cautiously (with my game arm too) and collared the ink-grenade. I got my name down all right, though it was a bit wobbly, and then for some extraordinary reason the poetry engine mis-fired. You know how it is when you're trying to write a message for B.H.Q. in the middle of a mud wallow. Positively I could only remember two combinations of verse in the whole code-book. One was—

'Till many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,'  
which struck me as a bit fulsome, and the other—

'The mules, my lord, will not be here this hour,'

which seemed to require a map reference to the dump to complete it.

"Then I had a sudden inspiration, got it down with one rapid ink-burst, and returned his weapon to the wall.

"The worst part of the programme of course was still to do. I gave the thing several minutes to dry, and then began to wriggle backwards very slowly and quietly through the grass. Even with two perfectly good arms it would have been worse than a night patrol in front of the wire. I hardly dared to breathe; I had my heart and a ration or so of cowslips in my mouth, and I made about two yards a minute, with the buckle of my Sam Browne straining the worms all the way. At last I got back to a gap in the wall by a pretty thick hawthorn bush, crawled out, got up and straightened myself, and came as jauntily as I could down the path.

"Hullo, Padre,' I said. 'Day-dreaming?'

Isn't it glorious weather?' he said. 'Have you noticed how the flowers are coming up in the fields?'

"No; are they really?' I said, brushing the unexpended portion of greenery out of my moustache. 'By the way, I've been wanting to meet you for days. I've got your docket signed.'

"He thanked me and turned to the place. 'But I see you didn't get a very good pen after all,' he murmured, looking rather sadly at the areas under ink.

"I'm sorry, Padre,' I said, 'but it was the best I could find.' Then I waved farewell and left him."

"Thank you, William," I said, "but you haven't told me yet what your final quotation was."

"Lest we forget," replied William with much feeling. "Lest we forget." Evon.



Stout Lady (who has returned from London after assisting at an air-raid there). "AND OH, MARY, IF I COULD HAVE HID MYSELF IN A WINKLE, I WOULD."

#### A FOOD FADDIST IN WAR-TIME

In infancy I made the wolkin ring  
If any bottle was not quite the thing.

Later in life I simply hunger-struck  
When I was faced by uncongenial tuck

And always won, however much reviled,  
Being that pearl of price—an only child.

But War a vast and wondrous change  
has wrought—  
I tackle anything that can be bought.

Edibles once considered far from nice  
I leap at and demolish in a trice.

For instance, take the case of rabbit-pie,  
A dish that used to make me want to die;

Do I refuse it now? Do I refuse?  
I simply wolf it, even though it *meus*.

#### Diplomatic Delays.

'Relations between Spain and Germany are critical, Spain, through her Ambassador in Berlin, demanding reparation for the torpedoing of the Giralda, and requesting a reply within 48 years.' *Canadian Paper*.

"It has been repeatedly stated that the Government entered into a special arrangement with the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, but that statement must be made in gienarnehocactfemfwypshrdul."—*Liverpool Paper*.

Some outlying locality (possibly Welsh) with which we are not acquainted.

From a list of Easter holidays at the public schools:—

	Begin.	End.
"Dulwich . . . . .	April 4	May 2
Durham . . . . .	4	3
Eastbourne . . . . .	3	3
Eton . . . . .	30	1

(Globe.)

Several small boys, on reading this, have requested their parents to put down their names for Eastbourne in preference to Eton.

## THE SIMPLER LIFE.

IV.

## THE MILK PROBLEM.

"How delightful it will be," my wife had said, "to get our milk straight from the cow."

"Delightful," I had echoed.

Previously to entering the cottage we had reckoned on being supplied with milk by our landlord, a man with a passion for keeping cows, of which he owns a very large number. In the field adjoining our paddock, for instance, he was, when we arrived, camping out forty-six. As a rule I cannot count cows or sheep in the mass; there never seems to be any definite point at which one can begin or leave off. But in the present instance I had no difficulty. Anxious to establish friendly relations, I presented one of them across the paddock fence with an ounce of some tobacco which my sister had sent me the year before as a birthday gift. The look of gratitude in the lady's eyes as she rapturously chewed the quid amply compensated me for the sacrifice I was making. Next morning there was an orderly queue of forty-six expectant cows ranged along the fence. I shall never forget the moan of disappointment with which they turned away when I explained that I was out of tobacco offal.

It was rather a shock to us when after our arrival our landlord told us he could not spare us more than a pint of milk a day, and that we should have to fetch that ourselves. Our normal consumption is two quarts.

"Never mind," said my wife; "there are two milkmen in the village."

It is always a difficult thing to catch a milkman at home, unless one calls before dawn; and we were a mile and a half from the village. But I had the luck to run into both of them on their morning rounds. Number One had halted at a garden gate and was standing in the road behind his cart reaching for a half-pint measure.

"Can you supply me with milk?" I asked politely.

Apparently he did not hear my question. I repeated it. He turned and waved to a female figure at the other end of the garden path.

"Coming, Miss, coming," he called, and without a glance in my direction he hurried in through the gate.

A few minutes later I made the same request of Number Two. He was coming from a kitchen-door to his cart.

"Can you supply me with milk?"

He paused and looked at me curiously.

"Milk?" he said.

"Milk," I repeated.

"Milk!" he exclaimed in a tone half of pity, half of contempt, and climbed into his cart and drove rapidly away. As I walked home every field I passed seemed full of cows.

To my wife, who wept over my failure, I offered brave words of solace. "The tide will turn," I said hopefully. I am not sure that this is the right phrase to use about milk.

During the next fortnight I went every day on my bicycle to the dairy which had supplied us in the pre-cottage era. It took me just the whole morning to get there and back. And then, as I had prophesied, the tide turned. It was the postman who rescued us, a very affable man with far-away eyes. He had heard, he said, of our difficulty with the landlord and the milkmen. As luck would have it he had a brother-in-law in the trade, from whom he thought he could procure what we wanted. It was too far for his relative to deliver, but he himself could bring us the milk with the letters. The only question was the price. Of course it was a long way.

"The usual price is sixpence a quart," said my wife.

The look in the postman's eyes grew yet more remote as he gazed dreamily over her shoulder up the valley. "This would be a shilling," he murmured.

We closed with the offer.

I have since learnt by a side wind that his brother-in-law is the Number Two milkman.

## THE NEW LANGUAGE.

SCENE.—R.P.C. Club.

Time.—Every Time.

1st Pilot. Why, it's Brown-Jones!

2nd Pilot. Hullo, old thing! What are you doing now?

1st P. Oh, I'm down at Puddlemarsh teaching huns—monoavros, pups and dolphins.

2nd P. I'm on the same game, down at Mudbank—sop-two-seaters and camels. We've got an old tinside, too, for joy-riding.

1st P. You've given up the rumpety, then?

2nd P. Yes. I was getting ham-handed and mutton-fisted, flapping the old things every day; felt I wanted to stunt about a bit.

1st P. Have you ever butted up against Robinson-Smith at Mudbank? He was an ack-co-o, but became a hun.

2nd P. Yes, he crashed a few days ago—on his first solo flip, taking off—tried to zoom, engine konked, bus stalled—sideslip—nose-dive. Not hurt, though. What's become of Smith-Jones? Do you know?

1st P. Oh, yes. He's on quirks and ack-ws. He tried spads, but got wind up. Have you seen the new —?

2nd P. Yes, it's a dud bus—only does seventy-five on the ceiling. Too much stagger, and prop stops on a spin. Besides I never did care for rotaries. Full of gadgets too.

1st P. Well, I must tootle off now. I'm flapping from Northbolt at dawn if my old airship's ready—came down there with a konking engine—plug trouble.

2nd P. Well, cheerio, old thing—weather looks dud—you're going to have it bumpy in the morning, if you're on a pup.

1st P. Bye-bye, you cheery old bean. [Exeunt.]

## THE PRINCE OF WIED.

(The Prince of WIED, formerly Mpret of Albania, has been heard of at the KAISER'S head-quarters.)

THERE'S many a thing that a man may want

In this work-a-day world of ours:—  
A feather-bed, or a christening font,  
Or a coupon's value in flowers;  
But not in the pinch of his utmost need  
Will he pine for WILLIAM, Prince of WIED.

The hardly potential,  
Consequential

WILLIAM, Prince of WIED.

He was once on a time a sort of King  
And sat on a purple throne,  
With a national anthem hard to sing  
And a Court that was all his own;  
And he ruled as he could a mountain-breed

Who cared not a jot for the Prince of WIED.

The non-Albanian,  
Most Germanian

WILLIAM, Prince of WIED.

And now, wherever the KAISER loots,  
He's willing to loot there too,  
And, lo, he's licking the KAISER'S boots,  
He's kissing the KAISER'S shoe;  
But no one anywhere seems to heed  
That most forgettable Prince of WIED.

That come-and-tickle us,  
Quite ridiculous

WILLIAM, Prince of WIED.

## Our Helpful Contemporaries.

Re the "mystery gun":—

"It is also suggested that the shell may be propelled by the application of the well-known electrical principle that certain metals are refilled by a magnetic coal instead of being attracted."—*Evening Paper*.

"The solemn old copper-beach at the corner of the lawn."—*London Opinion*.  
We should rather have expected to find it near the silver strand.





The Photographer. "YOU LIKE THAT STYLE? THAT'S A BROMIDE ENLARGEMENT OF PESKOVITCH, THE FAMOUS PESSIMIST PIANIST. BY A SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT OF MY OWN I CAN GUARANTEE TO MAKE A PORTRAIT OF YOU CONVEYING THE SAME ROMANTIC AIR OF MELANCHOLY."



The Photographer. "AH! KEEP THAT EXPRESSION. EXCELLENT!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Where *England Sets Her Feet* (COLLINS) is, as indeed you might suppose from the title, a staunchly imperialistic tale, set in the spacious days of the Virgin Queen, and containing much pleasant if rather disjointed adventuring, and one very attractively-drawn character. Not the hero, though he is pleasant enough in a colourless way; and certainly not the heroine, who is throughout practically an absentee (after her boy-and-girl love-scenes with the hero she fades entirely out of the story till its finish); the great creation of the story, upon whom Mr. BERNARD CAPES has lavished both art and obvious affection, is *Master Clerivault*, the "dear fantastic" patriotic worshipper of that England whose son it was his wish to be thought; dreamer, braggart and Empire-builder in one. Most of *Master Clerivault's* speeches have an excellent ring, though that about lands where English blood is shed becoming fiefs to England, "for there each grave becomes a plat of English mould," struck me as a halting paraphrase of certain lines in which the same thought has been more nobly expressed. As for the actual story, that, as I have said, is an affair of episodes; of *Brion's* upbringing in the lonely house, his introduction (very prettily done) to Romance; his encounter with my LORD OF LEICESTER, whose natural son he was; thereafter some voyaging to the Spanish main, and the rediscovery of the heroine in the nick of time to round off the tale. Truth to tell, picturesque as all this is, I found the pace of the author's palfrey rather jog-trot for adventure of such quality; the book throughout is at its best in the quieter passages, and especially those that introduce the admirable *Olerivault*, as aforesaid. One final complaint: surely the "rose of pudency" (Mr. CAPES's term for his heroine's blush) is a rather ugly flower of speech.

The author of *The Foundations of Permanent Peace* (GRANT RICHARDS) is Mr. AUGUST SCHVAN, who says of himself that "he happens to have been born in the capital of Sweden." It is plain that he wishes us to understand that he assumes no responsibility for this fact, and I may as well assure him at once that I don't dream of blaming him for being a Swede. Had he been consulted he might perhaps have arranged matters differently. It is quite certain that he numbers amongst his ancestors the late CASSANDRA, for a large part of his life has been spent in prophesying true things which nobody believed until they had unfortunately happened. He also gave good advice to those who refused to take it. "Only four months before the outbreak of the War the author told a well-known Conservative and Military Club in London that the British Army was totally inadequate to meet the German Army." It is also to be noted that "he had taken occasion to publish an article on Scandinavia in *The Nineteenth Century* magazine which was so true that it made the King of SWEDEN deprive the author of his title of Chamberlain." This, however, has not prevented him from developing his plan for ensuring peace. The State, according to him, is the universal enemy and must be abolished, so that men may live under a system of "Supernational Law," nations being considered "as autonomous administrative subdivisions of humanity, and armed forces being limited to those necessary for maintaining law and order." Mr. SCHVAN is in deadly earnest and has a detestation of the KAISER and his people which is most refreshing.

Dr. W. J. DAWSON is an engaging and transparently sincere rather than a skilful story-teller. His hero, *Robert Shenstone* (LANE), was a disappointed schoolmaster's son who had the ambition to be a poet but followed his father's difficult trade in an "Academy" of a type which is now

happily extinct. When it deservedly failed he did in fact write with a drunken friend a shocking bad play for the Old Surrey. His next effort was accepted by IRVING for the Lyceum on a sight of the unfinished MS., and this I feel must have been one of the great man's errors. However, I do not grudge *Robert* his unlikely success, as he was an amiable if somewhat colourless young man with a love of a London that still had its Holywell Street, apparently (*honi soit*) *Robert's* favourite resort. The thing I liked best about him was his shrewd dragon of an aunt, *Tabitha Shanley*. By the way, I feel called upon to set him right on a matter of history. There is no evidence whatever that the *Balba* on whom he so much insists ever built a wall. All authorities agree that it was entirely the work of her brother. Let me add that this book is a fair specimen of the old-fashioned rignarolo school of domesticated romance with the shadow of a rather unintelligible and unnecessary crime in the background. And Aunt *Tabitha* is certainly worth knowing.

As a story *The Gleam* (LONG) tends to be rambling and inconsequent, and the major characters, the heroine in particular, are invested with an atmosphere of unreality which prevents the reader from becoming deeply concerned about their welfare. This perhaps is just as well, because, although their fortunes lead them into some hair-raising adventures in Mexico, they eventually pursue a rather tame existence in the South of England. They are not even married, though, as they have acquired a small fortune between them as the result of their excursion in the wilds of Yucatan, there appears to be nothing to hinder it (as the Scotchman said when he was shown Niagara). We leave the hero on crutches watching England go to war in August, 1914. Like a good many other people he thinks the War is going to last for six months and is eating his heart out in disappointment at his temporary unfitness. We know now that he need not have worried. It is not as a weaver of plots that Mr. ALFRED E. CAREY has already endeared himself to a considerable public, but as an observer of nature and a commentator on the pageant of mankind. As a student of the South Country he is not to be surpassed, and as we read page after page of gossip and philosophy, every line of which reveals the kindly and imaginative country lover, but has nothing whatever to do with the story, we quite forgive the inconsequence of the plot and the curious facility with which its unscholarly subjects quote delightful passages from Mr. CAREY's favourite authors.

To be loved by *Mar Errington*, the hero of *The Splendid Folly* (MILLS and BOON), was not exactly a restful occupation. But as he contracted a habit of saving *Diana Quentin* from difficult and dangerous situations he had more right than most people to bombard her with an abso-

lute barrage of kisses. There was, I must mention, a secret in *Mar's* life about which I mean to be as reticent as he was. When *Diana* married him she was well aware that he could not disclose this secret to her, but all the same she was soon suffering from a very reasonable jealousy. The conditions offered peculiar encouragement to an emotional atmosphere. *Diana* had one of the most superb voices in the world; *Mar* was a distinguished playwright and wrote his plays for *Adrienne de Cerevais*, who was a star-actress and—but that is the secret. It is a high tribute to Mrs. MARGARET PEDLER that she compels one to believe in the beauty of *Diana's* voice, and indeed her picture of musical life in London, if rather highly coloured, is really well-drawn. A passing word of praise is also due to the minor characters, who fit satisfactorily into the back-seats allotted to them. But *Mar's* secret never seemed to me to deserve all the fuss that was made about it.

I wonder what, after all, is the fact about the public's attitude to short-story volumes. Of late years one might fairly say that these have been pouring from the Press. Yet not an author in the host but proclaims, and apparently believes it, that he himself is the solitary leader of a forlorn and desperate hope against the ramparts of prejudice. The latest of them is Mr. JOHN AYSCOUGH (whose *French Windows* so much pleased me a little time ago), and he has given to his volume an admirable title, *The Tideway* (LONG). For the most part the stories themselves are also admirable, with never, or hardly ever, a commonplace among the collection. Most of them, too, are of rather greater substance than the ordinary commercial article, so that it is with them, as with *Viola* in the play, as a squash is before 'tis a pease-cod, or a conte when it is almost a novel. Such certainly are

"The Sacristans" and "The Lady of the Dunesore," the latter a well-written but rather too spun-out study of the problem of what a lady should do whose husband has deliberately saved his own life at what might have been, for all he knew, the expense of hers. I suppose I need hardly tell you that the solution judged correct is that she should wait till the author has done with the husband, and then marry the hero. In fine you will light here upon a pleasant assemblage of half-hour stories, told by a writer who has generally something worth while to say, and always a distinguished manner of saying it—or concealing the deficiency.

"At the beginning of the war, when the world was still aghast at the action of the Mad Dog of Europe, we printed some verses by Mr. Henry Chappell, the Bath railway porter. The refrain fits the situation to-day after nearly four years of horrors wrought by this man's misdeeds."—*Daily Express*.

Our contemporary owes an apology to Mr. CHAPPELL, whose conduct has always been above reproach.



COLONEL X (RETIRED) WHO IS PERFECTLY WELL, "DRESSES UP" TO REMIND HIMSELF OF THE GOOD OLD PRE-WAR DAYS.



ADVICE TO THOSE WHO USE SACCHARINE IN THEIR TEA: AVOID THE FURTIVE MANNER, AS IT MAY LEAD TO YOUR INTENTIONS BEING MISUNDERSTOOD.

"NOW THEN—

—NONE OF YOUR SEICIDING HERE!"

### CHARIVARIA.

"GERMANS," says a contemporary, "put their clocks back a month ago." It is definitely known, however, that the CROWN PRINCE has not put any of his French ones back.

"The change to British Summer Time"—so ran a recent Southern Command Order—"will take place at 2 A.M. on the 24th of March, 1918. Should an air-raid be in progress at 2 A.M. on March 24th, the change to British Summer Time will be postponed until the raid is over." In this way the possibility of having the same raid occur twice over was skillfully avoided.

"Khaki, khaki, khaki everywhere," says an evening paper—"what can it really mean?" The best opinion is that it is due to the fact that there is a war on.

The police are said to be closely interested in the question whether a kitchen is a place of entertainment within the meaning of the Night Light Order.

The Food Ministry, it is announced, is working out a scheme for the control of eggs. Lord RHOONDA hopes, however, that the disappearing egg will not be laid at his door.

London's temperature has been as high as sixty-two. Among the enemy

this is regarded as supporting the cautious assertion of the German Press that "the moral objectives of the offensive have already been attained."

Dartmoor Conscientious Objectors are appealing for instruments for a brass band. They have already made a start with Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN'S penny whistle.

Dr. RONALD MACFIE has written a book which he calls *The Art of Keeping*

### NOTICE.

#### PUNCH AND PAPER SHORTAGE.

Owing to the further drastic reduction in the supplies of paper, no return of unsold copies will be allowed after the Number to be dated April 17.

Readers who desire to continue to receive *Punch* regularly should at once place a definite order with their news-agents.

*Well*, and it is reported that a strong group of medical men is about to issue a counterblast under the title, *Why Keep Well?*

A woman at Tottenham police court said that the language used by another woman made her dog drop his ears, put his tail between his legs and run away. Enemy propaganda is already making use of the incident to show that even the British dog is losing his nerve.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* now daily excuses the apparent breakdown of the original German offensive. But, after all, if it had not been for the Allied forces it would have been an unqualified success.

While running a train in the North of England an engine-driver was fired at with a revolver. It was in order to obviate this rather hasty method of attracting the driver's attention that the communication cord was first introduced.

#### "GOLF AND RANGE FINDING.

A man who has played a lot of golf could stand in a first line trench and tell, almost to the year, just how far the enemy's trenches were away."—*The Standard (Montreal)*.

But golfers will say anything. We have met some who were prepared to predict, almost to a yard, the duration of the War.

"SOMME." One of the largest rivers in France. It flows from the coast at Abbeville through Amiens and on to Peronne and St. Quentin."

*The Post Sunday Special (Glasgow).*

"Once again the enemy was reckless of life, and always his tide of men ebbed forward."—*Manchester Guardian*.

The Germans appear to have taken as their motto, "When you are on the Somme, do as the Somme does."

"It is important to remember that the butcher or retailer must detach the coupon, and not the customer."—*Bolton Evening News*. Some butchers are so careless with their choppers.

### THE KAISER GIVEN AWAY.

It *was* a little awkward, you must own.  
Just as your sabre started off to rattle  
Prior to carving up the enemy zone  
In what was boomed as WILLIAM'S battle;

Just as you told us how you hated war,  
How you, whose heart all bloodshed tends to harrow,  
Obvious victim of the lust for gore  
That permeates the British marrow,

Proposed (and here your eyes with warm tears ran  
Such as the beasts of Nile exude with unction)  
To end the grisly fight which GREY began  
Whose perfidy know no compunction;

It *was* unfortunate (we all see that)  
When, at an hour ill-timed for truth's exposure,  
Out of the Envoy's bag emerged the cat  
And on your legends clapped the closure.

For now from German lips the world may know  
Facts that should want some skill for their con-  
founding—

How Potsdam forced alike on friend and foe  
A war of Potsdam's sole compounding;

How you, who itched to see the bright sword lunged,  
Still bleating peace like innocent lambs in clover,  
In all that bloody business you were plunged  
Up to your neck, and something over.

And, having fed on little else but lies,  
Your people, with the hollow place grown larger  
Now that the truth has cut off these supplies,  
May want your head upon a charger. O. S.

### THE RIGHT COLOUR.

THE argument began in a trench somewhere on the Cambrai Front. It might still have been proceeding but for the fact that a few hundred thousand Bosches came over to argue a bigger point, and made it necessary for Jock Fraser and Alf Hayes, to say nothing of the rest of the *nth* Fusiliers, to retire under protest—very violent protest.

Jock started it. Jock delights in theological disputes, and being a Glasgow man regards himself as an authority on most subjects. When therefore, during one of the periodical discussions regarding the finding of Moses in the bulrushes, Alf recklessly referred to the Prophet as a "black baby," Jock pounced upon him instantly.

"Ye needna show yer ignorance," he said in pitying tones. "Auld Moses wasna black, Alf. He wis as white as you an' me."

"Garn! Wot d'you know abaht it?" retorted Alf aggressively. "Egyptians is black; leastways, not exactly black like niggers, but a kinder coffee-colour. You can't tell me nothin' abaht the colour of Gippies, my lad. I've served in Egypt an' seen 'em."

Although he is only twenty-six, Alf proudly terms himself "an old sweat," and is inclined to pose as a patriarch because he has seven years' service to his credit and was soldiering in the East when the War started.

"Moses wasna an Egyptian, yo fule," Jock explained. "Moses wis a Hebrew, and Hebrews are no' niggers."

"Egyptian 'Ebrews is black, I tell yer, and a pal o' mine wot's in Palestine says the Jews there are nearly black, so you can't kid me Moses was white."

"He wad be kind o' tanned, maybe, but he wis as white as I am, I'm tellin' yo."

Jock had not washed for four days, but Alf failed to notice the opportunity this presented, although he did make several impolite remarks concerning Jock's personal appearance, habits and ancestry.

"I tell yer Moses was an Egyptian, and Gippies is brown-black," he reiterated.

The argument became heated, and most of the men of the platoon joined in and took sides. Some of them strongly supported Alf's view, for the fact that Alf had been in Egypt carried weight. For an hour the voice of Jock Fraser could be heard raised in protest, and he was still vainly striving to convince Alf of the whiteness of Moses when the Germans came their way.

For a time the colour of the Hebrew Prophet became of secondary importance, but Jock was determined not to let the matter drop. As he hurled bombs among the masses of grey men he could see through the mist he thought of a new argument which would, he believed, convince Alf.

It was in the evening, after the regiment had withdrawn to a new position, that Jock suddenly discovered Alf was missing, and he began to make agitated inquiries. A man had noticed Alf drop out in the open and mentioned the fact wearily.

"I'm going back to find him," Jock announced. "I canna let auld Alf die wi'oot convincing him that Moses wasna black."

They called him fool and other names, tried to dissuade him and pointed out the hopelessness of finding Alf, even if he was still alive; but Jock would not listen and even ignored the Sergeant's commands.

Nearly an hour later he crawled back, shot through the left arm and the right leg, but dragging with him Alf, who was badly wounded, unconscious, but still living. Then Jock collapsed, after muttering something incoherent about the infant Moses.

The bearers took him and Alf away to the same clearing-station, and eventually they were sent down together to the base hospital, and happened to be placed in the same ward. When Alf recovered enough to take notice, it was to find Jock sitting up in the next bed.

"It was you wot brought me in, Jock, wasn't it?" inquired Alf. "You lugged 'old o' me just as them two big Fritzes was comin' to get me?"

"Ay, I shot them," Jock answered in matter-of-fact tones. "Noo, Alf, abaht Moses. I'm wantin' to convince ye that Moses wis as white as me."

"I reckon you know more abaht Moses than I do, old chum," said Alf. "And if he was like you he was a white man—all through." And he held out his hand.

Jock, pleased more by the concession than by the compliment, leant across and with a shamefaced grin shook hands.

### The New Gretna Green.

The following letter has been received from a Boys' Football Club by the Commanding Officer of a Home Battalion:—

"On behalf of the above football club we are requested to ask if we could use your Football Ground for practice in the evenings, as our ground is now used for clopmets, and at present no other grounds are available for this purpose."

"They [the gunners] have trudged back over the battlefields, urging on their slow going caterpillars and encouraging the men."

Mr. Philip Gibbs, in "Daily Telegraph."

We understand that most siege batteries now have a subaltern especially trained to walk in front of the fauna, making a noise like a young lettuce; others simply suspend a tin of petrol in front of their heads.



## AMERICA TO THE FRONT.

[In view of the present needs of the Allies, America has not waited to complete the independent organisation of her Army, but has sent her troops forward to be brigaded with British and French units.]

## KIDNEYS FOR THE MESS.

Of all the General Staff Officers Third Grade that had recently been created, Pink William was the nicest and the ruddiest. He presented such a picture when, flushed and a little timid, he first arrived in the No. 2 Mess of the Division that they made him Mess President on the spot, a post which he accepted gracefully, there being no other course open to him.

Horrified at first at the dissatisfaction openly expressed at a Mess which any regimental officer would envy, he nevertheless put heart and soul into his task and in a very short time achieved wonders. Yet in spite of all his efforts Pink William could not but be aware that behind all the nods and expressions of approval he received, there was a peculiar element of reserve. He knew it—he felt it. Yet, rack his brains as he might, this indefinable something eluded him completely. In despair, one night after his second glass of port, he surprised the Great Ones present by breaking down utterly and demanding to be told at once what more could be expected of him. Had they not fish, flesh, fowl, seventeen kinds of drinks and real lump sugar? What *was* the elusive something?

And the answer came, short and incisive, "Kidneys!"

With his second glass of port still in his head he crept away from the Mess, abashed at his thoughtlessness, and ragged his pillow throughout a sleepless night.

Morning brought determination. Sheep were in the country and sheep had kidneys; *ergo* the long-felt want could easily be supplied. Alas for his untimely optimism, a visit to the Senior Supply Officer dashed all his hopes to the ground. "Kidneys?" He poured cold scorn upon him; seemed indeed to take it as a personal affront. "Kidneys? Ha!" he laughed hollowly at him. Army sheep didn't have kidneys.

Well, how did they get on without kidneys? Why, just as British oysters got on without pearls.

Discouraged beyond measure Pink William made his way back, and, penetrating into the purlious of a large farm standing well back from the road in its own midden, came upon an outhouse of the kitchen department, occupied by Mess cooks and bottlewashers, and there—there in the broad light of day, adhering to the sides of a brown

pie-dish, lay the remains of a steak-and-kidney pie.

Fearful of being denounced as a food spy of the baser sort and of being done away with secretly in consequence, he rushed back to headquarters and let loose the sleuth-hounds of war. Reconnoitring parties which investigated the wilds of back areas presently brought back the joyful news that *without doubt* kidneys *were* in the country; that in certain cases sheep had left the base with the organ in question intact.

The joyful news came only just in time, for the agony of having to face a barrage of eyes bawling "Kidneys" at every breakfast was beginning to tell upon his health. That night, again over the second glass of port, he off-

the Senior Supply Officer, he returned to the office, signed a location report upside down, and went sick.

Left alone the senior members of the Mess did the proper thing as a matter of course. They held a conference.

"This," began the representative of the General Staff as usual, "is obviously a 'Q' matter."

"On the contrary," said "Q" firmly, "as a question of supply it might possibly be 'Q,' but as a question of policy it is obviously 'G.' If, on the other hand, it is considered a matter of discipline, it is obviously 'A.'"

"On the contrary," said "A," "this is a question of diet, and should therefore be referred to the Director of Medical Services."

"On the contrary," said the A.D.M.S., "as it has reference to animals in particular, I think the advice of the Veterinary Service should be sought."

The D.A.D.V.S. could not see it. It seemed to him that the matter involved questions of traffic control and should be referred to the A.P.M.

The Ordnance Officer sat tight, wondering how on earth they were going to shift it on to him.

The Area Commandant, a Brigadier (graded for pay as a Staff-Lieutenant), who was present as guest of the evening, suggested that the question was one which obviously affected *all* branches—and here he pointedly included the Ordnance Officer.

"And I think," said the General Staff impressively, "this is a question of operations on a small scale, and it would be as well to lay down a policy at once, and at the same time issue the necessary warning order."

The General Staff was going to function! The others held their breath.

"The Supply Officer," he said, "will be duly warned that we consider the administration of supplies to be inadequate and incomplete. If, after due warning, the article of food in question is not forthcoming, there is," went on the General Staff with a Napoleonic flash of the eye—"there is but one way to bring our enemy to his knees. We must strike at the most vulnerable part of his armour. Now what is the tenderest spot in a Supply Officer?"

The question was met with silence. Nobody had thought of such things in connection with Supply Officers.

"The efficiency of his unit!" cried the General Staff triumphantly. "There is no luxury, no *perquisite* he would not



Traveller. "D'YOU SEE THAT THIS NEW GERMAN SHELL IS REPORTED TO TRAVEL SEVENTY MILES IN SIX MINUTES?"

Motorist (bitterly). "AND I'LL BET MY LIFE THE MAGISTRATE BELIEVED IT. THOSE POLICE TRAPS ARE THE SAME ALL OVER THE WORLD."

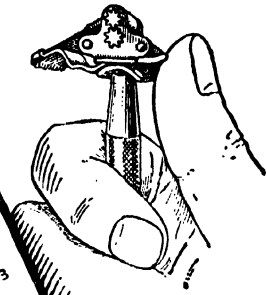
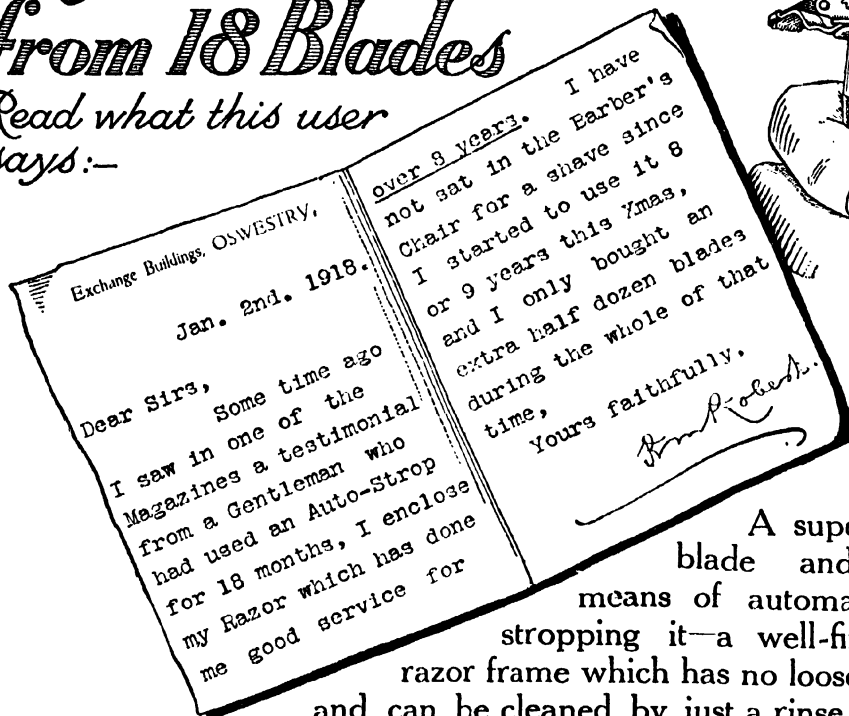
loaded the story of his vicissitudes upon the astonished members of the Mess. He gave them a moving picture of his discovery in the outhouse. Patrols had, he explained, reported a suspected kidney-dump in this vicinity, but cross observation by special observers had failed to obtain the necessary confirmation. Number 1 Section Kidney-Detectors (a branch of the Sound-Ranging section) were also at a loss, while the Fifty-first Sub-section of the Tenth Messenger Dog Company, after getting hot on the trail, had dashed all his newborn hopes to the ground by wantonly destroying the evidence in a spasm of greed. But the vitally important consideration which he wished to lay before the Mess was that kidneys *were* in the country, and he begged that the question might be gone into sympathetically.

Having thus unburdened himself of the *res* and made a special point of the contemptuous conduct of



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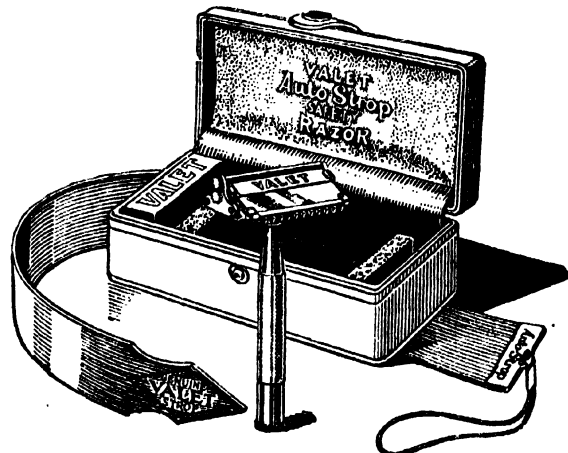
A superkeen blade and the means of automatically stropping it—a well-finished razor frame which has no loose parts and can be cleaned by just a rinse and a wipe—these features, combined with adjustability of the blade, produce the nearest possible approach to perfection in the latest

## “VALET” Auto-Strop Safety Razor

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# WELL-KNOWN M.P. ON "PELMANISM."

## 81 Admirals and Generals now Enrolled. 75 Enrolments in One Firm.

**P**ELMANISM" continues its extraordinary progress amongst all classes and sections of the community.

To the many notable endorsements of the System which have been already published there is now added an important pronouncement by a well-known M.P.—Sir James Yoxall, whose eminence, both as an educationalist and as a Parliamentarian, gives additional weight to his carefully considered opinion.

**"The more I think about it," says Sir James Yoxall, "the more I feel that Pelmanism is the name of something much required by myriads of people to-day."**

He adds: I suspected Pelmanism; when it began to be heard of I thought it was quackery. Now I wish I had taken it up when I heard of it first."

This is very plain speaking; but plain speech is the keynote of the entire article. Thus one of the greatest national authorities upon the subject of education adds his valuable and independent testimony to that of the many distinguished men and women who have expressed their enthusiasm for the new movement.

81 Admirals and Generals are now Pelmanists, and over 20,000 of all ranks of the Navy and Army. The legal and medical professions are also displaying a quickened interest in the System—indeed, every professional class and every grade of business men and women are enrolling in increasingly large numbers.

*Several prominent firms have paid for the enrolment of eight, ten, or a dozen members of their staffs, and one well-known house has just arranged for the enrolment of 75 of the staff.*

With such facts before him, every reader of PUNCH should write to the address given below for a copy (*gratis and post free*) of "Mind and Memory," in which the Pelman Course is fully described and explained, together with a special supplement dealing with "Pelmanism as an Intellectual and Social Factor," and a full reprint of "TRUTH'S" remarkable Report on the work of the Pelman Institute.

## A DOCTOR'S REMARKABLE ADMISSION.

### Fascination of the "Little Grey Books."

Within the past few weeks several M.P.'s, many members of the aristocracy, and two Royal personages, as well as a very large number of officers in H.M. Navy and Army, have added their names to the Pelman registers.

One of the most interesting letters received lately comes from a lady in the Midlands. Being 55 years of age and being very delicate, she had her doubts as to whether she should take a Pelman Course. She consulted her son, a medical practitioner, who at first laughed at the idea, but promised to make inquiries. The outcome was a letter in which the Doctor wrote:

**"'Pelmanism' has got hold of me. I have worked through the first lesson and . . . I am enthusiastic."**

His experience tallies exactly with that of Sir James Yoxall, M.P., Mr. George R. Sims, and a host of other professional men (doctors, solicitors, barristers, etc.), who have admitted that their initial scepticism was quickly changed into enthusiasm.

### "Truth's" Dictum.

"Truth" puts the whole matter in a nutshell in his famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute:

**"The Pelman Course is . . . valuable to the well-educated, and still more valuable to the half-educated or the superficially educated. One might go much farther and declare that the work of the Pelman Institute is of national importance, for there are few people indeed who would not find themselves mentally stronger, more efficient, and better equipped for the battle of life by a course of Pelman training."**

### Easily Followed by Post.

"Pelmanism" is not an occult science; it is free from mysticism; it is as sound, as sober, and as practical as the most hard-headed "common-sense" business man could desire. And

as to its results, they follow with the same certainty with which muscular development follows physical exercise.

It is nowhere pretended, and the inquirer is nowhere led to suppose, that the promised benefits are gained "magically," by learning certain formulæ or by the cursory reading of a printed book. The position is precisely the same, again, as with physical culture. No sane person expects to develop muscle by reading a book; he knows he must practise the physical exercises. Similarly the Pelmanist knows he must practise mental exercise.

### "The Finest Mental Recreation."

"Exercises," in some ears, sounds tedious; but every Pelmanist will bear out the statement that there is nothing tedious or exacting about the Pelman exercises. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that an overwhelming proportion of Pelmanists describe the exercises as "fascinating," "delightful," "the finest mental recreation I have known."

There are thousands of people of all classes who would instantly enrol for a Pelman Course at any cost if they only realised a tithe of the benefits accruing. Here, again, a Pelmanist may be cited in evidence: *"If people only knew,"* he says, *"the doors of the Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants."*

The Course is founded upon scientific facts; that goes without saying. But it presents those facts in a practical everyday fashion, which enables the student to apply, for his own aims and purposes, those facts without "fagging" at the hundreds of scientific works which he might otherwise read without gaining a fraction of the practical information and guidance secured from a week's study of Pelmanism.

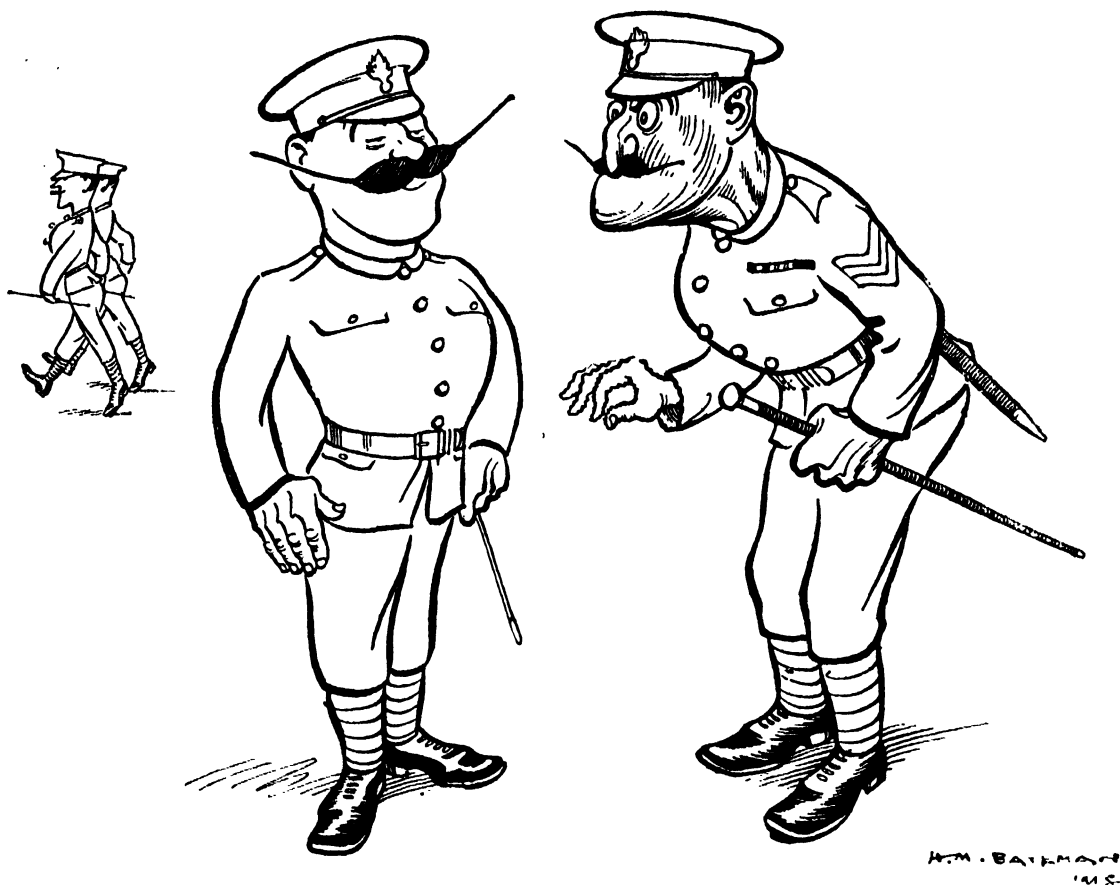
A system which can evoke *voluntary* testimony from every class of the community is well worth investigation. Who can afford to hold aloof from a movement which is steadily gaining the support of all the ambitious and progressive elements in the Empire? In two consecutive days recently two M.P.'s and a member of the Upper House enrolled. Run through the current Pelman Register, and therein you will find British Consuls, H.M. Judges, War Office, Admiralty, and other Government Officials, University Graduates, Students, Tutors, Headmasters, Scientists, Clergymen, Architects, Doctors, Solicitors, Barristers, Authors, Editors, Journalists, Artists, Actors, Accountants, Business Directors and Managers, Bankers, Financiers, Peers, Peeresses, and men and women of wealth and leisure, as well as Salesmen, Clerks, Typists, Tradesmen, Engineers, Artisans, Farmers, and others of the rank-and-file of the nation. If ever the well-worn phrase, "from peer to peasant," had a real meaning, it is when applied to Pelmanism.

### Over 250,000 Men and Women.

The Pelman Course has already been followed by over 250,000 men and women. *It is directed through the post, and is simple to follow.* It takes up very little time. It involves no hard study. It can be practised anywhere, in the trenches, in the office, in the train, in spare minutes during the day. And yet in quite a short time it has the effect of developing the mind, just as physical exercise develops the muscles, of increasing your personal efficiency, and thus doubling your all-round capacity and income-earning power.

The improvement begins with the first lesson, and continues, increasingly, right up to the final lesson of the course. Individual instruction is given through the post, and the student receives the utmost assistance from the large expert staff of instructors at the Institute in solving particular personal difficulties and problems.

"Pelmanism" is fully explained and described in "Mind and Memory," which, with a copy of "TRUTH'S" remarkable Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, will be sent, *gratis and post free*, to any reader of PUNCH, who addresses the Pelman Institute, 1, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1



### DEEDS THAT OUGHT TO WIN THE V.C.

THE PRIVATE GROWS A BETTER MOUSTACHE THAN THE SERGEANT.

forgo rather than let the efficiency of his unit be impaired. If we threaten him with that we shall strike at his moral."

"We will! We will!" cried the whole assembly, and the port bottle was rushed round a third time.

"To assist in this operation," went on the General Staff, "all branches will be required to co-operate as follows—this is the second phase:—

"1. The Assistant-Director of Medical Services will undertake to evacuate the Supply Officer's best men at the slightest provocation. This will be a serious matter for him.

"2. The A.P.M. will crime all the Supply Officer's men, and thus the discipline of his unit will be questioned.

"3. The Medical Officer (through A.D.M.S.) will condemn all his sanitary arrangements continually. That would annoy any Supply Officer.

"4. The Deputy-Assistant Director of Veterinary Services will evacuate all his best horses.

"5. The Area Commandant will, I am sure, oblige by withdrawing all his best billets to make room for a Labour battalion. This will cut him to the quick.

"6. 'Q' will put a Paper Barrage down on the usual night lines, and, like the fellow in SHAKESPEARE, he shall 'sleep no more.'"

Loud was the applause, the port rushed round the table again, the conference broke up and the members went their way to carry out the tasks allotted to them; all except the General Staff, of course, who had already functioned and could sit over his port in ease.

"Why," complained a member of the Mess peevishly a fortnight later—"why do we have kidneys for every meal now?"

#### "SOCIAL ARCHITECTS."

"Before us lays the task of re-building Society."—*South Wales Argus*.

Quite right. But why break up the English language first?

"It is estimated that the total assets owned by Australians is £14,060,000,000, an average of £350 per person."—*The Times*.

If the KAISER had known before the War that there were forty million Australians it is believed he would never have started it.

### PET AVERSIONS.

[A development of Lord CLAUD HAMILTON'S suggestion that pet dogs should be made into pies because they "are a nuisance."]

MY nuisances be slain to give  
Now meats in lieu of old?  
Then let your futile Fido live,  
My fancy is more bold:—

Though stinted of the flesh of beeves  
I pass mere lap-dogs by;  
A choicer dish my mind conceives—  
A monster PRINGLE pie!

Let others crave the salmon steak,  
To toothsome turbot cling,  
I want a lavish lunch to make  
For once on kipped KING.

Ham, bacon, sausage—these are crimes

In breakfast's catalogue,  
But give me, as I read my *Times*,  
Some safely potted HOGER.

For England's joy, for Prussia's grief,

Now here, now there, I'll swoop,  
Take SNOWDEN for *apéritif*,  
Put OUTHWAITE in the soup.

## 'TUSSUP.'

Joan is two to-day, and I think it is quite time she began to take life more seriously. Until recently she has occupied a position of splendid isolation, but last week her nose was suddenly and violently dislocated, and she is now only my elder daughter. Since the arrival of the interloper, in another place, Joan and I have been left to our own devices at home, and it has become her regular habit to call me in the morning, to watch me eat my breakfast and to hustle me off thereafter, "in puff-puff," *en route* for my Whitehall desk.

So she has had unlimited opportunity for unburdening her soul to me at leisure, and debate has often waxed hot between us. But, much as I appreciate the unburdening of her soul, I really have to draw the line at her emptying armfuls of dolls all over me, particularly 'Tussups. I really dislike 'Tussups now. To save further mystification I may explain that "Tussup" is Joanesse for "Cuthbert," which is the name of a certain type of rabbit-doll. This doll is an effigy of —, but I needn't labour it; the fact is I am, broadly speaking, a "Tussup" myself, for the reason that I am of military age and at the same time tied by the leg to a Government desk. Now I don't pretend that my dislike for this particular type of doll springs from a guilty and craven conscience, because it doesn't. When I first saw one in a shop window my sense of the fitness of things was tickled, and I straightway purchased one and bore it home in triumph to Joan.

But unfortunately some waggish relative also happened on this same type of doll in a shop soon afterwards, and a second Tussup arrived to swell Joan's family. I think it was this reduplication which first aroused her interest in the 'Tussup species, for she and the two of them became inseparable.

This last week it has been nothing but Tussups at every turn—on my pillow in the morning, on my lap at breakfast, in my chair in the evening; and I have got surfeited with Tussups. It was the occasion of Joan's birthday that gave rise in me to hopes of diverting her tastes elsewhere.

Yesterday a most engaging present came for her from her grandpapa—a doll baby in a large cot, all complete. Joan was thrilled to the marrow, and the Tussups were cast to the winds. Whereupon I impounded the unholy pair and buried them away privily. The cot was a great attraction, and Joan would not be parted from it all day. This morning, too, though she seemed to miss the brethren for a

moment, the sight of the cot made her perfectly happy. In fact it only seemed to require one other really new and exciting toy, to take turn-about with the baby and the cot, to make her completely forget her old loves. I was wondering what I could do about it in town to-day, when the post arrived and with it a letter for Joan's Mummy, which seemed quite providential.

"My dear Winnie," it ran, "I believe to-morrow is my goddaughter's birthday, so I have bestirred myself and sent her an offering. I fancy it is rather a good line. It is very original—a character from *Alice in Wonderland*. . . ."

This, I thought, will be the very thing; probably the Mock Turtle or the Duchess, and Joan will dote on it. An hour later the parcel came and was handed to Joan with becoming ceremony. Palpitating and jiggling with excitement, she bore it off to a chair and rent it open. I watched her sympathetically. "Well," I asked, "what about it?" The inner wrapper yielded with a splutter of tissue-paper, and I saw Joan's countenance irradiated with a sudden ecstasy.

"Tussup!" she screamed. I leapt up in horror even as she brandished it in the air. It was an unmistakable Tussup, with his exemption badge and his hateful little cane, just like the other two. Character from *Alice in Wonderland*, indeed!

Joan rushed and planted it on my knee. "Daddy hab it!" she offered with her usual generosity.

\* \* \* \* \*

After that it was no good. The cot has taken a back seat and the two old Tussups have resumed their front ones. Joan is devoted to the three of them, and I daresay by the end of the War there will be thirty of them.

There is only one consolation left to me. Some day, I suppose—if we can believe what we are told—Joan will say to me, "And what did *you* do in the Great War, Father?" Then my hour of triumph will have come. I shall draw myself up to my full height and say, "My child, modesty has always been my foremost virtue; but I cannot tell a lie. In the Great War I was a 'Tussup.'"

And if Joan is consistent she will think far more of me than if I had laid claim to a hundred doughty deeds.

"On Monday the new Beer (Prices) Order enters every public bar in the kingdom. Strong beers—that is, drink with a gravity of over 1034 degrees—can be sold at 2s. 6d. a glass or a penny a pint. There is no limit either way."—*Evening Paper*.

We shall certainly order pints.

## CAPTURING A HUN.

"YOUR neighbour has been telling me all about the prisoners he has taken," said the visitor, sitting down by the bed. "It was so interesting."

Bunny Higgins sniffed.

"Some chaps," he said, "make sech a darn fuss abaht 'ow many pris'ners they've took. Jes' as if it weren't as easy as easy."

"Oh, have you taken many?"

"Yes, Miss, I 'ave. Leastways I've took one." His tone was slightly aggressive.

"Do tell me about it," begged the visitor, and, mollified by her appearance of interest, Bunny settled himself on the pillow and began.

"I don't mind ownin' as it were a bit of a surprise, as you might say, an' I didn't go for to do it in a manner of speakin'."

"It was way back in last December. We 'ad a little orficer boy as was very brave an' always doin' fool'ardy things. One mornin' abaht four 'o starts out ter visit the outposts, an' calls me to accompany 'im. 'E orfen took me fer them sorter jobs, me being that small I could get abaht unperceived, 'e said.

"Well, we done the raound pretty quick until we come ter one wot was 'id among the chimneys on the roof of an 'alf-ruined farm'ouse. There me orficer goes up an' leaves me ter wait dahn below. It was cruel cold, so I walks abaht under cover of the farm. I dursn't go beyond the wall, so I does a kinder sentry-go up an' dahn, an' once, when I gets ter the end of the wall an' turns to come back, I gets the shock of me life, for there, quite close to me, was the 'Un. W'en 'e meets me eye 'o starts, 'oldin' up 'is 'ands an' sayin' 'Kamerad!' I was fair took aback, but I pulls meself together, an' I says, pointin' to the German lines, 'Get aht of 'ere, an' go right back where you came from'; an' I tries ter look like sergeant pointin' aht a messy tunic.

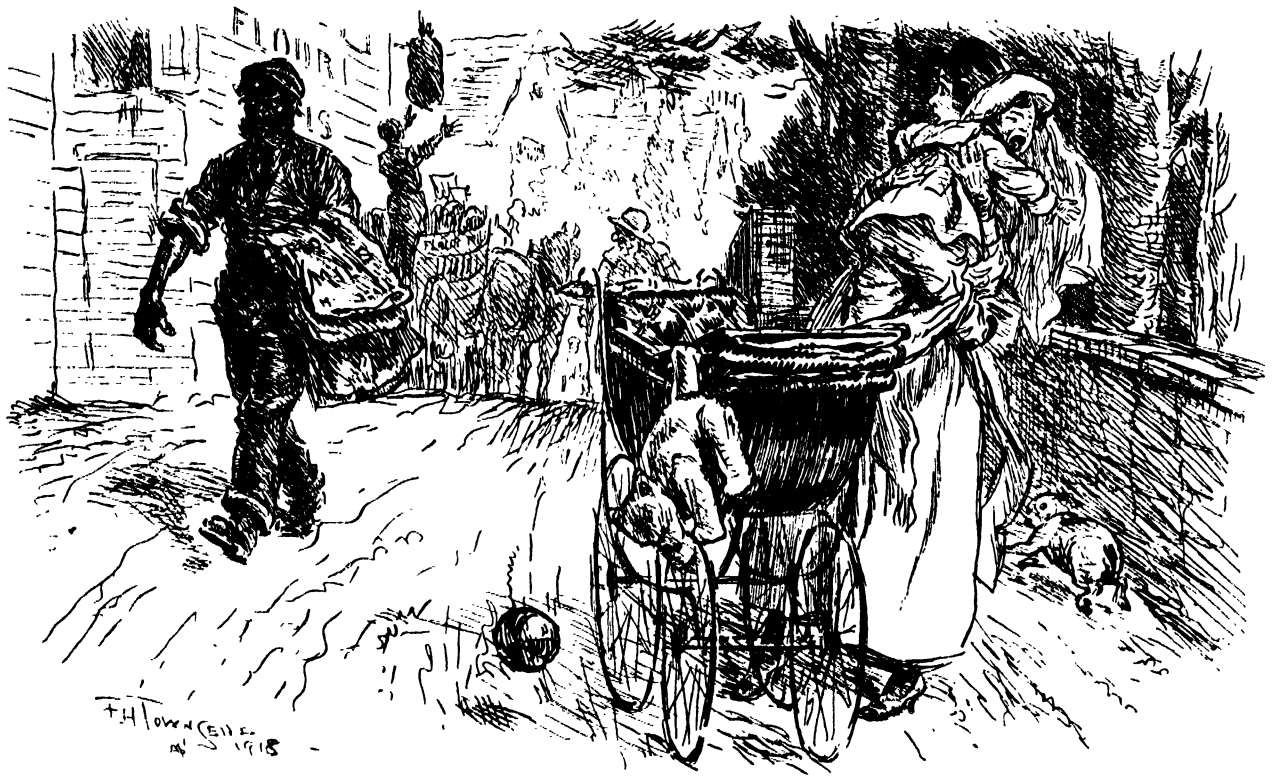
"An' 'e answers me in puffic English, 'most as good as wot I speaks meself, an' 'e says, 'I am your pris'ner.'

"'Pris'ner be blowed,' I says; 'I'm not 'avin' any this mornin'.'

"But 'e wasn't goin' ter be put off so easy. 'E looks at me kinder threatenin' like, an' 'e says, 'I give myself up. I am your pris'ner; and you gotter take me."

"At last I losos me temper, an' I says, 'None o' your lip. You take an' get back to your blinkin' lines.'

"An' would you believe it, Miss, 'o outs wiv a revolver an' says, 'You take me pris'ner or I'll blow your silly brains out.'"



THE BLACK FLOUR OF A BLAMELESS LIFE.

Nurse. "MY PET, MY PET! DON'T CRY. IT'S NOT THE SWEEP; IT'S THE MILLER."

### SIKES—A TRAGEDY.

THE old man sat within the inglenook,  
Old William Sikes, and bit a droary  
bun,  
And now and then a sup of cocoa  
took,  
And mused on Time: for much time  
had he done.

He watched his son's wife playing with  
her child,  
And sorrow tinged his jowl a deeper  
blue;  
Small blame to him if he was feeling  
riled,  
For all his life-long dreams were now  
na-poo.

Of had he boasted thus: "When fortune  
strikes  
The father down, the son succeeds  
him still;  
There bain't no day without a William  
Sikes;  
The lantern passes on from Bill to  
Bill."

And now his Bill had taken to the bad,  
Enlisted, sailed to some outlandish  
shore,  
Become, instead of burgling like his  
dad,  
A simple private in the Salvage  
Corps:

But, married whilst on leave, had got  
this boy,  
Fulfilment of a grandsire's longfolt  
want,  
And the young mother questioned, wild  
with joy,  
What should she say to parson at  
the font?

At last the old man cleared his throat  
and said,  
"This blinking warfare alters all our  
ways;  
I'll heap no troubles on an infant's  
head,  
Hairless as mine was in the Dartmoor  
days.

"My blessings on the child; and may  
he crack  
Unnumbered cribs, and ageless  
laurels win;  
Bestow new glory on the mask of  
black  
And never let no coppers run him  
in!

"But the old line must end. He must  
not bear  
The name that all his fathers found  
so sweet;  
The boys would shout at him and say,  
'There's Horr  
Von William Sikes a-coming down  
the street!'

"My father burgled honest, broke the  
law

And used the dynamite and centrebite;  
But when he sloshed a party in the jaw  
He preached no caution gospel over it.

"The name of William is for ever  
cursed;  
It smells of tyranny and lies and  
grease."

He paused; and then as if his heart  
would burst,

"Let him be Charles, in memory of  
PEACE!"

ÉVOE.

### "NEW TYPE OF FIELD GUN USED BY THE GERMANS.

LOW-BUILT 7-7MM. CANNON WHICH ACCOMPANIES INFANTRY ADVANCE."

*Daily Mirror.*

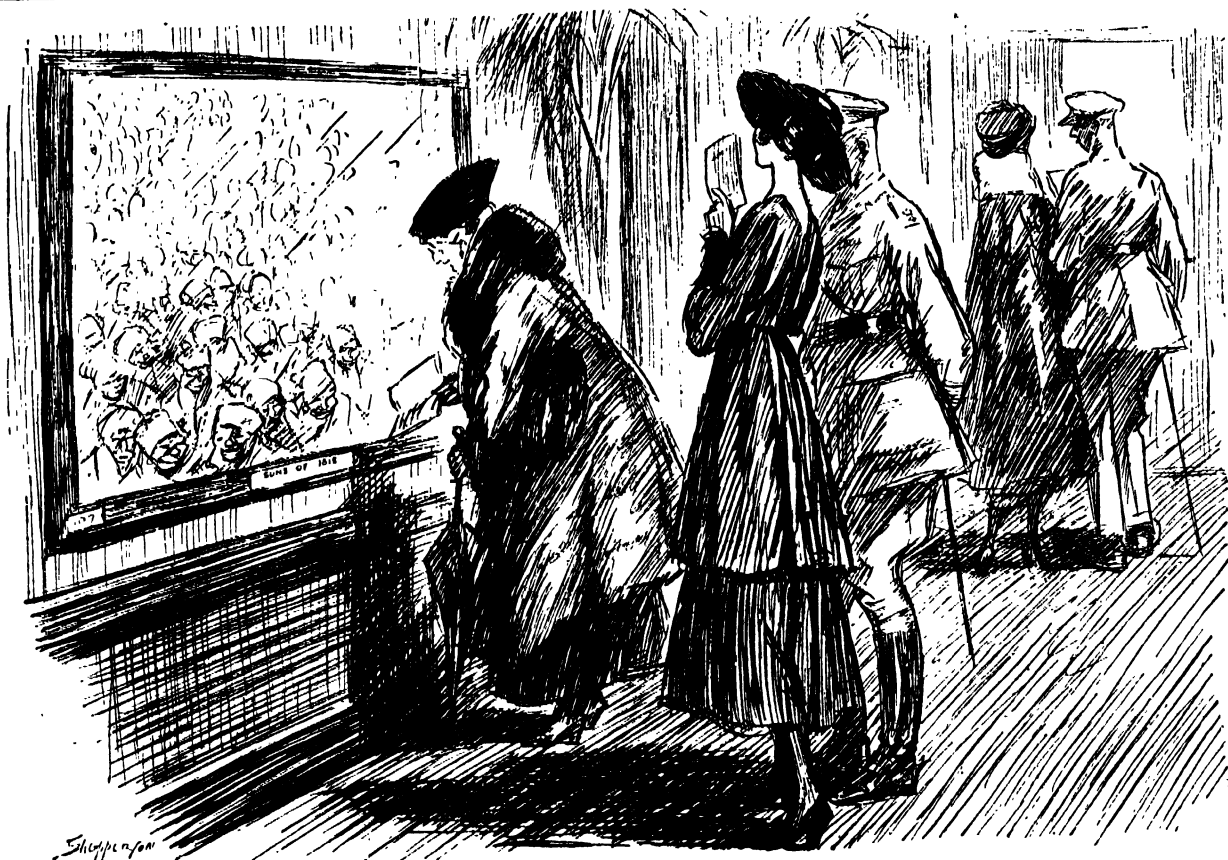
Pea-shooters?

"Baroness Paul Jeszanak, a prominent  
society novelist in Budapest, has been forcibly  
placed in a lunatic asylum. She had fallen in  
love with the Bishop of Stuhlweissenberg."

*Daily Paper.*

Nothing is said of the destination of  
the Bishop.

"Regular orders for new laid eggs wanted  
by officer's (regular) wife."—*The Gentlewoman.*  
We assume that the eggs will be regu-  
lar too, and not "tempy" or "on pro-  
bation."



OVERHEARD AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES' EXHIBITION OF WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.  
*Old Lady (before the picture of an Egyptian Labour Battalion, entitled "Sons of Isis"). "Ah, Cambridge men, I suppose."*

## THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

XII.

### CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER LXXXV.

*Richard.* You have said nothing of the philosophers of this time. Were there no philosophers?

*Mrs. M.* On the contrary there were a considerable number. Perhaps the most notable was Mr. BALFOUR, who in spite of his attainments as a thinker rose to the highest offices of state.

*Richard.* Ah, Mamma, I have heard of Mr. BALFOUR, and I should like, when I am a man, to be just such another.

*Mrs. M.* My highest ambition for you, my dear boy, could not go further, for he was a very interesting and remarkable man, though not without some peculiarities. For example, it was said of him, some people *by* him, that he never read the newspapers. And some people went so far as to say that this more than anything else was a proof of his greatness. The newspapers were always saying that he must go, and he did not want to stay, but the country did not seem able to do without him. His extreme modesty and gentleness of temper were perhaps more extraordinary than even his talents and acquisitions.

*George.* Were not there any great orators in this reign?

*Mrs. M.* Certainly. There was Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who could be eloquent in two languages, and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, who found it impossible to be silent in any language at all. It was of him that the poet wrote:—

A man so various that he seemed to be  
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome,  
 Stiff in opinion, often in the wrong,  
 Was every thing by starts and nothing long.

*Mary.* What a funny man!

*Mrs. M.* No, my dear, there you are wrong. He took himself most seriously, and many serious people took him at his own valuation. Thus for many years he represented a Scotch constituency—Dundee. Some people, however, explained this on the ground that Dundee was famous for the manufacture of marmalade, and he knew all about Blenheim oranges. But that was in the days before marmalade was made from turnips and glycerine.

*Richard.* It seems to me that there were very curious things as well as curious persons in this period. I should much like to see a collection of them.

*Mrs. M.* That you may easily do when you go to London. Up till quite recently there was a *living* curiosity of

this reign to be seen in the gardens of Southmount House. It was a parrot which had belonged to Lord Southmount and had been taught to say with great vehemence, "Balfour Must Go." In the Museum I am speaking of you will also see other curiosities, such as barrel-organs and kilts.

*George.* What is a kilt?

*Mrs. M.* A kilt is a sort of petticoat formerly worn by the Highlanders, a primitive race of Scotsmen. There are various accounts of its origin, but the most authentic attributes it to the physical conformation of the ancient Picts, the ancestors of the Highlanders. It is said that their feet were so large that when trousers came into fashion they tried to put them on over their heads, and, becoming entangled in the process, were obliged in self-defence to resort to the kilt.

*Mary.* But what did they wear before trousers came into fashion?

*Mrs. M.* There, my dear child, you are allowing your thirst for information to outrun your discretion. The pre-trouser age takes us into the region of prehistoric legend, and my aim is to feed you not on legend but on fact. Besides I think the tea-bell has already rung.



## SHOWN UP.

KAISER (to Limelight Man). "ON THE SWORD, YOU IDIOT! ON THE SWORD!"





*Official (to applicant for post). "I'M SORRY, MISS SMITH, BUT AS YOUR FATHER WAS NOT IN ANY GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT I'M AFRAID YOU WILL NEED SOME INTELLECTUAL QUALIFICATION."*

### FOR LOVE OF FRANCE.

I WAS shown the other day a new kind of map of Franco—the pleasant land of France that is being so cruelly maimed and scourged. Instead of the names of towns it had merely the few great cities, the Departments, and nine hundred tiny red dots. I did not count them—life is short—but I was assured that that was the number, and that each represents a place where there is a hospital, or hospitals, whose stores of the necessaries of healing and of comfort have been enriched by the French War Emergency Fund, an English association whose sole purpose is the amelioration of the lot of our nearest Ally. I had heard already much of this Fund and of the thoroughness and thoughtfulness with which it has been administered, but the extent of its activity had never been made so vividly realisable.

These dots, then, indicate hospital sites where French soldiers, broken in the task of defending their beautiful suffering country, lie or creep about. The Fund has also its civilian ministrations, which every day grow in range and usefulness: to rebuild or make habitable the cottages which the enemy

has destroyed, to re-establish the cottagers and provide them with cooking utensils, clothing, food, blankets and seeds. That this is work of the greatest importance we in England, even with no experience of invasion, must agree. Although we have some first-hand knowledge of the horrors of war, it is mercifully incomplete; the Germans are not within sixty miles of London, as they are of Paris; none of our square miles has been laid waste. No one who has not witnessed it has more than a vague idea of the utter desolation that can follow in the enemy's wake: far greater than France, with all her genius for rapid smiling reorganisation, has at this tragic and fateful moment time to handle.

Such until a little while ago were the two main lines of neighbourly helpfulness along which the Fund worked, and this map is evidence enough that thoroughness has not been wanting. But now, at the request of the French Government, which has again and again expressed its appreciation of the Fund's assistance and gratitude for it, the provision of canteens at the railway stations where wounded detain, and of canteens and recreation rooms wherever they are most urgently needed

is to be added to its responsibilities. The hospitals of France unhappily do not decrease either in number or in the need of accommodation—since for every wounded man who comes in a healed man does not, alas, go out; but as the patients improve in health there is the more need for the means of beguiling their time. Canteens in the grounds for the supply of refreshments, and rooms where papers and books may be read, games played and gramophones listened to, are therefore desirable. A few of these have already been erected or adapted by the Fund; as many more as possible are to follow, all of which will have to be furnished and fitted, at, of course (and the cloven hoof of the mendicant now obtrudes!), a certain expense.

Every contribution that reaches the Fund is of value, especially just now, when there are so many travelling wounded to be succoured, and the appeal cannot be too wide; and yet as I looked at this very interesting map and was told the names of some of the nine hundred places for which the red dots stood, it was borne in upon me that if only those English people who have made holiday in France and have loitered delectably among her



serene and hospitable pleasaunces were approached hat in hand—only those!—a magnificent revenue would result. Love of France would unfold so many cheque-books, open so many purses the effect of the happy memories which this list of nine hundred towns re-kindled would be irresistible. Paris alone should suffice; but with Normandy and Brittany, Provence and Touraine, the Seine and the Loire, the Riviera and the Cevennes to lend their influence to the impulse of generosity (or gratitude), such a torrent of votive offerings would flow as would render all further begging needless.

For pure "love of lovely words" and at the risk of being made too "homesick," I am tempted to quote from the list down to date—March 21st, 1918—just before the great battle broke out which, by so desperately increasing the work of French hospital staffs and adding to the privations of the civilians, must spur the Fund to new efforts. If I mention but the first town under each letter you will realise both what I mean and how widely flung are the Fund's ministrations: Abbarotz (Loire Inférieure), Bacqueville (Seine Inférieure), Cabourg (Calvados), Danne-marie (Alsace Française), Faubonne (Seine et Oise), Falaise (Calvados), Gaillon (Eure), Hadol (Vosges), l'Île-de-Noé (Gers), Jansé (Ille et Vilaine), Lagny (Seine et Marne), Macon (Saône et Loire), Nancy (Meurthe et Moselle), Ognan-par-Barbéry (Oise), Paimbœuf (Loire Inférieure), Querqueville (Manche), Le Raincy (Seine et Oise), Sable (Sarthe), Tain (Drôme), Uriage (Isère), Vadelaincourt (Meuse), Wessering (Alsace Française), Yssingeaux (Hte. Loire), Zuydecoote (Nord).

Should the authorities of the French War Emergency Fund find it necessary to issue a four-lined financial whip, as I fear is inevitable, I commend to their notice the wisdom of adding this list to it. Poetry is not too common; the reanimation of old joys is not too easy in these bitter times. Personally I should be unable to withstand such an appeal, and, apart from love of France in general, I should associate my own contribution with the green-and-white village of Barbizon, in the forest of Fontainebleau, and the little walled town of Moret, where the nuns made barley-sugar before ambition and rapacity blasted the world.

All contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir DAVID ERSKINE, K.C.V.O., French War Emergency Fund, 44, Lowndes Square, S.W.1.

E. V. L.

#### Our Blasés Critics.

"Miss—proved as popular as ever with her inevitable songs."—*Provincial Paper*.



#### THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

*Mrs. Tooting Beck.* "WHERE'S THE PAPER? HAVEN'T YOU BROUGHT AN EVENING PAPER?"

*Mr. Tooting Beck.* "SORRY, DEAR, BUT I COULDN'T GET IT INTO THE TRAIN; THERE WASN'T ROOM."

#### Our Helpful Contemporaries Again.

More about the "mystery gun":—

"The gun is probably of about the same length of range obtained in the shell itself—in its or range obtained is in the shell itself—in its shape, and in the position of the centre of gravity in it."—*Evening Paper*.

"The Marquis of Lincolnshire said Viscount Chaplin in formulating his questions had fluttered about like a bird not knowing which branch to settle upon. In the end, he had bovrilised his original questions."

*Liverpool Paper.*

No doubt an adaptation of Lord RHONDDA's process for turning coupons into meat.

"PIGEON THAT HAD FLOWN FROM MONS KILLED.

Action for its death by a cat at Gat-head." *Newcastle Paper*.

We cannot help thinking this a very crafty plot on the prosecuting cat's part to divert suspicion from herself.

Another glimpse of the obvious:—

"It is expected that the shortening of the time in which artificial light may be used in hotels, restaurants, and places of entertainment will lead to reduction of the evening services on the London railways. In any case, however, it is not likely that the last trains will be taken off."—*Morning Paper*.

## AT THE PLAY.

"THE PRIME MINISTER."

I HAVE moved so little in the society of enemy aliens that I cannot say with confidence how a German family residing in Soho would conduct itself in the domestic circle at the outbreak of another war between England and the Fatherland. But if their behaviour corresponded at all to the picture of the Schiller family, as seriously presented by Mr. HALL CAINE (relying, I must assume, on his gifts of imagination), then I feel that even the horrors of a second Armageddon would have their humorous compensations.

My experience again fails me when I try to visualise a group of Cabinet Ministers awaiting the expiration of an ultimatum; but unless their natures undergo a total change in these exceptionally trying circumstances I cannot believe that they would sit there like so many dummies, exchanging rhetorical platitudes on the ravages of war; or that one of them, in the temporary absence of the Prime Minister from the room, would seize the occasion to throw off a brief summary of that gentleman's career for the benefit of colleagues certain to be equally well instructed in the facts.

Once again, my limited knowledge of the *vie intime* of Downing Street does not permit me to say whether a Prime Minister would be likely to welcome an enemy alien as governess to his little daughter with full knowledge (imparted by the police) of the history of her family of suspects, and after a frank admission on her part that she had introduced herself into his house from motives of espionage. And even if the discovery that he had commuted the death sentence of her late father, a convicted spy, should change her attitude and create a bond between them, and in a burst of perverted Quixotism he should overlook her original designs, I should never expect him (unless, of course, he happened to be Mr. HALL CAINE himself) to seal the bond in the following terms: "Remember that not with bread but with blood I have bought your soul." Mr. CAINE may say thing like that, but Prime Ministers don't.

After this encouragement you will naturally anticipate some melodrama, including an attempt, foiled by the sacrificial devotion of the heroine, to assassinate the protagonist of the title-rôle; and you will have all that. You will also get a too-brief glimpse, in the

person of little Miss VESTA SYLVA, of one of the most charming children I have ever met on the stage. And you will see Miss ETHEL IRVING taking all her emotional chances with a nice restraint and a courageously proof against the general improbability of things. And you will be treated to an air-raid (without bombs) and an "All Clear" bugle, and Christmas Bells and Peace (with Victory) on Earth—all of them "off." But I cannot promise you much edification, unless the virtues of Mr. CAINE's technique—for his melodrama, as such, was not badly handled—console you for the unlikelihood of his scheme.



MELODRAMA IN DOWNING STREET.

Margaret Schiller (Miss ETHEL IRVING). "WASN'T I WHO KILLED MY FATHER?"

The Prime Minister (Mr. C. M. HOLLARD). "THE ANSWER IS IN THE NEGATIVE."

It was difficult to take sympathetically the venomous spite that hissed from the lips of his enemy aliens; and the only way for us seemed to be to treat it as Thomas in the trenches treats the Bosches' Hymn of Hate. And I am almost sure that this was not the way in which we were meant to take it.

Finally, it was depressing enough to have Mr. HALL CAINE's authority for the view that the present war is to be followed by another on the same lines; but even more disheartening to find him labouring under the ingenuous belief that this new war gave him an opportunity of saying quite freshly all the things that we have been saying, for the best part of four years, about the old one.

O. S.

## "BY PIGEON POST."

I MUST say I prefer my spy plays with rather a stronger dash of credibility than Mr. AUSTIN PAGE's *By Pigeon Post* displays. And if any French officer ever sees this diverting piece will he please take it from me that my countrymen do not share the author's morbid views as to the type of brain that runs the French Intelligence Service? For their use a pigeon-post and wireless installation was established (by our author) in a terribly conspicuous chateau with a tower a hundred feet high. The pigeons were under the command of the Captain-hero; the wireless was the job of the villain Major, who sold his country to pay his gambling debts. The whole fate of France apparently hangs by the leg of one of the Captain's pigeons; and the General of Division, a nice old thing, and the Colonel, a silly old ass, have nothing apparently to do but come and discuss the odds on the pigeon in alternating spasms of maudlin credulity, hopeless despondency and appalling indiscretion.

The arch-spy is an old actor of the Deutsche Theater masquerading as a Fleming in the French army detailed for duty as a hospital orderly—apparently the rest of the wireless station was hospital. Naturally he was present at the most intimate discussions of the over-anxious officers, as was his chief, the charming Lady Doctor, whose medical knowledge I suspected from the first. I found later that she got it by instalments, as occasion arose, over the telephone from a medical friend. Once indeed, when a traitor (I am anticipating) committed suicide by throwing himself off the wireless tower, she did, without telephoning, solemnly pronounce life to be extinct, having examined the body from the top of the tower. Perhaps, though, she wirelessed. For the rest she was chiefly engaged (assisted by the spy orderly) in listening to every consultation, reading every despatch and telegram, and offering unsought advice.

In general she was extremely resourceful, except in any real emergency, such as the struggle between her lover and his enemies, when she could only tango ineffectually about the room and faintly bleat. Mr. PAGE is evidently a ferocious anti-feminist.

There is one good thrill in the piece, which I won't spoil, but I think the flippant stallite will get much more fun



*Extract from Mr. Jolliboy's Diary No. 4.*

"**T**O-DAY on strolling forth did meet our village Exquisite and rallied him quizzingly on his gay plumage. 'Each man to his taste,' says he, 'but for myself, Sir, everything about me must be of the best.' 'Then,' says I quickly, 'I know the name of your tobacco, for there's none better.' 'Egad, you're right, my dear Jolliboy—it is Chairman and none better.' 'An incorrigible dandy, but he smokes the right stuff.'"

**Chairman**, a fine tobacco, made in three strengths: **Boardman's**, mild; **Chairman**, medium; **Recorder**, full; and is sold by tobacconists everywhere in 1 and 2 oz. packets, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  and  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. tins.



M. 864

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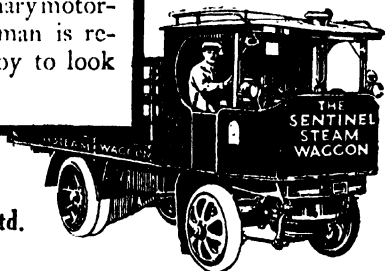
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for his money if he counts up in this bizarre military establishment the number of things which are "not done" outside the armies of the Bolsheviks. He will be particularly struck by the episode of a phosphorescent "plan" (those plans!) captured after incredible labour and held up in a completely darkened room in the presence of two desperate men, guarded with astonishing inadequacy. And there is plenty of this sort of thing.

Mr. C. V. FRANCE made a quite excellent portrait of a General at his first entrance; and then, being badly let down by the author, he developed into an old footer in whom it was impossible to retain interest. Mr. WONTNER gave us the dear impossible hero with almost unnaturally easy grace of manner. A study of shell-shock did not lack cleverness or plausibility, though to the sensitive it should cause pain rather than the light relief it was apparently intended to provide. Miss TITHERIDGE took the best chance her part offered in a few moments of entirely charming love-making—a very pleasant thing to see. T.

### THE CATCH.

PASSING through a bit of desolate and shell-stricken bog I came across him. He had the air of just the typical Tommy, as he sat there on an empty biscuit-tin and on the sharpest part of it. Had one remonstrated with him on the matter he would have remarked, with the cynical indifference of his kind, "Well, it doesn't matter, Sir; they're only Army breeches."

Perched precariously on the edge of an evil-smelling and sinister shell-hole, he was engaged in fishing the foul depths below. A slender branch did duty as a rod, and the line consisted of a series of knotted strings, to which was attached a small stone, presumably as a float. Patiently he sat gazing into nothingness, his plumb-line hanging idly in mid-air.

I smiled and made to pass on, and then with startling suddenness the awful truth flashed upon me. A shell-shock case.

Poor fellow—one more fragment of the flotsam of war. Very likely posted as missing from his company. A fine figure of a man utterly gone to waste. Quite harmless, with the brain and simplicity of a babe and the sudden fears and terrors of an imaginative child; left lonely amid the awful desolation that had caused his collapse. Clearly a case for humouring.

I approached and, laying a hand on his shoulder, gazed kindly upon him. "Caught many?" I asked, a note of

Tommy (playing Rugby Football for the first time). "I AIN'T BEEN TAUGHT 'OW TO DISARM 'UNS FOR NOTHINK."

pity creeping unconsciously into my voice.

"Beg pardon, Sir," he said, with the same vacant gaze.

"Caught many?" I repeated.

"Yes, Sir," he replied; "you're the fifteenth."

### More Sex-Problems.

"POULTRY & BIRDS.

Table ducks, ten, and two drakes, about to lay, Rs. 18."—*Times of Ceylon*.

"GOATS.

Choice hornless Toggenburg cross yearling billy, cheap, £2 2s.: milking."

*Poultry World*.

Quotation from a recent book of verse:—

"From where remote Arcturus swings,  
And the pale and luminous misty rings  
Of Satan move with a languid motion."

*Glasgow Herald*.

These must be the "vicious circles" we hear so much about.

HORACE, *Odes*, I. XXXVIII.

No strange Oriental kimono,  
Dear Phyllis, I beg that you'll wear;  
And if to the greenhouse you go, no  
Chrysanthemum weave in your hair;  
Far better an old Dolly Varden  
For you, and plain homespun for me,  
As you pour and I sip in the garden  
Our five-o'clock tea.

"The daily bread ration in Holland will be reduced from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{6}{16}$  oz."—*Scotch Paper*.

Lucky Dutch!

"FISHWORKERS.—Wanted, good smoker, year's engagement: highest wages; also few fishworkers, men and women; good spitters."

*Scotsman*.

It doesn't sound a very refined occupation.

"Found on Sunday, a dog of the Painter species, colour brown and white spots."

*Daily Malta Chronicle*.

Obviously an impressionist.



## HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The GERMAN KAISER and a Prussian Courtier.*)

*The Kaiser (looking at himself in a long looking-glass).* There! I am not so grey after all. Indeed my moustache is not at all grey. Let me see if I can frown in the old terrific manner. Yes, that's fairly good. Perhaps it might be just a little fiercer. I must practise it half-an-hour every day. Hullo! Who's there?

[*A Prussian Courtier enters and prostrates himself.*]

*The Courtier.* I beg your Majesty ten thousand pardons. I had no idea your Majesty was in this room, otherwise your Majesty may be sure I should not have dared to intrude.

*The K.* I forgive you for your intrusion, but must ask you to remember next time that any door which is closed is a door behind which I might possibly be found, and must not therefore be rashly opened or approached. Now go.

*The C.* I hasten to withdraw myself from your Majesty's glorious presence.

[*Walks backwards to the door.*]

*The K.* Stay, stay a moment.

*The C.* I am at your Majesty's commands.

*The K.* Have you been in the streets this morning?

*The C.* Yes, your Majesty, I spent an hour in walking about Berlin.

*The K.* Tell me, what do the people say? How do they take the latest news?

*The C.* They are elated with joy because of your Majesty's most recent victories.

*The K.* Did you hear them say anything?

*The C.* I did. I heard one officer say to another, "We shall get on with old HINDENBURG in charge."

*The K. (obviously annoyed).* Oh, they put it all down to HINDENBURG, do they? They forget that it is I who am the War Lord and who am in command of everything. Do you hear me, of everything? It is time that people knew that no victory can get itself won without my having organised it. Even when there are two victories in a day, one in Russia and one on the Western Front, though I cannot be present at more than one, I am responsible for both. People are far too much inclined to drag in the name of HINDENBURG and to forget that of their All-Highest Emperor and King. I must warn HINDENBURG, who is quite an honest fellow, but rather thick in the skull, not to let himself be deceived by flatterers.

*The C.* The warning, your Majesty, will not come a whit too soon. There are certain things that a man should not allow himself even to think. It was only the other day that I checked the Field-Marshal as he was saying—but for the Field-Marshal's sake I will not relate what he was saying.

*The K.* (assuming his most terrific aspect). Not relate! That you shall, and in full. Out with it!

*The C.* Pardon me, your Majesty. A private conversation.

*The K.* I do not care how private it may have been. What was it? Quick!

*The C.* The Field-Marshal, your Majesty, happened to say that if he was constantly interfered with, as he now was, he could guarantee defeat in a very short time.

*The K.* Did he say who interfered with him?

*The C.* No, your Majesty—that is, yes, your Majesty. There was no doubt left on anyone's mind that he meant to refer to your Majesty.

*The K.* Monstrous!

*The C.* That is exactly what I permitted myself to say, and I added that he seemed to forget that you were the Lord's Anointed, and that everybody was aware how splendidly and nobly you had performed your task in a war which had been thrust upon you by others.

*The K.* Did he make any reply?

*The C.* He did. He said that, as to beginning the War, it was plain from Prince LICHNOWSKY's memorandum that it was you and your Ministers who had begun the War, but that he (the Field-Marshal) did not blame you for that. On the contrary, he said, if he blamed you at all, it was for not beginning the War earlier.

*The K.* I am taking measures to discipline LICHNOWSKY, and with HINDENBURG also I shall have to take measures. How did he dare to say that it was I who began the War?

*The C.* That is what I said to him, your Majesty. I said that your humanity had forbidden you to make war until all other means of meeting the situation had failed.

*The K.* You did well, and I shall not forget your services.

*The C.* Oh, your Majesty, it was the least I could do. Having so kind a master it was natural that I should raise my voice to defend your Majesty's reputation.

*The K. (coldly).* You express yourself awkwardly. Remember that I am Kaiser, and that my reputation needs no defence.

## THE WINDMILL.

## A SONG OF VICTORY.

Yes, it was all like a garden glowing  
When first we came to the hill-top there,  
And we laughed to know that the Bosch was going,  
And laughed to know that the land was fair;  
Acre by acre of green fields sleeping,  
Hamlets hid in the tufts of wood,  
And out of the trees were church-towers peeping,  
And away on a hillock the Windmill stood.

*Then, ah then, 'twas a land worth winning,  
And now there is nought but the naked clay,  
But I can remember the Windmill spinning,  
And the four sails shone in the sun that day.*

But the guns came after and tore the hedges  
And stripped the spinneys and churned the plain,  
And a man walks now on the windy ledges  
And looks for a feather of green in vain;  
Acre by acre the sad eye traces  
The rust-red bones of the earth laid bare,  
And the sign-posts stand in the market-places  
To say that a village was builded there.

*But better the French fields stark and dying  
Than ripe for a conqueror's fat content,  
And I can remember the mill-sails flying,  
Yet I cheered with the rest when the Windmill went.*

Away to the East the grass-land surges  
Acre by acre across the line,  
And we must go on till the end like scourges,  
Though the wilderness stretch from sea to Rhine;  
But I dream some days of a great reveille,  
When the buds shall burst in the Blasted Wood,  
And the children chatter in Death-Trap Alley,  
And a windmill stand where the Windmill stood.

*And we that remember the Windmill spinning,  
We may go under, but not in vain,  
For our sons shall come in the new beginning  
And see that the Windmill spins again.*

A. P. H.

From a British soldier's experiences:—

"We shot them down like rabbits, but on they came."—*The Globe.*  
We disapprove the simile, as savouring of religious prejudice.



*First Officer.* "UGH! WATER! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A SCOTSMAN, SANDY."

*Second Officer.* "I'M JUST ENOUGH OF A SCOTSMAN NOT TO LEAVE ANYTHING ELSE HANGING OUT THERE WITH YOU FELLOWS ABOUT."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HAVE you ever, when confronting some well-known scene, tried the simple experiment of bending sideways so as to observe it horizontally? The probable results will be two-fold—(1) the view will take on a new and astonishing brilliancy of colouring; and (2) the spectators, if any, will regard you as the unhappy victim of dementia. It is the first of these effects of which I am always reminded by the more successful of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT's descriptive passages. Take, for example, his latest story, *The Pretty Lady* (CASSELL). Here you will find a number of pictures of wartime London, relief-committees, air-raids, charity pageants and the like, all of them but too sadly familiar, presented with exactly this vivid effect of a fresh angle of vision. So much for the background, which contains as good reporting—the air-raid chapters especially—as anything in this kind that even Mr. BENNETT has yet done. The story I venture to think less satisfactory. The two chief characters are finely presented—up to a point. *The Pretty Lady* herself (for the warning of households where the censorship still survives I may mention that the term is technical and generic) is an understandable personality; her relations, both to the middle-aged bachelor who is her fellow-protagonist and to the other aspects of her withdrawn and specialised existence, are shown with obvious sincerity, also at times with a somewhat startling indecorum. Mr. BENNETT, having selected a pretty lady as his central figure, was clearly not going to be hampered with reticence and evasions. This I should mind less but for the fact that the end of the book is itself so flagrant an evasion. Having

developed the interest to a point at which at least two *scènes à faire* are, or should be, inevitable, Mr. BENNETT, as though his concern in it had suddenly ceased, brings the whole business to an abrupt and most inconclusive finish. My irritation at this was perhaps a tribute to what seemed an artistic success wilfully spoilt.

"He had made his choice between Ireland and Salissa. It certainly seemed as if he had chosen wrongly." This is a remark by "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" about a character in his latest story, *The Island Mystery* (METHUEN). By a coincidence it also embodies very much the criticism that I have to make upon the author. Remembering so many Irish comedies of pure delight from his graceful pen, I was the more disappointed with what candour compels me to call an entirely undistinguished and conventional piece of cheap tushery. The imaginary kingdom, the impecunious monarch, the multi-millionaire Poppa from America, the lovely daughter—what, I felt inclined to exclaim, is the creator of *Spanish Gold* doing with these faded puppets? Above all, the mystery! Will you credit me when I tell you that this turned out to be nothing more than a cave full of petrol tanks for replenishing U-boats? Really something will have to be done about the abuse of petrol in war-fiction. Nowadays especially it is intolerable that our novelists (even those who should know better) continue apparently to regard it as the inexhaustible fountain of thrills. Perhaps the PETROL-CONTROLLER could issue an edict on the matter. But to return to the tale. Personally I owed my only smiles to the character of *King Karl* and some ingenious if mechanical fun in his attempts at English slang. But as for the rest, the purchase of the island and



what happened there—well, look at my list of the chief characters above and you will be quite able to forecast every step of the plot. And as this is precisely what no one has ever been able to say of a best quality "BIRMINGHAM" it confirms me in thinking the present story altogether unworthy of its distinguished parentage.

M. CHARLES RIVER, journalist of Paris, in an arresting study, entitled *The Last of the Romanoffs* (CONSTABLE), sets forth many things that needed to be said and must by no means go unobserved either in his own country or here. The pathetic confidence of the free and peaceful French people in a colossal autocracy that never was a colossus and cared for nothing but to be autocratic is now a thing of the past, but it could never for one moment have existed where there was the smallest real understanding of a Court that was based on absolutism, served in corruption, inspired by infatuation and governed by hysteria. M. River tells, with an hostility that one may, of course, decline to share, but with a reality of knowledge that one can hardly doubt, of that circle of intrigue and abomination, inspired by the unspeakable RASPUTIN, which gathered round a monarch whose very virtues became, in an autocrat, disasters, and whose absolutism was a tyranny hardly less intolerable for himself than for his subjects. From the larger liberty of exile in Siberia the last of the Romanoffs must look back on Russia, ripe for a Napoleon, with feelings, one would think, of relief rather than of regret. For the Russians who, making incredible efforts in their struggle against the Hun, were compelled to reckon their own governors amongst their country's enemies, the author has only love and respect; and, though sharing one's own disgust for the miserable exaggerations, or worse, of the Leninist section, he is clear that the Revolution, whatever its intermediate stages, will prove in the end to have been the greatest blow that could have been struck at Kaiserism.

A book as intimate as M. DUHAMEL'S *Ve des Martyrs* inevitably loses in translation, but, that being said, I can congratulate Miss FLORENCE SIMMONDS upon her work, and advise anyone unacquainted with the original to read her rendering of it under the title, *The New Book of Martyrs* (HEINEMANN). M. DUHAMEL is a doctor in the French Army; he is also (though he would not thank me for calling attention to the fact) a brave man endowed with the finest sympathies. He loves and glories in the splendid men entrusted to his care; and if more than once I could not suppress a feeling that I was learning secrets in their struggles for life which I had no right to know, I hasten to add that M. DUHAMEL writes so lovingly and simply that these stories are redeemed from the slightest suspicion of bad taste. Read "Histoire de Carré et de Lerondeau" and "Le Sacrifice," and you will understand. M. DUHAMEL also offers one piece of counsel which deserves a wide advertisement. "It is easy," he writes, "to pity Auger, who needs

no pity. It is difficult to pity Grégoire, and yet he is so pitiable. Do not forget; Auger is touched with grace; but Grégoire will be damned if you do not hold out your hand to him." Auger and Grégoire are types. How many visitors to hospitals hasten to the one "who gives you confidence, restores your peace of mind," rather than to the other, who seems "to be bearing the misery of an entire world."

The tendency of young lady novelists to find their *dramatis persone* among literary men has often been noted. Miss G. B. STERN, the writer of *A Marrying Man* (NISBET), has shown this tendency before and now does so again; and if she persists, and becomes any more searching and caustic than she now is, the Authors' Society will have to take protective action. *Gareth Temple*, the central figure (I could not say hero) of the book, is not only a novelist but a publishers' reader, and a very dishonest one to boot; and his peculiarity is that, like the man in the Hindu fable, he can neither do with women nor without them. I should not recommend the history of his failures as exactly amusing in reading, but it is done remorselessly, with power and skill, and the scene where he prevents his wife's elopement with the motor champion—for everyone in the book is a philanderer—is one of the truest and most understanding pieces of writing that I have found in a novel for a long while. There is no doubt as to Miss STERN's ability, but it would be no harm for her to try her hand at the delineation of a few old-fashioned characters to whom the Seventh Commandment is not yet a mere scrap of paper, and a few young people whose sophistication has been (as is possible) a little arrested.



*Amateur Wizard (apologetically to a friend whom he has transformed into a rabbit while trying to charm away his bunions). "I'M EXTREMELY SORRY, OLD MAN, BUT I'M AFRAID THERE'S A MISPRINT IN THE BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS; AND I FIND IT TAKES THREE YEARS, INSTEAD OF HOURS, TO WORK OFF A SPELL OF THIS KIND. IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO IN THE MEANTIME? A NICE CLEAN HUTCH, FOR INSTANCE?"*

Blackmail has often provided a novelist with a plot. Mr. PAUL TRENT has carried the matter further and written a novel—*Stephen Vale* (WARD, LOCK)—in which everybody with cheery impartiality blackmails everybody else. It all begins with the sudden death of *Sir Antony Vale*, solicitor, in whose safe repose the cupboarded skeletons of a hundred distinguished clients. Idly toying with the contents of this safe, *Stephen Vale* and his friend, the *Rev. William Travers*, suddenly realise that here is an unparalleled opportunity of doing good by stealth. *Vale*, it is true, is only lukewarm, but the parson is a perfect glutton for it. Having successfully blackmailed a rascally financier into pulling down some slum tenements, he proceeds to threaten with exposure a Cabinet Minister who is fathering a Bill to disestablish the Church. *Stephen* meanwhile is being hoist with his own petard, having carelessly allowed documents incriminating his prospective father-in-law, a bishop, to fall into the hands of an unscrupulous rival. Another visit to the safe provides the means of blackmailing the blackmailer; but *Stephen* hesitates at the critical moment and only succeeds in getting charged with his rival's murder. Of course everything ends right; the blackmailing symposium is concluded without any startling revelations, and the Bill to disestablish the Church apparently gets lost in the wash.

## CHARIVARIA.

THE German Government has taken steps to commandeer civilian clothing. The sheep's clothing affected by Herr VON KUEHLMANN and others will be exempt.

"Polygamy," says an article in a German review, "is essential to the future of the German race, but a decent form must be found for it." We note a new fastidiousness in the Teuton character.

A Women's Village Council in Sussex has suggested public baths as the first item of its programme. The second item will be godliness.

A German prisoner, escaped from Bramley Camp, Herts, is described as having ample means, ration cards and a British exemption card. He should have no difficulty in passing himself off as a Russian Jew.

The PAPER-CONTROLLER is anxious that anyone who discovers instances of waste of paper should communicate with him by letter. A number of people have already written him on full-size note-paper, pointing out how paper waste could be avoided by reporting to him on the telephone.

Some samples of water taken last week in South Wales were found to contain forty-five per cent. of milk.

Miss NINA BOYLE has written an article for a morning paper on "Why I want to be an M.P." We are reminded of the man whose son was anxious to enter Parliament. He sought the advice of a seasoned veteran and was recommended to consult a doctor, as a piece of bone might be pressing on the young man's brain.

The Mayor of Mecca has exchanged greetings with the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. The sense of the message, we understand, was, "There is no longer anything to separate the turtle soup from the coffee."

We gather from the many gunnery experts who discuss the German long-

range guns bombarding Paris that the Allies could have had a similar gun if they had thought of it.

The FOOD-CONTROLLER is considering the question of allowing small holders to kill and eat their first cheese without surrendering any coupons.

It is now more true than ever that

It is thought that the poor deluded creature is trying to qualify for an extra bacon card.

The police, it has been decided, are entitled to the extra ration for heavy walkers.

Portsmouth Council has passed a resolution urging the Government to get on with the War. The Government, it is understood, has agreed to look into the matter.

The engine at Waterloo which caused delay by jumping the points is strongly suspected of being British by some of the alien patrons of the line.

## LIFE AND CHARACTER.

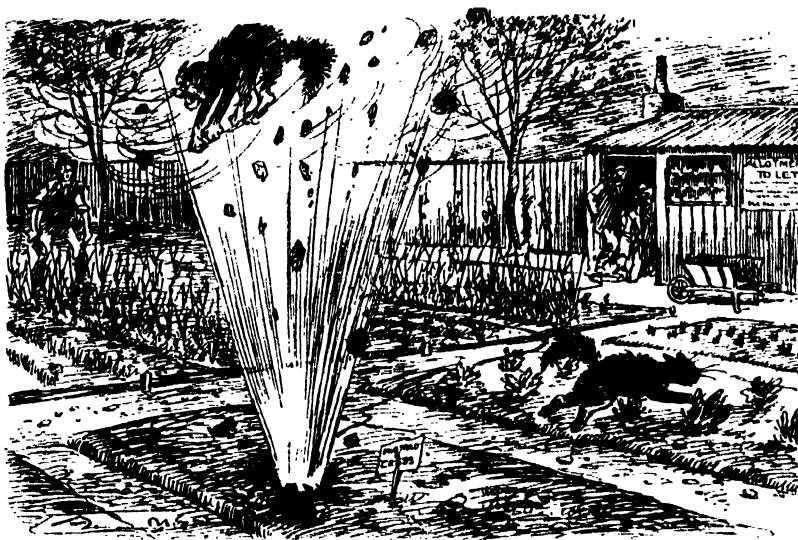
It is late in the day to commend the art of Mr. GEORGE BELCHER to the readers of *Punch*, for his transcripts of London and rural life, done with sure but gentle strokes all his own, are one of

their recurring pleasures. But they may be glad to be told that an exhibition of his recent work is now being held at the Leicester Galleries, where three walls of drawings may be seen and chuckled over. Many will be familiar; but the little touches of colour which the artist has imposed upon his black-and-white make even these new.

No estimate of Mr. BELCHER's special and peculiar gifts would be adequate without mentioning his fidelity to his sense of dramatic propriety. From whatever source his jokes reach him, he makes them his own and makes them also credible by apportioning them to the right speakers. Not only are these people real, but they are the people who would say just such comic things, from just such odd angles. We may equally trust Mr. BELCHER's eye for the salience of a type, so that it may be said of one of his charwomen that she is all charwoman—or "Every Charwoman," as the writer of a morality play would have it. So with his butchers, his fishmongers, his barbers: each is representative, synthetic.

"A committee of experts is to sit on the Chinese liquid eggs."—*Lloyd's Weekly News*.

Considering the present shortage of man-power, one would think it would be more economical to use incubators.



MR. DOBBS PROFITS BY SOME EXPERT ADVICE FROM A FRIEND IN THE SAPPERS RECENTLY HOME ON LEAVE AND PROTECTS HIS ALLOTMENT FROM ENEMY RAIDS.

one half of our aliens doesn't know where the other half lives at night.

Soot, according to an eminent judge, belongs to the sweep as soon as it is in his bag. If he puts it elsewhere, e.g. on the drawing-room curtains or the housemaid's collar, it is to be presumed

## NOTICE.

## PUNCH AND PAPER SHORTAGE.

Owing to the further drastic reduction in the supplies of paper, no return of unsold copies will be allowed after the present issue.

Readers who desire to continue to receive *Punch* regularly should at once place a definite order with their news-agents.

that he no longer intends to exercise his right of ownership.

According to a Madrid newspaper, CHARLIE CHAPLIN is a Spanish subject. The journal does not explain what caused him to desert his onion.

A hen at Barnes Green, near Hordsham, is sitting on a nest of eggs and also laying an egg a day at the side.

### MANHOOD IN ARMS.

"*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait.*"

HAD Youth the knowledge, Age the power;

Could each the other's virtue borrow;

Could Wisdom pluck the passing hour

And Inexperience share the dower

Of Wisdom schooled in joy and sorrow!

Yet may the swift occasion rise

When rules of Time relax their rigour;

When Youth is suddenly made wise

To see with clear instructed eyes,

And Age recalls its early vigour.

Such is this hour of England's need

When close the peril draws upon her,

And Youth, fore-gleaning Wisdom's seed,

And Age, renewed in strength and speed,

Come to the instant call of Honour. O. S.

### MY PAPERS.

I AM now in a position to establish my identity, and when the War is over I am going back to Paris to be rude to a postal official. I have the greatest admiration for our Allies and a profound respect for the *Entente Cordiale*, but I have a grudge against that postal official, and I cherish the hope that he will live through the War, in order that I may cover him with confusion.

He had the manners of a Prussian, and when I presented my money-order to him in those memorable days at the end of July, 1914, he regarded both it and me with suspicion, and informed me that the advice had not arrived. Next morning I again presented myself and the money-order, and he condescended to find the advice note. Then he demanded my papers.

I explained to him that Englishmen do not carry papers, gave him my card and showed him letters; also I explained that I must return to England immediately. He shrugged his shoulders with profound disdain. If I had no papers I might be a murderer or a spy, and I must be identified by two persons of repute before he would pay anything. Filled with anxiety, for I needed the money, I returned to my apartment in the Quartier Latin and appealed to the *concierge* to come and identify me and to find me another person of repute.

The *concierge* was an obliging old fellow and he enlisted the services of a *garçon* from the Café Coq d'Or on my behalf, and, after consuming *apéritifs*, for which I paid, we presently entered the post-office in a miniature procession. The *concierge* identified me, produced his military service ticket, his marriage certificate and other papers in order to identify himself, and I prepared to collect my money. Alas! the *garçon* from the Coq d'Or proved a broken reed. His papers were not in order—it appeared he could not even prove that he had ever been born, so the official behind the grille became rude. He commanded us to leave the office, made scathing remarks about foreigners without papers, and hinted that I was probably an Allemand.

The *garçon* and the *concierge* fled, and I demanded to see the Postmaster, was denied, but insisted, and the official became more and more rude and sardonic. Finally I was admitted, under protest, to the bureau of the sub-postmaster. I produced my money-order and demanded cash. The official was called in and explained matters to his own satisfaction. I had no papers, I could not identify myself, and I had brought to identify me a man whose papers were not in order and who could not identify himself. For aught he knew I might be the GERMAN EMPEROR.

I dislike being compared with the GERMAN EMPEROR even in peace times, and said so loudly. I banged the table of the sub-postmaster, talked about the rights of Englishmen, about the Union Jack, about our Army and Navy and about the British Constitution, while the postal official shrugged his shoulders, looked more sardonic than ever, and murmured that England would not fight and that men without papers always had loud voices. The sub-postmaster remained comparatively calm, but decided eventually that I was probably an impostor who had robbed myself—yes, that must have been what he meant, for he suggested that I might have stolen the money-order from the person named in the advice—and dismissed me abruptly.

Raging, I went to the British Embassy and demanded papers; also I demanded the blood of the postal official. A beautifully-groomed young gentleman listened patiently and smiled a tired smile. Then he proceeded gently to explain that he could not give me papers and could not identify me, as he had not the honour of my acquaintance. He mentioned incidentally that only in the event of war would the Embassy have to issue papers to British subjects, and advised me to go and see a banker.

I begged him not to have a war on my account, assured him I should be quite satisfied if he sent me the head of the postal official, and went to see a banker. He, good man, gave me money in exchange for a cheque, and I hurried back to England without cashing my money-order. Then came war, and—well, things happened.

But, as I have said, I am going back to Paris as soon as the War ends—and I am going to cash that money-order. I dream of the day when I shall walk into that post-office, and the official, after examining the money-order with suspicion, will demand my papers. Then will come my great moment.

I shall produce my National Registration Card, my Birth Certificate, my Army Discharge Certificate, my Pension Paper, my wife's Marriage Lines, my Sugar Ticket, my Meat and Margarine Cards, my Dog Licence, my Special Constable's Warrant, my War Savings Certificates Book, and my Passport with photograph attached. I shall remind the official that he once suggested I was an Allemand, and I shall be exceedingly rude to him. Ah! a delightful prospect. And I shall feel that the War has not been in vain, since it has provided me with identification papers and the opportunity of squaring accounts with a Paris postal official.

### BREATHLESS TALES.

(Told round the Dugout Brazier.)

There was once:—

1. A private who knew the name of the next village.
  2. An R.T.O. who put people in the right train.
  3. A French civilian who did not know the destination of the battalion before they did themselves.
  4. An A.S.C. merchant who never referred to the day the shell burst in his horse lines.
  5. A gunner who went short of material from lack of acquisitiveness.
  6. A subaltern who got married to a girl he knew.
- There was—once.

From a list of minimum requirements for new housing schemes:—

- "(1) The limitation of building densities to 12 houses per acre. . . .  
(6) That one room on the ground floor should be at least 180 feet square."—*Daily Paper*.

As No. 6 would require a building not much smaller than the Albert Hall No. 1 would appear to be superfluous.



## DISILLUSIONED.

UNCLE SAM (to Nationalist Leader). "SEE HERE, IF YOU MEAN TO DISGRACE IRELAND IN THE EYES OF ALL DECENT NATIONS, YOU GET NO MORE SYMPATHY FROM ME."



Hostess. "I THINK THE DEAR VICAR HAS THE FACE OF A MARTYR. DON'T YOU?"

Visitor. "INDEED HE HAS. AND WOULDN'T HE LOOK JUST SWEET BURNING AT THE STAKE?"

### TREE-TOP CITY.

THE Government's decision to allow only a small sum to be spent on any building operations during the War has made no difference to the activities of the black-coated fraternity whose new settlement is so close to me. House after house has been going up during the past fortnight, both with steadier progress than is customary and a greater amount of conversation among the workmen. In fact, during business hours they have never stopped talking at all, and I would give probably more for a dictionary of their tongue than would Mr. ASQUITH for a glossary by Mr. THOMAS of the terms used in Labour slang. Were a fairy to offer me a wishing cap for the compassing of minor impossibilities, I am not sure that the power to understand the language of birds—and rooks in particular—would not be my first request.

For the first time in the memory of local man the rooks are building in the cherries, a series of five or six venerable and lofty trees, close to the house, amid whose million blossoms they take on an even darker tinge of blackness, night upon night; and I have found them and their mysterious ways more than ever one of the most engaging spectacles of the Spring. But, watch them howsoever closely, I could not discover which were the builders and which the architects. All seemed equally to be workers. All seemed equally to be talkers. When, the other day, a quarrel began and one of the birds was for a while driven away I thought I had placed him; but on his return with a twig I knew myself mistaken. The mystery therefore remains.

This morning, however, looking again, more narrowly, through some field-glasses and seeing how rapidly and efficiently the buildings were proceeding, I have come to the conclusion that there can be no architect at all.

### THE DAPHNE BUSH.

ALL about the daphne bush the happy fairies went,  
And spread abroad their silken hair to catch its magic scent;  
They chanted little silver tunes, they danced the whole day  
long,

The rosy bush was ringed around with chains of coloured  
song.

They danced, they sang, they flung about their tiny fairy  
names,

Till swiftly over all the sky there ran the sunset flames;  
Then high into the glowing air they leapt with joyful shout,  
And with the ruddy shreds of mist they wrapped themselves  
about.

Into my quiet garden close they swiftly dropped again  
(The music of their merriment tinkled like falling rain);  
Laughing they swayed, while from their hair they shook  
the warm perfume,

Till all the place seemed filled with clouds of drifting daphne  
bloom.

R. F.

### "Prophets not without Honour. . ."

"For gallantry and distinguished conduct in the field the D.C.M. has been conferred on Sergt. C. H. Moses, R.E., Monmouth; and Sergt. T. W. Elias, R.E., Monmouth."—*Hereford Times*.

# STEADY

**T**HIS British characteristic is now called for and will be forthcoming. The righteousness of our cause will give to our brave fighters the spirit which is unconquerable. They will guarantee to us, and to all free peoples, a free world to live in.

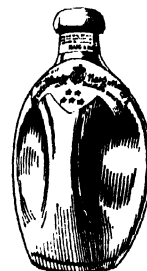
The Hun-beast has no title to such a pure incentive, and because of this he will be beaten.

We have no time, nor inclination, to talk about business, although this page was reserved for business purposes.

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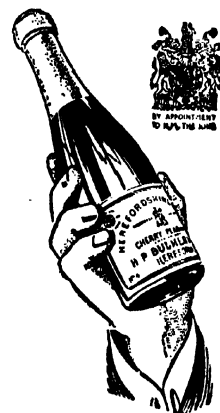
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## FIL VOLANT.

Bill Harkom has always been touchy regarding his physique. He is of the flag-pole build; has length and position (for he is Mess Secretary), but absolutely no breadth. We never see him in his entirety save out-of-doors. In a nissen-hut or a pillbox he has to fold up like a carpenter's pocket measure—a most inconvenient man with whom to share one of those battle Messes which consist of a sheet of corrugated iron and two sandbags. We have to indent for extra R.E. material simply to provide him with cover. During the winter we used to remind him about his legs, and ask if he wouldn't have them folded up and brought in out of the sleet.

From time to time we anxiously inquire if he is still in touch with his extremities, in view of the length of his lines of communication. No ordinary bed will contain him. Poor fellow, those soft, luxurious, canopied and feathered couches which occupy the greater part of the interior space in even the humblest French cottage are no use to him. He once tried to fit himself into one of them and go to sleep folded up, but this brought on such awful cramp that he had to shriek for his man to jerk his joints straight again.

The Major himself is often tempted to exercise upon him a pretty gift of badinage. I have heard him on a damp morning request his long-drawn subaltern to stand up and report if visibility was any better above the ground mist.

From his extreme youth up he has been persecuted about his length and his laziness. But doubtless the one is the result of the other. As his schoolmasters explained to him, the seat of his mental processes is so remote from his outlying members that he could never hope to impart to them anything like punctual activity.

He has been seen trying to run—an extraordinary spectacle. Despite a wide and reckless abandon in the movement of his individual and apparently independent limbs, the man, Bill Harkom, as a whole makes little progress.

Not long ago we went out to rest, and Harkom's man sent his master's underclothing to a little local laundry. The day when the clean things were returned, with the usual account, Harkom came to me with his distant face scarlet, like an angry planet. "Look at this," he shouted. "Nicknames from a French washerwoman. I'll sign a separate peace."

I glanced at the document thrust under my nose. It showed that Lieutenant Harkom owed the sum of



## HOW TO GET ON IN THE ARMY.

Newly-gazetted Sub. (to second in command of Battalion). "I SAY, MAJOR, OLD BEAN, WILL YOU JUST PUT THAT BELL IN AS YOU DRIFT PAST?"

six francs for the washing of—well, for washing. And at the foot of the paper were the words, "*Fil volant*." No wonder he was annoyed. It described him exactly. But lest he should lose his zeal for the *Entente* I begged him to let me see the now-washed raiment. There, on every item, I pointed out to him a little piece of cotton secured by a knot, the end flying free—a "*fil volant*." It cost me some pains to persuade him that this was simply the identification mark attached by the careful *blanchisseuse*, and not a personality.

But we have adopted it as such in the Mess, and to-day there is only one name to which Bill Harkom answers.

"Only on the terms of free choice can we have Irish compulsion."—*Daily News*. Our contemporary states the Irish case as one to the manner born.

Heading to an article on the supply of tonnage:—

"STEAL SHIPS."

*Evening Paper*.

But it was not in response to this suggestion that the Government commandeered the Dutch merchant-vessels.

"Mules in France used near the front undergo an operation which prevents them from braying and so disclosing their presence to the enemy."—*Daily Paper*.

Might not the operation be performed with profit upon asses in England—say at Westminster for a start?

## THE WARRIOR'S PEACE.

I MET James in the club. He was in the cosiest arm-chair, smoking a choice cigar. He beamed amiably upon me.

"Hello," I said, "what are you doing here? Scarcely seen you since before the War."

"Making preparations before joining up," grinned James. "Isn't this new Man-power Bill ripping? Just look at me. My two younger brothers got commissions at the start. They came to me and said, 'You're over age and rheumy. We're going. It's up to you to look after things for us. Now just let there be no nonsense about you're saying that you're under forty and joining up.'"

"Well, it seemed to be my duty to stay behind, so I promised. Heavens, what a war it has been for me! Of course I had to become a special. That was nothing much, only three nights out of bed, *plus* raid nights. Then there was George's business. He'd left it in the hands of an old cashier and some lady-clerks. They ran it splendidly, but they were all so conscientious that they wanted me down every morning to supervise it. Nor had they any scruples about bringing up what they called important problems to my house at night. That infernal office ate up my life.

"Then, again, my sisters-in-law are enormously patriotic. They're up to their eyes in hospital work. Who has had to take my nieces about? I, their do-nothing stay-at-home bachelor uncle. The plays I have sat through! the revues I have yawned through!

"And I promised to keep an eye on the education of William's boys. They interpret this as an obligation to do their home-work for them. When they get bad reports William doesn't blow them up; he blows me up. I've had to re-learn algebra, and I know more Latin now than when you and I were in the Shell together.

"And there's that allotment. Thank Heaven I shall never have to look at the disgusting spectacle of a sprouting potato again. No, I see before me a delicious peace; eight hours' regular sleep every night; no business; no theatres; no algebra; no sisters-in-law; no worry.

"I've resigned from the police. I've given that allotment to a neighbour and he takes me for a benefactor. I've signed my last cheque at the business; I've told my relations that I want a week to arrange my affairs. I'm just going to sit in the club and smoke for a week. My first leave since the show started. I've often wanted a good long chat with some of you fellows about the War."

"You'll get it," I said, "and it ought to provide you with another good reason for seeking the delicious peace of the Army."

James puffed away at his cigar occasionally.

"I say, old man," he said in a sudden panic, "you don't think that these fussy Tribunals would take any notice of appeals by a man's relations in case the man himself was willing to go?"

I reassured him.

## THE CAPTAIN'S TRAGEDY.

Captain Striker, R.F.A.,

Late the boldest of the bold

And the gayest of the gay,

Now is prematurely old.

Why has Captain Striker changed  
From the blade he used to be?

What disaster disarranged

His serene philosophy?

Where the limpid Zonnebeko

Dallies with the Flanders slime,

There he broods with pallid cheek

Over some strange grief or crime.

Yet his comrades all declare

(And the Captain says it's so)

That his past would well compare

With the lately-fallen snow.

What is then the awful thing

Keeps his heart within his boots,

Parches up his humour's spring,

Hourly gnaws his spirits' roots?

To some town behind the line

He had gone, it would appear,

Harmlessly to lunch or dine,

Or to rouse the Field Cashier.

As he strode, preoccupied

(Fresh from Flanders groys and drabs),

Fate decreed he should collide

With a being bright with tabs.

Startled by its stately air,

Shine of button, badgo and boot,

Striker gave it yards to spare

And his very best salute.

Even as he did it, lo

Horror seized him in its grip,

For it was an R.T.O.

Fitted with a single pip.

"Soldiers and Tailors in Uniform half-price to 2s. 4d. and 1s. 3d. seats."—*See'sman*.

And what about the Sailors and Tinkers? Is nothing to be done for them?

"Another inspired report appears in 'Jiji,' that the (Japanese) Government regards the situation as making for a special Diet."

*Daily Chronicle.*

Our Government came to that conclusion long ago.

## THE STANDARD SUIT.

## SOME SUGGESTIONS.

It is reported that the Government's standard suits for men's wear will soon be available. In the hope that it may not be too late for cutters and tailors to embody them in the finished article the following suggestions are offered:—

*Cut.*—All standard suits should be cut under the customer's present measurements, and those that are supplied ready-made should be cut under the normal stock sizes. In any case some device should be provided for taking in a reef.

The waist-line should be well defined in order to absolve stout customers from any suspicion of food-hogging; but, on the other hand, it should not be too accentuated in the case of men under the age of fifty-one.

The trouser legs should have a permanent turn-up to act as a crumb-collector in restaurants.

In view of the laundry difficulty the waistcoat opening should be cut high.

*Pockets.*—The standard suit should have no fewer than nineteen pockets. In addition to the present ten pockets used for general utility, special pockets should be provided for meat cards, bacon cards, sugar rations, national registration cards, travel permits, call-up notices, gas and electric light meter diaries, electric torches, the new skolo-ton *Bradshaw* and other *vade mecum*s.

*Accessories.*—A duplicate attachable lapel for flag-days.

A match-striker, coated with tri-nitro-toluol, should be attached to the firmest fitting part of the standard suit for use in dealing with the present breed of matches.

A steel-hook with telescopic action should be fitted in one of the sleeves, thus leaving both arms of the wearer free in public conveyances.

In view of the paper-bag shortage householders would welcome the insertion under the jacket of a washable hold-all.

Finally it is desirable to provide an inclusive sandbag attachment, camouflaged with protective stripes and spots, for evening wear.

Attention to these little refinements would help vastly to popularise the standard suits.

## The Patent-Medicine Habit.

## Extract from a testimonial:—

"After being free from Rheumatic Fever over 30 years . . . I commenced taking your pills."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Wanted, small well-made Luggage Cat." *Surrey Advertiser.*

One accustomed, we presume, to carry her own kit.



JIM BATEMAN. 1918.

THE POLITICIAN WHO ADDRESSED THE TROOPS.



### OUR MAIDENHEAD BOMB-DODGERS.

*Indignant Alien.* "HERE'S A NICE TRICK TO PLAY! TEN GUINEAS A WEEK FOR TWO ROOMS IN THIS MISERABLE HOLE HAF I ALL THROUGH THIS LAST MOON PAID—A BEAUTIFUL MOON, MARK YOU, AND NOT VON AIR-RAID ON LONDON—THE DIRTY HUNS!"

### THE GREEN ESTAMINET.

THE old men sit by the chimney-piece and drink the good red wine  
And tell great tales of the *Soixante-Dix* to the men from the English line,  
And Madame sits in her old arm-chair and sighs to herself all day—

*So Madeleine serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.*

For Madame wishes the War was won and speaks of a strange disease,  
And Pierre is somewhere about Verdun, and Albert on the seas;

*Le Patron, 'e is soldat too, but long time prisonnier—*

*So Madeleine serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.*

She creeps downstairs when the black dawn scowls and helps at a neighbour's plough,

She rakes the midden and feeds the fowls and milks the lonely cow,

She mends the holes in the Padre's clothes and keeps his billet gay—

*And she also serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.*

The smoke grows thick and the wine flows free and the great round songs begin,

And Madeleine sings in her heart, maybe, and welcomes the whole world in;

But I know that life is a hard, hard thing and I know that her lips look gray,

*Though she smiles as she serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.*

But many a tired young English lad has learned his lesson there,

To smile and sing when the world looks bad, "for, *Monsieur, c'est la guerre,*"

Has drunk her honour and made his vow to fight in the same good way

*That Madeleine serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.*

A big shell came on a windy night, and half of the old house went,

But half of the old house stands upright, and Mademoiselle's content;

The shells still fall in the Square sometimes, but Madeleine means to stay,

*So Madeleine serves the soldiers still in the Green Estaminet.*

A. P. H.

"KAISER INSPECTS HIS GIANT GUN.

IT BURSTS TWO DAYS AFTERWARDS."

*Daily Chronicle.*

With pride, of course.



### THE COMING ARMY.

FATHER. "HERE'S TO THE FIGHTER OF LUCKY EIGHTEEN!"

SON. "AND HERE'S TO THE SOLDIER OF FIFTY!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FORWARD THE BHOYS OF THE OULD BRIGADE!  
DON QUIXOTE O'BRIEN AND SANCHO PANZA DEVLIN ON THE WAR-PATH.

*Tuesday, April 9th.*—Parliament resumed business after the Easter Recess. Some people apparently think it should have been summoned earlier, in view of the situation on the Western Front. After to-day's proceedings others may possibly regret that it was necessary to summon it at all. The House of Commons began by giving a Second Reading to a Drainage Bill and ended by finding itself in an Irish bog.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S account of the recent offensive on the Somme was given, perhaps deliberately, in very gloomy tones, and listened to in almost stony silence. The success of the German attack was attributed, first, to the enemy possessing the initiative, and, secondly, to the weather. Even the Wizard from Wales cannot control the weather; but Members found it a little difficult to understand why, if even at the beginning of March the Allies were equal in numbers to the enemy on the West, and if, thanks to the foresight of the Versailles Council, they knew in advance the strength and direction of the impending blow, they ever allowed the initiative to pass to the Germans. Surely they cannot have forgotten that homely adage—

"Twice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,  
But three times he who gets his blow in just."

Whatever we may think of Mr. LLOYD

GEORGE'S qualifications as a military strategist his eminence as a Parliamentary tactician has never been disputed. I assume, therefore, that his method of handling Irish conscription was more astute than it appeared at first sight. The powder of compulsory service is to be followed by, and not wrapped up in, the jam of Home Rule. Sir EDWARD CARSON described this proposal as "camouflage," though that much-tried substantive seemed singularly inappropriate; and his Nationalist fellow-countrymen, with a unanimity which would have pleased Mr. GINNELL (now languishing in gaol again), refused to look at the jam and declined to smell the powder. The War might be a just war, and Ireland's freedom be at stake as much as Belgium's, but never would they allow the young men of Ireland to fight at the orders of any but an Irish Parliament. Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN described the Bill as "a declaration of war upon Ireland," and Mr. DEVLIN, not to be outdone, said his beloved country would never allow such a *stamina* to be inflicted upon her brow.

Nevertheless leave to bring in the Bill was accorded on a division by 299 to 80.

At Question-time the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER informed Mr. ROWLANDS that the early-closing order for

theatres and music-halls would not affect the House of Commons. Contrary to the popular impression it is not regarded as a place of entertainment within the meaning of the regulation.

Commander BELLAIRS has shaved off his moustache. Now that the Admiralty, thanks to his pertinacity, has decided to promote officers by merit instead of seniority, he desires to be ready for any emergency.

*Wednesday, April 10th.*—Mr. BYRNE furnished a good illustration of the charming inconsistency of his delightful country. At Question-time he was urging upon the War Office the necessity of according to its Irish employés exactly the same privileges and pay as were given to their British *confrères*. A few minutes later, when Sir GEORGE CAVE was commending the Bill, which *inter alia* extends to Irishmen the privilege of joining in the fight for freedom, Mr. BYRNE protested so loudly and frequently that the SPEAKER had to warn him that he was destroying his chances of catching his eye.

I suppose the HOME SECRETARY was entrusted with the conduct of the Bill because of his experience in handling Conscientious Objectors. He declined to take the Nationalist threats over-seriously. No doubt conscription in Ireland would encounter organised resistance, but the resistance would be





*Jack (studying hospital autograph-book). "It's a VERRA FINE NOTION, THIS BOOK—A BODY SIG'NIN' THEIR NAME AND MAKIN' A SUITABLE REMARK AFORE THEY LEAVE THE HOSPITAL. LISTEN TO THIS: 'OH, WUMMAN, IN OUR HOOKS O' EASE, UNCERTAIN COMPANY AN' HARRD TO PLEASE.' VERRA TRUE. AFORE THE WARR I WIS KEEPING COMPANY WI' A LASSIE," ETC., ETC.*

overcome; and if ten or even five divisions of Ireland's fighting men could be secured the Bill was worth while.

Sir DONALD MACLEAN entered a protest against the proposal to take men up to fifty. These elderly persons would flood the hospitals and swell the pension lists, but provide hardly any serviceable recruits. His argument might be epitomized as "the higher you go the fewer."

Some chilly criticisms from Mr. ASQUITH included one gleam of humour. He questioned the policy of embracing Ireland in the Bill unless you could get "general consent." Half-a-dozen speeches from the Nationalist benches of varying merit but unvarying hostility supplied the answer. Mr. DILLON, however, carried the House with him when he declared that if conscription was right now it ought to have been applied to Ireland long ago. Unionists were particularly vociferous in their cheers.

Shaken a little by the ex-PREMIER's hypothetical doubts the House was restored to its balance by a vigorous speech from Mr. BONAR LAW, who said quite plainly that if Ireland was not to be called upon to help in this time of stress there would be an end of Home Rule, and that if the House would not sanction Irish conscription it would have to get another Government.

The Nationalists challenged no fewer

than four divisions, but, though they received the doubtful help of the Pacifists and the Young Scots party, and though Mr. ASQUITH and most of his colleagues declined to vote at all, they were beaten by three to one majorities every time.

*Thursday, April 11th.*—Mr. FIELD is another Member who declines to let his hostility to the British Government interfere with his endeavours to get something out of it. His complaint that, owing to the action of the Department of Agriculture, there was a shortage of Irish bulls (the four-legged variety) met with discreet but sympathetic treatment from the CHIEF SECRETARY, who, after a glance at the Ladies' Gallery, promised to include the answer on this evidently delicate question in the Official Report.

There had been some anxiety among the Pacifists and Young Scots as to the answer that would be given to Mr. JOHN HOPKINS's request for an assurance "that all Members of this House of military age and medically fit will be called upon to serve in the same manner as the public"; and they were not a little comforted when Mr. BECK said that it had already been officially laid down that attendance in Parliament might be considered "work of national importance."

The discussion on the Military Service Bill revealed a good many doubts

in all quarters of the House as to the wisdom of raising the age to fifty. But the Government stuck to their point, though Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES declared that for the present not more than seven per cent. of the men affected would be removed from civil life.

On the adjournment Mr. BONAR LAW explained the position of General FOCH. He is not a Generalissimo, but is merely exercising the powers of a General-in-Chief. This appeared to satisfy everybody but Mr. HOGUE, who does not appreciate, I am afraid, these nice distinctions.

#### Patres Conscripti.

From the PRIME MINISTER's speech on the Military Service Bill:—

"We have decided that it is unjust that you should ask old and married men with families of 35 or 40 and perhaps 50, in England, Scotland, and Wales, to go and fight, while young men in Ireland are under no obligation to take up arms." *Eastern Evening News.*

If Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is correct about the number of their children, these British fathers certainly seem to have done their bit already.

"It is expected by the clothing trade that standard suits will follow closely on the heel of standard boots."—*Evening Standard.*

Fastidious wearers who do not wish to look like Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN can avoid this by turning up their trousers.



## AT THE PLAY.

## 'BELINDA.'

It was nineteen years since *John* and *Belinda Tremayne* had separated on the ground of incompatibility of tastes in the matter of hair. She had taken a dislike to his beard; he to her coiffure. Having heard nothing of him in the interval she had got into the habit of regarding herself as a widow. Frisky with all those years out at grass, it was an embarrassing moment for her when her daughter, *Delia*, suddenly arrived home from her school in Paris. For *Belinda* was loved by a statistician (*Baxter*) and a stage-poet (*Devenish*), who were unaware of the daughter's existence, and the statistician, being accustomed to the study of figures, would be almost certain to regard the daughter as evidence of the mother's maturity. So she arranged that *Delia* should become her niece (tempy), under the name of *Robinson*, the first that occurred to her quick mind.

Urged by her two suitors in her presence and in that of one another (like the witnesses to a last will and testament) to decide between their respective claims to her hand, she puts them off by setting them a quest. Her niece, she tells them, has mislaid her father, and she (*Belinda*) will undertake to marry the man who first retrieves him. How may he be recognised by a mole on his forearm. The quest is admirably chosen, since by its very attainment the successful knight must sacrifice all hope of reward.

Scarcely have they mounted their chargers to set forth on the trail of the family *Robinson* when a stranger appears in *Belinda's* garden. He is, of course, her missing husband; but recognition is on his side only, and when asked for his name he says "*Robinson*," the first that occurs to his quick mind.

The Second Act shows us the knight-hood on the quest, waylaying all who bear the rather popular name of *Robinson*, and demanding, with many unfortunate results, to see their forearms. Our *soi-disant* *Robinson* reappears, and the conversation chances to turn upon lions. He confesses to having once strangled the king of beasts, and, baring his arm to show the marks of the brute's annoyance, he reveals a mole.

It is the stage-poet who has attained; but, having meanwhile transferred his affections to *Delia*, he puts his rival in the way of forestalling him.

In the Third Act the statistician is in turn displaced by the old husband, and *Belinda* is re-united to her *Enoch Arden*, whom she mixes up with *Eugene Aram*, being uncertain about everything except the initials "E. A." A rather attractive little plot.

At its best the play was very good, but there was a moment in the First Act when it hung fire, and was only saved by a clever recovery just as we were looking for the curtain to come down. The fun of the Third Act, too, was rather attenuated, and will no doubt be pulled together.

The charming thing about Mr. MILNE's dialogue is that its humour

(except perhaps Mr. W. B. YEATS). He may say that he is ridiculing convention; but is not his ridicule itself conventional? Anyhow, I found his poet, in the person of Mr. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY, rather irritating.

I hope that Mr. MILNE will always write for Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, for nobody could be in closer sympathy with the lightness of his touch; his pleasant habit of understatement is admirably reflected in her quiet undertones—indeed, in my seat adjacent to the Pit, I missed a good deal of the entertainment. I hope, too, that he will often have his humour interpreted by Mr. DION BOUCICAULT, who did so well by him in *Wurzel - Flummery*, and again does good service in the less distinguished part of the statistician, *Baxter*.

As the daughter, Miss ISOBEL ELSOM was excellent in the scenes with her Mummy, but was unfortunate in having to be paired off with the poet. In the part of *John Tremayne* Mr. BEN WEBSTER offered a sufficiently solid contrast to the prevailing levity. It was not quite clear, unless there had been a change of coiffure on her part, why *Tremayne* should want to return to his discarded mate; but I dare say that, when you have had nothing but the society of lions for nineteen years, even an old wife has her attractions.

*Belinda* was preceded by *Monica's Blue Boy*, a nice little wordless idyll by Sir ARTHUR PINERO and Sir FREDERIC COWEN. It had nothing to do with MASTERLINCK's *Blue Bird*, but was concerned with a war-time Cinderella and a wounded soldier for her Prince.

It "featured" Miss MARY GLYNNE, Mr. ERIC LEWIS and Mr. MARTIN LEWIS. I say "featured" because Sir ARTHUR had, most unhappily, to call in the aid of a cinema trick to explain to us that the obscure Private was actually *Sir Lancelot Lovejoy, Bart.*, the sort of information that is always difficult to convey without words. O. S.

## "TOO MUCH MONEY."

Mr. ZANGWILL's farce might have been called *Three Women*: to wit, *Annabel Broadley*, sleepily sleek, exotic, unaccountably cold, compleat poseuse and Parsifalistic, extravagant patroness of Futurist painters, decorators and dressmakers, in thrall to nerves and her lapdog, *Isolde*; *Annabel* in squalid Poplar lodgings (her millionaire husband has feigned bankruptcy of a tho-



THE ATTAINMENT OF THE "ROBINSON" QUEST.

Order at the Finish: (1) Devenish; (2) Baxter.

*John Tremayne* (alias "*Robinson*") . . . . . Mr. BEN WEBSTER.  
*Harold Baxter* . . . . . Mr. DION BOUCICAULT.  
*Claude Devenish* . . . . . Mr. NEILSON-TERRY.

follows naturally upon what goes before, and never suggests lucubration. "I thought you were coming *next Thursday*, not *this Thursday*," says *Belinda* to her daughter; "so confusing having them both called *Thursday*."

The author was a critic and parodist of plays before he ever made any himself; and one can trace in him a tendency, as a playwright, to burlesque the methods of his new medium. How far does this tendency go? and at what point does it merge into that other tendency of all parodists to become conventional when they themselves attempt to exploit the art which they are in the habit of burlesquing?

I am thinking in particular of his poet, looking and gesticulating and talking as no poet ever did on land or sea outside the limits of stage-conven-

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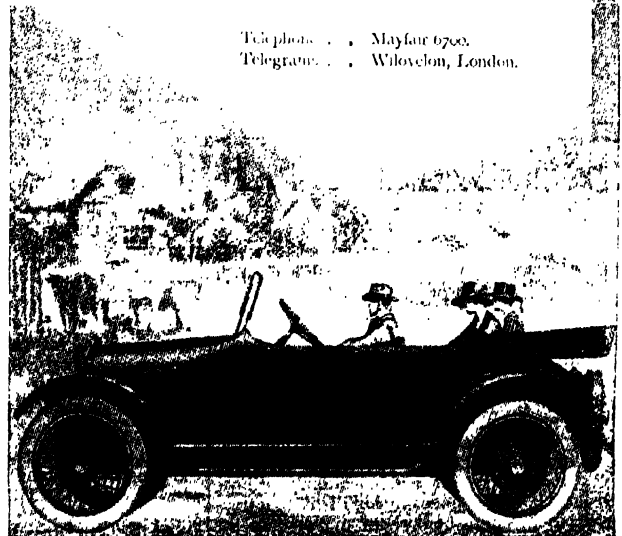
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Yours truly (signed), — R.N.A.S.

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*Gentleman Farmer.* "I'VE GOT RATHER A LOT OF MEAT AT HOME. I THOUGHT I'D BETTER REPORT IT--A WHOLE SHEEP, IN FACT. YOU SEE, I KILL MY OWN SHEEP."

*Clerk to Local Food Control.* "BUT THAT WON'T DO. I SHALL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS. YOU MUSTN'T KILL A WHOLE SHEEP ALL AT ONCE."

rough type not known to real life in order to wean *Annabel* from her fads), sprightly, amorous cook and washer-woman, miser and gloriously incompetent housewife; and *Annabel*, back in Mayfair, a "first-flight financier," bulling and bearing with the best, promoting irrigation schemes in Mesopotamia, unloading her villainous Cubist diagrams on to ingenious American millionaires at a perfectly scandalous rate of profit, fully reconciled to her wealth and her rather fatuous lord. None of these three is by any conceivable stretch of imagination in the least related to the other two; but one can take no serious exception to that in an exercise in the farcical-bizarre. Why then a certain stiff-jointedness in the affair?

I suspect Mr. ZANGWILL'S trouble to be that he is fundamentally much too serious a person for a farce-maker. He has, of course, a pretty wit; can at a push put over a good joke of the broader sort; does not disdain the help of the nether portion of a pyjama suit to raise the easy laugh; can contrive quite adroit knockabout business and so entirely satisfactory a curtain as *Annabel*'s despairing cry of "Isolde! Isolde!" for his First Act. But here and there an idea will come sticking out and tripping up the show, and the pace of farce ought to be so furious as

to leave no time for fatal reflective pauses--or for thoughts to slip away to France, by example.

Or was Miss McCARTHY (*Annabel*) a little laboured, over-conscientious and self-conscious for this essentially irresponsible art? Or *Broadley* (Mr. MARSH ALLEN) too seriously and mournfully in love? Or was it that the decoration



MODE FINANCIÈRE.

ANNABEL BROADLEY (MISS LILLIAN MCCARTHY) TAKES TO BUSINESS.

of the Mayfair drawing-room by the Omega workshop might have been (and should have been) worse? (And, oh! Mr. ROGER FRY, anyway, what a flippant betrayal of a cause reputedly sacred to you!) I don't know. I will merely offer thanks for some moments snatched from the obsession of War, and in particular for the Dundee fishmonger Baronet (excellently played and accented by Mr. MORAND), which was in the best vein of authentic farce. Miss MARY BROUGH had opportunity for her nice broad method in the part of a blowsy flame-tinted landlady; and Mr. ERNEST HENDRIE made you realise that he might easily have painted the picture variously entitled *A Pauper's Funeral*, *The Bank of England* and *Chrysanthemums at Cromer*. I regret to say that little *Isolde*, the juvenile lead, missed her cue badly and yapped what she had to yap several minutes too late. T.

#### Scant Cheer.

"Would you grant me space to ask the York Food Control Committee how they expect a man to work on 1oz. of cheers and 10ozs. of meat per week?"

*Letter in Yorkshire Paper.*

"Toys for sale; owner going into Army."  
*Edinburgh Evening News.*

Can this be our old friend (and joke) the Infantry?

## NEW MEN AND OLD STUDIES.

[A volume has recently appeared under the title of *The Value of the Classics*, in which "three hundred competent observers, representing the leading interests of modern life" in America and including three living Presidents of the United States, WILSON, TAFT and ROOSEVELT, testify their conviction that classical studies are of essential value in the best type of liberal education.]

O YE Humanists half-hearted, now reluctantly resigned  
To concede the claim of science to control the youthful  
mind,

Once again cry *Sursum corda*—reinforcement comes at last  
From an unexpected quarter in a wondrous counterblast.

If there is a modern country which offete tradition hates,  
Surely 'tis the Great Republic known as the United States,  
Home of hustlers and of boosters, home of energy and  
"vim,"

Filled with innovating notions bubbling over at the brim.

Nowhere else can we discover, though we closely scan the  
map,

Such a readiness in scrapping anything there is to scrap;  
Yot the pick of her progressives boldly swarm into the lists  
As the most unflinching champions of the harried Human-  
ists.

WILSON, TAFT and TEDDY ROOSEVELT figure in the foremost  
flight,

Followed by three hundred chosen men of leading and of  
light—

Men of great and proved achievement in diversified careers,  
Statesmen, lawyers, doctors, bankers, railwaymen and en-  
gineers.

Dons of course may be discounted, also College Presidents,  
But the most impressive statements come from scientific  
gents,

Who admit that education on a humanistic base

Gives their students vast advantage in the specializing race.

Botany relies on Latin ever since LINNÆUS' days;

Biologic nomenclature draws on Greek in countless ways;

While in medicine it is obvious you can never take your  
oath

What an ailment means exactly if you haven't studied both.

Hheads of business corporations, magnates in the world of  
trade,

'Neath the banner of the Classics formidably stand arrayed,

Holding with a firm conviction that their faithful study  
brings

Knowledge of the art of handling men and regulating things.

Courage, ye depressed upholders of the old curriculum,

Quit your mood apologetic, bang the loud scholastic drum,

For the verdict of the Yankees queers the scientific pitch

When the Humanists were struggling in their last defensive  
ditch.

Honour, then, the brave Three Hundred who, like those  
renowned of yore,

Strive to guard from rude barbarians Hellas and her  
precious lore;

And let all of us determine firmly never to forget

Βλῶσκα, ἐμολον, μέμλωκα, πῖγελ, πῦλετ, ποενίτετ.

"There is a very interesting symposium of American manufacturers on the prohibition question going on in the Baltimore 'Manufacturers' Record.' They nearly all vote 'dry,' most of them with great energy."—*Daily News*.

The first set of "symposiasts" of whom such a self-denying ordinance has been recorded.

## MARMADUKE AND MILLICENT.

I OUGHT first perhaps to explain that the arrival of Millicent took us all by surprise. We supposed that we were to welcome Marmaduke and Maximilian, but it appeared that at the last moment Maximilian developed so strong a dislike to shifting his headquarters that Millicent was substituted for him. It was obviously much better—at least according to Peggy—that we should enlarge our family circle by the addition of a boy and a girl, thus securing a proper balance between the sexes. Only the gardenor seemed to be seriously affected by the change that had taken place. He was for sending Millicent back at once. Millicent, however, had so far ingratiated herself with the family at sight that by unanimous vote she was retained on the strength of the establishment. We all felt that it was impossible to allow a lady with so much native charm to go out of the family. Maximilian might be all that the gardenor's fancy painted him, but Millicent was on the spot, and there, more or less, she remained.

We welcomed them in full force on their arrival. They had been conveyed to the pleasure in which they were to disport themselves in a handcart and a suit of dittos made of strong light-brown sacking. That is to say, each of them had a suit of that kind, in which their limbs, the delicate limbs of Marmaduke and Millicent, were so rigorously constricted and concealed that the newcomers made no sound either of protest or of greeting. They were soon debarrassed of their garb, and one after another slid and scrambled lightly to the ground amidst the hearty cheers of the spectators. As soon as they felt the earth under their feet they leapt away and continued their course until they had put as much space as was possible between them selves and us. It was very noticeable how, even under these distressing circumstances, Millicent maintained the gentleness and Marmaduke the impetuous roughness of their respective sexes. Both seemed to declare that friendly relations between us were impossible until the indignity of their conveyance and clothing had been duly apologised for. They might be black, but that colour was honourable to them as marking their proud descent from a line of funereal ancestors. Until explanations had been given they were bound to maintain social distinctions and to remain as far as possible from the rudeness of our scrutiny.

At this point John, who had been engaged in a flanking movement under cover of some bushes, shouted out to us that Marmaduke had a ring in his nose and Millicent had no kink in her tail. The ring was joyfully welcomed, as giving us a firm status in the ranks of those who keep the aristocrats of the grunting world for profit or for sustenance. The absence of a kink from Millicent's tail was observed with regret, but it was felt that we must not expect everything, and it was probable that the lady had qualities of heart which would amply atone for this minor deficiency. Possibly too a kink might develop later on, when she had become more accustomed to her surroundings. To be tied up as she had been in a tight and blinding sack was enough to make any tail limp and kinkless.

Thus we have become members of the pig-keeping fraternity, and two middle-sized grunters are ranging at large through an enclosed park destined for their kind. In view of what is bound to happen later it would be as well not to become too fondly attached to Marmaduke and Millicent. But at present our guests are new to us, and it has become the fashion to organise parties for visiting them in their retreat. Some day there will be bacon for breakfast or ham for luncheon, and Marmaduke and Millicent will have done their bit, not, I fear, without a protest. Meanwhile, lacking prescience, they are perfectly contented with their lot.



Canny Customer (buying leg of rabbit). "DON'T FORGET TO TAKE OUT THE SHOT BEFORE WEIGHING IT."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SWINBURNE books continue, the latest of them being *The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne* (MURRAY). In reference to this you may recall a recent correspondence in *The Observer* between Mr. EDMUND GOSSE—whom one might call the classic biographer of the poet—and Mr. ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT, who is responsible, with the late Mr. THOMAS HAKE, for the present volume. Of the merits of this controversy it is not for me to speak. When doctors disagree the ordinary man must hold his peace and take what is given him. Comprehensively, you will find the latest editors concerned for the defence of Mr. WATTS DUNTON and what Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER perhaps rather rashly called "that terrible ménage" of *The Pines at Putney*. With this view much of the book inevitably takes on an air of special pleading, not, I daresay, without value. For the rest, however, though the collection embraces many letters of critical interest (notably several written in early days to ROSSETTI, and a number to his "friend of friends"), one must add that it contains also much that can only be welcomed by the indiscriminating snappers-up of trifles. Of the former kind there is an oddly topical instance in SWINBURNE's abandonment of a proposed dedication to KARR BLIND on the ground that the latter had "publicly approved the violation, by BISMARCK and his Master, of Alsace-Lorraine." And throughout you will be struck, as always on a more intimate knowledge of the poet's personality, with evidence of that admirable humour which is precisely the last quality with which uninformed opinion has credited him. A book, in short, of which Swinburnians will gladly read all and remember much.

Mr. ROBERT WILTON, the author of *Russia's Agony* (ARNOLD), was the correspondent of *The Times* at Petrograd, and during the past fourteen years has been an eye-witness of events in Russia. His literary style, if not pedantic, is sometimes benevolently pedagogic, as if he were anxious not to overtax our brains. The important point, however, is that he puts the causes of Russia's present collapse clearly before us. He shows that, when the War was thrust upon her, she was rotten at the core because there was no "organic bond of union between ruler and people." It is obvious to anyone who studies her condition that what we were pleased to call "the Steam-roller" was likely to suffer at any moment from internal convulsions. Very clearly Mr. WILTON relates both the events leading up to the Revolution, and the reasons why the Revolution was followed by anarchy. Rasputinism has much to answer for, and the terrible lack of organisation which discouraged the peasant-soldiers added to the feeling of desperation. And amid all this intrigue and chaos LENIN, whose real name is VLADIMIR ULIANOV, was preparing and biding his time. After the Revolution his work was comparatively easy, for of all the windbags who ever achieved power KERENSKY seems to have been the most fully inflated. It is a tragic tale of wasted opportunities; but the more we learn of Russia the less our disappointment will be tinged with bitterness. She is a child in the process of growing up, and like most children she has started out to do one thing, has stopped on the way to do another, and has made a sad mess of both. But unlike most children she has suffered incessantly from repression and cruelty. In this hour of her greatest need we have to remember that Russia was our gallant ally through most critical days, and that now it is for us to show our chivalry and—if she will give



us the chance—to help her to help herself. Mr. WILTON's picture of the almost incredible bravery of loyal Russians gives me a real hope that the next chapter in this story may see the country purging herself from corruption and rising above the calamities which traitors, both within and without, have brought upon her.

Under the title, *Paris Through an Attic* (DENT), Mrs. A. HERBAGE EDWARDS has written what might be described as a little epic of contented poverty, or, if not exactly poverty, the restricted means with which young people often have to begin life, but enjoy their "golden slumbers" none the less. Having courageously decided to take each other—the husband a youthful philologist with an eye to distinction at the Sorbonne, and the wife a manager of almost uncanny aptitude—for better or for worse, they dashed off to the Boule. Mich. direct from church, and there, with infinite good humour, set up "cubby-hole" house-keeping, furnishing and maintaining this *mansarde* abode on an incredibly minute expenditure and having all the fun of the fair as well. Their budget, given here in full, is a document which should prove as useful to other sensible young couples as the record of the Parisian sojourn is stimulating and entertaining to the general reader. But what one wants to know now, when (as I assume) wealth or comparative wealth has come to the learned Docteur de l'Université de Paris, is this: Are he and his brave ally any happier, or do they, like one *Ellie* and his *Cousin Bridget*, look back upon those careful days and nights with wistful regret?

Of course you will expect from *A Poet's Pilgrimage* (MELROSE), by W. H. DAVIES, even if it be no more than the diary of his walking tour through South Wales and some Southern English counties, the revelation of an interesting and unusual personality, some whimsical points of view, and that naive simplicity and directness which made his former diary so entertaining. And you will not be disappointed. But I am enough of a Philistine to be frankly bored by entries like the following: "When I reached the Three Blackbirds at Llantarnum, I had my first glass of beer of the day and enjoyed it very much. It was a good brew, mild and yet satisfying, frothy and yet without gas. I would most certainly have had a second glass if any company had been present. But as I was the only customer it was not long before I left." And I wish I could say that such passages were rare. Details of this kind are for the lovers of small beer of a future generation to dig out of the forgotten notebooks of their literary protégés, but are scarce matter for contemporary history. Even tramp poets ought to keep a sense of proportion. But I hasten to add that I enjoyed the most of it quite unreservedly, and can advise the reader to make acquaintance with this kindly simple soul if he has not already done so. He will share my perpetual wonder as to where the poet stowed away all the pennies that he gave to the children and his fellow-travellers.

Mr. H. W. WESTBROOK, one of many journalists who has

done gallant work in the New Army, has collected a number of fugitive short stories into a small volume with the ingenuous title of *Back Numbers* (SIMPKIN). Because the experiment was a bold one, and because I like short stories, I wish I could give these a more whole-hearted welcome. The fact is, however, that I find Mr. WESTBROOK's manner considerably better than his matter; he is essentially one of those raconteurs who can tell a tale for all it is worth—and a good deal more. Thus, while his dialogue is crisp and his personal asides often expressed with the happiest humour, the argument of his stories is generally so involved and unhuman as hardly to escape a charge of silliness. Several of the episodes, and these the best, are concerned with theatrical or cinematograph affairs. "The Circuit," for example, which I prefer to anything else in the volume, is a well-observed little study of a music-hall singer. But I must return to my verdict that most of these "fugitives" display no very urgent reason for their recall. But let not Mr. WESTBROOK be discouraged. He has already a pleasant

style and an invaluable gift of making the commonplace sound almost amusing. With these advantages and a better equipment of material he should contrive a work of real humour that I look forward to reading.

In *Some War Impressions* (SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON) modern journalism is seen in its best form and serving its most useful purpose. To collect the copy for his little brochure, Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL clearly went forth, a Press-reporter undisguised, with his notebook in his hand and his eyes and ears wide open. He toured the Munition Factories, he went to sea, and he walked over the battlefields of Flanders; and at the end of the day he recorded what he had seen and how it had made him feel,



THE PAPER SHORTAGE. PUBLISHERS WAITING FOR THE PULP-SHIP.

By our Special Artist on the Home Front.

and published it all in the English and American Press, that so the peoples of these two great nations might realise the facts of the War and for ever cease from quarrels amongst themselves. The whole series of impressions is now collected in a paper cover and makes a hundred-and-eighteen pages, which you will read at a sitting and not forget in a lifetime, if you are one of those who speak English and love liberty. You may think at moments that the eloquence becomes a little over-elloquent, even artificial, and that the facts are blurred rather than emphasised thereby; but you will remember that Mr. FARNOL wrote at a time when the Anglo-Saxon affections seemed to be in want of the nourishment of propaganda and when the main issues and the deciding factors were not so clear as they are to-day.

"Gardener Wanted.—Married Man (chiefly under glass)."

*Northern Whig.*

So that his wife may keep an eye upon him?

"Carry on until the war is won. If this can be done without the active assistance of the men who have become hardened to the soft civilian life, so much the better."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

We should like to know what the men who have become softened to the hard martial life think about this sentiment.



## CHARIVARIA.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask the name of the discoverer of Ireland. Surely it is rather late in the day to try to fix the blame for this.

A New York business man has just been rejected by the United States Army because he has very short legs. We understand that they are so short that they only just reach the ground.

On inquiry about the alien who was found on the top of a railway engine at Euston we learn that he got up there to avoid the crush.

All the University seats, it is announced, will be contested by Labour Candidates at the General Election. Some of them, we understand, have already arranged for a couple of days off to pick up a dead language or two.

Further investigation has been made into the story of the match-box seen in the Strand last week, and the latest evidence points to the fact that it was empty.

"During the Indian conspiracy trial in San Francisco," says a message, "Ram Singh shot another Hindu prisoner and was in turn shot by an American officer." The failure of learned counsel for the defence to pop a *nolle prosequi* into the U.S. marshal was solely due, it appears, to the instantaneous production of the Court's gun.

The Emperor of AUSTRIA, it is stated, has deported his wife's mother as the result of the peace-lover affair. Monarchy is not without its privileges.

It is expected that the Government will shortly be given an opportunity of purchasing Covent Garden Market for one million pounds. In that case it is possible that the place may be taken as the nucleus of an annexe for a Government Department.

Greater strictness is now observed about the prohibition of weather reports, and the public has to fall back on its own observations as to what sort of weather we are having.

After stealing a motor cycle and a side-car from King's Cross Station, an ex-police-constable complained of its dirty appearance, and stood by while a railway porter cleaned it. This sup-

ports our contention that coolness combined with a certain amount of *abandon* is necessary for success in any business.

A French scientist predicts that, owing to the advance of science in food manufacture, there will be no need to cultivate the land in the year 3000. Allotment holders are said to be now very chary of breaking up new ground.

An essayist having suggested that no man can become an efficient Member of Parliament until he has had twelve months' experience, it is rumoured that an Irish M.P. is to ask the Government

complaining that the change will mean a complete readjustment of their price.

It is evidently untrue to say that the Germans have no sense of justice. A Berlin merchant who was wrongfully executed for murder has been granted a free pardon.

According to *Die Politische Anthropologische Monatsschrift* there is a shortage of husbands in Germany. The leading anthropologists attribute this deficiency to the War.

Cigarette queues are reported from various parts of the country. There is a suggestion that the use of tobacco in this industry should be further diluted.

Ashanti, it seems, has a system of food control. Missionary, it is understood, can only be purchased with the fourth coupon.

"It is not the intention to appoint an Ambassador to Russia," says Mr. BALFOUR. There is talk, however, of sending out an exploration party to find out just where Russia has got to.

Butter and margarine are being washed ashore near Scarborough. A nominal charge of one coupon is to be fixed by the Municipality for the use of its bathing machines.

Railway travelling is likely to be restricted to people engaged on *bona fide* business, and many aliens are now walking about trying to make a noise like commercial travellers.

## An Infant Prodigy.

"Wanted Mother's Help (gentlewoman by birth), age between 18 and 21, to take charge of little boy of 19 months and help with girl of 7 months who has a darty governess."—*Church Times*.

"Examining about six men, all of whom had been examined last summer and rejected, doctors of the board accepted thirty-three for regular military service, twenty-two for special or limited military service and rejected six only."—*New York Times*.

Something like a "comb." Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES ought to borrow it.

Jones Minor, being instructed to paraphrase from *Richard II.*,

"Woe doth the heavier sit  
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne,"  
produced the following:

"Carefully does a heavy person sit down when he sees there is only a fragile seat."



"CAN'T YOU HURRY  
RINGING IN 'ARE A JO  
SEE ME THEY'LL NEXT  
TO A BIT? CURFEW'LL BE  
AND IF THE PEOPLE DON'T  
OR GIVE YOU."

to make it illegal for a man to sit until he has had that experience.

A branch of the Royal Mint is to be established at Bombay, but the police in Great Britain are still very severe on people who try to open up similar little businesses on their own.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, as we recently stated, expects to be called up for military service in June. Nevertheless there is no relaxation in the Government's efforts to press forward with the Man-Power scheme.

Under the new Decimal Coinage Bill there will be one thousand farthings to the pound, instead of nine hundred and sixty. Bond Street milliners are already

### THE LIQUOR OFFENSIVE.

TO THE IRISH NATIONALIST MEMBERS.

ON that supreme and fateful night  
When Erin's sons were asked to fight  
For what she holds profoundly dear,  
How was it you were nowhere near?  
Where then was DILLON, lank of limb,  
And where the plump but doughty TIM?  
Why did their presence not occur  
Within the lines at Westminster,  
To meet with Gaelic club and targe  
The Saxon foeman's furious charge—  
The extra charge that BONAR LAW  
Imposed on beer and usquebaugh?

Ah! you had gone—and left no trace—  
On softer business at the base,  
Pressing your countrymen to burke  
The call that honour might not shirk;  
Sitting, to suit your private ends,  
In counsel with the KAISER's friends,  
Sinn Feiners, sworn in Freedom's name  
To compass Freedom's deadly shame;  
And that strange priesthood who rehearse  
The creed of Christ yet lay their curse  
On such as dare to strike a blow  
At Christendom's most felon foe.

Such were the claims, I understand,  
That drew you to your native land  
By blood and other local ties,  
But oh, I ask you, was it wise?  
Was it a happy thought to leave  
Upon the Budget's punctual eve,  
And waste your gifts of tooth and claw  
Running amok against the law?  
The DEVIL knows; but I, for one,  
Deem that the thing was not well done.  
For Irish hearts, if rumour's right,  
Are volatile as air, and might  
At any moment change their views  
On Ireland's grievances and choose,  
In lack of likelier heads to break,  
To fight the Hun for fighting's sake;  
Might even, while the mood is now,  
By way of practice start on you—  
You who deserted duty's post  
When men of weight were needed most.

Indeed, my DILLON, it was risky  
To waive the rights of Irish whiskey,  
And in these parlous days of drought  
To make no stand for Irish stout.

O. S.

"Over 2,500 persons resident at Northampton have been awarded the Croix de la Victoire for making jam from home-grown fruit."

*Northampton Daily Echo.*

We understand that the full name of this elliptic decoration is the Military Crosse and Blackwell.

"M. Clemenceau had only one means of proving that he himself had not lied: that was by demonstrating that it was the Emperor Charles who had sinned against the eighth commandment."—*Observer.*

Even if KARL is a thief we don't see how it helps the argument.

### STUDIES IN GERMAN WIRELESS.

(Showing how they keep their spirits up on a potatoless day in the German Propaganda Department.)

AN American aviator, recently captured on the Western Front, expressed great surprise at hearing that he was fighting against the Germans. He had been informed that he was taking part in a punitive expedition against the Mexicans, and it was only on this understanding that he had consented to fight. Had he known that America was at war with Germany, he would have renounced his citizenship rather than take arms against a nation whose *Kultur* he admires so immensely. He expressed the opinion that, from what he had seen of Germany since last Tuesday, the Central Empires were much better provided with foodstuffs than either America or Great Britain.

The crew of a British tank captured near St. Quentin say that it is impossible to obtain any volunteers for the Tank Corps now, and men will only serve in it on condition that they have six months' leave after every journey which they make in the tank. They say that everybody in England wants peace, and that the War is only going on because certain manufacturers in Bermondsey wish to capture the sausage trade. They expressed the opinion that, from what they had seen, there was obviously plenty of food in Germany, and that the country was in no danger of starvation.

The English continue to sacrifice the Australians and Canadians rather than expose themselves to danger. In the recent fighting a whole battalion of Australians was exposed to the full weight of the German onslaught, while in another part of the line an English division was resting in a safe position many miles behind the front. Australian prisoners recently captured had no real knowledge as to why they were fighting, but thought it was something to do with President KRUGER. They expressed the opinion that Germany had never been in a more flourishing condition than it was now, and that the food obtainable in Berlin was marvellously cheap at the price, and much better than it used to be before the War.

A French soldier, taken prisoner in the recent fighting near Noyon, said that everybody in France was tired of the War, and that it was only owing to the threats and bribes of the British that they continued to fight. He was surprised to find that Germany was so

plentifully supplied with food, and expressed the opinion that the Central Powers could hold out much longer than the Entente Countries.

An English soldier, recently captured, expressed the opinion that from what he could see of it the German nation was in serious danger of suffering from overfeeding. He said that the English were tired of the War, and only continued to fight because of the bribes and threats of the French.

A Belgian soldier, captured last Thursday, expressed the opinion that the War would be over by Wednesday week. He gave no reason for this statement, beyond saying that from what he had seen of Germany in the last twenty-four hours the country was amply provided with food for at least another three years.

The facts of the sinking of the Spanish steamer *San Sebastian* have now come to hand. It appears that a torpedo belonging to His Imperial Majesty the GERMAN EMPEROR was proceeding in a southerly direction off the coast of Spain, when it was deliberately rammed and sunk by the *San Sebastian*. In the explosion which resulted the *San Sebastian*, whose movements all through had been very suspicious, assumed the disguise of a British submarine, contrary to International Law, and submerged herself without further warning. One of the crew was picked up, and expressed the opinion that the Central Empires would undoubtedly win the war.

The recent naval engagement at Zeebrugge gives some idea of the straits to which the English have been reduced by the destruction wrought among their shipping by German U-boats. It is now definitely established that, owing to the lack of merchant ships, the five Dreadnoughts sunk by us at the entrance to the canal were actually engaged at the time in carrying cement to the British Army in France, in order to strengthen the defences there. A marine who was taken prisoner on the Mole has confessed that, from what he saw at that spot, the food problem in Germany was by no means so serious as had been supposed. He was of opinion that the War would be over by Friday.

A. A. M.

### The New English.

"Count Czernin, adds the newspaper, honestly strived for peace."—*Daily Paper.*

But his opponents controve to defeat him.



### A WAR CROP.

JOHN BULL. "AREN'T YOU TAKING OFF RATHER MORE THAN USUAL?"  
BONAR THE BARBER. "YES, SIR; THE MILITARY CUT, YOU KNOW."  
JOHN BULL. "RIGHT-O!"



*Wife (reading Budget speech).* "... WHICH WOULD MAKE THE NATIONAL DEBT FOR WHICH WE SHOULD BE LIABLE £3,836,000,000' - AND THERE YOU GO, SELFISHLY PUTTING YOUR FRIENDS BEFORE YOUR COUNTRY AND LENDING MR. ROBINSON THIRTEEN AND FOURPENCE."

### COW CULTURE ON THE WAR-PATH.

THE Stream Military, blue and khaki, roared and jingled up the road, the Stream Civilian scurried down the road, and Marguerite oscillated between the two. Daybreak was beginning to pale the flicker of the guns, and in the wan light we discovered Marguerite—a very lost, lost cow—furtively tacking herself on to the rear ranks of our Sanitary Section.

"Margy" (I don't know why we named her Marguerite, of which Margy was supposed to be an abbreviation) elung to us with a forlorn tenacity. She liked our biscuit and ration. The Skipper suggested handing her over to the Major: but the Major just then was far too busy piling bedsteads, linen, crockery and crates of poultry on to a farm waggon and tying his own cows on behind. So Margy was to stay with us. We would make her free of what had once been the Curé's orchard. Margy in return should richly supplement our little stock of tinned "Ideal."

"Cupid" was appointed cowherd. He had once been a London bank-

manager and knew as much about cows as a ploughman does about *harnte finance*; all the same, as the result of a short and melodramatic interview with Margy, a custard graced our Mess that very night, and we foresaw a creamy breakfast on the morrow.

And the morrow found our Margy dry. It appeared later that a neighbouring farmer, not yet evacuated, had conceived a proprietorship in Margy. There were some painful scenes.

The matter quickly resolved itself into a silent but earnest duel between our own Cupid (of the one part) and the farmer and his house (of the other), all experts with the stool and pail. Sometimes our Cupid came into collision with one of the farm hands and by aid of a little palm-oil returned with half a dixie of the Margy brand. Sometimes the farmer or his wife were first on the terrain (they arose at a most unholy hour), and we had to fall back on the tinned "Ideal."

And then suddenly one dreary morning the affair came to a head. Margy was standing broadside on in the middle of the Curé's ruined lawn. Cupid advanced upon her armed with a dixie

and his stool, an empty petrol can. From the opposite side appeared the farmer with his wooden pail. Almost simultaneously the rival dairymen sighted each other, and there was a race for the unconscious Margy. Pail and dixie met with a crash under her, and, galvanized into sudden and convulsive activity, she smashed Cupid's spectacles and put the end of a muddy tail in the farmer's mouth.

What might have been the effect of the threatened fray upon the future of our relations with General Foch I dare not think and I shan't try to, for at this juncture there came into view, half in and half out of the dense stream of refugees, an old man and his daughter, in their Sabbath best, driving a herd of cattle. The air was suddenly rent with a shrill call. Margy, who had never really taken to the name we gave her, responded readily to the cry of "Madeleine," and walked straight out of the embarrassing situation. And that was the end.

"Girls (4), smart, for Rolling in Stuff Warehouse."—*Daily Telegraph*.

But would they remain smart?



*Extract from Mr. Jolliboy's Diary No. 5.*

"THIS sunny forenoon with friend Pease-Podd in his garden. Mighty proud of his flowers is he, withal somewhat humourless and slow to see a pleasantry. 'You get much comfort of mind from your blooms,' says I, 'but I get more from a weed.' 'Weeds, sir,' says he, bridling up, 'you can't find a weed in this garden.' 'Can't I?' says I. 'The finest weed in the world,' and I pulled out my box of Chairman Tobacco."

**Chairman**, a fine tobacco, made in three strengths: **Boardman's**, mild; **Chairman**, medium; **Recorder**, full; and is sold by tobacconists and stores everywhere in 1 and 2 oz. packets, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. tins.

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## MONEY TALKS.

"WELL," I said, for his great honest round brown face was looking very disconsolate, "what's the matter?"

"Matter enough," he replied. "My reputation's gone. I'm utterly discredited. Things were had enough before the Budget, but now I'm done entirely."

"How?" I asked.

"Haven't you read BONAR LAW'S speech?" he replied—"the bit about letters needing a three-halfpenny stamp instead of a penny one?"

I said I had.

"Well, then, how can you be surprised that I'm miserable? After all these years of pride—honourable legitimate pride—to be told that one is incompetent any longer to carry on alone and must have assistance."

"But war changes everything," I said by way of comfort.

He paid no attention to the remark. "And what about Sir ROWLAND HILL?" he continued. "How do you think he would feel if he were alive to-day? Didn't he work like a slave to get the Penny Post? he and me together? And wasn't the Penny Post the glory of the country? Now Penny Postage has gone. The old proud boast is no more."

"But there's not much difference between a penny and a penny-half-penny," I urged—lame, I admit.

He was indignant. "Oh, isn't there!" he said. "That's where you're wrong. A penny is a penny—a great idea. A single coin. You put your hand in your pocket, pulled it out and it did all kinds of wonderful things for you. Once. To pull out two coins isn't the same at all. The penny was a great servant; but it's so no longer. 'Penny Postage'—there's a fine phrase. A Penny-halfpenny Postage—that's nothing. Up till now, so long as you had a penny for the stamp you could set machinery in motion all over the world, between here, say, and New Zealand, and you had the assurance that everyone was going to toil for you—first, the man who collected your letter from the box; then another to sort it; then a third to drive it to the terminus, where a train was waiting to carry it at full speed to the port; and there a great ship was getting up steam to bear it across the sea; and at the other end more men were all ready to deal with it faithfully and swiftly so that your friend might receive it. That's a fine record. That's what I used to do for you. Just myself.

"And now I'm told I can do it alone no more. Mr. BONAR LAW has decided that I'm too old and too weak, and only



"YEW MARK MY WORDS, MRS. PIP'SQUEAK—'E'LL BE CATCHED, THAT THERE PROFIT-EERIN' BUTCHER O' MINE, SURE 'NOUGH. 'E CHARGES ME THE SAME FOR MEAT AS IF I 'ADN'T GIVEN 'IM NO COUPON FOR IT."

by leaning on my son can I serve you in future."

"Your son?"

"Yes, the halfpenny. And that's not all. A penny no longer buys *The Daily Telegraph*. For years and years it was my privilege to put anyone who was willing to part with me into possession of all those vast sheets covered with adjectives and advertisements. But that's over too. It takes two of us to get a *Telegraph* now. And where's your Penny Pickwick? Gone. Probably costs a shilling to-day."

"It's the War," I said again.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I know all about that. Everything is put down to the War. But what I say is that Mr. BONAR LAW is no statesman, no Chancellor. The first rule of finance is

to take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves. And he hasn't taken care of the pence—at any rate, not of the pence's feelings. He's offended us. There's plenty of ways of getting more revenue without slighting the penny and making him feel small."

"What do you suggest?" I asked.

"Why not tax cats?" he replied.

"The string orchestra made a welcome choice in the andante from Gounod's 'Reine de Saba,' and Tchaikovsky Valse, Opus 48 playing also the Dvorak 'Humoresque' in appalling style."—*Sydney Daily Telegraph*.

That there is a misprint in the epithet is obvious; but what we should like to know is whether the missing letter is an "e" or an "l."



## METEROLOGY.

CALLING on my friend Mayson to drag him out to the allotments I found him lying prostrate on a settee in his study. Normally a cheerful, dapper little man, his aspect was miserable, his clothes were dusty and grimed, there was a black mark on his chin and a red scratch on his nose.

"Good heavens! you've been in an accident?" I cried.

In reply Mayson handed me a brace of letters. They were from his gas company and his electric light company; they told him his maximum allowance of heat and light; they warned him of the consequences to himself should his household exceed that allowance; they advised him earnestly to take immediate readings of his meters and to repeat the precaution regularly.

"You will observe," said Mayson bitterly, "the cynical audacity with which these letters imply that the householder is a reckless consumer of gas and electricity. Remember the attitude of gas and electric light companies before the War. My own gas company was always circularising me with reminders of how I could use more gas. I ought to have gas fires in my bedrooms; it was a reproach to me that I had no cheery blaze in my hall. As for the electric light company, it never let me alone. I ought to make toast with electricity at the breakfast table, to curl my hair with electricity in the bath-room, to light my cigars with electricity and to keep myself cool with an electric fan.

"Whenever, in the old days, I complained of my gas or electric light bills, the companies sent supercilious envoys to tell me that I consumed only half as much as any of my neighbours. Never was one of those fellows known to enter the house without conveying the accusation that I was a niggard whose custom was not worth having. Have you read your meters yet?"

"No, I can't say that I have. I don't even know where they are."

"Of course you don't," he cried. "Gas and electric light companies are not such fools as to stick meters up in the hall, where you could watch them like barometers, or against the dining-room mantelpiece, where you could hear them ticking like clocks. Meters are always purposely hidden in the most inaccessible corners of the house, in places where you can only find them by either crawling or climbing. In nine homes out of ten the only people who know the lairs of the meters are the children, who come upon them when they play hide-and-seek.

"When I received these menacing

letters I went to read my meters. I found the electric light meter crouching in an obscure angle of a cupboard under the stairs. No one ever guessed it was there until this morning; we never use the cupboard except to shut the cat in it during air-raids. I had to crawl in on my stomach, with a lighted candle in one hand and a pencil and a piece of paper in the other. The meter has no fewer than five faces, or dials, or whatever they call them. I took readings of a sort from the dials, wrote them down in that horrible position and crawled out. Then I couldn't make head or tail of my readings and had to crawl in again; and I still do not understand the rotten little dials. According to my reading I have consumed over a thousand units since Ladyday. If that's right they won't fine me; they'll shoot me in the chill dawn.

"Then when I could move my limbs I went to read the gas-meter. I found it perched up in a sort of bird's-nest under the ceiling of the coal-cellar—you know the coal-cellar of an up-to-date house like this, a cubicle eight feet long and three feet broad. A maid brought the kitchen steps; there wasn't room enough for the steps to be strutted out. I climbed them and began to read the meter; the steps collapsed and I fell on the coal."

Mayson rose, dusted himself, surveyed himself in a mirror, removed his black mark and tenderly dabbed the scratch on his nose.

"I'll tell you something I've discovered, though," he ended morosely; "it may interest you as a householder. In addition to their five offensive little faces your gas and electric light meters each have another smaller face. If you look at the instructions upon 'How to read meters' on the consumption record card that the companies always hide behind the meters (why can't they leave that in the hall, anyway?) it tells you not to bother about the sixth little face; it remarks that the sixth face is only for the company's guidance. Shall I tell you what it is? It is a wonderful invention that tells gas and electric light companies the amount of your bank balance and how much you can stand.

"No, thank you, I won't come to the allotment. These letters say that the householder ought to take daily readings of his meters. I'm saving my strength for to-morrow."

"Reward Rs. 50.—Stolen from 'Hill View,' Madhapure, a silver model yacht, 2 ft. by 2 ft., in which the German Kaiser sailed for East Africa in 1908."—*Statesman (Calcutta)*.

WILLIAM has swollen a bit since those days.

## BATH.

(With grateful acknowledgments to the anonymous but urbane author of "*Bath in History and Social Traditions*," the latest and one of the best books on the subject.)

FAIR city, though KING BLADUD and his story

Is largely wrapt in mythologic mist  
And legends of your fame in ages hoary  
Are scouted by the sceptic annalist,  
One century at least of crowded glory  
Inspires a recent genial eulogist  
And prompts a humble rhymier to rehearse

Your merits in a piece of jingling verse.

I pass the Romans, businesslike invaders;

Of their enduring traces he that runs  
May read elsewhere; I pass the Saxon raiders

And tales of mediæval monks and nuns,

Of leper hospitals and mud-bath waders,  
And hurry on to Beaux and Belles and Buns;

Your palmy days, *me judice*, began  
In the Augustan period of QUEEN ANNE.

The men who planned and built your noble Abbey

Well earned the homage of a sacred bard,

Yet in your golden roll it would be shabby

Your minor worthies wholly to discard;

And though your Bun, now sugarless and flabby

And highly-priced, is sadly shrunk and marred,

The first compounder of its rich delight  
Ought not to pass into eternal night.

Of your great trio, ALLEN, WOOD and NASH,

ALLEN, Mæcenas-postman, leaves me cold;

He had not one redeeming vice to clash  
With his array of virtues manifold;

But he was patriotic, for his cash  
Freed WOOD's majestic genius, sane yet bold,

Until a new and gracious city rose;

And NASH was far the finest of the Beaux.

At least this need of praise must we accord him,

That he restrained the mutinies of Mode;

That WESTLEY was the only man who floored him;

That order was the essence of his code;

That bullies feared him, that the poor adored him,

And, though in age a thorny path he trode,



### GIVING THE FOE HIS DUE.

"NO I SEZ, TO COMFORT 'ER, 'WHY, THOUGH YER 'USBAND IS INTERRED, BEING A 'ORRIBLE 'UN, YET I MUST SAY 'E DID MAKE GOOD SAUSAGES W'EN 'E LIVED OUR WAY."

For many a year none could his seat  
disturb,  
Mounted on Folly ridden on the curb.

What famous names, what episodes  
romantic  
Are linked with yours in Clio's sacred  
shrine

Ere piety pronounced you Corybantic  
And seaside bathing compassed your  
decline!

"SHERRY" and SIDDONS, HANNAH the  
pedantic,

FIELDING and WALPOLE—how your  
annals shine!—

Immortal JANE and HERSCHTEL, count-  
ing bars

And drilling fiddlers—and discovering  
stars.

Yet even when your vogue was slowly  
waning

Rich sunset splendours lingered on  
the scene,

When Sultan BECKFORD in your midst  
was reigning

And lending you an Oriental mien;  
When D'ARBLAY, loyal to her haunts  
remaining.

Extolled your beauties varied and  
serene;

When in the Octagon men heard MAGGE  
And LANSDOWN teams rejoiced in

"W. G."

Fashion may veer; the elegant and  
witty—

Light come, light go—may scatter  
far and wide,

But still the terraced colonnaded city  
Stands proudly by the silver Avon's  
tide,

And scenes that move to wonder, praise  
and pity,

Touched gently by the hand of Time,  
abide;

Still, O immortal Bath, you wear your  
crown

Fresh in your beauty, old in your re-  
nown.

### Head-Cover.

"The officer in command kept his head and  
cleverly ordered his men to keep behind it as  
it moved forward."—*Daily Paper.*

Their will to win let Boshes bawl

As loudly as they choose;

When once our back's against the wall

'Tis not our wont to lose.

"The Food Ministry is threatening to move  
against the shopkeepers who give more than  
the 'coupon weight.' That may be very well  
—but surely better arrangements are needed  
to deal with an excess of perishable goods.  
Why not let them be spread over the cus-  
tomers."—*Sunday Pictorial.*

In the case of margarine this might lead  
to unpleasantness.

### "ANGLO-FRENCH BANK AMALGAMATION."

London, Feb. 2

A Provisional Agreement has been concluded  
for the Amalgamation of the London County  
and Westminster Bank and the Parrs Bank."  
*Ceylon Observer.*

We infer that the sub-editor of our con-  
temporary is an Irishman.

"There was a large gathering present at  
Christ Church, Galle Face, last night, when a  
well-trained choir gave a pleasing rendering of  
Lobgesang's 'A Hymn of Praise.'"

*Times of Ceylon.*

But we doubt if it will permanently dis-  
place MENDELSSOHN'S.

"Many of the soldiers had with them blush-  
ing brides from the Old Land, glad to get to  
a country where comparative peace reigned.  
Fresh-looking lassies with the tinge of English  
primrose in their cheeks, were full of interest  
on their first sight of the 'Colony.'"

*Canadian Paper.*

Let us hope the lassies will regain their  
complexions when they have recovered  
from the voyage.

"The men are cheered up, too, at times by  
little ceremonies such as that upon which I  
chanced this morning. The sun shone on  
uniforms made to look almost spick and span  
on prancing, glittering Staff officers."

*Daily Paper.*

To such lengths will our Staff go in  
their praiseworthy efforts to improve  
the moral of the troops.



Nurse. "You're a NAUGHTY GIRL AND I'M SURE YOU AREN'T WELL. I SHALL GO OUT AND GET YOU A POWDER."

Elsie (sulking). "WELL, I HOPE YOU'LL HAVE TO STAND IN THE COO FOR HOURS AND HOURS AND HOURS, AND CATCH YOUR DEATH OF COLD."

### CURTAILED RAIMENT.

MALE relations with more garments than they can wear out are assets in these days.

I have acquired, or perhaps inherited by Salic Law, as it were, an understood right of seizure over the cast-off suits of my sister Mary's husband, Arthur by name.

He is an outsize for length, and discards from his weakest suit as soon as the least spot of grease, say, appears on it and impairs its peach bloom; hence many a useful pair of *culottes* has fallen to me, requiring but three inches to be taken off each leg to be ready for my installation.

A very choice thing in shepherd's plaid came to hand in this way last Friday, just as I was preparing for my bi-weekly visit to town.

"Those would have been the very thing for to-morrow's bazaar," I remarked to my sister Elsie. "Absolutely without a blomish that ordinary mortal could discover. I suppose you couldn't cull the usual three inches off the legs, could you, dear? Think how pleased the Vicar would be."

"It's a tailor's job."

"The job was made for the tailor," I said, "not the tailor for the job, unfortunately, in these days. They're all too busy trying to keep up with the new development in Air Force uniforms and other war-winning efforts. None of them would promise to do a simple thing like this under a week."

I wandered into the kitchen, where another sister, Marjorie, was weaving a custard.

"I suppose you've noticed a pair of shepherd's plaid trousers on a chair in my room?" I said.

"Yes, very choice," said Marjorie. "Arthur's getting quite sporting in his old age."

"I suppose you couldn't dock the usual——"

"No, indeed I couldn't," Marjorie interrupted. "I'm cooking all the morning, and I've a meeting in Wingbury this afternoon."

"Then I must wear these to-morrow, whiskers and all, so that's that," I said.

I was disappointed in my usually helpful sisters, went to town in an unhappy mood, and had a thoroughly bad day's sport among my editors.

But Marjorie cheered me up when I got home. "I've a surprise for you," she said.

"It's been a perfect day of 'em," I replied rather testily.

Then the truth dawned on me.

"Perfect flower of sisterhood," I said, "the bazaar will be a success!"

I rushed up and tried the trousers on. As I sallied from my room I met Elsie.

"I repented," she said, "as soon as you'd gone, and without saying a word to anyone I—— Oh!"

"There's one advantage about living in the country," I said as pleasantly as I could; "one can always wear knickerbockers."

"Gentleman wants some Shooting, Rooks, Rabbits, Wood Pigeons, or anything."

*Yorkshire Evening News.*

Would Huns do by any chance?

"Speeches of welcome and gratitude were delivered by representatives of four different Jewish organisations in Jerusalem, to which Dr. —— replied eloquently in Hebrew. £."

*Evening Paper.*

We deprecate the insertion of the pound emblem as being needlessly offensive.



## DRAKE'S WAY.

ZEEBRUGGE. ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1918.

ADMIRAL DRAKE (to Admiral KEYES). "BRAVO, SIR! TRADITION HOLDS. MY MEN SINGED A KING'S BEARD, AND YOURS HAVE SINGED A KAISER'S MOUSTACHES."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, April 22nd.*—The bigger the Budget the smaller the House. When the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER asked last year for a trifle of 700 millions Members were so anxious to hear him that they filled the floor and brimmed over into the Galleries. Now when he has increased his demand to 842 millions all the Nationalists and a good many British Members preferred to make holiday.

As it was, the long list of increased taxes met with little protest. An increase of a shilling in the income-tax and super-tax was mitigated by the announcement that in future the small taxpayer would be entitled to get a rebate of twenty-five pounds for a wife as for a child. Lest the growing tendency to bigamy should be encouraged by this concession the CHANCELLOR made it clear that it applies only to one wife at a time.

We are to pay more for our letters, our cheques, our sugar and our tobacco. The duty on this last commodity is now so high that the CHANCELLOR said that "in importing tobacco we are almost importing money." The report that in order to save tonnage he himself now fills his favourite briar with Treasury Notes soaked in nicotine so far lacks confirmation.

Members made full use of their opportunity to advertise their own financial fads, but as they rarely agreed with one another little effect was produced. The Luxury Tax of twopence in the shilling was generally approved, and Mr. BONAR LAW's astuteness in leaving to a Select Committee the invidious task of deciding what is a luxury was much admired.

The oddest statement in the debate came from Mr. J. H. THOMAS, who declared that nothing was more likely to discourage our soldiers than the knowledge that whilst they were fighting we at home were piling up a debt of which they on their return would have to bear the burden. Mr. THOMAS has visited the Front and ought to know; but this is the first time I have ever heard it suggested that our brave defenders in Flanders are losing their sleep for thinking of the ever-growing National Debt.

*Tuesday, April 23rd.*—Within the last week the Government issued an elaborate document proving conclusively that there was no truth in the allegation that the German "pill-

boxes" were made of British cement imported *via* Holland. And now down comes Sir ERIC GEDDES to admit, without a trace of compunction, that we have been directly supplying the Germans with cement, not by barrels but in shiploads. The port of Zeebrugge is positively congested with the stuff.



A SUGGESTION FOR THE LUXURY TAX COMMITTEE.

The debate on the Budget proposals was resumed by Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL. The principal merit of his speech was that it drew from the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY a reply that in candour and incisiveness reminded one of the late Sir JOHN GORST's utterances from the same bench. Mr. BALDWIN has no conventional reverence for persons or principles. To the horror of

Colonel WILT THORNE he even spoke disrespectfully of the Rule of Three, and amid delighted cheers from below the Gangway he described the financial shortcomings alluded to by Mr. SAMUEL as a legacy from the method adopted by the present Prime Minister at the Ministry of Munitions. Even his official chief did not escape altogether scatheless, for Mr. BALDWIN casually observed that the Luxury Tax "might not have occurred to a professional economist." But for all that his speech gave valuable assistance to the Government, since it showed that the Treasury has, at any rate, one watch-dog with a very efficient bark.

*Wednesday, April 24th.*

The word Ottoman still suggests a rather pleasant languor. From Lord NEWTON's racy account of his negotiations with the Turkish envoys over the exchange of prisoners we gathered that they were charming fellows, ready to talk about anything but the business in hand, and particularly about a mysterious ailment called the "barbed wire disease," supposed to be rampant in British internment camps. But they had only the vaguest notions of the number of their British prisoners and showed no desire to part with them. At last an agreement was reached, but it took four months to ratify, instead of a few hours, and how much longer we shall have to wait before it is actually carried out no wise man will venture to prophesy.

To have a reputation as a humourist is often embarrassing. Major HUNT was doubtless quite serious in asking whether the efficiency of the War Cabinet might not be improved by including in it one or two persons with a practical knowledge of war. But Mr. BONAR LAW said that was "a difficult conundrum," and even the Scottish Members laughed. Yet is the suggestion really so ridiculous?

Personally, I thought it much more amusing to learn that among the 1,800 high-mettled racers who are allowed to consume 13 lbs. of oats a head every day—solely, as we have been assured, in order that the breed of horses may be maintained—no fewer than 228 are geldings.

It was a bad day for those persons, whether landlords or tradesmen, who have been taking advantage of the War to feather their own nests. The former will be prevented by the Increase of Rent Bill from turning out their existing tenants in order to accommodate



SKETCHES FROM THE FRONT.

("Nous ne pensons pas" series.)

First Gunner. "THE GIRLS TURN OUT THESE SHELLS FOR US VERY PRETTY."

Second ditto (gloomily). "YES; BUT LOOK AT THE DEBT IT'S PILING UP AT HOME."

"Nothing," declared Mr. J. H. THOMAS, "was more likely to discourage our soldiers than the knowledge that whilst they were fighting we at home were piling up a debt of which they on their return would have to bear the burden."

affluent Gothaphobes; while, under the Food Profits Bill, tradesmen will no longer be able to extort thousands of pounds from their customers in the comfortable knowledge that at the worst they could not be fined more than a hundred pounds.

*Thursday, April 25th.*—Mr. HOGGE is, of course, an adept in putting questions to which no answer is desirable or perhaps desired. *A propos* of a conscientious objector who had been ordered to find work fifty miles away from his home, he inquired sententiously, "What difference does geographical distance make to a conscience?" But no one made the obvious reply that as "absence makes the heart grow fonder" it may have a similar effect upon the conscience.

It is not easy to reconcile Ministerial utterances regarding the recent German "push." At Question-time Mr. MACRIMMON, in explanation of the despatch of young soldiers to the Front, said, "This crisis came on like a thief in the night." A little later Mr. CHURCHILL, in describing the wonderful work of the Ministry of Munitions in making good the losses of material, observed that the German offensive had opened a month later than we had calculated, and consequently our reserves were correspondingly larger than they would have been.

The lost guns, tanks and aeroplanes had all been more than replaced; the stores of ammunition had been completely replenished; and at the same time munition workers had been released for the Army at the rate of a thousand a day. These results were largely due to the wonderful work of the women, who turned out innumerable shells of almost incredible quality.

On the question of cost Mr. CHURCHILL, while reminding the House that "no accounting, however strict, would be any substitute for vigorous action in the field," made a stout defence of his Department. Earlier in the sitting Sir WORTHINGTON EVANS had excited derisive laughter by his remark that "the Ministry of Munitions cannot give away public funds," but he now elaborated that daring postulate with many striking facts and figures, and confirmed the favourable impressions made by his chief.

#### Our Pampered Livestock.

"Wanted at May term, Cook to look after one Cow and Poultry." *Orkney Herald*.

"There is often no accounting for the sudden desertion of rookeries, but no doubt the birds have a reason."—*Manchester Guardian*.

We are at least confident that they never leave without caws.



*Tommy.* "NOW THEN, SERGEANT, WE'VE HAD A ROFFEN TIME, BUT DON'T YOU GET YOUR TAIL DOWN."

*Sergeant.* "TAIL DOWN! WHAT YER MEAN? CAN'T A BLOKE HAVE TOOTHACHE?"

#### THE MOON-MAKERS.

(*Friday Night's Dreams come true.*)

I ALWAYS used to wonder when the  
moon came shining bright  
Why nearly all the little stars would  
hide away so soon,  
But now I know what happens, for I  
dreamt it, Friday night:  
The stars all join together in a ring,  
and that's the moon.

Up Windy Hill, dear Windy Hill,  
I dreamt that fairies creep  
To spread the ciderdowns of night  
And croon the sun to sleep;  
And then, if no big wind's about,  
They let the baby stars come out.

On Windy Hill, dear Windy Hill,  
Sometimes the wind grows strong

And sends the stars away before  
They've been out very long,  
And soon the fairies might and main  
Plot how to let them out again.

On Windy Hill, dear Windy Hill,  
Their court the fairies hold,  
And tell the stars how they may cheat  
The wind upon the wold;  
"All rise together in a ring  
And be a Moon," I heard them sing.

"We shall not win the war with our  
mouths."—*Daily Chronicle*.

The Food CONTROLLER says we shall.

"Place hope and malt into a large pan and  
add 2½ gallons of water."—*Sunday Chronicle*.  
We fancy this must be the sanguine  
recipe used for Government ale.

## THE WATCH DOGS.

LXXII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Turn your eyes away from our magnificent Front for a moment and give a thought to your poor old dog, Henry, now reduced to watching merely, and that from a little State which lives in an almost unnatural peace between the angry nations.

Have you ever found yourself stranded miles from anywhere, reduced to reading the medical advertisements at the end of a sixpenny magazine? If so, you will remember the artful writing of the author whose business it is to make you think you are ill, and, however well you may have been all the time, you will bring back to mind the insidious effect of his persuasive overtures. There is undoubtedly that tired feeling when you are called in the morning. Yes, life *does* seem a dismal and sordid affair at Monday's breakfast-time. Food has lost its attractions. And again, are you quite yourself just before the evening meal? When you come to think of it, it is borne in upon you that you are not. Your liver is not as it should be; but then, is it only your liver that is wrong? Are not these small symptoms signs of a general collapse? Think carefully; do you not see spots where there are no spots to see?

So it is true; you *are* ill. More than that, you are *very* ill. Face the facts and confess you are at death's door. If the writer didn't mean to use you as a receptacle for his patent drug he would have no difficulty in convincing you, in another couple of paragraphs, that you were dead, and you might as well admit it and get buried.

I have read many such articles, and I think I trace the author's literary style in the accounts we now read daily of England's final and irretrievable defeat. Charles, we have come to think bitterly out here that it is all very well

being annihilated once or twice, but even our own England has no business to go on doing it every other day for weeks and weeks. It is becoming a scandal; one must write to *The Times* about it.

and past the speech-making period when the triumphal entry into Paris was announced. They go about their business methodically, these Bosch gentlemen; there is no foolish reticence

or uncontrolled emotion about them. The substitution of Amiens for Paris was easily and smoothly made; after all, Amiens is nearer to England, and what is the good of hitting a poor Frenchman when he is already down and clamouring for mercy? Herr von Schmidt here had bought up all the champagne in the place and had a bath in it, about the same time that the KAISER was telegraphing to his aunts and cousins to thank Heaven it was all over and they'd won. What has gone down the waste cannot come up again, so Herr von Schmidt left it at that and went on smiling, giving us all clearly to understand that he hadn't any use for Amiens either for that matter. All they were out for they had got; they had never meant to win really, their idea was simply for us to lose. That had happened to an extent passing their wildest hopes; they had never dared to hope that anyone could be annihilated so much and so often as we had been in the first few minutes.

So they went on smiling, and I don't think there is such a nasty thing in the world as the smile of a Hun when he is smiling to order.

Our little company here determined to bear up to the last, and to keep up prestige until we were led away to slavery in handcuffs. So, backed by the French and abetted by the Americans, we were not too gloomy about it in public. It is a petty thing to mention in such tremendous days, but we

scored a small success, you will be glad to hear. We caught the attention of WOLFF's determined representative, and this is what he caused to be published about us in his private Press.

"We notice," he said with severe



## THE GREAT SACRIFICE AND THE LESS.

It is little enough that we who live at home in safety can do to compare with the sacrifice made by those who have given their lives for their country. But we can at least give of our dearest treasures; and Mr. Punch earnestly appeals to the women of the United Kingdom, the Dominions and India to offer their pearls to be set in the necklaces that are to be sold for the funds of the Red Cross Society. Their Majesties the Queen and Queen Alexandra and H.R.H. Princess Victoria have each set a gracious example by the presentation of a pearl in aid of our wounded. A string of pearls from which one is taken for such a service will gain in worth and lustre by the sentiment of sacrifice in a great cause. Many women have given their pearls in honour of husbands, fathers, sons or brothers who are fighting or have fallen in our defence, or as a tribute to the gallantry of individual regiments. Gifts should be addressed to "The Red Cross Pearl Necklace," to the care of one of the following London firms of Jewellers: The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W.1; Messrs. Garrard and Co., 24, Albemarle Street, W.1; Messrs. Tiffany and Co., 221, Regent Street, W.1; Messrs. Carrington and Co., 130, Regent Street, W.1; Mr. S. J. Phillips, 113, New Bond Street, W.1; Messrs. Boucheron, 180, New Bond Street, W.1; and Messrs. Cartier, 175, New Bond Street, W.1.

And then it is brought home to us with a sickening fluid that by this time there is probably no *Times* left to write to. The German rejoicings began twelve hours before the Offensive, the idea being to be well on with the festivities



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letters:—

*October 4th, 1917.*

"I have the honour to be the first Probationer in the Navy to obtain 100% marks in his first examination. The Instructing Staff Surgeon tells me that my marks were chiefly given for the drawings of various portions of the body. Personally, I am confident that this was only due to your splendid instructions; so please accept my best thanks for same."

*February, 1918.*

"Your tuition has made me famous with the Unit. The Commanding Officer has organised an Editorial Staff to write a history of the Unit since its mobilization, and I was asked to supply illustrations of whatever type or subject I was pleased so long as they represented camps or scenes connected with an ambulance."



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P. 1-5-18



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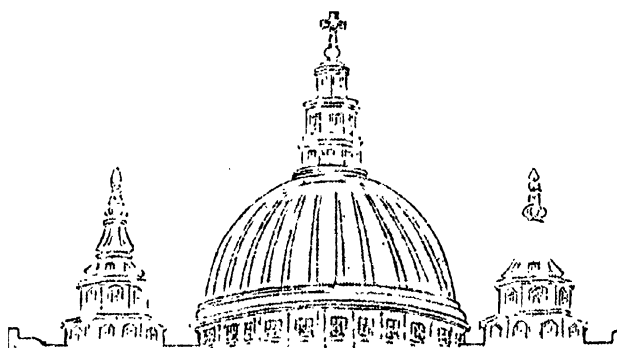
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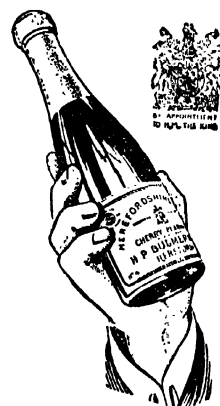
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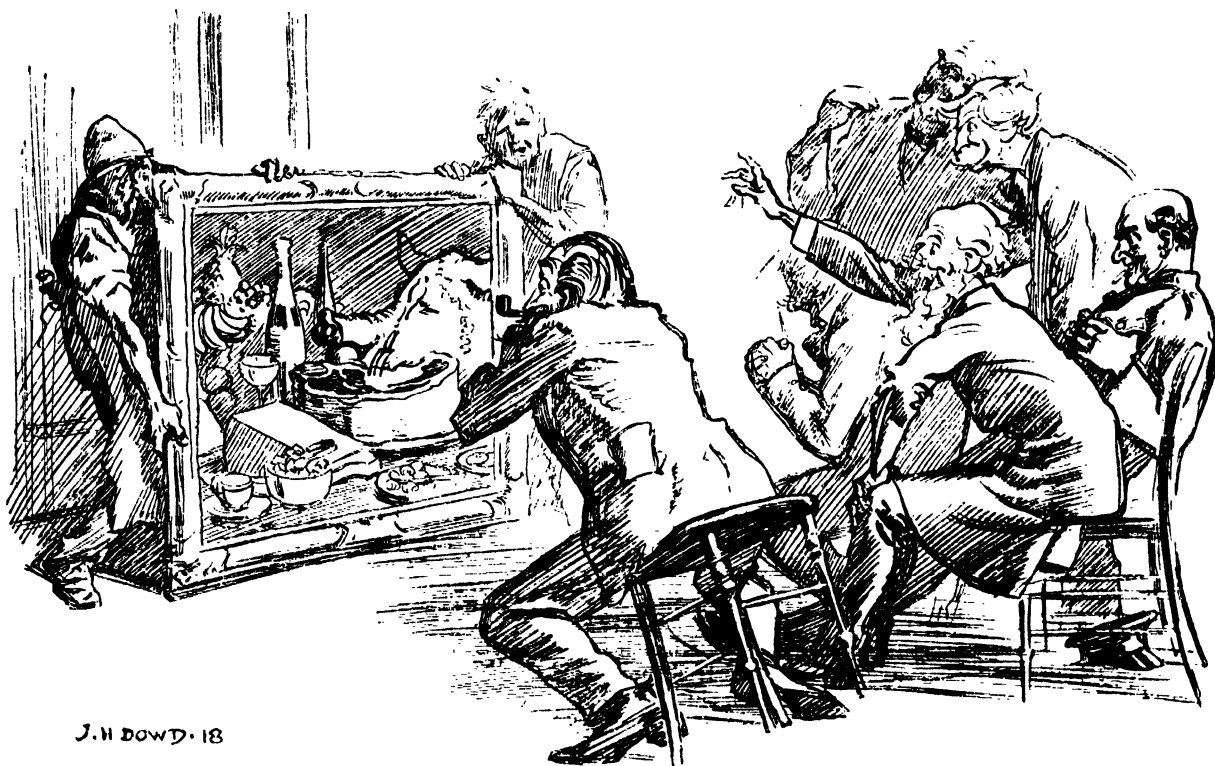
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J. H. DOWD. 18

## SELECTION DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Member of Council. "DON'T REMOVE THAT JUST YET."

and merciless pomp—"we notice that the British representatives' table at the — Hotel makes a great show of careless merriment even while their national fate is being sealed once and for all. As NERO fiddled while Rome burnt, so they eat and drink and are merry while England falls. It is even disgusting as well as tragic to see them nudging each other in the ribs and laughing fatuously, indeed noisily, at their own inane jokes. But about their jokes there appeared to be a forced eloquent and about their laughter there was a hollow mirthless ring . . ."

We cannot remember who nudged whose ribs, Charles, but we admit to a certain amount of gaiety at one particular moment. It was by way of relief after about a week of tension, and you will bear in mind in our defence that we had been labouring under the impression that there was no British Army left, except a few of those in the rear, who were now floating about in the sea. Our first intimation of anything to the contrary was an official communication to myself from my old H.Q. It was marked "Urgent" and an immediate answer in writing was required. It stated clearly and unmistakably the serious difficulty which was occupying the attention of our Staff. The bicycle motor, Douglas, which had

been taken over by me in happier times, bore the number 73737; the bicycle motor, Douglas, handed over to my successor, bore the number 73757. Until this matter was righted the condition of the B.E.F. could not be regarded as satisfactory.

This *communiqué* was dated April 1st. Had intercourse with the enemy not been forbidden, I should have certainly passed it to Herr von Schmidt, marked: "For you, please, as I understand that the B.E.F. and Douglas are now on your charge." Yours ever,

HENRY.

From the report of some school sports:—

"No records appear to have been created, or broken. . . Long Jump, under 15.—1, Lewis; 2, Sharland ii.; 3, Rowe. Time, 15 mins. 4 secs."—*Provincial Paper*.

The reporter has hardly done justice to what seems to have been far the longest jump on record.

"A variant reading gives to the Kaiser's words a slightly different form: 'What have I not done to preserve the world from these horrors?' If that is what he said the answer is 'Nothing,' and the argument is unaffected."

*Daily Mail*.

This testimonial to the KAISER from the journal which calls itself "The Soldiers' Friend" has given us a shock.

## TO ANY SOLDIER.

If you have come through hell stricken or maimed,  
Vistas of pain confronting you on earth;  
If the long road of life holds nought of worth  
And from your hands the last toil has been claimed;  
If memories of horrors none has named  
Haunt with their shadows your courageous mirth,  
And joys you hoped to harvest turn to dearth,  
And the high goal is lost at which you aimed;

Think this—and may your heart's pain thus be heal'd—  
Because of me some flower to fruitage blew,  
Some harvest ripened on a death-dewed field,  
And in a shattered village some child grew  
To womanhood inviolate, safe and pure.  
For these great things know your reward is sure.

## How India Gets the News.

"London, March 6.— . . . We brought down three enemy aerodromes and one of ours is missing."—*Peshawar Daily News*.

## HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The GERMAN CROWN PRINCE and a German-Irish Expert.*)

*The Crown Prince.* Do you know, my fine fellow, that I am pretty nearly fed up with all this Irish teaching that I am going through?

*The Expert.* Your Royal Highness will come to it in time; and it must be remembered, moreover, that I am acting as your teacher only on the express orders of your All-Highest Father and Emperor, whom may God have in His keeping.

*The C. P.* That is what you are always telling me.

*The E.* It does not become any the less true by being repeated. It is the wish of His Imperial Graciousness that you should be ready at a moment's notice to take your place as Viceroy of Ireland, and for that purpose His Majesty desires that you should be steeped in the Irish manner of thinking, speaking and acting, so that you may be acceptable in the eyes of your subjects. I am the man whom His Majesty has selected to instil Irish lessons of all sorts into you, so that in obeying me you obey your glorious Father, and give an example of submission which is very necessary in these days. Shall we proceed?

*The C. P.* All right! All right! Have it your own way, but please cut it as short as you can.

*The E.* When we were interrupted I was endeavouring to explain to Your Highness the true nature of what is known as an Irish bull. Generally speaking, the Irish bull does not involve any reference to an actual bull, that is to say, to the kind with horns on his head and four legs of the usual description. It is the combination of two manifestly incongruous ideas which yet have a certain measure of congruity, as when one would say, "There is a fire raging; we will stamp it out by directing water upon it." Does your Royal Highness follow me?

*The C. P.* Not only do I follow you, but I also precede you.

*The E.* Bravo, Your Royal Highness, bravo! You have yourself composed a most brilliant bull.

*The C. P.* Sometimes, when I am in the humour, I can compose quite a lot of such things. At Verdun, for instance, I used to do two or three a day.

*The E.* It is wonderful to think that in the midst of your glorious victories Your Highness could find time for such strokes of wit, which show that we are not the brutal barbarians imagined by our enemies, but that we have time for the higher things of the intellect. Civilization must profit by such an example.

*The C. P.* Let us now proceed to the next subject.

*The E.* The next subject, Your Highness, is the use of the expression, "Bejabers." Colloquially this expression is of the utmost importance. It is composed of the Gaelic root "bej," meaning "passionate," and "abers," meaning "trees"; so that when an Irishman says "Bejabers" he is unconsciously indicating that he is equivalent to two or more passionate trees, the implication being that, unless his wishes are attended to, he will allow himself to become a passionate forest, in other words that he will be passionate many times over, and will refuse to be responsible for the consequences.

*The C. P.* Really that is very interesting. Is it invented by yourself?

*The E.* Not entirely, Your Highness. Professor Grundschlger claims a share in the discovery, but I may say with truth that I invented the greater portion of it entirely without aid from anybody.

*The C. P.* Let us call in one of the Irish prisoners and ask him what he means when he uses the expression "Bejabers."

*The E.* I have already tried that, Your Highness, and

the thick-skulled fellow denied that he ever used such an expression or knew what it meant.

*The C. P.* Is there anything further to-day?

*The E.* I had thought of taking Your Highness through a short excursus on the expressions "Arrah" and "Faix." But Your Highness has made such brilliant progress this morning that we may permit ourselves to postpone these and other matters until to-morrow. Only a little more work and Your Highness will be a complete Irish scholar.

*The C. P.* Yes, I already feel bulls growing all over me, and could say "Bejabers" forward or backward with the greatest ease.

*The E.* I will report accordingly to Your Highness's most gracious Father.

## NIRVANA.

This tale of one named Peter Smiler Smee

(Not by his godpapas, but just by me)—

This tale, this idyll, lighted up the course

Of my official labours, and perforce—

Rather to charm a chuckle than compel it—

Pushed by the god of Gentle Japes, I tell it.

Oh, Smiler Smee he served at sea, he served at the doors of hell,

At the stokehold doors where the white heat roars with a strong grilled-stoker smell,

And Smee, as he swinked in the sweltering hive with the dews of his anguish pouring,

Said, "If ever I get out of this alive it's me for a job cold-storing!"

"Ah, me pals may bawl for a ice-cream stall or a bathin'-machine-man's job,

An' there's some that's yellin' for grotters to dwell in, with lilies around their nob;

But my idea of a flowery path, my notion o' dissipation, is a sort of an anti-Turkish bath, which they calls refrigeration.

"I shall spend me days in a dreamy laze, with chilblains blessin' me toes,

With a icieled brow where the sweat blooms now, among butter an' meat 'ard frozo;

I shall end me days with a Jack Frost 'ead at a real ole reggiler 'oar ago—

O Lord, be good to a bloke 'arf dead an' put me in cool cold storage!"

To travel hopefully, said R. T. S.,

Is better than to arrive. Not so, I guess,

With Peter Smee; nor him for whom, when starved On swinish husks, the fatted calf is carved;

Nor him who from the bottom of a queue,

Waiting for Cheddar since the evening's dew,

Achieves it after dawn; but none there be

Who e'er attain like Peter Smiler Smee.

To whom indeed the Lord was good. For lo!

Filed mid the ice-men of a Cold Store Co.,

Under the name which his godfathers gave, he

Proclaims his past: "Stoker—discharged from

Navy . . ."

W. B.

## IN A GOOD CAUSE.

The Kensington War Hospital Supply Depot, to whose splendid work Mr. Punch has more than once paid tribute, has had the good fortune to be offered the generous services of Miss KATHARINE GOODSON, who will give a CHOPIN Recital in aid of its funds, at the Royal Albert Hall, on Sunday, May 12th, at 3.15 P.M.



Hostess. "I SEE YOU'VE GOT RID OF YOUR DOUBLE CHIN. HOW SPLENDID! TELL ME WHO DID IT FOR YOU."  
 Friend. "WHY, LORD RHONDDA, OF COURSE."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MISS F. M. DELAFIELD, from whose former book, *Zella Sees Herself*, I snatched an almost fearful joy, has now turned the searchlight of her observation upon another subject—I had nearly said another victim. *The War-Workers* (HEINEMANN) is, like *Zella*, a brilliantly satirical study of a type—here the energetic and successful worker who becomes, if I may permit myself to say it, intoxicated with efficiency. This was precisely the case of *Char. Virian*, Director of the Midland Supply Depôt; and as you read of her devastating activities, her methods of routine, and the sacrifice to duty that reduces all in contact with her to a condition of self-accusing wonder, your mind will no doubt supply a dozen possible originals for the portrait. Compared with the too-energetic *Miss Virian*, the rest of the cast, mostly underlings from her hostel, are of relative unimportance, though the varied characters of the girls are excellently suggested. The great interest of the book is found in the spectacle of *Charman*, confronted with that most bitter of all unpalatable truths—that no one is indispensable. Altogether, the Director of the Midland Supply Depôt, whether in her official capacity welcoming and even unconsciously making work in order to enjoy the pride of mastering it, or as the rebellious daughter of a mother who laughs at her with an exasperated understanding, is an altogether human figure, well worthy to rank with Miss DELAFIELD's earlier case. I confess to some curiosity over the next work of this clever lady. There must, I imagine, be a lively competition amongst certain feminine types to escape an almost uncannily penetrating eye. I can only

hope that the next victim will provide analysis as entertaining as that of her two predecessors.

If my memory serves me, the first occasion on which I had the pleasure of seeing Miss GENEVIEVE WARD upon the stage was as *Margaret of Anjou* in the Lyceum *Richard III*. This seems already a great while ago; but I notice that the record of the event (I mean, of course, the performance, not my personal assistance thereto) comes well into the latter half of the considerable volume called *Both Sides of the Curtain* (CASSELL), in which this clever and fortunately still active lady has set down her recollections. Naturally the book covers a long period of stage history, as it follows the progress of its heroine from grand opera in the fifties to her latest memorable performance of the old *Duchess* in *The Aristocrat*. Fate has given a sad interest to these final pages, since it is natural that Miss WARD should have much to say about the manager and kindly friend whose request brought her back to the stage at the St. James's Theatre. Elsewhere you will find a host of anecdotes, the gleanings of a long, strenuous and varied life. For one of the strangest of these, the story of her romantic marriage, we have the aid of Miss WARD's lifelong friend, RICHARD WHITEING. There is neither space nor need to follow in any detail a record that all lovers of the drama will certainly read for themselves. Its most sensational chapter is perhaps that which relates the amazing fortunes of the play *Forget-me-not* ("not exactly a perfect piece" is Mr. WHITEING's surely very charitable verdict upon it), over which London and America poured out what seems to-day the singularly simple enthusiasm of the early eighties. I should add that this very well turned-out volume is illustrated

with a large number of photographs and drawings, for which alone it would deserve a place in any theatrical library.

It is a pity that MARGUERITE BRYANT, in *The Shadow on the Stone* (METHUEN), couldn't manage to be a little more definite as to what *Niel Meredith*, the man with the wonderful eyes, wanted to do on the island of Mora with his settlement and his formidably named International Society for the Promotion of Racial Advance. A pity, because the book is informed by a real sincerity and generosity of outlook. But time and again, when I said to myself, "Ah! now we're going to hear all about it," she floated away on a tide of the very vaguest generalities. However *Farr*, the financier and whole-hogging materialist, with his exquisite country house, his gorgeous garden, his priceless chef, and his private den "with rows of telephone bells" (this is rather overdoing it, I fear), thought well enough of it as a stunt to put in ten thousand pounds, though this must have been rather tight financing for a project conceived on so grandiose a scale. How stupendous quantities of radium were found on Mora, and how *Niel*, laying the foundation stone of his enterprise, let his shadow fall across it (which, it appears, always means that the building claims a victim), and how the victim is (of course) the worthy *Niel*; and how *Farr*, the capitalist with the cruel face, is led to become all but a murderer, because of his conviction that several tons of radium in the hand are worth more than the most admirable I.S.P.R.A. in the bud, is all told, as I have hinted, with a zeal of which the motive remains a little obscure.

Captain BASIL WILLIAMS has written his *Raising and Training the New Armies* (CONSTABLE) with an eye to America, and I suspect to grouse in club and restaurant nearer home. It is a timely volume. The nation that can do this is not going under. A copy should be sent to General von LORINGHOVEN; it would enable him to make some more deductions. Captain WILLIAMS treats his subject in an orderly manner and has evidently had access to official records and figures. It will always be good to remember that five million men were with the colours before the passing of the Conscription Act, a measure which--so the author judges on the evidence--would not have been wisely advocated at any earlier stage. He lets the public behind the scenes to understand the scheme of Army organisation and see the processes of training in a way that has not been done before, nor has there been before presented such a detailed story of the famous tanks. I surmise this book to be an apologia for the War Office. And I fancy that, like a discreet advocate, Captain WILLIAMS admits a few light errors, omissions and strokes of bad luck that he may steer his critics the more easily from seriously debatable ground.

*A Maid and Her Money* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a

novel of situations, and if it was first published as a *feuilleton* I can imagine readers waiting with palpitating eagerness to discover what happened to poor *Kenneth* and dear *Kathleen*. *Kenneth Driver*, a kind of adopted son to *John Baltimore* (millionaire), fell in love at fourth sight with *Kathleen Ridgeway*. He proposed with success, and then after a few hours' ecstasy discovered that *Kathleen* was the daughter of the man who had ruined his father; indeed, *Kenneth* and *Baltimore* had been busy for years trying to pay the rogue out for his turpitude. You will gather that the course of true love over this country was not very good going. Mr. MARK ALLERTON can be trusted to keep your emotions at strain till the happy ending is reached. The book is for those who like an old-fashioned love-story, and that is all about it. But if there is never a shadow of doubt that all will be well in the long run, we are, at any rate, given a good long run for our money.



THE PATRIOT ON THE RIGHT, WHO IS BOTH AN ALLOTMENT HOLDER AND VOLUNTEER PRIVATE, SOMETIMES GETS CONFUSED AS TO WHICH BRANCH OF THE NATIONAL SERVICE HE IS ENGAGED ON AT THE MOMENT.

poor but proud, *Virginia* agrees to help the hero to spend his millions. *The Heart of Virginia Keep* (WARD, LOCK) is a slight story, but it is told with that bright if superficial deftness that makes the bulk of American magazine fiction easy reading for a public that does not want to be emotionally or intellectually stirred.

#### A Sufficient Reason.

Extract from a letter from a native teacher explaining his absence from school:--

"Respectfully I beg to request that I am laid up and unable to come to you. Doctor treated me with purgatory yesterday."

"A telegram states that the work in connection with the last portion of the railway from the Federated Malay States to Siam is nearing completion and there is likelihood that through passenger traffic will commence about April 1st. Owing to the shortage of rollingstock, however, it is not likely that there will be more than one passenger train each way till the war is over."

Statesman (Calcutta).

There will be no trouble with season ticket holders, anyway.

## CHARIVARIA.

We understand that, in order to facilitate business, Officers in Government Departments have been requested in future to send in their resignations on Mondays and Thursdays only, between 10.0 and 11.30 A.M.

A police census shows that very few stout men are charged with bigamy. Men with a double chin rarely lead a double life.

We are glad to note from an evening paper that General KORNILOFF is no worse for having been killed recently.

Chickens recently sold by the G.N.R. as unclaimed perishable goods fetched 2s. 6d. each. A marked contrast to the fifteen shillings or so that one pays for one of the imperishable sort.

At Newport a woman has been fined three pounds for trying to set fire to her husband. It sounds wasteful, but firewood is of course very expensive just now.

A pickpocket who was sentenced to prison at the London Sessions was described as "the King of Snuff Takers." We understand that imprisonment carries with it loss of title.

According to Mr. BONAR LAW the gross amount of income brought under review in 1916-1917 is estimated at £1,655,000,000. It looks as if some of our theatrical stars have not declared their full salaries.

Burglars broke into an East End restaurant the other day and secured a few pounds of black pudding. As no official explanation of this has been sent out it is supposed that the burglars did it for a wager.

Austria has been complaining that she was not consulted during the pourparlers about the Ukraine. Austria has yet to learn that good little allies must be seen and not heard.

We understand that the Independent Workers of the World are extremely annoyed with the petty attitude taken

up by the authorities in Australia. It appears that members are not permitted to blow up their employers' factories with dynamite.

"Aviation," says an expert, "has made rapid strides since the War and aviators to-day run into seven figures." That is nothing, however, to the numbers that our motorists used to run into in the tooting times of peace.

"Will dogs be rationed?" asks *The Evening News*. We are reliably informed that rat cards are already in the printer's hands.

Wiro-worm, we are told, can only be killed by the use of germicide. The

his faithful subjects by calling all three after himself.

We referred recently to an appeal for orchestral instruments for the Conscientious Objectors at Dartmoor. We think every encouragement should be given to them to get into the habit of facing the music.

The German War Minister has called upon the local officials to draw up a list of public statues that can best be spared. As most of the latter represent samples of the HOHENZOLLERN stock the struggle between duty and pleasure should prove a bitter one.

The proposal that the United States and Ireland should be amalgamated into a "greater Ireland" is said to be gaining very few adherents in Transatlantic quarters.

Girls' clubs in Sussex, says a news item, are busy making "Noah's Arks." This confirms the opinion rife in certain quarters that the present Man - Power Bill will not be the last.

Amid all the complaints of the darker flour being used, one thing has been overlooked. Railway buns made with this flour do not so readily show finger-marks, and less time need be wasted



Mrs. MacPherson. "IT'S A GRAN' THING, MR. McTAVISH, THAT THE MEENISTER'S NO GOIN' TAE THE WAR AFTER ALL."

McTavish (a frequent victim). "WEE, I'M NO SO SURE IT DOESNA' AMOUNT TAE ASSISTIN' THE ENEMY. FOR W' HIS METHODS O' DEALIN' W' WRANGDOERS HE WAD HAE BEEN A SAIR AFFLICTION TAE THE KAISER."

old custom of decimating these insects in dusting them, with a pea-shooter seems to be dying out.

The Bexhill Council has decided to replace the municipal-orchestra on the ground that it is composed largely of foreigners. A similar problem connected with the visitors remains unsolved.

A new war-film to be released on May 13th is entitled "America is Here." In justice to Mr. GEORGE ROBEY it should be pointed out that *The Bing Boys* were here first.

The report that three new Rhine bridges have been named by the KAISER after the CROWN PRINCE, HINDENBURG and LUDENDORFF makes it clear that the ALL-HIGHEST is losing his grip. A couple of years ago he would not have hesitated to reward

## A Fast Run from London.

"The present noon express to Norwich will start at 11.50 a.m. and arrive 15 minutes later. *Evening Paper*."

## "THE EMPIRE'S TRIAL."

MR. BOTTOMLEY AT THE ALBERT HALL. *Fall Mall Gazette*.

Too bad. Mr. BOTTOMLEY should write to *John Bull* about it.

## Vicarious Surgery.

Lieutenant —, R.N., was largely responsible for a section of the arrangements for the attack, and would have directed them in person, but at the last moment fell desperately ill and had to be operated on for appendicitis. Happily the Lieutenant is making good progress, but his disgust at being kept out of the operation was extreme. — *Morning Paper*.

We should have thought his presence was indispensable.



## LETTERS FROM THE HOME FRONT.

May 4th, 1918.

MY DEAR REGINALD,—I was a little surprised, though I endeavoured not to be pained, at the total omission, in your last letter from the Western Front, of all reference to the new Luxury Tax. I trust I make due allowance for what I may call your local preoccupations; but I am more than ever convinced that our failures in the past have been largely attributable to a narrowness of outlook which allowed us to study the interests of a particular sector of the line to the neglect of the Front as a whole. I have no doubt that the Tax to which I have referred has not escaped the attention of General Foch, but I had hoped that the effect of his appointment as Co-ordinator of Strategy would have penetrated more appreciably into all branches of the Service. In this hope I have been disappointed, and it is rather for your benefit than for my own satisfaction that I now propose to give you one or two examples of the fresh strain that is about to be put upon the fighting spirit of the Home Front.

I have long envied you the relative simplicity of your wardrobe, which relieves you every morning of the anxiety attendant upon the choice of garments to be worn for the day. Indeed I understand that the same limitations apply to your night-wear; that not infrequently you are content to sleep in the very clothes that you have worn during the daytime. It may therefore be difficult for you to appreciate the position of those, like myself, who live in residential chambers and are sometimes compelled to exhibit themselves in their sleeping apparel in the public basement, the resort of both sexes during a nocturnal air-raid. The new tax which menaces the higher grades of silk pyjamas and flowered dressing-gowns will bear very hardly upon such.

Again, I view with diffidence the rumoured intention of the Luxury Tax Committee to extort revenue from the sale of golf balls. This I regard as a grave error of judgment. I suppose that nothing has disheartened the enemy more than the high spirit with which so many of our best golf-clubs have carried on, showing a fine contempt for the existence of warlike conditions. And, to envisage the matter from the point of view of national health and *moral*, I can conceive of nothing more beneficial to the tired war-worker than to spend his afternoons—if only some three or four times a week—on some suburban course, or a Friday to Tuesday week-end further afield.

Large numbers of my friends have continued this healthy form of exercise

in preference to joining the Volunteers, and they assure me that in the demands it makes upon quickness of eye, resourcefulness, courage, self-restraint and other soldierly qualities, golf is a true image of life in the trenches. They are confident that the experience they have gained on the golf course, especially in bunkers, will stand them in good stead when called upon to join the colours under the new Military Service Act. I consider, therefore, that it is most unwise to treat as a luxury what is so essential to the development of the manlier virtues.

There is talk, too, of imposing a contribution upon cameras, one of the most important industries with which Society is concerned. If this should cause a falling-off in the use of these admirable instruments it will be a sad blow to those who do good service by making the faces and gestures of our upper classes better known to the public. For the masses cannot always find time to walk in the park or attend race-meetings in support of the maintenance of our thoroughbreds. I fear also that such an impost, should it curtail the enterprise of our photographers, might tend to discourage among our social leaders the more refined forms of war-work.

I have returned to this subject, discussed in a previous letter, because I feel very strongly about it. Profoundly as I disapprove of self-advertisement, I have always held the view that if any woman of social position—preferably one who is connected, however remotely, with our nobility, old or new—is engaged in assisting at charity matinees, visiting convalescent officers or serving in a popular canteen, she ought not in this democratic age to be suffered through false modesty to hide her light, so to speak, under a bushel. I very greatly fear that the discouragement already offered to our photographic Press by the notorious reluctance of the smarter type of war-worker to appear in its pages may now be perceptibly increased by the proposed treatment of cameras as a luxury rather than a necessity.

But I have perhaps spoken enough of the heavy calls that seem likely to be made upon us here on the Home Front. You will not imagine that we allow them to distract our attention altogether from other sections of the fighting line. I understand that you are once more engaged in the defence of Arras. I take a personal interest in Arras. I can hardly expect you to share it, as you have never seen the place in its original beauty, and therefore it cannot affect you with the same sentiment of association which I feel for it, who spent an afternoon there

while on a tour through France during the long vacation of my Freshman's year at Oxford. Still, I hope you will do your best to keep it out of the enemy's hands, if only for my sake.

Your affectionate Guardian,

O. S.

## THE TIDE.

TO THE ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION.

THIS is a last year's map;  
I know it all so well,  
Stream and gully and trench and sap,  
Hamel and all that hell;  
See where the old lines wind;  
It seems but yesterday  
We left them many a league behind  
And put the map away.

"Never again," we said,  
"Shall we sit in the Kentish Caves;  
Never again will the night-mules tread  
Over the Beaucourt graves;  
They shall have Peace," we dreamed—  
"Peace and the quiet sun,"  
And over the hills the French folk  
streamed  
To live in the land we won.

But the Bosch has Beaucourt now;  
It is all as it used to be—  
Airmen peppering Thiepval brow,  
Death at the Danger Tree;  
The tired men bring their tools  
And dig in the old holes therè;  
The great shells spout in the Ancrè  
pools,  
The lights go up from Serre.

And the regiment came, they say,  
Back to the selfsame land  
And fought like men in the same old  
way  
Where the cooks used to stand;  
And I know not what they thought  
As they passed the Puisieux Road,  
And over the ground where FREYBERG  
fought  
The tide of the grey men flowed.

But I think they did not grieve,  
Though they left by the old Bosch  
line  
Many a cross they loathed to leave,  
Many a mate of mine;  
I know that their eyes were brave,  
I know that their lips were stern,  
For these went back at the seventh  
wave,  
But they wait for the tide to turn.

A. P. H.

## A Conundrum for Cox's Cashiers.

"REGULAR FORCES.—SERVICE BATTALIONS.—Leinster Regt.—Temporary Lieut. —, from acting Captain (additional), to be acting Captain while commanding a Company, and from acting Capt. while commanding a Company to be acting Capt. (addtl.), and from acting Capt. (addtl.) to be acting Capt. while commanding a Company."—*Irish Paper*.



## THE JUNIOR PARTNER AGAIN.

MEHMED (*in Mesopotamia*). "WELL, I HOPE WILLIAM'S GETTING NEARER THE SEA, FOR I'M GETTING FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY FROM IT."



*Australian.* "STICK IT, JOCK. WE'RE COMING."

*Jock (clearing Hun dug-outs).* "HAE YE NAE BOSHES O' YER AIN THAT YE MUN BE WANTIN' SOME O' MINE?"

### THE RECRUIT'S SURPRISE.

"Good morning, Sir. A nice day for the time of year. Yes, the weather has been up till now slightly unseasonable, but the late frosts have served as a useful check on vegetation and saved it from worse things. If you would be so good as to step this way I would show you the place."

My guide was dressed as a Sergeant. He had a most sympathetic expression. I followed him across the barrack yard.

"This is where we drill, I take it?" I said.

"Yes, Sir; but we scarcely call it drill. A hard word, if I may say so. A few light health-improving calisthenic exercises of a morning and a little stroll after lunch to give tone to the system. This way, Sir, please," my new friend continued, leading me into the building. "The Colonel was called away—something on in town, I fancy. He asked me to receive you and show you round. The barracks are old-fashioned, but well built—early-Victorian, good solid foundation, no pretentiousness as with some of these institutions, though I hear that the War Office is considering bungalow models for the future."

"It is very different from what I had imagined," I ventured to say.

My escort smiled indulgently.

"There has been a great deal of unintelligent prejudice about the Army, Sir," he said quietly. "Our newcomers have, however, been kind enough to say that the life suits them admirably. Of course the hours are a trifle early, but in the summer that is not objectionable. There is a very nice view of the dawn over the hills from the balcony behind. I hope you will like it. I presume you would like your cup of tea just before your bath—many gentlemen do."

"But," I asked, "what about fatigues and defaulters' parade and C.B. and—"

The kind-voiced Sergeant checked me, a look of pain on his benevolent features.

"Oh, if you please, Sir, not that," he murmured. "We seldom speak of those things. It is not done. Now, how's that for a nice little shady quadrangle for practice in evolution?"

I could not but admire the place, but more than once I was conscious of a vague suspicion that even for a fifty-year-old recruit the whole thing could not be true.

Several other gentlemen strolled up, yellow kit-bags and valises in their hands. Smart young corporals relieved them of these impedimenta, and presently the Sergeant requested us to

form up in a line for our first experience of a parade.

"No, Sir," I heard him say to one fat and somewhat unwieldy personage, "we do not usually carry umbrellas. This is only a slight shower. It will be over directly. Now may I trouble you to form fours? It is an engaging little figure extremely popular with beginners. I should like to have that step again—so sorry to worry you—just a shade quicker if you don't mind. It will come easy enough by-and-by."

"No, we shall not tax your strength too much on the first day; in the afternoon we will proceed to the costume department. Yes, the colours are much liked—a buff tint, approximating to yellow; and the puttee affords a wonderful support to the calf."

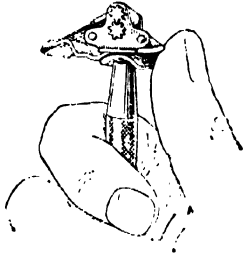
"By the way, Sir, I'm almost afraid we shall have to trouble you to wear something a little stouter in the way of footgear; thin buttoned boots are discouraged in the Army."

The Sergeant was a model of courtesy. We spent a quite delightful morning, and I distinctly remember his turning our thoughts to lunch.

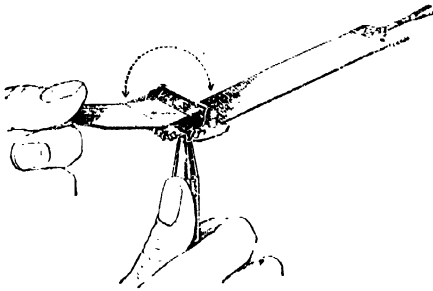
"We have a rather simple menu to-day, gentlemen," he said apologetically, "but you will find the veg. soup excellent. Ah, there's the gong!"

And that's what woke me.

*A touch adjusts it.*



*10 seconds strops it.*



*The Complete Outfit; still One Guinea.*



*The word "Valet" on Razors, Strops, and Blades indicates the genuine product of the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. 1.*

## "VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor

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61, New Oxford St., London, W.C. 1.  
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Sydney, Dublin, Toronto, &c.

# THE NAVAL OFFICER and the "LITTLE GREY BOOKS"

**J**UST prior to the War, a brilliant young naval officer had a 'bad break-down'—a break-down so complete that it looked as though his career were at an end.

He was ordered an entire and protracted rest, not only from professional duty but from every form of work. But War broke out and his services—he was a clever expert—were urgently needed. He rejoined.

Despite his anxiety to serve, however, he found that he was utterly incapable of performing his duties. He was keen to give that service which he knew was in him, but neither his professional pride nor his eager patriotism enabled him to overcome his handicap.

He wrote to the Pelman Institute and became a student of "the little grey books." Within a few months that officer had so distinguished himself by ability and zeal that he was promoted to an important command *over the heads of senior officers!* He generously gives the credit to Pelmanism.

This officer's experience is remarkable but by no means unique in the Pelman records. Letters are constantly being received by the Pelman Institute from Army and Navy officers, business and professional men and women, telling of extraordinary advantages directly resulting from a few weeks' study of "the little grey books" in which the simple principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly expounded.

## IS "PELMANISM" WORTH WHILE?

Let any man of common sense reflect upon the fact that *nearly one hundred Admirals and Generals*, as well as considerably over 25,000 other officers and men, are now Pelmanists. Would one of these waste a moment of their scanty and hard-won leisure over the study of Pelmanism unless they were convinced by plain evidence and by the private testimony of brother officers that Pelmanism is unquestionably worth while?

The extracts from letters published by the Pelman Institute during the past year or two constitute the most remarkable volume of evidence of its kind that has ever been made public. There is not a class or rank—from the highest to the humblest—from which there has not come *voluntary* evidence that the Pelman System—duly practised—**NEVER FAILS TO PRODUCE ALL THE BENEFITS THAT ARE CLAIMED FOR IT.**

An amusing instance of the thoroughness with which scepticism is dispelled by acquaintance with the System is supplied by the record of a professional man who, before enrolling, expressed incredulity of the statements made.

"It was impossible," he said, "that such benefits could be attained by the study of any books or by a correspondence course of instruction. The claims are fantastic." Nevertheless he enrolled, in order to satisfy his curiosity.

Within a month that sceptic had written three letters in terms of the most enthusiastic praise of the Pelman System. "A single one of the lessons," he declared, "would be cheap to me at £100."

## ALL CLASSES BENEFIT.

Comment is unnecessary. But it should be pointed out that the benefits of Pelmanism are not confined to any particular class. *Every* class is benefitting.

Clerks, typists, salesmen, tradesmen, and artisans are benefitting in the form of increased salaries and wages. Increases of 100% and 200% in salary are quite frequently reported; in several cases 300% is mentioned as the increase of salary due to Pelmanism.

Professional men find that "Pelmanising" results not only in an immense economy of time and effort, but also in vastly more efficient work. It says something for Pelmanism when members of such different professions as solicitors, doctors, barristers, clergymen, architects, journalists, accountants, musicians, and schoolmasters have all expressed their emphatic appreciation of the value of Pelmanism as a means of professional advancement.

Members of Parliament (both Houses), peers and peeresses, men and women high in social and political life, famous

novelists, actors, and artists, scientists, professors, and University graduates and tutors—the "little grey books" have ardent admirers amongst all of these. Even Royalty is represented—and by several enrolments!

## A NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

Look where you will, the new movement is permeating every section of the community. The Pelman Institute has become, in effect, a National institution, and there are many who predict that, sooner or later, it must become so in fact.

But State control could add nothing to the efficiency with which the work of the Institute is carried on. The instructional staff includes psychologists of the highest reputation on both sides of the Atlantic; every one of our great Universities is represented thereon; and the organisation of the instructional work is, in itself, a splendid tribute to Pelmanism—for every student receives individual consideration and his or her problems or difficulties receive the close attention of a capable practical psychologist.

All sorts of problems—some of them new and some of them familiar—are being brought every day to the Pelman Institute for advice and help; and it is safe to say that no "Pelmanist" has yet been disappointed with the assistance given.

## WOUNDED OFFICERS "PELMANISING."

There must be some thousands of wounded officers and men throughout the country who are studying "Pelmanism" whilst in hospital, and these speak of the "little grey books" with real affection, not only as a source of present interest and pleasure, but also as a definite assurance of a more certain future.

Indeed, quite apart from any other advantage, the Course is well worth ten times the time and money simply for the stimulus it gives. The "little grey books" fill one with a new sense of power, a new and greater belief in Possibility.

It is not, however, merely a question of financial, business or professional gain that makes "Pelmanism" so desirable a training. Great as its achievements are in those directions, they are altogether transcended by the extent to which the System enables one to add to the interest and pleasures of existence. Some day, it is to be hoped, an eloquent pen will do justice to this theme—the higher values of Pelmanism.

## "PLAYING THE GAME."

Here is a characteristic letter bearing on the point. It was written by a University man now in the Army:—

"The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clear, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove *moral* salvation to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary."

Testimony of a similar nature comes from a member of the gentle sex:—

"Though leading a busy life, my income is inherited, not earned. My object in studying Pelman methods was not, therefore, in any way a professional one, but simply to improve my memory and mental capacity, which, at the age of fifty, were, I felt, becoming dull and rusty. I have found the Course not only most interesting in itself, but calculated to give a mental stimulus and keenness and alertness to one's mind, which is just what most people feel the need of at my age."

Letters such as these, no less than those which speak of salaries doubled, positions and promotions gained, or other material advantages, make it clear that "TRUTH" was well justified in declaring that "the work of the Pelman Institute is of national importance"; they also explain why such distinguished public men as Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Sir James Yoxall, M.P., Mr. Geo. R. Sims, and others have not hesitated to endorse the methods and principles of the Institute. There is no man or woman who has expressed dissatisfaction with the result of his or her dealings with the Pelman Institute.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report, and a form entitling readers of "Punch" to the complete Pelman Course at one-third less than the usual fee, on application to The Pelman Institute, 1, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.



Visitor. "YOU ARE LUCKY TO HAVE A GARDENER."

Hostess. "OH, THAT'S MY HUSBAND, HOME ON LEAVE. I'M GETTING HIM TO HELP ME WITH THE GARDEN. SUCH A NICE CHANGE FOR HIM AFTER HIS STRENUOUS LIFE OUT THERE."

### THE RIVALS.

WHILE o'er unruffled regions  
Peace smiled secure, serene,  
Ere wicked WILLIAM'S legions  
Appeared upon the scene,  
Oft into sparkling verse I strayed,  
Replete with point and pith,  
To sing the glances of a maid  
Whose name was Susan Smith.

Now that across the waters  
She's gone to do her W.A.A.C.  
On EVE'S remaining daughters  
I coldly turn my back;  
But I will not the truth disguise  
That since we said farewell  
I've learnt to gaze in other eyes  
That own a certain spell.

The orbs with which my Muse is  
At present occupied  
They never fill, like Susie's,  
With laughter's happy tide;  
No semblance of the soft warm tear  
That used from hers to creep  
Have I observed in those appear—  
Potatoes cannot weep.

But when I take a fistful  
Of tubers to the patch  
Something supremely wistful  
In their regard I catch,

A mute half-desperate appeal,  
Yet, on the other hand,  
Half-trustful too, as though they feel  
That I shall understand.

Ah, eyes of seed potatoes  
To whom our cook to-day,  
Faced by a flourless fate, owes  
A debt she can't repay,  
How slight, how small, their last  
request

As from the upper air  
They pass beneath the earth to rest,  
"Please, this side up, with care!"

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

WE are glad to learn that *Mashi, and Other Stories*, by Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE, translated from the Bengali by various writers and announced by Messrs. MACMILLAN, is only the first of a series of topical handbooks bearing on urgent problems of the hour which may be expected in the course of the next few months from that prolific and stimulating pen.

The next volume will be entitled *Nibelik: an Idyll of the Sahara*. In this engrossing romance, which will be translated from the dialect of Timbuctoo by a group of distinguished Professors of the University of St. An-

draws, the exploits of the legendary hero, Sandiron the Wryneck, are described with the utmost gusto, combined with that mystical pathos which invariably characterises this gifted author.

This will be followed by *Puttur: a Saga of Greenland*. Here Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE has been fortunate in securing the services of so gifted an Icelandic scholar as Professor Abner Schenectady, whose monumental *History of Prehistoric Cold Storage* has long been regarded as a classic.

Other volumes are also in preparation. Amongst these are *Old Tales of Travancore and Rabarcore*. The hero of the Travancore legends is the famous Gutti, a chieftain of extraordinary strength and inflexibility of purpose. His overthrow by his rival, the Sultan of Rabarcore, is considered by Professor Wullipark, who has undertaken the translation, to be the most moving episode in all Oriental literature. The elogy on his death has been rendered into verse by Mr. YEATS with extraordinary fidelity.

### Commercial Candour.

"You are guaranteed such incompetency in all repairs you send to the ——— Co."  
Trade Paper.

## ALPHONSE.

THE exigencies of war have deprived me of much, but until Alphonse disappeared I felt that no sacrifice was too great if the cause were in any way served. Since my youth he had practised his artistry on my diminishing hairs. His scissors would slip smoothly, almost mesmerically, about my head while he whispered to me the minor scandals of Bond Street. Alphonse was no ordinary barber . . . and he disappeared. I very nearly became a pacifist.

I cannot tell you exactly how I came to visit M— (no tortures would drag the name from me), but it is sufficient that I did go there. This particular corner of England is so deeply at peace and so remote from all strife that in it one gains a sense of quiet security even from the longest tentacle of war. It was there on one stupendous Spring morning that I, sleepy with the sunshine, leant upon a moss-grained gate and gazed at some ancient farm-buildings—bright straw, weather-stained tiles and deep chrome walls. Near by, in an emerald green meadow, a man was shearing chrome sheep. There was nowhere in all that landscape a sign of new bricks, raw paint, corrugated iron or patent wire fencing. Even the hurdles forming the sheep-pen were of the old hand-fashioned variety, and from the pieces of ash-bark still clinging to the unplanned bars I knew they had been made in the spinney behind the farm. I felt that everything there had been for all time just as I saw it.

I turned my gaze to the sheep-shearer and wondered for how many centuries his shepherd forefathers had shorn their flocks in that same meadow. I walked over to where he was at work. He wielded his shears dexterously and his black beard bobbed up and down in rhythm with his hands. A Celt, I thought, or perhaps the descendant of some dark-haired Phœnician of old.

He flourished his shears, and the manner of it struck a familiar note in my memory. Presently he finished shearing, smoothed his hands over the shorn body, leaned back from his work and watched the ewe scramble to her feet, naked and indignant. Then with a little un-English sigh he looked up at me. His eyes became round with amazement.

"*M'sieu!*" he gasped, "what surprise! I am so astonished I cannot speak."

Had the lately-shorn sheep addressed me I should hardly have been more astounded, but eventually, having made allowances for a beard and a full smock, I recognised Alphonse.

I was mute. I smoothed away a stray lock beneath my cap.

"What are you doing here?" I at length asked.

Alphonse stood up, shrugged his shoulders at my inanity and with the shears indicated the sheep.

"I give them 'air-cut--army 'air-cut," he beamed at me.

I inquired how long he had been a shopherd.

"I am not zo ship'erd," he replied. "Troo munt ago I volunteer for Nationale Service. I am zo farm'and."

"You take on anything that comes along?" I suggested.

"*Mais non, M'sieu!* I 'ave 'ad some." Alphonse has a particularly wide knowledge of the English idiom. "When I first come," he explained, "Mistar Farmer Brune say what can I do? and I say, 'Eversing,' so I milk ze cow wiz ole Jean, but ver little milk come, and Madam put her 'oof in ze pail, and ole Jean say I tickle 'er, and Mistar Farmer Brune say 'Damn,' so next day I go out wiz ze plough. 'Ave you ovare plough?"

I shook my head.

"Well, ze plough is not ver easy. I go up and down, up and down, and presently ze field look like a beautiful 'air wave. I was entrance. Then Mistar Farmer Brune come along and say what 'e think about it. I 'ad what you call torn it. Next day Mistar Farmer Brune work wiz me wiz ze turnip-cart. 'E kip looking and looking at me more angry, and at last 'e say, 'You're a blooming 'airdresser, that's what you are;' and I smile at 'im and say, 'Yes, *M'sieu*, I am 'igh-life 'airdresser for twenty year.' 'E ver nearly fall off ze turnip-cart."

"So now I 'ave to do all ze cutting. I trim ze 'edges and 'air-cut ze sheepse, and last wik I dress Madame Brune's 'air for ze Charity bazaar. It make a great sensation. I do '*à la Pompadour*. But you understand I am farm'and." Alphonse shrugged a shoulder and smiled as one who, though swept by the tides of Fate, had remained inviolate.

Should you by some freak of fortune chance upon the remote village of M— (I shall never divulge the name), and should it happen upon the first Monday of the month, you might, if further favoured, see me in a sunny corner of the rick-yard, comfortably seated in one of Farmer Brown's best chairs, while, bending over me with unstudied grace and scissors scintillating, is the incomparable Alphonse, whispering discreetly the small scandals of the Home Farm.

## Contempt of Court?

From a police-court report:—

"His worship further said . . ."—*Star*.

## "THE PASSING OF ARTHUR."

BEFORE the War he had been a schoolmaster. He hopes to be one again when the War is over. But after three years in the A.S.C. he began to feel uneasy about the state of his mind. A friend suggested a bracing course of Mnemonics. Not being a General, still less an Admiral, he felt this to be above him, so he ordered a TENNYSON.

It arrived on a Tuesday. On the Wednesday morning he was evacuated as a shell-shock case, chiefly on the evidence of O.C. Signals, to whom he had sent this wire for transmission: "To Town-Major Avilion. Herewith Arthur passed to you please aaa." But the really damning evidence as to his deplorable condition was furnished by the following document subsequently discovered on his desk:—

[Candidates must write on one side of the paper only and submit their answers in triplicate.]

1. "Then rose the King and moved his host by night."

Reference above, explain what measures this move would necessitate on the part of (a) the A.A.Q.M.G., (b) the S.S.O.

2. "Authority forgets a dying King."

Quote authority.

3. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

What is the average life of (a) a General Routine Order, (b) a Divisional Routine Order on the subject of Dripping?

4. ". . . King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.  
Nine years she wrought it. . . ."

Sketch an imaginary correspondence (expurgated) between O.C. Round Table and D.A.D.O.S. Camelot with reference to the delay in the delivery of Excalibur.

5. "Then murmured Arthur, 'Place me in the barge.'"

What steps should he have taken to obtain the sanction of the Deputy Director of Inland Water Transport?

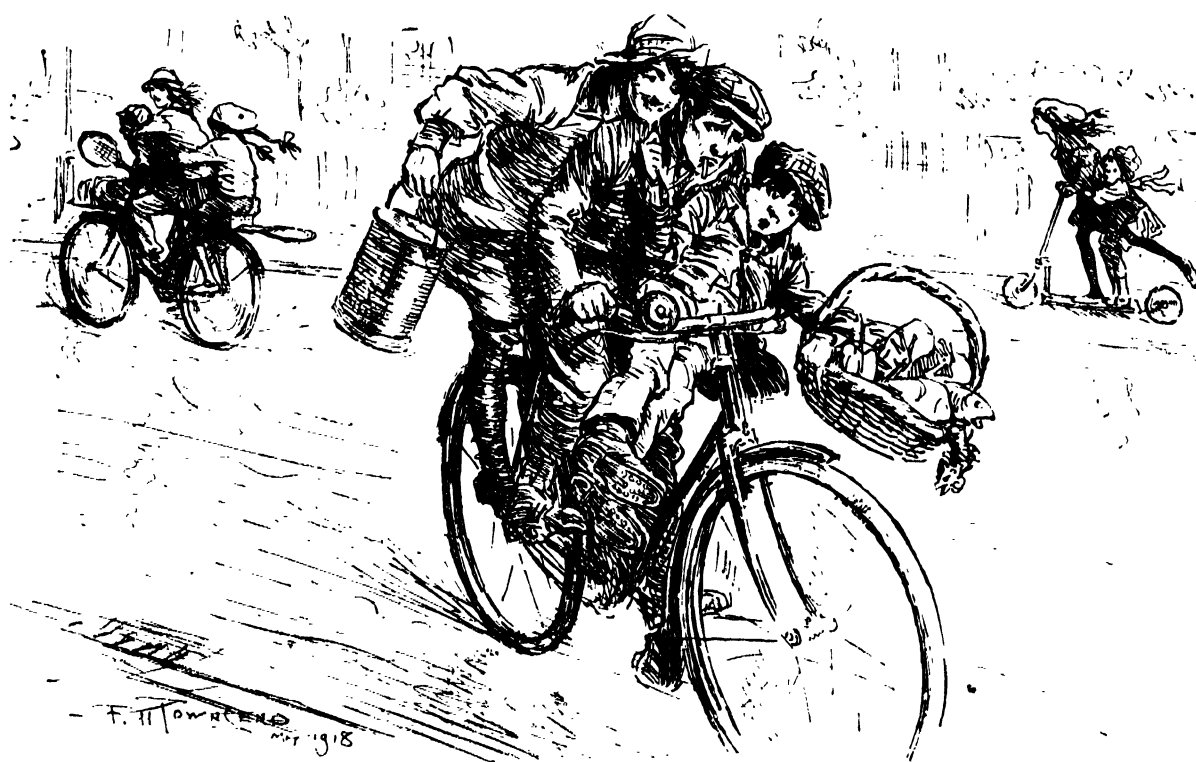
6. ". . . the island valley of Avilion,  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer seats."

Compare Avilion and Dieckbusch as billeting areas.

7. "Were it well to obey then, if a king demand  
An act unprofitable, against himself?"

Draw up summary of evidence against Sir Bedivere, charged with "hesitating to obey an order." What is your opinion of this officer's merits as an Adjutant?





### THE STRESS OF WAR.

OUR GARDEN SUBURB BENDS TO THE STORM.

### THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

XIII.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER LXXXVI.

*Richard.* You promised to tell us more about the animals which infested England in this period.

*Mrs. M.* I told you something about what were then known as the elusive rabbit and the priceless pig, but may add a few more details. Cows were already rapidly becoming extinct, owing to the discovery of synthetic milk. A large number of monkeys were imported into the country by itinerant musicians of foreign extraction; but the rigour of our climate proved detrimental to their health and, though provided with suitable clothing, they frequently succumbed to pneumonia and similar complaints.

*George.* But I thought you told us that foreign musicians had become unpopular.

*Mrs. M.* True, my dear boy, but it was very difficult to distinguish foreigners from natives in these times, owing to the mutual interchange of names. Natives, generally from the large towns, passed themselves off as Savoyards and disguised themselves by speaking broken English. On the other hand, undesirable aliens, as they were called, frequently assumed English names by the process of protective mimicry, just as cater-

pillars imitate sticks and butterflies leaves. Thus it was said that in Scotland the prefix Mac entirely ceased to be a proof of Scots origin, and was nearly always traceable to the German Max.

*Mary.* But why did the musicians import monkeys?

*Mrs. M.* That is certainly puzzling. It cannot have been as an article of food, for they were generally of small size, and their flesh is not specially pleasing to the taste. I can only surmise that there must have been some instinctive sympathy between musicians and monkeys, or that monkeys by their quaint appearance and tricks distracted the attention of the audience from the imperfections of the instruments employed. The dancing bears which had been a common feature in those islands at an earlier date had died out. Their extinction was partly due to the growing refinement of taste which followed the introduction of Rag-time measures, and partly to the insurmountable difficulties which the bears experienced in adapting themselves to this syncopated music.

*Richard.* What sort of instruments were these that you speak of?

*Mrs. M.* Originally they were called hurdy-gurdies, which made a noise like a bad harmonium. These were succeeded by barrel-organs, rude me-

chanical substitutes for the pianoforte, a keyed instrument played with the fingers. Pianofortes have long been extinct, but they lasted on for a considerable time as articles of furniture. Indeed, in the period which we are now discussing, two pianofortes might often be seen in the house of a working-man, not to be played on, but as ornamental adjuncts to the more practical equipment of the household.

### An Old Sport Revived.

FROM GILBERT WHITE'S *Natural History of Selborne* :—

"Some young men went down to a pond on the verge of Wolmer Forest to hunt flappers . . . Several of which they caught."

Nowadays, the rôles are reversed, and the flappers do the hunting.

FROM AN AUCTION-NOTICE :—

"These are all well-known prize-winning families, and although Mr. . . . has not shown himself, pigs from this herd have won for other people both at home and abroad."

*Five Stock Journal.*

We admire Mr. . . . 's modesty.

"The Bishop of Lincoln reminded his hearers that the Labour Party had now been enlarged so as to include the brain-worker, and even Bishops could become members."

*Daily News.*

"Even" is good.



*Sapper (engaged in technical explanation). "... AND A SAP IS VERY OFTEN DETECTED BY THE EXCAVATED EARTH WHICH IS LEFT ON THE SURFACE."*  
*Lady (showing an intelligent interest). "THEN WHY DON'T YOU BURY IT?"*

### THE FREAK.

On, His Majesty's ships they had timbers of teak  
 And a Jack at the bows and a flag at the peak;  
 They would die for their King as he sat on his throne,  
 But their souls were immortal, and, when they had flown,  
 They would rest for a while where you'd seek them in vain

Till the day they were summoned to service again.

Now a spectre came sailing at sunset one day  
 To the base where the cruisers and battleships lay;  
 As she beat into harbour her sails never shook  
 And the battleships strained at their cables to look;  
 Such a droll little spirit from counter to beak  
 That the cruisers cried out, "Oh, my dear, what a freak!"

Now the ships of the squadrons could never mistake  
 Any fashion they'd worn under NELSON or DRAKE,  
 From a ship of the line to a galleon or brig,  
 But they'd never encountered the visitor's rig;  
 And she sang an old chantey that nobody knew,  
 "Oh, the sumer's icumen, sing llude, cuccu!"

Then the great *Queen Elizabeth* hailed from the van,  
 And she twinkled as much as a battleship can:  
 "They are free to the sea who establish their right,  
 Tell us what was your service and where did you fight?"  
 "Oh, I'll prove you my service," the stranger she cried,  
 "If you'll show me the way to the Banks of the Clyde."

"I'd the luck to be launched by an English Princess,  
 So I wear in her honour my christening dress;

And I fought for my King as he sat on his throne  
 In the greatest sea battle that ever was known,  
 And a flagon was drained, as the hurricane burst,  
 To the health of His Majesty EDWARD THE FIRST.

"In our van there went Tiptoft, a noble of note,  
 And 'Sir ROBERT,' I mind me, we called him aloft,  
 While the enemy's flag on that glorious day  
 Carried CHARLES, Count of Valois, from over the way;  
 And we'd moored an old hulk in the Channel, you see,  
 For to mark us the place where the battle should be.

"Then we blew on our trumpets and beat on our gongs,  
 And we went at it lustily, hammer and tongs,  
 With a 'Hi' for our cry, and 'Long life to our Prince,'  
 There was never a battle so terrible since,  
 For the arrows and stones were a caution to see,  
 Oh, we fought to some purpose in twelve ninety-three!"

Then the giants of Jutland, suspiciously grave,  
 Why, they up with their anchors and escort they gave,  
 And they showed her the road to the Banks of the Clyde;  
 But as soon as the squadrons got into their stride  
 You could hear pretty clear in the swirl of each screw:  
 "Oh, the sumer's icumen, sing llude, cuccu!"

And the sun rose in splendour at Greenock next day  
 On a marvellous cruiser in natal array;  
 Reincarnate her soul, as the sound of her name  
 With a prayer from the lips of her godmother came,  
 And her heart beat as English in steel as in teak,  
 For a Princess of England was launching—a Freak.



THE FADING VISION.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, April 29th.*—The Government's efforts to restrict the use of gas naturally met with little sympathy in the Commons. After some vigorous heckling on behalf of the penny-in-the-slot consumers, who are expected to cook their dinners with a reduced supply of a deteriorated article, the House, by an easy transition, plunged into a Hot Air debate. It was opened, appropriately enough, by Mr. PRINGLE, whose praiseworthy effort to be calm and judicial somewhat cramped his style.

Lord HUGH CECIL, on the contrary, was at his best and brightest. His description of the PRIME MINISTER's letter to Lord ROTHERMERE as "an essay in hagiology" delighted all hearers, and not least those who were under the impression that the science in question had something to do with ugly and sinister old women. A well-reasoned eulogy of General TRENCHARD, who is not only a great leader and organiser, but has the psychological intuition invaluable in handling a Force whose younger members are often "flighty" in more senses than one, met with much approval.

Possibly the PRIME MINISTER thought it was time to create a diversion, for a casual phraso about "amateur strategists in the Cabinet" brought him to his feet with a vigorous denial that the Cabinet had ever interfered with the late Chief of the Air Staff.

I do not think he need have disclaimed the imputation so hotly, for when his own turn came to speak he showed masterly ability in "refusing his flank." What the House chiefly wanted to know was the nature of the disagreement between the military and civilian heads of the Air Force, and how the War Cabinet, without seeing General TRENCHARD, came to the conclusion that he no longer possessed the qualities necessary for a Chief of Staff. But Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has not entirely forgotten the maxim that bids the budding lawyer in certain circumstances "abuse the plaintiff's attorney"; and with great skill he switched off the debate to the question whether Members of Parliament in His Majesty's Forces were entitled to use the

knowledge they had acquired as soldiers to criticise His Majesty's Government. And thenceforward this topic dominated the debate, and the original issue was largely obscured.

Mr. PRINGLE insisted on taking a

*Tuesday, April 30th.*—This afternoon the House saw the last of Mr. DUKE, who in a few hours will leave the Treasury Bench for the Judicial. It was odd that his passing should have occurred when no Nationalist Member was present to bid him "Vale!" for never was there a Chief Secretary who was more obviously anxious to temper justice with mercy in dealing with Irish vagaries. His last word in the House was a gentle rebuke to that ardent Unionist, Mr. BUTCHER, for "lightly" using the word "conspiracy" to describe the present agitation against conscription.

Mr. HAYES FISHER, challenged from several quarters about his new instructions to the Tribunals, promised to give the House an opportunity of considering them, and to be guided by its opinion. But he added the caveat that "we do not always gather that opinion by the number of speakers for or against a particular motion."

The House of Lords did a useful afternoon's work in refusing to give a Second Reading to the Lochaber Water Power Bill, under which an aluminium company would have been able so to change the face of the district that it would have been "Lochaber no more."

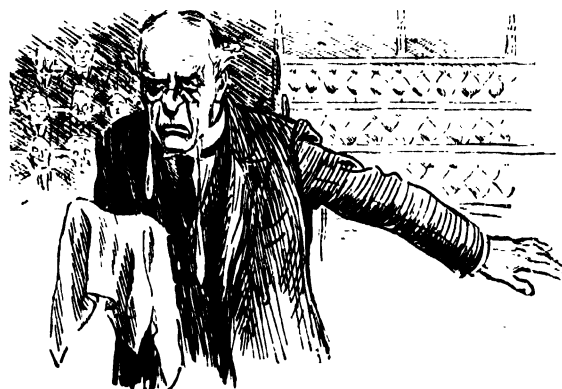
*Wednesday, May 1st.*—Some time ago the Ministry of Food issued an order fixing the price of Persian dates at sixpence a pound, with the usual result that that particular variety disappeared from the market. Mr. CLYDES now stated that the Ministry had purchased a considerable quantity, but was holding it up for further consignments in order that there should be enough to go round. This decision did not give entire satisfaction; and one Hon. Member murmured, "*Bis date qui cito date.*"

Fourteen months' forcible feeding, according to Mr. EDMUND HARVEY, had reduced a certain Conscientious Objector to an "emaciated condition." The HOME SECRETARY, on being urged to grant his release, replied that he had had special medical inquiry made, and the report was that the man was "in good health, but rather too fat owing to want of exercise." Several Members who are fed up with rational diet are



"AN ESSAY IN HAGIOLOGY."

LORD HUGH CECIL.



Mr. DUKE (bidding farewell to the Irish Benches, "full absentees"). "Oh that it had always been thus!"



## AT THE PLAY.

"UNCLE ANYHOW."

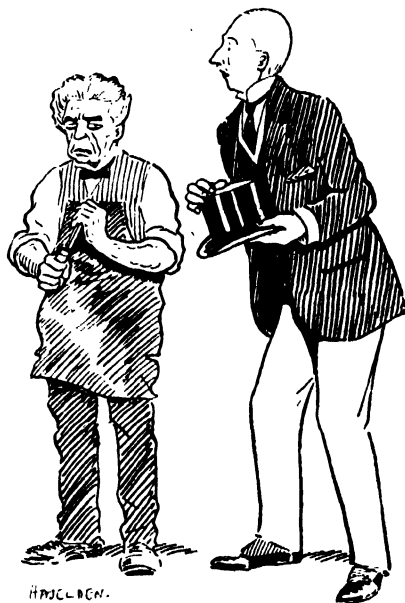
In *Uncle Anyhow* Mr. SUTRO designs the wholesome sentimental comedy. Ingredients: two daughters of a very poor and proud and (if you ask me) highly improbable inventor of aeroplanes; *Ermyntrude* (help!) is in the chorus, "second row, fourth from the end," for sake of two-pound-ten a week, not for love of the thing, "well able to take care of herself" and keep at arm's length impulsive impresarios and managers ("Rude Myn," they called her in the chorus with their ready wit) and shepherd her motherless lamb of a little sister; brainless but very decent young sportsman (who was after the lamb); his craven father under thumb of his entirely odious wife, who, disapproving of both chorus and poverty, forbids the banns; and a retired don, very ugly, odd and middle-aged, ex-tutor to the young sportsman, who with his irreverent fellows dubbed him *Uncle Anyhow* at Oxford.

The two nicknamed characters are the centre of Mr. SUTRO's (shall I say?) tactful little romance, and he has spent some pains upon them. *Uncle Anyhow* drifts back and forth, desperately shy and out of place (in the author's intention), never having seen a pink stocking (there were, of course, none in Oxford in 1914), helping the young lovers, himself making love to "Rude Myn" under a barrage of whimsical lectures on natural history and detached observations on life, sending five-pound notes at critical moments (as when papa broke open the cash-box—with a chisel too—and borrowed from the rent board eight sovereigns to pay for his aeroplane model), and generally comporting himself like an old dear. And there is "Rude Myn," impish, motherly, appallingly candid, full of grit and loveliness.

Now, if you share my respect for Mr. DENNIS EADIE's skill, you can well imagine him building up the character of some odd, elderly, untidy, shy, ultra-donnish, gradually humanised person (as per author's schedule) with subtlety and conviction. But, alas, for some reason which I am absolutely unable to fathom, Mr. EADIE appeared well-preserved, well-groomed, for the most part imperturbably at ease and quite good-looking. There is no point in Mr. SUTRO's hero if he is as presentable as Mr. EADIE. Can it be that this artist has joined the sartorial school of acting and daren't face a matinée audience with baggy knees or an artificially unsymmetrical nose and ruffled hair? Surely it should be quite obvious to him that this queer lapse of his makes it very difficult for the other

players, with their constant references to his age and eccentricity. I do seriously ask him to alter all this, for it is an important matter of principle going deeper than the merits and chances of this particular comedy.

Miss ATHENE SEYLER made an entirely charming figure of "Rude Myn." This attractive character, with more stuff to it than is ordinarily served to comedy heroines, gave her versatility and vivacity a good chance, which she took quite brilliantly. Her quiet unstressed playing in the rather dull opening (and this dullness offered a temptation to let go too soon) led artistically to the emotional and lively passages as



PLAIN MANNERS OF A PLANE MAN

Richard Farnham . . . MR. RANDLE AYTON.  
Mr. Floyer . . . MR. DAWSON MILWARD.

the character unfolded itself. This actress plays with her head, taking risks, I admit, but I hope she will go on doing so. I don't think she quite conveyed to us the gradual dawning of her love, but (to be fair), looking back, I don't see that Mr. SUTRO allowed her much opportunity.

Mr. FEWELASS LLEWELLYN gave a quite delightful little study of a commercially-minded toy-manufacturer with a (self-assisted) sense of humour. Mr. DAWSON MILWARD as the husband henpecked to the point of abjectness saved, by the most skilful and restrained handling, a character that might easily have been made unpleasantly impossible.

Mr. RANDLE AYTON, I am afraid, is developing an incurable tendency to over-act, and his disgruntled inventor of aeroplanes positively swallowed the ends of his words in the vehemence of his passion. I feel sure he must see

that it throws him out of the perspective of the whole and mars the pleasure which a considerable talent should give. I liked Miss ENID TREVOR's *Eliza Jane* very much; and Miss ROSA SULLIVAN did an inconceivably cattish snob of a step-mother with a really fine tact. Miss LULA MARAVAN will realise that the author has, for reasons of his own, overshadowed her part with that of her rude sister, and that makes it difficult for her. Her name is new to me, and her work seems of good promise. T.

## PROTEST DE LUXE.

THE first meeting of the L.P.A.L.T. (the League of Protest Against Luxury Taxes) was held in Taxton Hall, Westminster, last night, when a representative company of luxurious people passed a number of resolutions against what was happily described as "torpedo legislation."

In his opening remarks the Chairman said that they were to exert all the vigilance of which they were capable to prevent the new Luxury Tax falling upon the wrong articles. (Loud cheers.) Confidence in the Government, collectively and individually, having long ceased to exist, they could approach the subject with a candour not always possible. (Hear, hear.) Everyone there, he imagined, was sufficiently patriotic and desirous of winning the War to offer no objection to taxation where it was right and proper; but what they were met to resist was taxation that was wrong and improper. (Loud cheers.) Take, for example, racing. There was a sinister rumour that some kind of new revenue was to be exacted from the tired war-workers who found their relaxation and an outlet for their spare cash on the racecourse. Fortunately they had with them that evening Sir Tailupp Stout (loud cheers), who would tell them why this must be resisted tooth and nail. He would not detain them further but call on Sir Tailupp to address the meeting.

Sir Tailupp Stout, on behalf of the Jockey Club, moved that the strongest possible representation be made to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to refrain from putting a luxury tax on race-horses and racing. Racing was an essential to the country, especially during war. It was perhaps true that trials of speed could be made in private and thus effect the only purpose for which the sport notoriously existed; but was that the British way? (Loud negations.) Were we to be as hole-and-corner as that? (Renewed protests.) And more, would it be fair to the horses? (Sensation.) The horses' feelings must be considered too. (Hear, hear.) The horse was a noble animal,

# The Time is Coming

when war will cease and the pursuits of commerce, learning, science, art, &c. will be resumed.

The things that have stood the fiery ordeal of war will endure. The shoddy things, whether in goods or ideas, will be ruthlessly shed.

The Allies, caught dreaming of beautiful democratic Utopias, were nearly swept into obscurity by a highly trained brute-nation which waited and plotted for "the Day" when it could make its wild spring for world domination.

Russia turned away from her joint task with the Allies to play with Socialistic dreams instead of bending her strength to help in overthrowing the vilest of tyrannies.

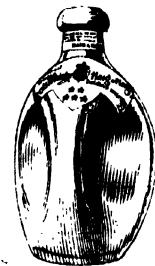
Poor Russia !

Her Vodka was a vile intoxicant, but her Socialism was more deadly than her Vodka.

While our sons are dying that we may live in security from the slavery that the brute-nation would impose upon us, let us sacrifice everything to support our glorious fighters.

Excess in anything is not only a sin, it is a crime against all free nations.

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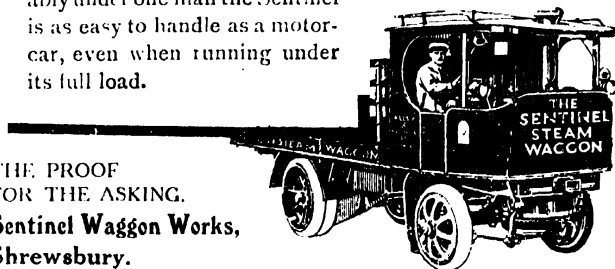
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ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHER SOAPS.

A Brighton Doctor writes:—

"I suffer every winter from chapped hands, principally used by  
of insoluble soaps in the extremely hard water  
days, leaving the hands rough and dry after using a  
using your Russian Tar Soap my hands are  
this hard water, and that  
and dry. It is a boon  
of six times a morning  
to wash  
ly during

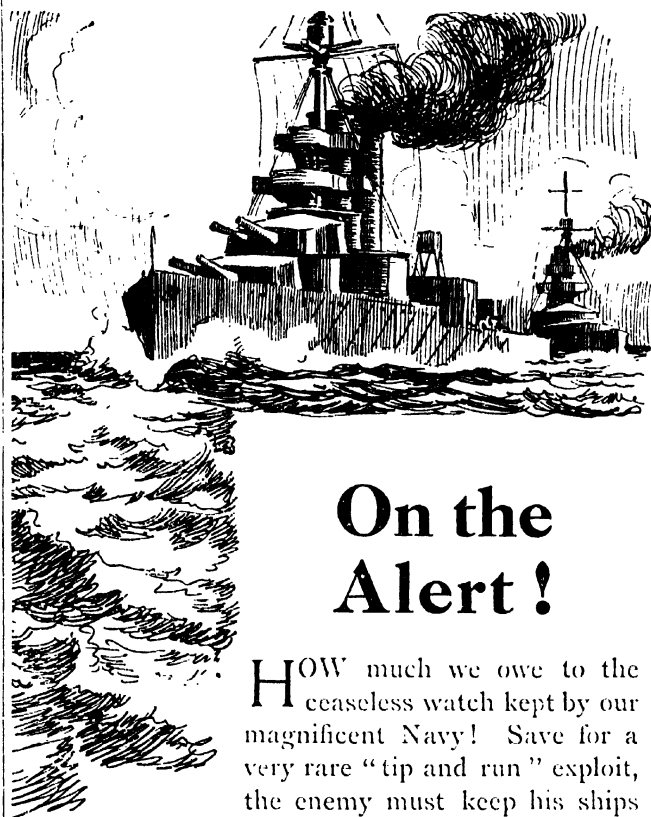
"I may add that this soap has a most agreeable  
not combi (time) in the  
surface of the water during its use,  
which it would do if it combined with the excessively hard water  
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HOW much we owe to the ceaseless watch kept by our magnificent Navy! Save for a very rare "tip and run" exploit, the enemy must keep his ships safe in harbour behind his mine-fields. His submarines, out to "sink without trace," meet their reward at the hands of our Navy.

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unaccustomed to race in private. No, not only should racing go on, but it must be treated in a lenient spirit by the Government. It was cruel—nay, he would go farther and say it was unsportsmanlike—to ask a beautiful fiery creature, already burdened with a jockey and numberless “shirts,” to carry a luxury tax as well. (Cheers.) Humanity cried out against it. The R.S.P.C.A. would not allow it. (Great applause.)

Mr. Alf Oddson, on behalf of the Bookmakers' League of Pity for Themselves, begged to support the gallant gentleman whose breezy speech they had so much enjoyed. (Applause.) Speaking as a sportsman he held that racing was not only so essentially a British gentleman's pursuit as always to be entitled to preferential treatment, but that the spectacle at the present time, during critical battles, of crowds of people hurrying to Newmarket with plenty of money for gambling purposes could not but hearten our Allies. (Renewed applause.)

Colonel Cox, speaking on behalf of Turf journalists, who surely were as hard-working a class of men as any in the country (cheers), considering that many of them had never seen a race-horse in their lives until the exigencies of Fate got it between the shafts of a London cab, begged to support the last speakers. Racing was a Fleet Street industry and must not be hampered. (Loud cheers.)

After further remarks on the topic of racing, marked by a pronounced unanimity, the Hon. Ernest Redd Potter rose to take up the cudgels on behalf of all those who find their relaxation, after long hours of toil, in playing billiards or snooker's pool. Some one, he said, had been so unimaginative as to suggest that that useful and necessary adjunct to civilised life, the billiard table, should be taxed also as a luxury. Luxury! (Loud laughter.) He understood that the French Luxury Tax included billiard-tables; but, much as he admired our brave Allies across the Channel in many respects, he could not go with them all the way. (Sensation.) Moreover, what was the good of taxing a table that had no pockets? (Renewed laughter.)

Following the debate on the billiard-table tax thus brilliantly opened, which ended in another unanimous vote in favour of remitting any such unfair imposts, the meeting was addressed by Mr. Boyd Constant, the gravity of whose demeanour struck immediate gloom. He had that day heard, said the new speaker, that it was proposed to put a luxury tax on all wines which exceeded a certain price per bottle; and



Bill. "THIS BLINKIN' SEA'S ORFUL!"

'Arry. "OH, I DUNNO. IT'S NICE TO SEE FROTH ON SOMETHING THESE DAYS!"

this naturally would strike at the very heart of conviviality, because champagne must necessarily come within its scope. Now whatever the last speaker might think of French sagacity when it taxed billiard-tables, there could be no doubt that France was inspired when she produced champagne. On sunless days where could sun be found? In champagne. (Cheers.) On joyless days where could joy be found? In champagne. (Renewed cheers.) When there was no victory for us on the Front, where could victory be found? In the same place! (Terrific applause.) Was it not, then, monstrous even to whisper of taxing

this beneficent fluid? He had a bottle with him. (Uproar.) . . .

When, after a while, the audience had returned from the platform to their seats, the Chairman put the various resolutions, exempting certain so-called luxuries from taxation, to the meeting, and all were vociferously agreed to. It was then decided to lay the report of the proceedings before Mr. BONAR LAW without delay, and the company dispersed, chiefly in their own cars.

"WANTED.—Robust character woman (would not object to joint)." *Theatrical Paper.*  
Who would in these rationing times?

## TWO PICTURES.

DEAR MR. FOOD-CONTROLLER,—At this moment I am not very sure of your name. For a time you were Lord DEVONPORT, and then you became Lord RHONDDA, and then there came a devastating rumour that you were to be somebody else, name not stated. Now you have barked back to Lord RHONDDA, and this is good hearing, for under that name you had done the State some service, people had got used to you, and, though a few here and there grumbled and groused—what will men not grouse about even in these days?—the vast majority at home recognised your decrees as being necessary and were glad to note how smoothly the new machine worked in your hands, and how easily the people accommodated themselves to what was required of them. It is no small feat to have accomplished this in a world suspicious of even the slightest change. So here we are, living under the coupon system and, on the whole, very little the worse for it. Some of the credit of this must go to the people who are affected by it; but even when that deduction is made a large proportion must remain with you. So please stick to your post, Lord RHONDDA, and keep on giving us a generous display of common-sense. That's that; and I fancy I have got you into a good temper and that you are willing to listen with an open mind to the little complaint that I wish to bring before you.

I had a letter from the Western Front the other day from a friend who in happier days was an efficient solicitor, and is now an efficient Major in a London regiment. He spoke with intense admiration of the fighting quality of his men and praised their cheerfulness and kindness to one another under difficult circumstances. "One thing," he said, "will amuse you. About a week ago we were marching through what had once been a village and was now a mere collection of ruins. There wasn't a trace of life in the whole place so far as we could see, except that, as we passed, a lean and famished little dog issued from a farmyard and stood watching us. Everybody whistled to him or called to him, and at last he seemed to make up his mind and took his place in the ranks and stepped it gallantly between Bert of Peckham and Alf of Cumberwell. From that moment he has remained with us, and is being fed back into robust health by our particular portion of the great British Army. All the men are devoted to him and see to it that he gets his food. It is little enough now and then, but still he gets it; and the men would resent as offensive any suggestion that their new little friend should not be allowed to draw his ration. They tell one another anecdotes showing his brilliant intelligence, and feel in some obscure way that the luck of the section with which he marches is bound up with him. One of the corporals has manufactured for him an anti-poison-gas outfit, which he wears very ludicrously and very proudly."

That is one picture. Here is another of a very different sort. During the past week or so a painful and deplorable rumour has come to our ears, and we have been told with varying degrees of assurance that no more dog biscuits are to be manufactured, and that, on the exhaustion of the existing stocks, dogs will have to go without food, which means, of course, that the vast majority of dogs will have to come to an end, for our own food ration has been so greatly cut down that, even if we were allowed to share it with our dogs, it could not be done. Dogs therefore will have to starve, or will be "put down," or, as a third alternative, will have to be taken to Flanders, and attached to some generous body of soldiery. And mind you, Lord RHONDDA, this offensive against our gentle and loyal friends is to take place in spite of the declaration

made by famous manufacturers of dog food that the biscuits so much relished by dogs are made up of ingredients absolutely unfit for *human* food, so that there can be no question that, if dogs are still to be fed on food specially made for them, any human being will be nearer to starvation by the fraction of a crumb. No, my dear Lord RHONDDA, let us observe some measure in our rationing processes, and let us not rejoice the hearts of the Germans by reducing our dogs to starvation and ourselves to absurdity. Can anyone give me a sound reason why stuffs that are good for dogs and bad for human beings should not be made up into dog food? I venture to call your attention to this matter because I know that it is deeply felt by many who are friends of the friend of man. Do pray look into it, and don't give way to the man who, having once been barked at by a Pekinese, sees himself pursued by Great Danes and wolfhounds through the remaining period of his existence.

I am, dear Lord RHONDDA, with all respect,  
Yours faithfully, A DOGMATIST.

## THE TURN OF THE TIED.

["The whole Empire owes the Civil Service a lasting debt of gratitude."—*The War Cabinet's Report.*]

CUTHBERT, in placid days before the War  
You played at work, remote and bureaucratic,  
"Like fountains in the Square, from ten to four,"

A phrase dogmatic,  
But true—how could a layman dare to doubt it  
When no Press comment was complete without it?

The War produced your name. You were the stay  
Of journalists who saw on the horizon  
The hopeless dawning of a stuntless day,

And put us wise on  
Your combing-out—a heart's cry from the nation—  
(You couldn't much affect their circulation).

Foamed at the mouth *The Mail* and *Evening News*,  
Seathingly censured your elusive habits,  
Taught Hammersmith to call you embus-kews,

Drew you as rabbits,  
Saving your precious skins from things untoward,  
Like RHONDDA's coneys when the price was lowered.

The business man took up the daily dirge;  
"Brass" joined the paper and the comb in chorus:  
And each self-made commercial Demiurge,

Set to rule o'er us,  
Saw naught of yours that he could not improve on:  
"Down with red tape and let me get a move on."

They let him, and he fairly made things num  
At first with posters, jobs and commandeering,  
But, when results were reckoned up, the sum

Was far from cheering;  
So came to grief your critics, and I wondered  
If, in obscuring you, we had not blundered.

But when, surveying all, the Cabinet  
(Once by the Press and Business given a halo)  
Ungrudgingly records the Empire's debt

To you who lay low,  
I take that verdict, as a wise man doth,  
And almost raise my hat, O priceless Cuth.!

"It would seem, indeed, that the Allies are beating the enemy in their field tactics as well as in bravery and efficiency. Samson has met his David. The fight is not finished."—*Daily Dispatch*.  
In fact the real tug-of-war will not begin until DEILAN tackles GOLIATH.



"AND HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO GET WOUNDED?"

"ME OWN FAULT, LADY. I GOT SCRATCHED CUTTIN

ARMS OFF THE ENEMY'S WIRELESS WHEN I 'ADN'T MY GLOVES ON."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM rather inclined to call *Second Marriage* (SECKER) the best, because certainly the most direct and comprehensible, story that I have yet read over the signature of VIOLA MEYNELL. The marriage in question was that of *Ismay Hunt* and *Arnold Glimour*. This *Ismay* was one of a large family of girls, and just before the opening of the tale had wedded *Hunt*, of whom we are told that he was rich beyond dreams and adored his wife so fervently that, believing her disappointed with the union, he promptly died, and from motives of delicacy left her but a bare three thousand of capital. A hint here of the old subtlety. Much more obvious is the uncomfortable situation of poor *Ismay*, who, faced with a general expectation that she should finance her sister's love-match and generally play the goddess in the gilded car, has to tell the assembled two families that it simply won't run to it. (Only of course *Ismay* expresses herself more elegantly than this.) It runs to it less than ever after she has met and fallen headlong in love with *Arnold*, because thenceforward the three thousand becomes definitely assigned to his projects for a pumping-engine to drain the fens among which the scene of the story is laid. Much of the charm and cleverness of the book comes from the part that the manipulation of this water-power plays in the plot; else what you may admire most is the skill with which the two protagonists, with their almost violent individuality, are made to stand out from a crowd whose collective ambition is to be as much

like each other and everybody else as possible. *Ismay* especially doth bestride the story like a female Colossus; and her vitality is, I feel, of enormous benefit to a society that but for these strenuous lovers would remain a little devoid of any conspicuous activities either of mind or body.

Mr. W. PETT RIDGE is the wise bird. He sings his songs twice over, and many times more than twice, but always with some touch of freshness. Moreover he has in full measure the careless rapture that comes from an apparent enjoyment of his own themes. For example, the latest story, *Top Speed* (METHUEN), which treats of precisely the type of kindly Cockneys, small tradesmen with large hearts, whom the author has made peculiarly his own. This time it is the Mayor of a London Borough and his family whose development—but especially that of the Mayor and Mayoress—from a milk-shop to honours and affluence is sketched with a smiling sympathy that almost obscures the fact that the whole thing is a fairy tale. I daresay you can imagine already the members of the *Donaldson* home circle—the capable daughter and the not so satisfactory son, also, of course, that characteristic figure of the observer within the (area) gates, the caustically critical "general." (What, by the way, do London kitchens think of Mr. PETT RIDGE? I have often been tempted to this inquiry.) Through domestic trials and the hazards of public life, in the fierce light that beats upon a scarlet robe, the upward progress of the *Donaldsons* forms a most happy entertainment, of which perhaps the author's own title is the only needed criticism. Would they, one can't help asking in the infrequent pauses,

go quite so fast or be so uniformly efficient? Also I record my conviction that the otherwise admirable *not* describing diæresis as "a complaint that brings out two black spots," is an unlikely contribution to dialogue in a milk-shop parlour.

If Mrs. GEORGE WEMYSS could have abandoned the rather tiresome staccato of her phrasing and the pursuit of infinitesimal jokes almost to the verge of facetiousness I should have enjoyed her *Impossible People* (CONSTABLE) more wholeheartedly. I think Parson *Templar* and his wife *Joanna* (he used to preach *ex-tempore* sermons from his notes—which was awkward when the third page was part of a letter to a friend) are really so impossible that they must have existed; and perhaps that's why, for all their queerness—a nice kind of queerness which took the form of an all-embracing charity and tolerance—they are more alive than some of the other people whom I am not sure (such is my dullness) the author meant to be quite as impossible as they are. The *Templars* adopted a girl-child who turned out ill—or illish—and a sort of housemaid who did exceedingly well, became a distinguished ornithologist (I was never certain whether she really discovered a new kind of bird), found a charming squire and—I think, but can't swear to it, for the text is again obscure—proved to be an aristocrat of illegitimate birth; which is very comforting, for blood, you know, will tell. By the way, I would ask the author if "talking in paregories" is a likely malapropism? I am sure she is candid enough to say No and not let it occur again.

Mr. GUY FLEMING, in a story which for no very apparent reason he calls *Over The Hills and Far Away* (LONGMANS), rather gives one the impression that this attempt to achieve a novel of action, of the Gretna Green school, is all against his natural bent. Certainly his *Duncan Ferrier* rescues damsels in distress, confronts villains, hobnobs with highwaymen and displays a marked propensity for getting himself knocked on the head, besides contriving, thanks to some rather roundabout steering by his author, to be present at a sea-fight, in which that fascinating scoundrel, or hero, JOHN PAUL JONES, plays the leading part; yet somehow it does not do. Even the freest use of such recognised incidents of everyday life in the eighteenth century as robberies, duels and smuggling affrays does not save the book from being almost inconceivably wooden, so that when that dull dog and weathercock lover, *Duncan*, finally arrives at present felicity and a prospective earldom one has hardly patience to congratulate him on either event. On the other hand, the story, kept together mainly by such well-worn threads as the idiosyncracies of the Scottish marriage-law and of the Scottish language, does contain minor sketches of real beauty and interest. For the old minister, *Duncan's* tutor, and his rebel friend, the laird, *Iron Gray*, in their environment of heather and rock, and even for that old shrivelled parchment, the family lawyer, one has a welcome which one refuses to the hero's

English acquaintances and more particularly to the hero himself.

I did not find *Scandal* (HURST AND BLACKETT) nearly so startling as I think the author, Mr. COSMO HAMILTON, intended it to be. True, one may say that, when *Beatrix Vanderdyke*, in order to escape a wiggling from her family, mendaciously tells them that she is secretly married to a man whom in actual fact she hardly knows, and coolly calls upon the man in question to be a sport and carry on the deception, she is "going some." But *Beatrix* is the spoilt scion of a multi-millionaire race, and is in the habit of going some, and (if one may enlarge upon that Transatlantic idiom) then some more. Fortunately or unfortunately she has selected for her victim another young plutocrat, who, if not equally spoilt, is equally in the habit of going some when the occasion calls for going in any form. Being not unnaturally indignant at the position he has been placed in by the girl's selfish and unnecessary action, *Pelham Franklin* proceeds to get some of his own back by playing the husband with a realism that gives the spoilt *Beatrix* the fright of her young life. Having earned her undying hatred it follows that in the course of ensuing chapters he will win her love—having first, of course, fallen in love with *Beatrix* himself—and that the wedding will ultimately take place in real earnest. The story is smoothly told and the interest cleverly sustained, and if a slight air of unreality overhangs the whole it is rather because Mr. HAMILTON has selected highly-coloured subjects than because he has over-painted his picture. *Scandal*, in short, is a distinct improvement on much that the author has written of late, and more nearly recalls the work upon which



The Knight-Errant (who has come, at great personal risk, to rescue an imprisoned damsel, suddenly changing his mind). "DO NOT BE ALARMED, DEAR LADY. I WAS JUST PASSING AND THOUGHT I WOULD LOOK IN. BY THE WAY, I'VE BROUGHT YOU A SKIPPING-ROPE. NO DOUBT YOU ARE IN NEED OF EXERCISE. GOOD-BYE!"

his reputation as a Society novelist was founded.

*Sergt. Spud Tamson, V.C.* (HUTCHINSON) is a sequel, but even if you have missed (as I have) the former book your enjoyment of this one will not suffer much. From a preface I gather that the original *Spud Tamson* has met with great success; in short that the British Expeditionary Force has embraced it with both arms and demanded a fresh supply. It is the kind of literature which nothing but war could have produced, and when I mention that various characters in these chapters are called by such names as *Algy Diehard*, *Colonel McIndoo-McMurdo*, *Jock Rednose* and so forth, you will understand that its humour is not likely to appeal to the High-Brows. Captain CAMPBELL believes in calling a *Spud* a *Spud*, and if his frankness is occasionally amazing there is no resisting his high spirits and vivacity. Above all the Army, with good reason, has adopted *Spud*, and so I must believe that the more books we have about him the better it will be for the cause.

"The Little Village."

"Lord and Lady — have retired to London from Scotland."

Surrey Advertiser.

## CHARIVARIA.

"HERE," says a journalist, dealing with the Royal Academy, "the horrors of war are brought home to us." All the same we feel he need not have been quite so bitter about it.

"The secret of health," says a contemporary, "is the eating of onions." The trouble, of course, is to keep it a secret.

A Nottingham man has been sent to prison for imposing on a solicitor. This innocent and helpless class must be protected.

Friends of Peace by Understanding received a severe setback last week when a naturalized German was fined one pound for assault. The defendant first insulted a fellow-passenger, an Englishman, and then hit him on the fist with his jaw.

The Carnegie Trust has decided to publish a "symphonic poem" by Mr. WILLIAM WALLACE, entitled "Wallace, 1305—1905." It seems impossible that adequate justice can have been done to all the intervening Wallaces.

By the agreement with Holland, only supplies for Belgium may be shipped from Germany over the Limburg Railway. It is anticipated that thousands of German soldiers will pass over this route disguised as pork.

TROTSKY has addressed another sharp note to Germany, hinting that if she continues to violate the Brest-Litovsk treaty the Bolshevik Government will take immediate steps to do nothing about it.

"Reinach and Co., rum merchants, are to be wound up," says a news item. That may be, but it would be more dignified to follow the usual custom of referring to them as enemy traders.

"In the House of Commons dining-room," says *The Evening News*, "several Members were enjoying their *chevreuil en casserole*." This form of game is likely to become popular now that the debate on the MAURICE letter has spoilt Members' appetite for scapegoat on toast.

Mr. HENRY SOLOMON, residing in Midlothian, has celebrated his one-

hundredth birthday. We understand he still has a very vivid memory of things that happened before the War.

The fifty thousand pounds' worth of jewellery stolen *en route* to Bombay from the mails has not been recovered, and the postal authorities are considering as a last expedient whether they ought not to offer the thieves fifty per cent. of the film rights if they will appear and reconstruct the main incidents of the robbery.

FINE ME, a Chinaman, was charged

action has been taken, for it has been upheld in the courts to be illegal to throw things out of a moving train.

Owing to differences of opinion between Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN and Mr. HENDERSON we gather that the Millennium has been indefinitely postponed.

Mr. THOMAS LOUGH, M.P., having complained that the Press do not give full reports of private Members' speeches, several newspapers have threatened to do so.

We understand that the extra ration for manual workers will not apply to burglars unless they confine themselves to making off with heavy articles.

The "Botulism" germ is said to have been brought to this country in imported canned foods, and the police are keeping a sharp look-out at all our ports.

No corroborative evidence was produced by the Pomeranian which was charged with eating a meat pie in a London restaurant and defended itself on the ground that the pie snapped at it first.

## "CHINESE SAMBANS."

Ten competitors entered, their boats being gaily decorated with flags, and a very amusing race resulted in the winner passing the post only a length behind the second."

*Hongkong Overseas Mail.*

Very amusing—particularly for the crew of the second.

St. Andrews was originally called Kibrule, its present appellation having been subsequently conferred on it in honour of St. Andrew the Apostle, several relics of whom it once boasted of possessing."

*St. Andrews Chronicle.*

The Saint appears to have been a much-married man. Was that why he took up golf?

"A new snobbery is coming into fashion. The handworkers are now the snoot of the earth and our social aim must be to appear as nearly on an equality with them as possible."

*Weekly Paper.*

It will be a difficult task, for snoot of any kind, as every housewife knows, is almost unattainable.

"Before sailing for Egypt John spent a few days in Dorset and no doubt then wrote the verses entitled 'Somewhere in England,' beginning:—

EFFECTS OF RHEUMATISM."

*Dorset County Chronicle*

A really beautiful opening line.



THE AMENDED GOLF-COURSE.

at a London Police Court with keeping opium-smoking utensils. It was a rash thing to do with a name like that.

We have not had to wait long to see the effect of the "No Confetti" order. At a Dorchester wedding one of the guests hurled two plates at the bridegroom.

A Kingston-on-Thames publican recently returned two barrels of beer to the brewers, because he had too much. Since this announcement we understand that it has been offered a good home.

The Athlone police have arrested a man for throwing his wife out of a railway carriage. We are glad that

**THE MAURICE AFFAIR AND OTHERS.**

"RECRUIT."—You say that you consider your duty as a citizen to be more sacred than your duty as a soldier, and that was the reason why you absented yourself from parade in order to assist at the killing of your first home-grown pig. We are afraid we cannot take up your case.

"POLITICS UNDER ARMS."—You are misinformed. There is no intention of finding a new post for General MAURICE as Director of Political Operations.

"PARTY UEBER ALLES."—We note your satisfaction, as an ex-member of the late Ministry, at the establishment, for the first time since the inauguration of Armageddon, of a definite Opposition, organised with full equipment of Whips and Party funds to harass the Government which is responsible for the conduct of the War. This satisfaction is cordially shared by the enemy, and their disappointment over the failure of your recent attack, from which they hoped great things, is very bitter.

"DIVIDED DUTY."—You are engaged on important national service and find the greatest difficulty in attending at the House of Commons for the weekly crisis. Have you consulted Mr. ASQUITH or Mr. PRINGLE? We are confident that if you put your case to them they would consider it favourably, and possibly arrange for these crises to occur only once a fortnight, at any rate during the present offensive at the other Front.

"HARD CASE."—We appreciate your scruples. You are in the early forties and perfectly fit for general service, yet so long as you are drawing four hundred pounds a year as a Member of Parliament you hesitate to indulge your ardour for the trenches to the neglect of duties nearer home. Our advice to you is to ignore these scruples, however manly and creditable to you. On the other matter which you raise—the difficulty of finding house accommodation at Maidenhead—we have no useful advice to put at your service.

"ANTI-GEORGE."—We agree with you that war has its drawbacks. But when you go on to say that the chief of these is a tendency to distract the Opposition from its purpose in life, namely, to embarrass the Government of the day, we cannot follow you. We think you have greatly overrated this alleged tendency.

"UNDER THE CLOCK."—Many thanks for the unsolicited paragraph in *The Daily News* describing our language towards the enemy as being in the Billingsgate vein. In spite of this gentle re-

buke, and at the risk of offending the readers of your patriotic organ by hurting the feelings of the Huns, we propose to go on saying just what we think of the KAISER and his friends. By the way, have you ever tried standing in front of the clock, instead of underneath it? You will find the former position more convenient for seeing the time of day.

"PAX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL."—We are obliged to you for your recommendation of Beauchamp's Puce Pills for Pale Pacifists; but we are not taking any.

"BRIGHTONIAN."—We feel sure that the Board of Trade will consider your claims to the privileges of a season-ticket holder if you point out that you have for some time been a *bonâ-fide* resident in Brighton during the more prominent phases of the moon. It will not be necessary for you to remind the authorities of the national importance of the Gatwick race meetings—a point which they already recognise. O. S.

**WAR-TIME DISEASES.**

UNDER existing circumstances and with the present shortage of doctors a self-made physician thinks it wise to warn the public that new diseases are springing up amongst us every day. The following are a few of the most common, which in many cases lend themselves to simple home treatment:

*Quack Fever.*

This is caused by eating vegetable duck. The symptoms include a tendency to waddle and to flat feet, with a shortening of the legs. Change of diet is essential.

*Bright Disease.*

This is an offal disease, caused by eating lights and other bright objects. The patient complains bitterly when asked to protrude his tongue.

*Sausageria.*

The symptoms include snatching at stray animals. Visits to the Zoo should be prohibited.

*Daymare.*

The patient suffers from hallucinations. He fancies that small parcels of all shapes and sizes are hanging from every finger, toe and button. There is a great feeling of restriction and pressure. Rending, bursting and tearing sounds are heard continuously. A brain sedative may be tried to relieve the discomfort.

*Allotmumps.*

The sight becomes impaired, with a tendency to magnify or see double. The tongue becomes swollen and exhausted.

Jealousy is a serious symptom. The disease may lead to insomnia and manslaughter if not taken in time. Cooling drinks relieve the tension.

*Couponenza.*

The senses reel and there is difficulty in making the mind act. There is an increase in appetite, but the digestion is upset. There may be a marked antipathy to rice and eggs. Change of scene and diet is essential.

*Polyphasia.*

There is considerable tension of the tonsils, which the patient tries to relieve by talking to strangers in omnibus, tram or train. The discomfort may be reduced by sucking anti-conversation lozenges.

*Cuthbertitis.*

There is a tendency to anæmia and chattering of the teeth. A lack of interest is shown in anyone or anything but the sufferer. Soft or feather beds should be avoided, and alcohol, tea and smoking prohibited.

*Pushulismun.*

This disease is prevalent in crowded places. The temper is much affected and physical and vocal powers are temporarily increased to an abnormal extent. The elbows tend to sharpen and the feet to stamp. The pain may be relieved by long walks, or by solitary confinement and the avoidance of stimulants.

*Neurataria.*

The patient is subject to sudden spasms of apprehension and betrays a disposition to burrow in the bowels of the earth. He may become unintelligible or speak in a foreign tongue. The sufferer should be withdrawn from his favourite haunts. Quiet is essential and a course of barbed wire may be necessary.

**"In the Spring . . ."**

"Wanted, Young Lady, for fancy."

*Provincial Paper.*

"It is upsetting somewhat the plans of the high German officers who are arranging things from afar through telescopes down which they shout their orders."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

Why could not we have thought of this useful gadget?

The bringing-down of Baron von RICHTHOFEN, though claimed by a British airman, is widely attributed in the German Press to a certain "Gunner Lewis," who thus takes his place among the immortals by the side of Sergeant Hotchkiss, Corporal Archibald, and Bombardiers Pom-pom and Soixante-Quinze.





## WOMAN-POWER.

CERES. "SPEED THE PLOUGH!"

PLOUGHMAN. "I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MA'AM, BUT IT'S NO GOOD SPEEDING THE PLOUGH UNLESS WE CAN GET THE WOMEN TO DO THE HARVESTING."

[Fifty thousand more women are wanted on the land to take the place of men called to the colours, if the harvest is to be got in.]



She, "It's a nice photograph, but what makes you look so foggy?"

He, "FORCE OF HABIT. I MUST HAVE DUCKED WHEN THE CAMERA CLICKED."

### THE STOLEN PYJAMAS.

By some curious oversight the compilers of King's Regulations and Army Council Instructions have failed altogether to lay down the proper course of action for a private to take when he suspects that his Commanding Officer has stolen his night-wear. Otherwise Coddington might have got the promotion for which he had been recommended, for he was always a conscientious youth, and ever since he joined the Army he had tried to make himself a good soldier. He never swung the lead. He never disobeyed an order. And he spent hours swotting up K.R.s and A.C.I.s and things like that, so that he might know the right way of doing everything. But he had one weakness.

Pyjamas are all very well in their place. I have worn them myself, and I hope to do so again. I like them. But it is quite clear from his experience that there are times when the possession of a sleeping suit may be a very great handicap to a young man who is trying to make his way in the world.

I hope I am giving nothing away to the enemy when I say that, so far as the rank and file are concerned, the British Army sleeps in its pants. In the trenches and other uncomfortable

places at the Front it often sleeps in its boots and puttees and trousers as well, but even in camp at home one very rarely sees any man break the unwritten law which ordains that shirt and pants are the correct attire (for all soldiers not holding commissions) between "Lights Out" and "Reveille."

There are a few exceptions. Coddington was one.

Ignoring the insults and badinage hurled at him when he first produced them, he got into his pyjamas every night until at last they excited no comment, though every other man in the battalion knew of their existence.

Suddenly they disappeared. We were all going to bed in a gloomy mood, for it was a wet and stormy night, when Coddington discovered his loss. None of us took the faintest interest in it, despite the fact that he accused every man in our tent in turn of trying to pull his leg.

"I got the clean ones back from the laundry to-day," he said, "and put them on my blankets. Someone must have taken them away."

"Obviously," growled one of the accused, and the rest of us thought no more about the matter until the middle of the night, when a gale wrecked half the camp and Coddington declared that

he had seen the Colonel directing affairs amid the ruins of his marquee, clad in the missing pyjamas.

There was no doubt in his mind, because a convenient flash of lightning enabled him to see the stain on the left pyjama which he had made a few weeks previously by upsetting a bottle of marking-ink.

"I mean to get them back," he told me in the morning. "It's not that I mind losing them. What I object to is the infernal liberty that's been taken with me."

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "Accuse him of theft?"

"Why not?"

"Rather a delicate job, isn't it, charging your O.C. with petty larceny?" I ventured.

"O.C. or not," answered Coddington, "I don't see why he should be allowed to go about the country pinching people's pyjamas. All the same I don't quite know how to tackle the business."

"Why not go and ask him whether he knows he's got your pyjamas?"

"He must know, you idiot. But a private can't approach a Colonel unless he's taken by an N.C.O., and I don't want to show him up to the whole camp if he's man enough to own up and return 'em. I think I'll ask the

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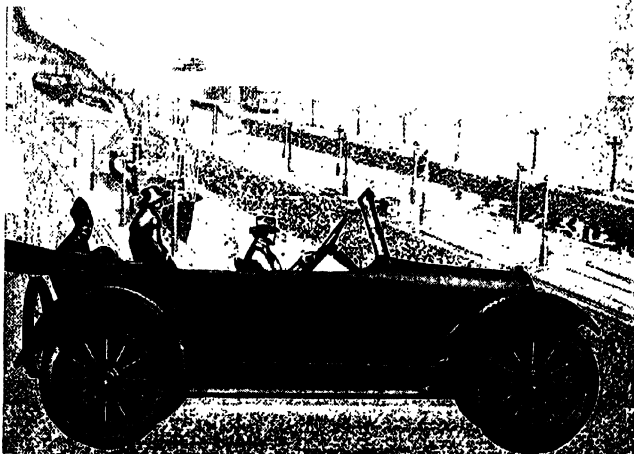
There is a model to suit your purse, one of which you will always be proud—beautiful in outline, perfect in finish, capable of speed and endurance, convenient to drive, simple to control, and turned out by manufacturers whose output is so enormous that they are abundantly able to maintain their guarantee.

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# THE 1918 BURBERRY

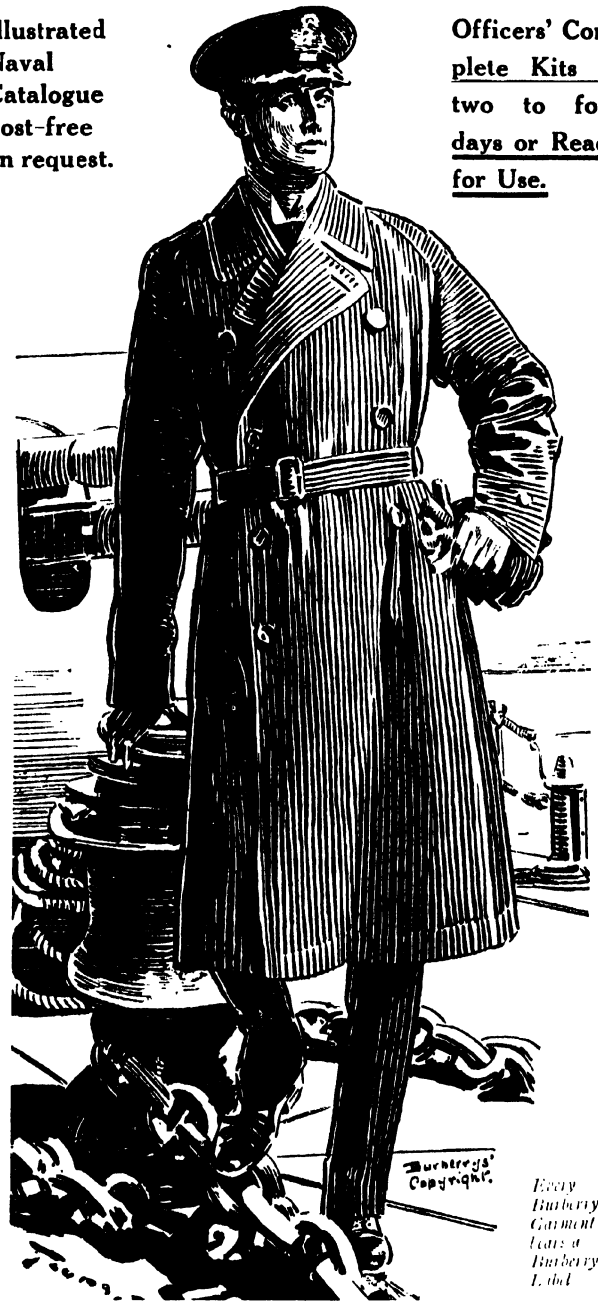
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ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHER SOAPS.

**A Brighton Doctor writes:—**

"I suffer every winter from chapped hands, principally caused by the use of insoluble soaps in the extremely hard water we get in this place, always leaving the hands rough and dry after using all kinds of soap—but I find from using your Russian Tar Soap my hands become quite comfortable after its use, even in this hard water, and that the skin remains smooth and pliable instead of hard and dry. It is a boon to me, as I have to wash my hands sometimes five or six times of a morning, and frequently during the rest of the day."

"I may add that this soap has a most agreeable odour, and as it does not combine with the chalk (lime) in this water, there is no scum on the surface of the water during its use, nor does it leave any deposit in the basin, which it would do if it combined with the excessively hard water which we have in this district."

**4d. & 6d. per Tablet**

Obtainable through the Civil Service Stores, Haymarket, Hatfield Stores, and principal Stores in London and Provinces; also through Boots' Drug Stores in all the principal cities and towns. Any Grocer, Grocer or Chemist can obtain it for you from

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## "SAPON" Wonderful Russian

## Phyllis Bedells & Air Raid HEADACHES



Photo by Vandamm

The daintiness and delicacy of poetic dancing has no more artistic and inspired exponent than Miss Phyllis Bedells, whose interpretation of the spirit of her themes always arouses the highest enthusiasm in her audiences.

Yet even dancers are material beings and are prone to common troubles such as Headaches, which are never pleasant companions. Miss Bedells wisely relies on the great British specific "Daisy" Tablets to drive away such attacks, and her experience is explained in her letter to the Proprietors of "Daisy," reproduced at side.

Daisy Tablets are sold by Boots, Taylor's, and Chemists everywhere at 1/3 per box, or direct (post free) from Daisy, Ltd. (Dept. T 18), Leeds.

London Hippodrome, 22.10.17  
To Messrs. "Daisy" Ltd.

Dear Sir,

It is only quite recently that I have acquired the bad habit of "nerves and headaches," and this has been accentuated through the strain of playing through air raids.

Let me thank you very sincerely for the always instant relief I obtain from "Daisy" tablets.

Two of these invariably put me right, and now that I know their worth I shall always use them, for they never fail in their relief and cure.

I both thank you for them, and suggest their adoption by others.

You have my full permission to publish this letter and my photograph.

Yours sincerely,

*Phyllis Bedells*

## DAISY

### TABLETS

for Headache & Neuralgia.  
**TREATISE AND SAMPLE FREE** If you would like to try them at our expense, send us your name and address on a postcard, and we will send you FREE a dainty box, along with a very interesting scientific booklet on the cure of head and nerve pains of all kinds. Write to-day to—

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## Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap

Is the soap "de luxe" for the Toilet.

It has such a mellow velvety lather—so soothing to the skin and is so beautifully scented.

Each tablet is a delectable morsel of fragrance, filling the room with its delightful perfume.

**Box of 3 Large Tablets . . . 3/-**

Of all Chemists and Stores, and from

**YARDLEY & CO. LTD., 8, New Bond Street, London, W.1**  
Perfumers and Fine Soap Makers since 1770.

## Greyness Conquered at Last!

**A Royal Princess writes: "Inecto" has given me the greatest satisfaction."**

ONE by one the diseases and disabilities of life and age are being conquered. The latest triumph of Science is over Greyness. A Paris physician and scientist (a distinguished member of the Paris Faculty now serving with the French Red Cross) has discovered a method of restoring colour *inside* each and every hair of the head, producing the same life-like coloration as nature. Impossible to distinguish from natural coloration. No metallic glitter. No variegated shading. "Inecto"-restored colour never comes off on the pillow or hat, nor "runs," even in Turkish or hot baths, shampoos, rain, mist, fog, or perspiration. Impossible—because the colour is *inside* and *not on the outside* of the hair.

A well-known Royal Princess writes: "Inecto" has given me the greatest satisfaction." Over 1,500 Court and other leading hairdressers now use "Inecto" in preference to all other methods.

At the "Inecto" Salons in London readers may—and they are invited to do so—see the absolute perfection of restoration upon the heads of hair of ladies in attendance for the purpose. Call or write for further information and "Inecto Illustrated Treatise"—gratis or post free from



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(close to Selfridges)

Also at Paris, Milan and Maly

R.S.M. if I can speak to the C.O. on a private matter."

The Regimental Sergeant-Major, who had already recommended Coddington for stripes, was evidently in a gracious mood, for the interview with the C.O. took place. The effect was disastrous.

All that was said we never discovered. What we did learn was that Coddington was taken at once to the Medical Officer, the Colonel sending with him a "chit" asking if he was mentally deficient.

At the very time that the examination was taking place in the medical inspection tent, Billings, the Colonel's batman, came to our tent with a parcel.

"Give this to Coddington," he said. "It's his pyjamas. I mislaid the old man's clean ones yesterday, and I knew he'd play the devil about it, so I borrowed these. Same pattern, you know. Couldn't find Coddie last night, so I took 'em without asking. I didn't think he'd mind."

The Doctor certified Coddington as mentally sound. But he never got his stripes—except the ones in the pattern of his pyjamas. He was allowed to keep those.

### THERE IS A FIELD IN FLANDERS.

[Extract from a letter from the Front: "I saw a few wind-flowers the other day, and a vast meadow full of kingcups, and that was enough to make me happy for weeks."]

There is a field in Flanders

Where yellow kingcups stand;  
Like fair princesses clad in gold  
Their joyous court they proudly hold  
In the gay meadow-land.

There is a wood in Flanders,

A little shimmering wood,  
Where wind-flowers sway among the grass  
And smile upon you as you pass  
As country maidens should.

There is a bank in Flanders

Where celandines a-blow  
Lift up their shining heads and peer  
To see their lovely image clear  
In a bright pool below.

And you who go in English fields,

O think not that our days  
Are wholly dark or wholly ill,  
For there are flowers in Flanders still  
And still a God to praise. R. F.

"Rebellion makes strange bedfellows; and we observe that Mr. John Dillon and Mr. de Valera have appeared on the same platform."  
*Morning Post.*

Does this mean preparation for sharing the same plank-bed?



*American Wife (to seasick husband).* "SEE HERE, DEARIE, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT ME. I'M NOT LONESOME. THERE'S A CROWD OF OFFICERS FROM NOO YORK BELOW—AND IT'S SOME JOKE. THEY THINK I'M A WIDOW!"

### Our Art Critics.

"Quite a young man was responsible for the only grey top-hat to be seen at the Academy to-day!"—*Westminster Gazette.*

"The Academy private view almost brought us back to happy 1914, so large was the number of men in grey top hats."—*Daily Mirror.*

"Not many pictures in this year's Academy are concerned with the War."—*Times.*

"Every tenth is a battle picture."  
*Daily Mirror.*

### "CRICKET.

LONDON UNITED (BRIGHTON) v. BLATCHINGTON ATHLETIC.

At Hove Park, to-morrow, at 9.15.  
LONDON UNITED.—A. Braham (captain), Mordecai, Musaphia, Jacobs, Myers, Carter, Haynes, Weil, Vine, Litman, Frankel.  
*Evening Argus (Brighton).*

The national game seems still to attract the best English families.

### The Scottish Spirit of Economy.

"Sheriff —, Dundee, in imposing fines for treating, said the treating restriction seemed to him to be the least irksome and the most easily observable of all the liquor restrictions."  
*Scotsman.*

"The shortage of shoe leather in Germany is illustrated afresh by an official appeal to German horses to give up their blinkers."  
*Daily Paper.*

The intelligent animals have replied with the suggestion that the German people should set them the example.

"Mr. Justice Eve remarked that he had unfortunately no ear for music and less for poetry."—*Morning Post.*

If only all EVES had been equally irresponsive to strange sounds, how different the world would have been.

## THE VOYAGE OF H.M.S. "PRESIDENT."

## A DREAM.

[Mr. Punch means no disrespect to H.M.S. *President*, which, being moored in the Thames off Bouverie Street, he has always looked upon as his guardship, but he has often wondered what would happen if only a few thousands of the officers and men borne on her books were to issue from the Admiralty and elsewhere—but especially from the Admiralty—and go on board their ship; hence the disquieting dream that follows.]

It was eighteen bells in the larboard watch with a neap-tide running free,  
And a gale blew out of the Ludgate Hills when the *President* put to sea;

An old mule came down Bouverie Street to give her a helping hand,  
And I didn't think much of the ship as such, but the crew was something grand.

The bo'sun stood on a Hoxton bus and blew the Luncheon Call,

And the ship's crew came from the four wide winds, but chiefly from Whitehall;

They came like the sand on a wind-swept strand, like shots from a Maxim gun,

And the old mule stood with the tow-rope on and said,  
"It can't be done."

With a glitter of wiggly braid they came, with a clatter of forms and files,

The little A.P.'s they swarmed like bees, the Commodores stretched for miles;

Post-Captains came with hats in flame, and Admirals by the ell,

And which of the lot was the biggest pot there was never a man could tell.

They choked the staggering quarter-deck and did the thing no good;

They hung like tars on the mizzen-spars (or those of the crowd that could);

Far out of view still streamed the queue when the mule said, "Well, I'm blowed

If I'll compete with the 'ole damn Fleet," and he pushed off down the road.

And the great ship she sailed after him, though the Lord knows how she did,

With her gunwales getting a terrible wetting and a brace of her stern sheets hid,

When up and spoke a sailor-bloke and he said, "It strikes me queer,

And I've sailed the sea in the R.N.V. this five-and-forty year;

"But a ship as can't 'old 'arf 'er crew, why, what sort of a ship is 'er?"

And oo's in charge of the pore old barge if dangers do occur?

And I says to you, I says, 'Eave to, until this point's agreed';

And some said, "Why?" and the rest, "Ay, ay," but the mule he paid no heed.

So the old beast hauled and the Admirals bawled and the crew they fought like cats,

And the ship went dropping along past Wapping and down by the Plumstead Flats;

But the rest of the horde that wasn't aboard they trotted along the bank,

Or jumped like frogs from the Isle of Dogs, or fell in the stream and sank.

But while they went by the coast of Kent up spoke an agod tar—

"A joke's a joke, but this 'ere moke is going a bit too far; I can tell by the motion we're nearing the ocean—and *that's* too far for me;"

But just as he spoke the tow-rope broke and the ship sailed out to sea.

And somewhere out on the deep, no doubt, they probe the problems through

Of who's in charge of the poor old barge and what they ought to do;

And the great files flash and the dockets crash and the ink-wells smoke like sin,

But many a U-boat tells the tale how the *President* did her in.

For many have tried to pierce her hide and flung torpedoes at her,

But the vessel, they found, was barraged round with a mile of paper matter;

The whole sea swarms with Office Forms and the U-boats stick like glue,

So nothing can touch the *President* much, for nothing at all gets through.

\* \* \* \* \*  
But never, alack, will the ship come back, for the *President* she's stuck too.  
A. P. H.

## HOW A WOMAN BAULKED AN AIR-RAID.

SUDDENLY above the diminishing chatter sounded from the corner cot the three sharp whistles of the hostile aeroplane warning, and upon ears not so startled as they might have been broke the pulsing hum of a Bosch engine. In a moment the chiaroscuro of the ward was pierced by four rays of brilliant light as the Perforated Sapper, the Fusilier of the Thousand Patches, the Gassed Grenadier and the Gunner with the Game Leg switched on their electric torches. The questing beams searched and swept hither and thither, from the blanket ridge which marked the Colonel's corporation to the spotless ceiling. Undismayed the nurses stayed bravely at their posts. To and fro, up and down, peered the searchlights, till "There he goes!" said the Malaria Major, and clear in the white radiance hung revealed the crimson shape of a German Scout.

As the white beams converged and steadied upon the sinister form (cut from the cover of a popular monthly) there woke from cot after cot the racket of Archie and machine-gun fire. Astonishing effects can be produced with a long pencil against a wooden locker, and the Perforated Sapper's imitation of an Archie had many a time, he swore, provoked genuine competition. There was an angry croak from the Gassed Grenadier, "Put out that light there!" addressed to the glow of a foolhardy cigarette. Louder rattled the machine-guns; more angrily wuffed the Archies; the red shape in the searchlights hovered menacing above the Blighted warriors; and the intrepid nurses, mastering their laughter, opened a fire of vain expostulation.

Then came the crash of a bomb (as the Fusilier slammed the lid of his locker), and simultaneously a commanding question, "What is the meaning of all this noise?"

That first bomb was the last; the Bosch's engine stopped, the Archies and machine-guns ceased, the staring searchlights were cut off as with a knife. Of all the clamour there survived no murmur; only muffled snorts from beneath pillows showed where British officers were covering under cover. And under cover they remained till the stately Sister had passed through the swinging doors again, when the Gassed Grenadier blew, softly and timorously, "All clear!"

## ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



309. PORTRAIT OF A LADY WHO WAS TOO BUSY TO GIVE SITTINGS. (Inset: THE ARTIST AT WORK.)



214. "THE ROSE GARDEN AT DAWN." BY THE LOOK OF THEM THEY MUST HAVE SAT UP ALL NIGHT FOR IT.



613. Cupid (to Somnambulist). "WAKE UP, MISS. 'E'S PINCHIN' YER RING."



644. THE CANVAS SHORTAGE. SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT.



631. THE EMERGENCY COLLAR FOR ARMY CHAPLAINS.



226. Sitter (to Artist). "DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE LAST YARD OR TWO OF MY LEGS."

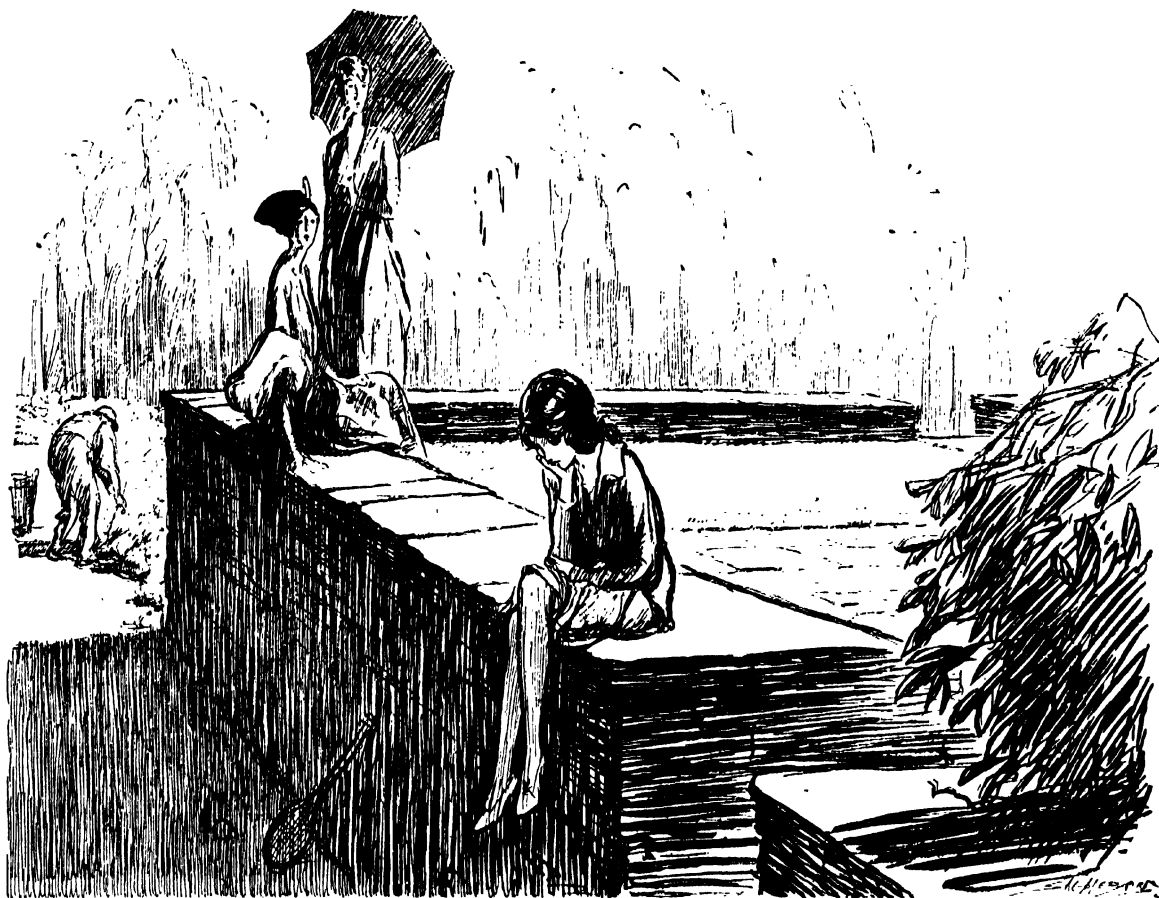


64. THE BABY BOMBSTER.



340. THE TRAGEDY OF THE ABBREVIATED PIANO-ROLL.





*Lady.* "THE POOR CHILD'S FOOD DOESN'T SEEM TO AGREE WITH HER. I DO HOPE SHE HASN'T GOT THIS NEW DISEASE—BOLSHEVISM."

### SINN FEIN.

#### "OURSELVES ALONE."

AND is not ours a noble creed,  
With Self uplifted on the throne?  
Why should we bleed for others' need?  
Our motto is "Ourselves Alone."  
Why prate of ruined lands "out there,"  
Of churches shattered stone by stone?  
We need not care how others fare,  
We care but for Ourselves Alone.  
Though mothers weep with anguished  
eyes  
And tortured children make their  
moan,  
Let others rise when Pity cries;  
We rise but for Ourselves Alone.  
Let Justice be suppressed by Might  
And Mercy's seat be overthrown;  
For Truth and Right the fools may  
fight,  
We fight but for Ourselves Alone.

#### Piety and Business.

"Pure and unmix'd butter being not available in Peshawar City, and feeling an urgent demand for the same, we have, by the grace of the Lord, started a butter factory on a small scale. We shall do our utmost to promote this beneficial work."

*Advt. in "Peshawar Daily News."*

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

*(With acknowledgments to the Scrappy Snips of our Contemporaries.)*

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN rarely lunches with Lord NORTHCLIFFE.

Boiling water is a good thing to keep moth from the fur of a kettle.

In some parts of London it is still possible to buy second-hand fish.

The Public Executioner of Austria is sometimes required to work overtime.

In Chicago it is considered unlucky to be knocked down by an express train on a Friday.

If all the motor-cars in this country were laid end to end it would almost certainly lead to confusion.

With the exception of Leap Year we have three hundred and sixty-five days per annum, mostly week-days.

The Koh-i-noor diamond was brought to this country in 1849, some years before LITTLE WILLIE was born.

If all the cheeses made in Great Britain in one year were piled one on top of the other they would probably fall down.

### WHAT THE MONTHS BRING US.

#### A NATURE POEM.

*(With apologies to SARA COLERIDGE from a pessimistic Meteorologist.)*

JANUARY's frosts and snows  
Numb the fingers and the toes.  
FEBRUARY rains and freezes  
And produces coughs and sneezes.  
MARCH, the arch-refrigerator,  
Shifts the Poles to the Equator.  
APRIL brings the primrose sweet,  
Also hail and rain and sleet.  
MAY, by mixing heats and chills,  
Fosters pulmonary ills.  
JUNE, if sunny, always brings  
Insects armed with poisoned stings;  
While JULY with thunder-showers  
Deluges the tender flowers.  
AUGUST, long before it's out,  
Makes the wise resume the "clout."  
"Still" SEPTEMBER never fails  
With its equinoctial gales.  
Chill OCTOBER always doubles  
Rheumatoid-arthritic troubles.  
Dull NOVEMBER brings us fogs  
And the bronchial system clogs.  
And DECEMBER lends first-aid  
To the undertaker's trade.



## THE THREATENED PEACE OFFENSIVE.

GERMAN EAGLE (to British Lion). "I WARN YOU—A LITTLE MORE OF THIS OBSTINACY AND YOU'LL ROUSE THE DOVE IN ME!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, May 6th.*—Sooner or later all Ministers acquire the habit of drawing nice distinctions. Sir ALBERT STANLEY usually displays an almost Transatlantic directness of speech, but there was a suspicion of the Downing Street manner when he accompanied his denial that "special" trains were run for race-meetings with the admission that the increased traffic on these occasions might sometimes require "extra" trains.

Several Members who were anxious to know whether the new rationing order would apply to gas used for motor-cars were informed that the restriction would affect only persons using gas "drawn from their own source of supply;" but I believe nothing personal was intended.

Sir R. WINFREY stated that in the course of eighteen months no fewer than twenty ex-soldiers have been settled on the land; but, not content with this remarkable activity, he is going to introduce a Bill to accelerate it still further.

The MINISTER OF NATIONAL SERVICE has invited a number of gentlemen to assist him in releasing men of military age now employed in Government offices. Major NEWMAN inquired if the Combining-out Committee would themselves be unconnected with the Departments; but Mr. BECK could give no such undertaking. "It would be very difficult," he said, "to find any distinguished gentleman of to-day unconnected with Government Departments." The House paid noisy tribute to this supreme example of Ministerial complacency.

Who says that the Government have no regard to economy? Sir ALFRED MOND has closed the refreshment pavilion in Kew Gardens, and the happy couples who were wont to frequent that delightful pleasure-must in future conduct their philanderings without the added charm of the Kew Tea.

From that useful little publication, *The Parliamentary Gazette*, I learn that during last Session Mr. LOUGH spoke 141 columns of *Hansard*, while the PRIME MINISTER was responsible for but twelve more. Yet you would never gather from the newspapers that the two orators were so nearly matched. Mr. LOUGH complained to the SPEAKER about the inadequacy of the Press reports, but received little comfort. Mr. LOWTHER was more sympathetic to Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT's grievance about the inaudibility of Ministers, and

urged Members in general to follow the old rule and "address the Chair and not the Serjeant-at-Arms." Sir COLIN KAPPEL, most modest of men, was quite surprised to learn that he had been the target of so much oratory.

A debate on a measure designed to punish profiteers in Beans, Peas and Pulse, was chiefly remarkable for the appearance of Sir F. BANBURY in the

faith of the Government was a matter for Parliamentary rather than legal opinion did not appeal to him. He consented, however, to give a day for the discussion of the matter.

Members flocked out into the Lobbies to chatter about the latest crisis, much to the satisfaction of Mr. HERBERT FISHER, who was able to get the first two clauses of the Education Bill through Committee.

*Wednesday, May 8th.*—Lord BEAVERBROOK made his maiden speech in the House of Lords and surprised the peers by the ease with which he overcame its acoustic difficulties. Too often the baffled reporters have to record that "the noble lord was imperfectly heard," but the DIRECTOR OF INFORMATION was audible throughout, whether he was complimenting Lord DENBIGH as a born propagandist or recounting his own efforts in the same line of business. Prince LICHNOWSKY will be interested to learn that four million copies of his famous *apologia* have been printed and that its circulation among our Northern artisans has caused a marked diminution in strikes.

Its effect upon Lord LANSDOWNE has been to confirm his belief that there is a large number of peace-lovers in Germany and Austria and that "peace by negotiation" is still practicable; but Lord CURZON remarked that the enemy's peace-offers had hitherto been designed to divide the Allies, and that Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest were not encouraging examples for imitation.

Clause 3 of the Education Bill, obliging local authorities to provide "physical training" for the pupils in continuation schools, vexed the pacifist spirit of Mr. WHITEHOUSE. He urged its strict definition as "other than military instruction," lest the brutal practice of "forming fours" should contaminate our youth with Prussian militarism. His apprehensions moved even that gentle soul, Sir GEORGE GREENWOOD, to unwonted ridicule. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD supported the amendment with one of his paste-diamond orations, all glitter and no depth, but the House rejected it by 201 to 44, though immediately afterwards, with fine impartiality, it rejected a diametrically opposite proposal from Mr. PERO by almost as big a majority.

*Thursday, May 9th.*—The importance of the debate on the MAURICE disclosures was attested by the presence of Mr. HALL CAINE, who thought it a good opportunity of seeing what a Prime



SIR ALFRED MOND ON THE KEW TEA.

character of Mr. Dick. He so persistently threatened the Minister in charge of the Bill with the fate of CHARLES I. that the SPEAKER had to intervene. Mr. CLYNES, however, kept his head and got a second reading for his Bill.

*Tuesday, May 7th.*—Downing Street was awakened this morning by a bomb-shell fired from a MAURICE tube. To Mr. ASQUITH's anxious inquiries as to how Ministers felt after it, Mr. BONAR LAW replied that they proposed to take the opinion of two of His Majesty's Judges. The suggestion that the good



THE OVERFLOWING LOUGH.



### OUR WAR METAPHORS.

*First Waitress.* "SHE'S A CLEVER ONE."

*Second ditto.* "YES, SHE KNOWS WHICH SIDE HER BREAD'S MARGARINE D."

Minister in difficulties looked like off the stage. Mr. ASQUITH was surprised and pained to discover that the Government interpreted his motion for a Select Committee as a vote of censure upon them. He honestly thought that they would have jumped at it, as being far preferable to their own proposal of a judicial tribunal.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, however, jumped upon it instead, and made it plain that, after the attacks upon him in the Press, no dilatory inquiry of any sort would now suit him. So he told his story, fortified with official statements coming from General MAURICE's own department, and left it to the House to vindicate his veracity. Sir EDWARD CARSON made an eloquent appeal to Mr. ASQUITH to withdraw his motion and to the House to "close up our ranks." But, though this was endorsed by such staunch Liberals as Mr. SPENCER HUGHES and Mr. HEMMERDE, the EX-PREMIER rushed upon his fate, and was beaten by 293 votes to 106.

Perhaps, after all, the PRIME MINISTER was not far wrong when, in referring to General MAURICE, he said, "I was under the impression

that he was a great friend of mine." Certainly he has given the Government a new lease of life.

### The Servant Problem Solved.

Letter from firm of waste merchants:

"We can offer you all kinds of Wipers and Dusters, and shall be glad of your enquiries. Price from 6½d. per lb. nett cash here for Washed and Sterilised Domestics."

### Ornithology.

"SPECIAL SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

Preacher: Rev. James Grubb.

11.30: Subject:—

"BIRDS AND THEIR MESSAGES."

*Irish Times.*

### GREAT POSSESSIONS.

*(Desired after perilous days.)*

A HAVEN where the hills abide  
And song our lot to soothe for us,  
An open road whereon to ride  
And friends to make it smooth for us;  
A harbour on a languid eve,  
And foaming there a cup for us,  
And Jenny of the scanty sleeve  
To come and fill it up for us.

"The battery of six guns began firing at us at a distance of 300 yards."

*Journal of Commerce.*

Something wrong with the time-fuses, no doubt.

"For being in the unlawful possession of 13lb. of sugar, which he concealed under his waistcoat and inside his trousers, a man, said to be well connected, was on Saturday sent to prison for fourteen days."

*Birmingham Daily Post.*

Mr. *Jeames de la Pluche*, to whom we have referred the above paragraph, declines to believe the statement that the offender is well-connected, and says he "hobviciously belongs to the lower hoarders."



BACK-FIRE.

## THE WATCH DOGS.

LXXIII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—There are three men, the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the American, are there not? I am lucky enough to have met them all, and to-night I have just let myself go in the attempt, as an Englishman, to tell the American all about it. It was not a success; I found he had it already from the Frenchman.

When I had finished my lecture the American, whom we will call David, since that happens to be his name, told me something about our own immortal Thomas which I had never heard before. He met one of them returning from England to France off leave. It was one of those dark and unforgivable days when everything external and internal goes up and down, up and down; when any land, even the North of France, is preferable to the sea. The closely-packed party was not a happy one. My friend David, never a pessimist, was himself asking if that thing called Life was really worth worrying about, and the trench-hardened warriors in khaki who surrounded him were plainly of opinion that it was not. Suddenly, when it appeared that there was no turn for the worse that things could possibly take, the escort appeared to take alarm and one of them started loosing off with a gun. A wretched warrior who had probably experienced every evil which humanity can contrive, turned to David, and with a grey sickly smile said, "This brings the War 'ome to yer, don't it, mate?"

Why "mate"? Because he too was in uniform, but not an English uniform. Indeed our officials had shown themselves rather sticky about passing him on to the boat, for he was clearly neither a civilian nor a member of the B.E.F. "proceeding." There was, in fact, a regrettable delay of twenty-four hours before he could get on to any boat at all. He was in a hurry to get back to his regiment at the Front, not from any passionate longing for the Front, but because he knew what a penchant his regiment had for punctuality in such matters. Our own authorities are pe-dantic enough on these points, but they are quite casual, it appears, compared with the Legion.

Yes, bit by bit I got it out of David that he had begun as a Legionary (not "soldat," if you please), and had had twelve months' service in the Legion itself and other months' service lent to other regiments of the French Army. All French regiments of attack have seen life, but the Foreign Legion in particular has missed none of the fun. It is not as foreign as all that, really. Though there is the stranger element, some hundreds of David's kinsmen, for example, there is also a proportion of it which is the very best French, especially the officers. This, as we all know, is a hard best to compete with, though our fellows at the moment are seeing what they can do about it. The picture that David drew, for instance, of certain Legionary, an ancient

many a "Mon Commandant," was that you can't march if you have no feet to march with. The Major's point was simply "Marchez!" and it was emphasised, not brutally but plainly, by a lethal weapon. And so they did as the Major suggested, and never again thought of doing anything else.

But do not run away with the idea that the Legion is merely unkind in its methods; its management is as good as its discipline. Their field kitchens are brought up to them at the gallop, wherever they may be at meal-times and however many field kitchens may be damaged in the process.

As to Jo-Jo—there was an affair of scouts on a hard high-road. A patrol of the Legion ran up against a Bosch patrol, and the latter, realising what they had to deal with, at once summoned two more patrols to assist them on the flanks. In the middle of the excitement Jo-Jo's rifle jammed. A French rifle, when it is jammed, is the nearest thing to permanent solidity known in this world. In the midst of men fighting like devils, with the "tsing," "tsing," "tsing" of bullets all about him, sat Jo-Jo on that hard high-road, carefully stripping the mechanism with a screw-driver, putting right the error delicately, deliberately reconstructing the whole, and saying to anyone near enough to hear, "Go on, my children; I too shall be there in one instant."

At another time the section were taking an hour's rest from the fight. They were disturbed by the guns, and the order went out to construct shrapnel cover at once. David, by now an old soldier, saw a dog-kennel near by, whose roof appeared to be the easiest and simplest means of achieving his task. So, with a friend, he made off to it, and started to lift the roof with entrenching tools. The thing was just coming apart when there was an ugly noise from within. They peered through the cracks; inside, on the straw, was Jo-Jo, sleeping with his habitual aplomb.

The parting from the Legion was the most touching incident in David's whole career. In the middle of the battle it was decided to transfer the American part of that particular unit to another regiment, also a regiment of attack, but at the time lying some way



*Ex-Garden City Enthusiast.* "JUST A MOMENT, OLD BOY. I BELIEVE I CAN HEAR A CUCKOO."

Breton whom they called Jo-Jo the Dog-faced Man, in particular caught my fancy.

But first as to David's initiation. When all the men in Europe suddenly went out to fight, David, who found himself idling away his time in those parts, thought this was an opportunity of becoming a man himself, and, as he put it, "growing some hair on his chest." So he went gaily into it and found himself in no time attempting to march twenty-five miles a day, carrying on or about himself a weight which in peace-time you would pay two railway porters sixpence each to carry between them from one train to another. After about a couple of days of this he and his friend found that their feet were no longer feet at all, and, greatly daring, they determined to fall out. So they fell out, and the hard-bitten Major came to them to have a talk on the subject. His address was short and easily understood: "Marchez!" Their point, expressed with

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28	13 6 " 10 6	15 15 0	11 16 0
1	15 0 " 10 6	17 10 0	13 2 0
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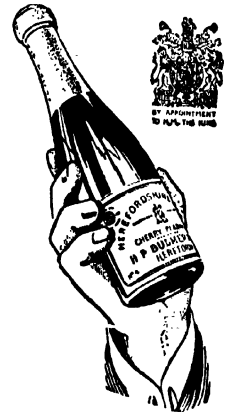
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back. He and his friends were paraded before the whole and thanked; the parting was sad, as all such partings must be; but these are hard matter-of-fact times, when men may be allowed to think a little of their own particular comfort, and there was a touch of pleasure, even a feeling of advantage, in going ten miles back, far from the noise and fuss of it all. Some repartee took place, in which David and his friends had the upper hand.

That night they found themselves lodged in comfortable billets, thinking with a comfortable pity of their old Legion up in the line. The following morning they received orders to march back to the line themselves, with their new regiment. You rarely get the real best of repartee with Frenchmen; the unit they found themselves relieving was their same old friend, the Legion!

Yes, Charles, there are three men—the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the American. And they are all as bad as each other, and none of them will ever be got to treat this War as an entirely serious matter.

Yours ever, HENRY.

#### THE MOVIE LIBRARY.

THE successful filming on Long Island of Mr. Ambassador GERARD's book, *My Four Years in Germany*, suggests that there is nothing outside the power of the movies. For the narrative is wholly of Huuland, and yet so realistic and satisfactory did "the super-film producer," Mr. WILLIAM NIGH (can this be our old friend, BILL NYE, who dealt so faithfully with the Heathen Chinee, in a new incarnation?), make it that at the first performance in Washington, at the White House, "the audience persistently called for Mr. Gerard, who in response" (the quotation is from an official source) "made a speech—a fitting finale to so worthy a subject."

If, then, on distant Long Island, all the atmosphere and high personages of Berlin and Potsdam can be acceptably counterfeited for the screen, why should any book whatever defy the cinema?

With his German background all to his hand, Mr. NIGH might adapt KANT or SCHOPENHAUER or NIETZSCHE rightaway. *The Critique of Pure Reason* could be made into a sparkling show, provided that enough liberty was taken with it. LORD HALDANE's assistance would be invaluable here. A new title might be advisable, such as "The Hun Mind at Work," or "Back of Hun Foreheads," or "Fritz's Grey Matter."

*The Pilgrim's Progress* must, of course, have been done; and *The Anatomy of Melancholy* is a little on

the sad side, unless MARY PICKFORD, say, could be engaged to typify in her inimitable way the spirit of pensiveness. But *The Complete Angler* should draw every fisherman in whatever country it was shown. With CHARLIE CHAPLIN as *Piscator* the book should be one long scream.

BOSWELL's *Life of Johnson* is perhaps too easy for a super-film producer, but it would make a delightful entertainment: "The Grumpy Doctor; or, The Fun and Frolic of Old Fleet Street," thirty thousand feet. In casting the great Lexicographer there should be little difficulty—is there not a film favourite named "Fatty"?—while for the historical accuracy no doubt Mr. BIRRELL and Mr. SHORTER would be willing to lend their counsel.

There is a better book awaiting the producer than any of these—DARWIN's *Origin of Species*. That really would

be worthy of his genius, and, with the assistance of the Zoo, wonders could be worked. "The Romance of the Missing Link—Sensational Jungle Story in four reels, based on CHARLIE DARWIN's famous work" would be the shining success of the year.

#### Marriage à la Mode.

"There were no bridesmaids, and the bride was attended by Mr. —, as 'best-man.'" *Provincial Paper.*

We hope he was also the bridegroom.

"Rose Jones (25) pleaded guilty to bigamy and Albert Egan (32), soldier, to aiding and abetting. A few days after marrying her husband, at Longsight, in 1812, Jones left him. On first going to Egan she told him she was married, but he refused to believe it as she looked so young."—*Manchester Paper.*

EGAN seems to have been something of a humourist.



#### LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.

Butcher (encouragingly). "IF YOU COME BACK AFTER DINNER, MISSIS, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO."

## HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

*(The GERMAN KAISER and the KAISERIN.)*

*Kaiser (angrily).* I will not be dictated to. If any orders are to be given I will give them myself and will brook no interference from anybody. I am the Kaiser and it is my duty to command, and this duty I will fulfil in spite of everybody. A pretty pass things are coming to when it is said that the KAISER must share his responsibilities with his advisers!

*Kaiserin.* My dear WILLIE, do not be so angry. A man to be so angry as you are must wear at least a Field-Marshal's uniform. It's no use being violently angry in a shirt and a pair of trousers and a dressing-gown, it looks too funny. I have always told you not to be angry just before you go to bed.

*Kaiser.* Now you are abandoning me.

*Kaiserin.* Oh, my dear WILLIE, what on earth put such an absurd notion into your head? I only hinted as a little joke that it is more suitable to be angry in a uniform than in a dressing-gown, but you are so touchy to-day that really one doesn't know what to say or how to say it.

*Kaiser.* You said something about peace.

*Kaiserin.* I did.

*Kaiser.* Such a word is enough to make any soldier furious.

*Kaiserin.* I don't know why any soldier should be angry at such a word; even if one is not allowed to say the word the thing itself must come sooner or later.

*Kaiser.* But not a bad peace.

*Kaiserin.* You know I am beginning to think that there is no such thing as a *bad* peace. When one reads of all these splendid young men of ours being shattered to pieces by thousands and thousands, when one knows of the grief and misery of half the mothers of the land, one begins to think that even victory may be bought at too big a price.

*Kaiser.* The enemy brought it upon themselves by attacking us.

*Kaiserin.* Yes, I firmly believe that our cause is a just one; but I believe too that we have done almost enough to prove it, and that it is time this dreadful slaughter came to an end.

*Kaiser.* Bah! You are only a woman.

*Kaiserin.* Yes, you always say that, and it is true that we women do not fight, but it is true also that we women suffer not less than the men, though in a different way.

*Kaiser.* Do not say such things to me; peace at this moment is unthinkable. Never unless our offensive fails in the field—and I have given instructions that it shall not fail—will I resort to peace negotiations. There is nothing for it but to let the German sword speak, as it has already gloriously spoken in many a great battle.

*Kaiserin.* But are you not fighting in order that there may be peace? You all say so, but as soon as anybody begins to strive for peace you all fall upon him and abuse him.

*Kaiser.* And rightly so. You don't mean to say that you defend our poor-spirited Austrian ally who wrote that infamous letter the other day?

*Kaiserin.* No, I cannot defend the manner in which he did it. He is young and inexperienced. But, at any rate, he realised that the Central Powers want peace and must have it, the Germans as much as anybody else. As you say, I am only a woman, and I cannot understand how you men, who have all the power in your hands, have got yourselves so miserably tied up in war that you cannot devise any means for extricating yourselves and us. We may be women, but we think we could have managed better than that.

*Kaiser.* I will not listen to you any more. This kind of

language is almost treasonable, and I cannot think why I have allowed you to continue so long.

*Kaiserin.* You have allowed me to continue because you know I am right, and you are now stopping me because you cannot find any answer to what I say.

*Kaiser.* Not at all.

*Kaiserin.* Good night then, and may your dreams be pleasant.

## SAVED FOR SEVEN-AND-SIXPENCE.

Captain Angus McAllister sat in the Mess, a brimming tankard of *vin blanc* at his elbow. Only yesterday there had been added to his already enormous list of decorations that crowning distinction, the Order of the British Empire. No wonder the junior officers of the squadron regarded him with all the reverence to which his fame so justly entitled him. No wonder the Huns from Montdidier to the sea fled wildly from the sky at the first symptom of the approach of his purple polyplane.

To-day he was not long to rest from his deadly work. An orderly approached him and, saluting with the smartness characteristic of the R.F.C., said that his presence was requested in the C.O.'s room.

"So be it," said McAllister sternly, and strode from the room, the deathly silence only broken by the dull clanking of the medals on his chest. A moment later the grey-haired Commander had imparted his instructions. The pilot's lips set in an even sterner line, and, drawing himself up to his full height, he saluted rigidly.

"Very good, Sir," was his grim response.

Another moment and he was seated in the machine.

"Petrol off, switch off, suck in," cried the mechanic.

"Contact," snapped McAllister and roared into the sky . . .

In less time than it takes me to get this into print his work was done, that heroic act that was so soon to ring through the world and bring the mighty house of Hohenzollern in utter ruin to the ground. He had scattered two million porcelain door-knobs, painted to resemble poached eggs, over the streets of famine-haunted Berlin. Revolution was a matter of hours.

His work had been well done indeed, and his return would mean another bar to his M.V.O.; but every moment his position became more perilous. Every moment new anti-aircraft guns joined in the hideous din below till the whole sky was ablaze with bursting shells.

Angus McAllister's lips were set in a still sterner line as his polyplane rocked to the blast of the high-explosive. Six of its wings had already been torn from the tortured machine, and the propeller was a mere parody of its original design.

A blaze of dazzling light, a deafening detonation, and a seventh wing dropped into the void below. The machine faltered; it was rapidly losing its buoyancy. Lower and lower it sank, and Angus knew that with its present load it could never hope to cross the British lines.

"Save the bus" is the motto of our intrepid birdmen, and McAllister's decision never for a moment wavered. The machine must at all costs be saved for the nation. Riddled with shrapnel as it was and appreciably reduced in value by the loss of so many wings, it might still be cut up and used for colanders.

Setting his lips in a line of indescribable sternness, McAllister leaped from the machine. He felt himself falling—falling. . . .

But what is this? Can this be the same gallant officer, drifting gently downwards, wafted by the friendly breeze across the lines to home and safety? Yes, it can, because he was wearing a Pottifer's Patent Parachute (a Boon to Birdmen), 7s. 6d., of all reliable Outfitters.



"BLOOMIN' SLOW PLACE THE WORLD WOULD BE, JIM, IF THERE NEVER 'ADN'T BEEN NO GERMANS."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD'S insatiable characters have (if I may be forgiven the flippancy) broken out again. After exhausting the creepy possibilities of earth and fire and water, it was only to be expected (especially with all this flying-chat about) that their fancy should lightly turn to *The Promise of Air* (MACMILLAN). The result is a book, admirably written, full of grace and dignity of thought—but, to my mind at least, entirely lacking in any kind of thrill, either human or supernatural. The idea, which (if I have it right) concerns the liberation of soul from the limitations of earth bondage, is fine enough, almost indeed too fine for story treatment; and, as always with Mr. BLACKWOOD, the chief characters who develop it are drawn with a great measure of artistic care. Here they are the overworked father, Mr. Wimble, cumbered with the ties of earthly matters, but pursuing afar off a dream of freedom; his wife, who has abandoned dreams for the "muddy" details that make up real life for her; and Joan, the daughter, nearer to the air than either, leading her father eventually to—no, this I confess was a bitter blow to me, since, despite all sorts of hints and promises, they never actually and physically flow—at least I think not; but it must be admitted that Mr. BLACKWOOD in uplifted mood is rather easily misunderstood. What constitutes my complaint against the book is this, that it falls between the stools of allegory and romance, being something too profound and slow-moving for frank make-believe, and hardly direct enough to be acceptable as pure ethics. Perhaps the real trouble lies in the mistake of having stretched a beautiful episode into an attenuated novel. Still, I enjoyed much of it,

especially Joan, who was pleasant enough to make me wonder whether *Dear Brutus* may perhaps have set a fashion in attractive daughters.

*The Narrow Strait* (HUTCHINSON) has a trifle more body in it than most of those gentle Kensingtonian romances to which Mr. W. E. NORRIS is in the habit of restricting the wide circle of his admirers. Yet even here the action moves but slowly to a placid sound of teacups in the drawing-rooms of good houses; while the addresses of practically all the cast could obviously have been discovered from the Red Book. But the central character, *Felix Roden*, financier and politician, is drawn with firmer strokes than Mr. NORRIS is wont to employ, and rouses a proportionately greater sympathy. This *Felix*, son of a rich ironmaster with ambitions, had married a French woman of the old nobility, an achievement that his son *Gerald* is in process of imitating, when his death at the Front ends his rather too protracted courtship and his father's hopes for him in one blow. The publishers are well justified in saying that *The Narrow Strait* "is chiefly concerned with the inherent difficulties attending an Anglo-French marriage"; though they might have added that those obstacles are, in the second example, not so much due to international incompatibilities as to the incurable tardiness of Mr. NORRIS'S lovers. You will probably find your interest stirred less by the son's delayed romance than by the ruin of his plausible, unscrupulous and very human father. Mr. NORRIS, in his long record, has not, I think, any scene more genuinely moving than that in which *Felix Roden* receives the news of his son's death. Rogue, almost scoundrel as he had been, *Felix* in that moment drew from me both sympathy for himself and admiration for his author.

*Three of Hearts* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a mild and harmless story of life and love in an English garrison town, which may serve to occupy a spare hour or two of the average novel-reader. *Captain Hunter*, the M.O. of the Loamshire Light Infantry, had what is known as a "down" on *Second-Lieut. Billy Somers*, and sought to discredit him in the eyes of his C.O. by making him drunk, using to this end a powerful drug. The only noticeable effect of this was so to stupefy *Billy* as to make him propose to three girls in the course of the same dance. The three girls were of widely divergent types—*Nora Wynne-Pritchard*, heroine; *Lorne Halliday*, the local dean's daughter, of the purest deanery type; *Lily Goosey* (*sic*, if you will believe me!), one of the many fluffy children of the vulgar builder of the neighbourhood. All this occurred in the pre-war days of 1914, and was complete in the first twenty pages of the book. The rest of the book is occupied with the development and solution of the little difficulties that naturally followed on such an excess of simultaneous engagements. In her latest book "*Miss BERTA RUCK*" would not herself claim, I fancy, to be a very profound student of humanity, its more subtle tendencies and more intricate affairs. She records merely the simple life of her own locality in a chatty style. She gives me the impression of looking at things from the rather narrow point of view of a British military milieu established in the piping times of peace and not greatly affected by the Great War. On the whole I am bound to say that I regard this story as one which should have been written, read and forgotten a couple of years ago. One does not usually talk like this of the work of Mrs. OLIVER ONIONS.



First Combatant. "IF THE COPPER 'ADN'T STOPPED ME I'D 'AVE SMASHED THAT UGLY FACE OF YOURS."

Second ditto (keen student of the War news). "YUS, YER TRIED TO, BUT YER DIDN'T GAIN YER OBJECTIVE."

If you have the heart to go over the prologue and sundry acts of a tragedy which has brought upon us the dark days through which we are passing let me commend to you a sheaf of collected papers on *War and Revolution in Russia* (CONSTABLE), by Mr. JOHN POLLOCK. Perhaps there are too many of this kind of book, which necessarily lacks consecutiveness and covers too much ground; but the chapters on Russia in Revolution are of exceptional interest. The author writes well, can observe acutely and sift wild rumour from confirmable fact. A declaration, "I am in politics a Liberal and by conviction a Republican," gives point to opinions which do not harmonise with the assumption, too easily made by our progressives, that all that was opposed to autocracy was wise and white and glorious. He puts the final blame upon the system of repression which prevented the growth of any sense of constructive statesmanship and bred a race of fanatical leaders in opposition who can see nothing but the abstract glories of their impossible ideal without reference to any of the actual facts of the situation. Mr. POLLOCK relates all this with patience and tolerance, and without bitterness. The sobriety of the author also gives value to a chapter on GREGORY RASPUTIN, which one could not have accepted from a collector of unconsidered gossip.

I think that I should not be going far wrong in calling Miss FRANCES RUMSEY at least an admiring student of the late HENRY JAMES. Certainly her novel, *Mr. Cushing and Mlle. du Chastel* (LANE), reveals even in its title that sincerest form of flattery that may be either deliberate or (as probably here) unconscious. It is all about the reasons why Mr. Cushing did not "hit it off" with the French wife, *Anne Marie*, whom he had brought to share his American home; and the further reasons that induced her to desert her husband and elope with somebody else. Naturally the success of so meticulous a study depends on the writer's ability to persuade you that the game is worth the very lengthy candle, and while I am not denying to Miss RUMSEY both insight and an obvious sincerity I confess that sometimes her method did recall to me that old jest about exhausting both subject and reader. Also of course there remained the feeling of a borrowed mantle, of which the scheme of the tale, its setting, and the little cast of wealthy and cultivated French-Americans who formed its *personnel*, were all so many reminders. But for this suggestion of the second-hand I should no doubt have enjoyed the book more.

Miss RUMSEY displays a pretty wit (I liked especially that complaint of poor *Anne Marie* to her incompatible spouse: "You talk about these large ideas till the universe becomes one vast draught!"), and evidently believes in her people. Which makes me the more sorry to admit myself unmoved by them, save as an experiment in a method that has already been handled incomparably better.

Miss KATHARINE TYNAN" is not to be flurried by the times in which we are living, and in *Miss Gascoigne* (MURRAY) she has given her admirers yet another opportunity for quiet and sane enjoyment. In the days when *Miss Gascoigne* was the lady of the Manor of Goldeups a drive in a motor-car was still an adventure, and little things mattered very much. Here we have the gossip of the country-side, and its love affairs and daily episodes related with an easy grace that conceals its art. Mrs. HINKSON is indeed supreme in making a delightful story out of the slightest material. Only once was I brought up with a jerk, and that was when the heroine spoke of "the duration of John's recess"—the *John* of this pompous phrase being just a small cadet at Osborne. I have no further comment to make, but simply commend *Miss Gascoigne* with great confidence to the faithful.

#### From the Zoo's Annual Report:—

"The rations of animals that were accustomed to food from visitors have been increased, and although it cannot be doubted but that such animals have had a duller time, their health has not suffered. The elephants used for riding were accustomed to receive buns and bread from visitors in the Broad Walk, and, especially at first, they caused some trouble by taking bags, articles of clothing and so forth."

The ostriches have entered a protest, we believe, against the elephants' infringement of their alimentary prerogative.

## CHARIVARIA.

FIFTY-ONE children were lost on Hampstead Heath during the recent holidays. The fact that they were all restored to their parents speaks well for the honesty of Londoners.

A brown snake measuring fifteen inches long has been caught in County Tyrone. We are sorry to note this evidence of scamped work on the part of St. PATRICK.

The Food Ministry has declined to fix a maximum price for Spanish onions. It is predicted that long-range onions of heavy calibre will undergo a further advance.

With reference to the man who secured breathing space in a suburban train last week a satisfactory explanation is now forthcoming. He was the engine-driver.

War is a great leveller. The Carl Rosa Company are about to produce an opera by a British composer.

A Frankfort hotel-keeper has been fined for selling a guest a cigar for 9s. 6d. which only cost 4s. 6d. We assume that it was urged in defence that the additional charge merely covered the risk of premature explosion.

We understand that the KAISER sometimes refers to the Austrian Government as Our Dumb Friends' League.

A case of sleeping sickness has been reported in Scotland. This seems almost incredible in a country where the bagpipes flourish.

"No cure for potato wart has yet been found," says an official of the Board of Trade. We feel that everything has not been done which might have been. For instance, have they written to the well-known Editor who went to the Front to tell Sir DOUGLAS HAIG how to win the War?

A member of the Sissinghurst Mouse Club recently killed six hundred and fifty mice in one day. It is supposed to have been a surprise attack against a weak sector.

A correspondent of *The Daily Mail* voices a demand for "plainer Bishops." For ourselves we are always glad to see, whether in prelates or others, the gift of spiritual grace combined with that of personal beauty.

At a London police court last week the



MAY 29TH.

*Farmer (to substitute).* "AY, THERE BE A VINE YARMER—'ARAFID O' A DAWG!"

*Land Worker.* "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. JUST REMEMBERED IT WAS OAK APPLE DAY AND CAME UP FOR A SPRIG."

magistrate ordered a sanitary inspector to destroy a cheese which was unfit for human consumption. We learn that the poor fellow asked to be allowed to see his wife and family first.

According to *The Evening News* a butterfly was last week seen fluttering in Fleet Street, though it is only fair to say that the poor misguided creature did not know it was Fleet Street.

A wood-pigeon shot by a Warwick farmer was found to have 737 grains of barley in its crop. The voracious bird, it appears, attempted to evade the issue by affecting to have lost its caterpillar card.

"The baking trade has reached rock bottom," declared the Mayor of South-WARK last week. Frankness of this kind is bound to disarm criticism except by the most fastidious.

A woman has complained to the Acton magistrate that her husband had not spoken to her since September last. In a similar case that has come to our notice the man excuses himself on the ground that he never cares to butt in when his wife is talking.

"Nelson," the greatest naval pageant film ever attempted, will," says *The Daily News*, "tell the love story of Nelson's life and the outstanding incidents of his career, including the destruction of the Spanish armada." No scandal about QUEEN ELIZABETH, we trust.

"The store is occupied by an Italian turner, who on opening the door found that his stock of wood was burning, and immediately burst into a vast conflagration. The fire, which threatened to invade the surroundings, was soon put out."—*Al-Moghrib Al-Iska (Tangier)*. The turner seems to have been rather put out too.

## OUR NEUTRAL NATIONALISTS.

[In a recent interview with the New York Press the Leader of the Irish Nationalist Party is reported to have said, "We believe that the cause of the Allies is the cause of Freedom throughout the world." At the same time, while repudiating the policy of the Sinn Féiners, he admitted that he had co-operated with them in their resistance to the demand that Ireland should defend the cause of Freedom.]

Who dares to say we take the side  
Of men with treason-germs infected?  
The Ethiop cannot change his hide,  
Nor yet can Freedom's own Elected,  
Dispensing with their native skin, feign  
Approval of the principles of Sinn Féin.

True, we have clasped the traitor's hand,  
Leaned to his felon lips and kissed him,  
Smiled on his flag, together banned  
The law that threatened to enlist him,  
And cursed the tyrant when he came  
And conjured us to fight in Freedom's name.

A common hatred made us kin;  
With one consent we launched attacks on  
The alien whom we loathe like sin,  
The cruel, autocratic Saxon,  
Whose brutal subsidies debase  
The spirit of our proud and patriot race.

If WILLIAM KAISER'S ways are vile,  
LEOYD GEORGE we deem as great a villain;  
So sit we on the neutral stile,  
Conducted there by Mr. DILLON;  
Though such a course may rouse the choler  
Of backers who donate the useful dollar.

Yet to our English foes to-day  
And their Allies who striko for Freedom,  
"Our hearts, in this high quest," we say,  
"Are yours, if you could only read 'em;  
Yes, for a cause so fair and right  
We will do anything on earth but fight." O. S.

## D.A.M.N.

A NIGHTMARE OF 192—.

D.A.M.N.—or, to give it its full though less expressive title, "The Department for Abating Ministerial Nuisances"—came into existence about the tenth year of the War, to combat the predatory onslaughts of the Accommodation Committees of the various Ministries.

It was set up by the Government as a result of the popular outcry raised at the eviction, at three hours' notice, of the Royal Family from Buckingham Palace, to make way for the Minister of Inter-Departmental Warfare, a functionary whose activities were first brought to public notice when the Premier raised him to Cabinet rank for his services in saving the Treasury offices from an enveloping movement of the Ministry of Munitions—this department having secured a footing in Downing Street and begun conducting a simultaneous drive southward from the Admiralty Arch.

The growth of Government departments had been allowed too long to continue unchecked, until it had become no uncommon event for whole sections of a department to lose touch with their headquarters and to establish themselves in outlying parts of the Metropolis, whence they harried the unfortunate inhabitants with requisitions for accommodation and forced labour. In the early years of the War the provision of accommodation for Government departments had been the concern of the Office of Works,

but latterly departments had taken matters into their own hands, and, having furniture no longer provided for them and being unable to obtain sufficient staff by voluntary methods, they had adopted the easier course of commandeering houses with their contents and even their occupants.

To combat this state of affairs D.A.M.N. was founded; but it differed in many respects from any other department created during the War, and in every respect from any department created in pre-war days. To begin with, its birth was not heralded by any Press notices; further, it had no generally recognised headquarters, and its staff was almost exclusively composed of burglars, house-breakers and other men nimble with their fingers. Finally it cost the public little or nothing, and its actions, whenever they were brought to light, met with unflinching public approval.

The business of D.A.M.N. was to lop-off the numerous and unnecessary excrescences of Government departments and to reduce them to the limits of efficiency and usefulness, and its method was somewhat as follows: The particular branch or section or group of sections to be "lopped" was first of all isolated from its headquarters by the simple expedients of disconnecting the telephone wires and commandeering the fleet of motor-cars standing in serried ranks about its doors. This done, the next step would be for a special squad of D.A.M.N. representatives, introduced into the building in the guise of furniture removers, to win over or, if need be, to overpower (for violent methods had become usual in those days) the registry and messenger staffs. Pandemonium would then ensue for a short time, as telephones were vainly rung and rung again, while urgent papers piled themselves in every "out" tray and drifted like snow on to the floors. Within an hour however the work of the "isolated" branch would have come to a standstill, and that work being of interest to no one but itself it would be no one's concern to set it going again. With a final powdering of noses the staff would sadly and silently vanish away, and D.A.M.N. would then proceed quietly but effectually to eliminate all traces of their previous occupation.

As no accurate statistics had ever been compiled of the personnel and offices of the larger Ministries, it is not easy to convey an accurate impression of the magnitude of the task accomplished by D.A.M.N. from its creation up to the present time. It may, however, be of interest to record that the Ministry of Munitions has been restricted to two palaces, three railway termini, fourteen hotels and ten streets of houses, and that in the process a male staff equal to two Army Corps and a female staff sufficient to form ten divisions of W.A.A.C.'s have been made available for work of national importance, and sufficient petrol has been saved to restart the majority of the motor omnibus services in London.

The Air Ministry too has been pruned down to such an extent that it is hoped that St. Paul's Cathedral and one or more museums may shortly be reopened to the public, and that the headquarters staff may not be greatly in excess of the numbers of the R.A.F. in the field.

Lastly, with the reductions recently effected at the Foreign Office, Admiralty, War Office, Board of Trade, etc., it is confidently expected that parts of St. James, the Green and Hyde Parks, together with some sections of the Embankment, will be permitted to resume their normal functions as "lungs" of the Metropolis.

"KAISER AS THE HERO OF THE 20TH CENTURY.

In time to come the Kaiser may be known as the Hero of the 20th Century."—*Nottingham Evening Post*.  
Personally, we prefer the text to the headline.





## A SCHOOL FOR CANDOUR.

Scene: CONSTANTINOPLE.

EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA }  
SULTAN OF TURKEY } (after exchanging headgear in token of confidence). "NOW THAT WE'RE  
ALONE, WHAT DO YOU REALLY THINK OF THE SO-CALLED ALL-HIGHEST?"  
[They converse freely.]



### THE MUD LARKS.

Our squadron is at the present moment billeted in what the house-agents would describe as a "unique old-world property," a ramshackle pile which looks like a palace from the South and a workhouse from the North.

It commenced its career, back in the long ago, as a glorified week-end bungalow for Doges. In course of time it became a monastery.

When the pious monks took over they got busy with whitewash and obliterated most of the Doges' sportive mural decorations. Most, but not all.

Methinks the Abbot had tripped the boulevards in his youth and he spared some of the brighter spots of the more sportive frescoes in memory of old times and to keep his heart up during Lent. Anyhow they are still there.

To-day our long-faced chums champ their feeds in cloisters where once the good monks told their beads, and our bold sergeant boys quaff their tonics beneath a painted ceiling whereon RACKHAM satyrs are depicted chivvying KIRCHNER nymphs across a LEADER landscape.

A small portion of one immense wing is inhabited by a refugee lady, who had retired in good order, haling the whole menagerie along with her, calves, fowls, children, donkey, piebald pig and all.

When first we came into residence here we heard strange nocturnal swishings and shufflings overhead, where none should be, and attributed them to the ghost of the Abbot, who had returned from Purgatory with a bucket of lime and was striving to wash out his former lapses. Later on we discovered it was the calves, who from inscrutable motives of their own prefer living in the attics. How Mrs. Refugee hoisted them up there in the first place and how she proposes to get them down again when they ripen are questions she alone can answer, but will never do so because we haven't enough Italian to ask her.

The piebald pig is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and, like many other such institutions, keeps frequent fasts. When he retreated here there was no sty to accommodate him; but Mrs. Refugee, with the practical originality that distinguishes her, routed out a retired dog-kennel from some-

where and anchored him to it. This has had the effect of creating in him a dual personality.

Sometimes he thinks he is just fat old Dolce F. Niente the pig, and behaves as such, and one can tread all over him without disturbing his melodious slumbers. At others the collar and chain prey on his mind and he imagines he is Patria Defensor the trusty watch-dog, and mows down all comers.

The children and fowls are doing nicely. They speedily discovered what innumerable fowls and children all the world over had discovered before them, namely, that the turtling dove is a wild

have passed for a rabbit at any fancy-dress ball. His costume was a patchwork affair of hairy tufts and bare spaces. I think he must have been laid away in a drawer without camphor at one time and been mauled by a moth.

A disreputable ragamuffin person was Antonio Giuseppe the donkey, but for all that he had a way with him, and was in his day the Light-weight Champion Diner-out of all Italy—probably of the world.

At night he reposed in the kitchen along with Mrs. Refugee, the *bambini* and fowls. The day he spent in his observation post, lurking behind a screen of mulberries and vines, keeping a watchful eye on the horses.

As soon as their nose-bags were on he commenced to move stealthily towards the lines, timing himself to arrive just as the nose-bags came off and the hay-nets went up. He then glided softly between the horses and helped himself. Being tiny and very discreet he frequently passed unobserved, but should the line-guard spot him he had his plan of action.

Often-times have I seen a perspiring and blasphemous trooper pursuing the winged Antonio Giuseppe round the lines with a stable broom; but when the broom descended Antonio Giuseppe was not there to receive it. He would nip under the breast-rope, slip in under one horse's belly and out between the legs of another,

dodging through and round the astounded animals like a half-back through a loose scrum or a greased pig at a fair, snatching a generous contribution from each hay-net as he passed. Under this method Antonio throve and throve; but the tale of splintered brooms grew and grew and the Quartermaster loved me not.

Yesterday the General intimated that he'd like to inspect us. Always eager to oblige, we licked, polished, brushed and burnished ourselves, pipe-clayed our head-ropes, pomaded our moustaches, powdered our noses and paraded.

We paraded to-day in regimental column in a field west of our palace-workhouse and sat stiff in our saddles, the cheerful sunshine glowing on leather-work, glinting on brass and steel, conscious that we could give any Beauty Chorus a run for its money.

There sounded a shrill fanfaronade of



Dear Soul (as she hears the air-raid warning). "Ah, WHAT DO WE NOT OWE TO THEM HEROES A-BLOWIN' OF THE MACAROONS!"

beast compared with the British warrior and his war-horse, and they victimise the defenceless creatures accordingly.

The result is that the Atkinses get only what husks of their rations the children have neglected, and the fowls only allow the hairies what oats they cannot possibly stagger away with.

Antonio Giuseppe the donkey was also a war profiteer. Commerce might stagnate, armies clash and struggle, nations bleed to death, he did not care. "*Viva la guerra!*" said Antonio Giuseppe. "As long as there is a British unit handy to dine out with I'm all for it." These sentiments, though deplorable, were not without reason, for until we came I very much doubt if he had ever had a full meal—a real rib-straining blow-out—in his life.

He was a miserable little creature, standing about a yard high by six inches broad. By tucking in his tail he could



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This is the moment to act. If you have never helped before, help now in the crisis of battle. If you have helped in the past, now is the time to make good your generosity by replacing the losses.

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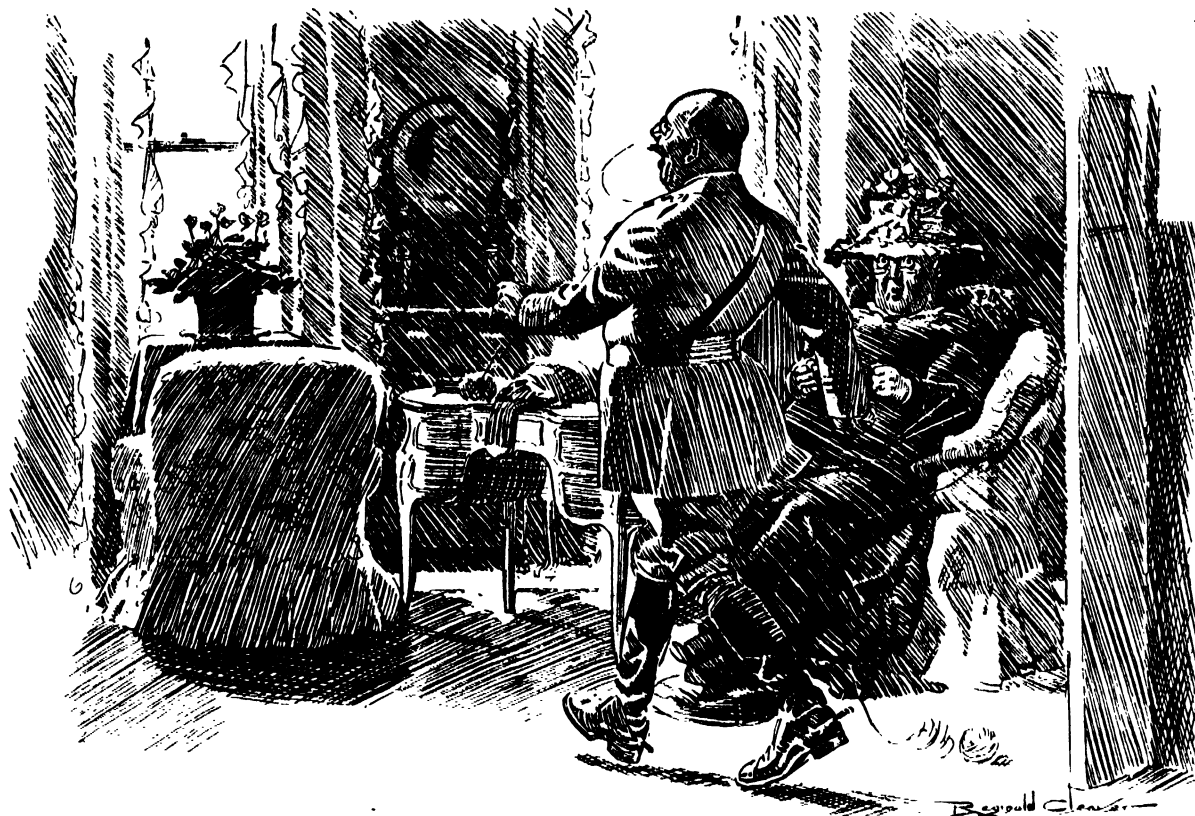
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*Myopic Husband (entering suddenly from France). "AH, THERE YOU ARE, MY DEAR—JUST THE SAME—NOT CHANGED A BIT—SAME PRETTY HAT TOO."*

trumpets, tootling the salute, and a dazzle of gold and scarlet, like a TURNER sunset, blazed into view—the General and his Staff.

At the same moment Antonio Giuseppe espied us from his observation post and, getting it into his head that we were picnicing out (it was about lunch-time), hastened to join us. As the General reached the leading squadron Antonio Giuseppe reached the rear squadron and, sliding unobtrusively into its ranks, looked about for the hay-nets.

However the Second in Command noticed his arrival and motioned to his trumpeter. The trumpeter spurred forward and pinked Antonio Giuseppe in the hindquarters with his sword-point as a hint to him to move on. Antonio, thinking the lino-guards were upon him and with a new type of broom, loosed a squeal of agony and straightway commenced his puss-in-the-corner antics in and out and round about the horses' legs. They didn't like it at all; it tickled and upset them; they changed from the horizontal to the vertical, giggled and pawed the air.

Things were becoming serious. A heehawing tatterdemalion donkey, playing "ring o' roses" with a squadron of war-horses, tickling them into hysterics, detracts from the majesty of such oc-

casions and is no fit spectacle for a General. A second trumpeter joined in the chase and scored a direct prick on the soft of Antonio Giuseppe's nose as he dived out under the tail of a plunging gun-mare. Antonio whipped about and fled towards the centre squadron, ears wobbling, braying anguished S.O.S.s. The two trumpeters, young and ardent lads, thundered after him, swords at the engage, racing each other, knee to knee for first blood. They scored simultaneously on the butt of his tail, and Antonio, stung to the quick, shot clean through (or rather under) the centre squadron into the legs of the General's horse, tripping up that majestic animal and bringing the whole stately edifice ruining down into a particularly muddy patch of Italy.

Tremendous and awful moment! As my groom and countryman expressed it, "Ye cud hear the silence for miles." The General did not break it. I think his mouth was too full of mud and loose teeth for words. He arose slowly out of the ooze like an old walrus lifting through a bed of seaweed black as death, slime dripping from his whiskers, and limped grimly from the field, followed by his pallid staff proffering handkerchiefs and smelling-salts. But I understand he became distinctly ar-

ticulate when he got home, and the upshot of it is that we are to be put in the forefront of the nastiest battle that can be arranged for us.

And Antonio Giuseppe the donkey, author of all the trouble, what of him? you ask.

Antonio Giuseppe the donkey will never smile again, dear reader. With his edges trimmed and "Welcome" branded across his back he may serve as a mangy doormat for some suburban maisonette, but at the present moment he lies in the mud of the parade-ground, as flat as a sole on a sand-bank, waiting for someone to roll him up and carry him away.

When a full-fed Major-General falls he falls heavily. PATLANDER.

#### A Sinecure.

"Teacher for small infant school, no children."—*Church Times*.

"The story of the Department of Agriculture shows how an Irish institution, wholly in Irish hands, may flourish when it is withdrawn from the cold and paralysing shoes of the Castle."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Are we to understand by this that there would be no more cold feet in Ireland if Irishmen were allowed full use of their own brogues?

## A MATTER OF PRECEDENCE.

Louisa is greatly distressed. She tells me she will never have another moment's peace until the War is over, and she is inclined, unreasonably I think, to blame my conduct in the matter. Recalling the quite uncommon circumstances I do not see how a man of honour and chivalry could have acted otherwise than as I did.

Briefly, the facts are these. Louisa is a slave to superstition. Not a day passes but she does something or refrains from doing something else with the notion of averting misfortune from herself and her family. Naturally I smile at her childishness, but since our only son, Gerald, went to Flanders I have so far honoured her as to cease using my portable shaving mirror, to make doubly secure our hanging pictures, to avoid spilling the salt, or, having spilt it, to throw a pinch over my left shoulder, to remove my glasses before bowing to the new moon, and to forbid admittance into the house of any sprigs of black or white thorn.

Having indulged her whims to this extent it was but natural I should go a step further. When Louisa was laid up with bronchial asthma this spring and was prevented from following her usual custom of going out into the country to hear the call of the cuckoo and thereupon at once opening a gate to "let in the luck," I volunteered to go instead.

Louisa was greatly relieved. "You're almost sure to hear it round Hammer Down Copse," she said, "and there's a gate close by leading to a farm. When you hear it—just one 'Cuckoo'—don't lose a moment; run to the gate and open it. Think of our boy and open it wide and let in all the luck."

It was nonsense, of course, but, after all, opening a gate is a very simple matter, and I am not the man to shirk a promise to a wife with bronchial asthma and a boy in Flanders.

I set out for Hammer Down Copse. For seven evenings in succession I sat on the gate leading to the farm ready to jump down and fling it wide open at the sound of the spirit voice. But no cuckoo broke the silence.

Louisa was in despair. "Try Dipper Dell," she said. I tried it. It was a balmy night, a trifle warm for walking. I took it easily. I was barely fifty yards from the spot when suddenly the clear soft call, "Cuckoo," was wafted to my ears, and facing me, leading to the dell, I saw a five-barred gate.

I ran. I have never run so hard since I ran for the doctor when Gerald was born. I took the road in leaps. But out of the dell's green depths came a man, a bent and grey-haired man,

full fifteen years my senior. And he also leapt.

We met across the gate. The introduction was abrupt, and we were both temporarily short of breath. The gate was fastened in the usual simple fashion of country gates. To open it one had merely to jerk it upwards on its hinges. I was about to do so when, with the agility of a monkey, this venerable gentleman climbed upon it and hung with all his weight across the topmost bar. With as much gentleness as was consistent with firmness I took him by the shoulders and obliged him to descend. Instantly he attempted to raise the gate. There was no alternative but to assume a leaning position over the top bar myself. With a dexterity beyond his years he succeeded in dislodging me.

The situation threatened to become undignified. I addressed myself to him with quiet appeal. "Sir," I said, "I have a son at the Front. Need I advance a further claim?"

"One son!" he replied. "I have three, and my youngest just going."

And Louisa blames me because I turned home without a word and left him to open the gate.

## THE SUM OF CHIVALRY.

WHAT shall be said of him, your friend,  
That very perfect gentle knight  
Whose fair life, crown'd with such an end,

No graven scroll could praise aright?

There is a simple line can tell  
Of the great spirit proud and free,  
Whose steadfast vision still would dwell  
Upon the star of Courtesy.

No shining warrior prince of old  
Whose glory lit the knightly days  
But this brief epitaph had told  
The perfect measure of his praise.

Yet him we mourn a courage graced  
That finds no ancient counterpart;  
What knew they of the deaths he faced  
With laughter from a boyish heart?

There needs no marble; just the small  
Rude cross of wood that soldiers rear,  
And this for proud memorial,  
*An English Gentleman lies here.*

## An Appropriate Item.

From a programme of the Municipal Concerts, Bath:—

"DOUCHE REVERIE AND PETIT VALSE  
*Tchaikovsky.*  
In the event of rain the Band will play at the Pump Room."

"Educated Girls Wanted for Training in Rabbit Catching in Radnorshire."—*Times.*  
Expert exponents of the "Bunny-Hug" specially invited.

## THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

XIV.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER LXXVIII.

*Richard.* Tell us something more about the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, Mamma, and the great reconciliation between them in this period.

*Mrs. M.* Very well; but it is a long story. The antagonism between them was mostly friendly and was expressed in athletic contests, but it occasionally led to harsh mutual criticism. Thus it was said, on the one hand, that Oxford could only produce a manner and a marmalade, and, on the other, that Cambridge was only famous for sums and sausages.

*Mary.* Well, I think that sausages and marmalade are both very good things. But I hate sums and I don't understand what you mean by a manner.

*Mrs. M.* My dear child, it is not seemly to speak of food with such enthusiasm, and by abusing arithmetic you render yourself ridiculous. But as you ask for information on the subject of the Oxford manner I will endeavour to enlighten your ignorance. It was supposed to reflect a consciousness of intellectual superiority to those who had been educated elsewhere, and undoubtedly in some instances caused considerable irritation, especially as the majority of the great poets were educated at Cambridge, while three of the most distinguished bards who entered Oxford—SHELLEY, SWINBURNE and CALVERLEY—found the conditions so uncongenial to the development of their talents that they left or were obliged to leave without obtaining a degree. I am bound to admit, however, that two out of the three were decidedly unconventional—I had almost said Pagan—in their opinions.

*George.* Well, give me CALVERLEY every time.

*Mrs. M.* Your expressions are rather odd, but the sentiment is defensible. CALVERLEY, as you perhaps know, migrated to Cambridge, where he had a brilliant academic career. But to revert to this criticism of Oxford, I find it expressed in a most pointed manner in the writings of an eminent Cambridge professor of the period, BATESON by name, who, after complaining of the neglect of science by the sister university, traces the evil back to the public schools. "Boys who are marked out as leaders," he observes, "rarely have much instinct for science and avoid such teaching, finding it irksome or unsatisfying." And the Professor continues: "These it is who, going afterwards to the Universities, in preponder-



First Amateur Gardener. "HOW ARE YOUR PEAS DOING?"

Second ditto. "SPLENDIDLY - ONLY THEY'RE ALL COMING UP NASTURTIUMS."

First ditto. "THAT'S CURIOUS. I'VE GOT SOME TURNIPS LIKE THAT IN MY PLOT."

ating numbers to Oxford, make for themselves a congenial atmosphere, disturbed only by faint ripples of that vast intellectual renaissance in which the new shape of civilisation is forming. With self-complacency unshaken they assume in due course charge of Church and State and Press, and in general the leadership of the country. As lawyers and journalists they do our talking for us, let who will do the thinking. Observe that their strength lies in the possession of a special gift—the gift of speech—which under the conditions of democratic government has a prodigious opportunity."

Mary. Dear Mamma, I think Professor BATESON must be right, because he writes just in the same way you talk.

Mrs. M. I am afraid, Mary, that your opinion does more credit to your filial piety than to your discrimination. Still I am not insensible to the compliment.

Richard. But had all the Oxford men the gift of the gab—I beg pardon—of speech?

Mrs. M. Some of them certainly were distinguished for their forensic and oratorical talents. Mr. ASQUITH and Lord CURZON, for example. But Lord NORTHCLIFFE, Lord BEAVERBROOK and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE were none of them educated at Oxford. In any case Professor BATESON's indictment was rather unfor-

tunate, for, at the very time he wrote, the antagonism that he, perhaps unconsciously, helped to foster was swallowed up in a noble emulation which turned all the undergraduates into fighting-men, all the scholars into crusaders, and enriched the annals of both Universities with countless and imperishable examples of heroic patriotism.

#### THE RECENT HEAT-WAVE.

(With acknowledgments to our Snappy Contemporaries.)

["Owing, it is thought, to the heat a tram-car ran off the rails at Bedworth."

Daily Paper.]

As a result of the warm weather several moths in the suburbs have decided to discard their fur coats.

At Sunningdale last week a ferocious attack was made on a policeman by a butterfly, which actually snapped at the officer while in the execution of his duty.

It is thought that LUDENDORFF was overcome with nervous prostration when he announced in a despatch to Berlin that, "with the exception of the postponement of the offensive, there was nothing to report on the Western Front."

Things got so warm in Ireland that

several Sinn Feiners were invited by the Government to go away for the benefit of Ireland's health.

A Sergeant-Major who gave the wrong word of command last week was so overcome by the heat that he absolved the recruits from all blame.

During the rush for the Brighton train at Victoria Station an alien who jumped on an intending passenger, dislocating his shoulder and removing a brace of teeth, went so far as to apologise. It is supposed that he was suffering from a heat-stroke.

We have reluctantly to deny the rumour that, during a warm day last week, Sir HEDLEY LE BAS rushed into a restaurant and ordered iced champagne at four shillings an inch.

#### A Provident Lad.

Extract from small boy's letter from school:—

"DEAR MOTHER, — Would you send me some more pocket-money? I thought I'd better lay in a store of penny stamps to write to you with—as I hear they are going up in price. . . ."

"I have been killing a pig for our own use for the last fifteen years."

Letter in "The Daily Dispatch" (Manchester).

Like CHARLES II. the pig seems to have been an unconscionable time in dying.



*First Officer (in spasm of jealousy). "WHO'S THE KNOCK-KNEED CHAP WITH YOUR SISTER, OLD MAN?"*  
*Second Officer. "MY OTHER SISTER."*

## TALES TOLD TO CIVILIANS.

### THE FLY.

HAVE I been at the Front!—O Lor!  
 Was I over the bags?—You bet.  
 They tell me I won the mouldy war  
 At the Battle of Nouvilette;  
 The bombs was terrible thick  
 And the shells was mountain-high,  
 And many a Bosch went back to Base,  
 But I can't say much about what took  
 place,  
 For I had a fly in my eye.

We were just getting up to Fritz  
 When the horrible thing occurred,  
 And bang in my eye the blighter sits,  
 'The size of a well-fed bird;  
 "Come on," the Officer says;  
 I says to him, "'By-and-by.'  
 It's all vory well to say, 'Come on!'  
 I would if my arms and legs were  
 gone,  
 But I've got a fly in my eye."

Have you been on a bicycle, Sir,  
 And copped it proper the same,  
 When the world was only a misty blur  
 And your eye like a red-hot flame,  
 So that you wept great tears,  
 So that you longed to die?  
 Well, think what it is when there hap-  
 pens to be  
 A battle you specially came to see,  
 And then get a fly in your eye.

They say as there ain't no doubt  
 What I ought to have gone and  
 done—

Turned my upper lid inside out  
 And over the under one;  
 But I tell you the bombs was thick,  
 And never a man said "Hi!  
 Just monkey about with your upper  
 lid;"

So I blew my nose and I wept, I did,  
 And I still had a fly in my eye.

And then, Sir, I just went mad,  
 I groped for my trusty hypo,  
 And I laid about like a Tynesido lad  
 With a good blind circular swipe;  
 They tell me I killed ten Huns  
 And laid out Corporal Fry;  
 The Huns they took to their heels and  
 fled,  
 And even the Company wished me dead,  
 And I still had a fly in my eye.

I fell on my poor old face,  
 I lay in a hole and swore;  
 And now they call me a shell-shock  
 case

And tell me I won the War;  
 They gave me the D.C.M.,  
 And that's why I seem so shy,  
 But this is the truth I've told to you,  
 And you never can tell what a man  
 won't do  
 With a darned great fly in his eye.

A. P. H.

## SPELLING BY "ANALOGY."

*Lady (finishing order at telephone).*  
 And send it to Two hundred and fifty-  
 three, Tanza Road.

*Voice over telephone.* Two hundred  
 and fifty-three—where, Moddam?

*Lady.* Two hundred and fifty-three,  
 Tanza Road.

*Voice.* I'm sorry I can't hear you,  
 Moddam.

*Lady.* Two hundred and fifty-three,  
 Tanza—

*Voice (coldly).* Spell it by analogy,  
 Moddam.

*Lady.* T for Tommy, A for apple,  
 N for novel, Z for zany.

*Voice.* Z for what?

*Lady.* Z for zany.

*Voice.* I'm sorry I can't hear, Mod-  
 dam. Z for what?

*Lady.* Z for zebra.

*Voice.* Ah, that's better.

"Yesterday evening Mr. —, J.P., auc-  
 tioneer and farmer, was fired at when driving  
 home. . . Mr. —, who is an ex-Chairman  
 of the — Rural District Council, is a most  
 popular man in the district. For some time  
 past he has been subject to a series of annoy-  
 ances, the most recent of which was the  
 spiking of his lands, and his cattle and horses  
 mutilated."—*Irish Paper.*

Popularity in Ireland would appear to  
 have its drawbacks.





## THE NEW ORIENTATION.

KAISER. "OUR FUTURE, MY DEAR BOY, LIES IN THE EAST!"

CROWN PRINCE. "WELL, FATHER, FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN OF THE WEST I THINK YOU MAY BE RIGHT."

## THE NEW SPIRIT IN SPORT.

[Being a few extracts from the papers of the near future, illustrating novel developments in war-time sport.]

"The Clydeside Rivetters' Cup Final was played at Dalmuir yesterday before a crowd of sixteen thousand, and resulted in a draw. Fairfield Furies, who started favourites, gave a great display, putting up a score of one hundred-and-fifty thousand rivets, MacAndrew being top-scorer with eight thousand, which places him at the head of the averages. Set an almost impossible task to win, Brown's Bustlers (Clydebank) tackled the proposition brilliantly, and stood a good chance of drawing level when the supply of ships ran out, and as nothing other than rivetting on ship-board is allowed under Lloyd's rules the game was abandoned. We understand that three members of the Fairfield team have been selected to represent Great Britain against the American team that is to come over next month and attempt to recover the cinders."

"Greater public interest than ever is being displayed in the Naval Gun-laying Tests which opened yesterday in the North Sea. More than forty large passenger liners crowded with enthusiastic spectators accompanied the Fleet, and betting was very keen on the outcome. The forward barquette of the *Queen Elizabeth* stands favourite at present in the heavy section. An exciting incident marked yesterday's proceedings, the Press-boat being mistaken for a target and sunk by a salvo from one of the Super-Dreadnoughts. Fortunately no lives were lost, but in consequence of this mishap we regret that the opening scores have not yet come to hand."

"On Saturday afternoon Tooting beat Clapham in the Planting Section of the London Allotments League. For a time Clapham looked like winning, for they holed out the potato round in record time; but they were eventually overhauled by the Tootingites, who gave a fine display on the greens, their manipulation of cabbages and cauliflowers being considered one of the prettiest bits of play of the season, and drawing forth repeated applause from a large attendance."

"Devonshire Chevrons Club held their first trenching competition of the season on Saturday. It resulted in an easy win

for Mudhampton; but the award of the prize is under consideration owing to the fact that the winning team's supporters started sniping at them with a battery of machine-guns, and the other competitors contend that, had they had this incentive to dig themselves in, they also would have made a vastly improved effort."

"Messrs. Laird and Co., contractors for the Forth and Clyde Canal, have very generously offered the proposed canal course for the forthcoming international trenching match between England and Scotland."

"In yesterday's race for Tanks (mixed sexes) up Ben Nevis the in-



Artist (forstalling rustic criticism). "YES, I KNOW THIS ISN'T LIKE A SHEEP, AND THE HOUSE ISN'T LIKE THAT HOUSE UP THERE, AND THE TREES ARE THE WRONG SHAPE AND COLOUR. I'M SORRY!"

National Service Man (from Chelsea). "MY DEAR FELLOW, YOU DON'T DO YOURSELF JUSTICE. YOUR WORK INTERESTS ME EXTREMELY. I SHOULD DESCRIBE IT AS NEO-CUBISTIC VORTICISM, I THINK."

domitable *Marguerite* alone succeeded in attaining the goal. In view of the practical impossibility of negotiating the descent it has been decided to leave her there and convert her into an hotel for tourists desirous of seeing the sunrise from the summit."

### Fair Warning.

Notice put up by the C.Q.M.S. of a cadet battalion:—

"INSPECTION OF ROOMS.—The Commanding Officer will inspect No. 3 Coy. rooms to-morrow. Cadets are reminded not to leave anything of value laying on the shelves."

"In our recent report of the entertainment held at St. —, we inadvertently omitted to mention the name of Miss — as having contributed two sons."—*Provincial Paper*.

We understand that Miss — has written to the Editor entreating him to publish no further apology.

## A SPECIAL OCCASION.

HE had been waiting outside the Tube station for some time, but the expression of his face as he glanced at the clock from time to time was one of whimsical rather than of bored impatience.

Five-and-twenty past one.

A quarter past had been the appointed time; but she was always inclined to be a little unpunctual, though she could never be got to admit it or even to realise it.

Would she ever alter? He was afraid not.

After all, there was no doubt that part of her charm lay in a sort of irresponsible casual attitude towards the minor incidents of life. But in things that mattered he had never known her to fail.

Half-past. Surely no accident could have befallen her? He half smiled at the idea. Kitty was not the sort of person to get run over, and somehow one felt certain she would be sure to emerge smiling even from the most cataclysmic of disasters.

Suddenly he became aware of her coming towards him, threading her way swiftly, alertly, but quite quietly through the stream of passers-by.

How delightful, how fresh she looked; how different from all the other women!

Her smile as she came towards him was a trifle self-conscious.

"I do hope you like it," she said rather breathlessly when she got quite near him. "I'm so afraid it is a *little* too gay."

He surveyed her critically.

"I think it's charming," he said. "Those roses——"

"Silly boy," she said. "They're not roses, they're dahlias. But I'm so glad you like it; one can't afford to have clothes one doesn't wear these days. Where are we lunching?"

He looked a little apologetic.

"I thought, darling, as it was such a *very* special occasion, that perhaps——" He murmured the name of a very smart restaurant.

"Oh, Jim," she said, "do you think one ought? In war-time? But of course I shall simply love it. What a good thing the hat came in time. Shall we walk?"

But this was to be a day of real extravagance, and when she realised how much he was enjoying it she let him have his own way. He had been working so hard, poor darling, all these months, and spending nothing, except



### THE NEWEST ARMY.

*Subaltern.* "OF COURSE I CAN'T ASK YOU TO MESS, DAD; BUT GET YOURSELF SOME EXTRAS AT THE CANTEN WITH THIS." (*Holds his parent half-a-crown.*)

on the most necessary things. And, after all, it *was* an occasion.

The lunch was a tremendous success. Even the waiter seemed to sympathise with their happiness, though one might have imagined he must have grown accustomed to the ways of lovers, and become *blasé* in consequence; but then this was such a particularly attractive pair.

And after lunch they went to a matinée, and he bought her violets and chocolates, and there was more taxi, and finally they had tea in a cosy little very new place which only the extremely initiated had heard of at all.

On their way out they paused a moment in the dark entrance. He had to go back to the City; there were important things still to be done at the office. He kissed her very tenderly.

"It has been lovely," she said. "I'm so glad we decided to keep it quiet; it would have been dreadful to have a fuss, and people, and all the time to feel——"

The tears came into her blue eyes for a minute, but she blinked them away. He knew that she was thinking of those whose gay smiling ways would never again brighten their happy circle,

and he held her little hand tightly, keeping it tucked under his arm while they traversed the brief distance between the tea-shop and the Tube station, and again going down in the lift and along the draughty passages.

"I'll try not to be very late," he said, as he put her into the train.

She was smiling again, and the last glimpse he had of her was her bright face beaming at him from the window over his bunch of violets, which she had pinned into her fur. He walked away briskly, his mind full of happy memories. It was their golden wedding day.

R. F.

"A Berlin telegram announces that the Reichstag, after the reading of the Colonial Budget, has adjourned till June 4."

*Morning Post.*

By which time it may have got over the shock.

"Sergt. — said that he was in London Road, —, when he saw the defendant in charge of a brown mare and about two tons of stone. The Mayor was restless and under the saddle there was a raw wound about two inches in length."—*Provincial Paper.*

Quite sufficient to account for his wor-ship's uneasiness.

### A RONDELOF WAR-TIME BOOTS.

THE friendly cow, all red and white,  
She never gave me boots like these,  
Habiliments of little ease,  
Where paper (brown) and wood unite  
And, anything but water-tight,

Open their seams to every breeze.  
The friendly cow, all red and white,  
She never gave me boots like these;  
Leather she gives (when she has *quite*  
Finished with it herself) and cheese  
And cream in varying degrees—  
But not this cardboard composite.  
The friendly cow, all red and white,  
She never gave me boots like these.

"235 ACRE FARM: — Farm, near Rugby and Coventry; chiefly pasture which will fatten a bullock."—*Morning Paper.*

But no single animal ought to be allowed in these times to make a beast of itself.

"Quiet restful holidays at Ilfracombe means Health."—*Daily Paper.*

No doubt they does.

"The ground thereabouts gave natural defences to the village of Ville-sur-Ancère. On the north of it there is flooded ground owing to the damming of the stream."—*Daily Paper.*  
Or was it the other way about?



*Jill (examining picture of tank). "Does it have any openings?"*  
*Jack. "ONLY TWO. ONE TO FIRE A GUN THROUGH AND ONE TO PUT THE MONEY IN."*

#### WHAT THE SUN DIDN'T SEE-- FOR FAR TOO LONG.

"ONCE upon a time," said the Sun, who has lately been in a very good humour and full of stories, "there was a meadow surrounded by a flint wall, where I caused the buttercups to shine like burnished gold, and where the grass was high and green and as long as the pony and the donkey who inhabited the meadow would allow it to be. Here and there was a cowslip; while near the house were hen-coops with old hens in them whose anxious heads protruded through the bars querulously shouting instructions to their fluffy children.

"Such," said the Sun, "was the meadow, which was interesting to me chiefly because it was the playground of a small but very vigorous and restless boy named Nobby, whose merry inquiring face it gave me peculiar pleasure to tan and freckle.

"A small boy," said the Sun, "can do a thousand things in a meadow like this, even without the company of a donkey and a pony, and Nobby did them all; while his collection of performing wood-lice was unique.

"But a morning came when he was

absent. I was shining at my best, the buttercups were glowing, there was even an aeroplane manœuvring in the blue—which is still, I notice, a certain lure both to young and old—but no Nobby. The wood-lice crept about or rolled themselves into balls, all unnoticed and immune.

"This is very odd," I heard the pony say; 'he's never neglected us before.'

"Passing strange," said the donkey, who at times affected archaic speech. 'And on so fair a morn too.'

"So saying they resumed their eternal meal, but continually turned their eyes to the garden-gate through which Nobby would have to pass. I also kept my eyes wide for him; but all in vain; and what made it more perplexing was that Nobby's mother came in and fed the chickens, and Nobby's aunt came in with a rug and a book and settled down to be comfortable: and that meant that the boy was not absent on a visit to the town, because one of them would have gone too.

"That settles it," said the donkey, who had, for an ass, quite a lot of sense; 'Nobby is ill.'

"The donkey was right—or approximately so, as I afterwards found out. Nobby was ill. That is to say, he was

in bed, because that morning he had sneezed—not through looking up at me, but for no reason at all—and his mother, who was a very careful mother, had at once fetched the clinical thermometer and taken his temperature, and behold it was a hundred. So Nobby was not allowed to get up, but now lay there watching my rays pouring into the room, and listening to the buzz of the aeroplane, and longing to be out in the meadow with the donkey and the pony and the woodlice.

"That, however, would never do; for 'It all comes,' his mother had said, 'of sitting about in that long grass so much, and so early in the year too'—a line of argument hardly likely to appeal to a small and vigorous boy who does not reckon summer by dates and to whom prudence is as remote as Treasury notes.

"Anyway," said the Sun, "he was paying for it now, for was he not in bed and utterly sick of it, while the rest of the world was out and about and, warmed and cheered by me, completely jolly? Moreover, he didn't feel ill. No self-respecting boy would, of course, admit to feeling ill, ever; but Nobby was genuinely unconscious of anything wrong at all. Not however until his

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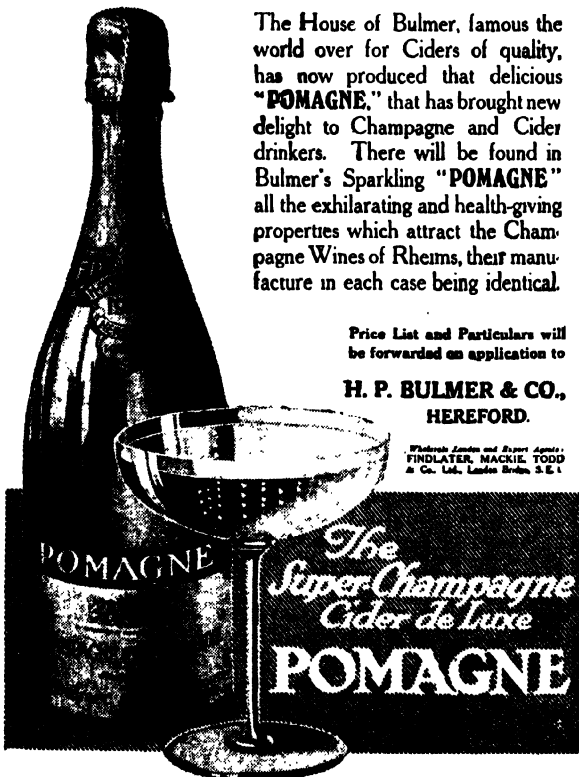
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## The "TRENCH MORTAR LIEUTENANT."

"Thanks for the 'cigs.' They're just the kind we like best when we scutter down into a dug-out after a spell-o against old Fritz. For our business means pretty close quarters with the enemy. It's a case of spotting a likely target not many yards away, and then hit and run p-d-q. Yes, I'll be glad if you will send me some more."

**"CAVANDER'S  
ARMY CLUB"  
CIGARETTES.**

Sold by the leading Tobacconists and in all the Canteens

## Memorial to Fallen Highlanders

Many thousands of gallant Highlanders have fallen in the War; they have given their lives on land and sea, and their graves are scattered far and wide—often marked only with a nameless cross.

What Memorial could be more appropriate than the dedication of a Church in Scotland as a living Tribute to the heroic Dead?

## This Great Memorial to Fallen Highlanders

is to take the form of a Church in Glasgow which will be the centre of spiritual life and social activity.

£10,000 has already been subscribed towards the Highlanders' Memorial Church but £6,000 more is needed.

Kindly send your contribution this week to the Hon. Treasurer, LORD SHAW OF DUNFERMLINE, 3, Bishopsgate Street, LONDON, E.C.2.

All contributions will be acknowledged in "The Times," on June 10th.

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## The Clear Complexion of the English Girl

is the reason for the admiration of all Colonials. The English girl uses Oatine—it keeps face and hands clear, soft, and velvety. 1/1½ and 2/3. Ask for

**Oatine  
FACE CREAM**  
USE IT & PROVE IT





*Sergeant-Instructor (to cadet).* "NA, YE'LL NO MAK' AN OFFICER. BUT IT'S JUST POSSIBLE IF THE WARR KEEPS ON A WHILE AN' YE PRACTICE HARD VERRA HARD—YE NICHT—NICHT, MIND YE—BEGIN TO HAE A GLIMMER THAT YE'LL NEVER KEN THE R-RUDIMENTS O' THE WURRK!"

temperature went down would he be allowed to get up; that was the verdict.

"His mother took it again before lunch, and it was still a hundred; and then at about half-past four, when human beings, I understand, get a little extra feverish, and it was still a hundred; and then at last came the night, and Nobby went to sleep confident that to-morrow would re-establish his erratic blood.

"On the morrow he woke long before anyone else," said the Sun, "and sat up and saw that I was shining again, without the vestige of a cloud to bother me, and he felt his little body to see how hot it was, and was quite sure that at last he was normal again, but he couldn't tell until his mother was up and about. The weary hours went by, and at last she came in just before breakfast with the thermometer in her hand.

"I'm certain I'm all right to-day," I heard Nobby say. "I feel quite cool everywhere."

"But, alas and alack," said the Sun, "he was a hundred still.

"My poor mite!" his mother exclaimed, and Nobby burst into tears.

"Mayn't I get up? Mayn't I get up?" he moaned; "I feel so frightfully fit." But his mother said no, not till the temperature had gone down. You

see," added the Orb of Day, "when Nobbies are only-sons and those only-sons' fathers are fighting the Germans, mothers have to be more than commonly cautious and particular.

"And so all through another long day—and when you are vigorous and robust, like Nobby, and accustomed to every kind of impulsive and adventurous activity, day can be, in bed, appallingly long—and so all through another long day Nobby was kept a prisoner, always with his temperature at a hundred, and growing steadily more and more peevish and difficult, so much so that his mother became quite happy again, because it is very well known among human beings that when they are testy and impatient with their nurses they are getting better.

"But when on the third morning, although Nobby's temper had become too terrible for words, his temperature was still a hundred, his mother began to be alarmed again. 'It's very strange,' she said to her sister, 'but he seems perfectly well and cool, and yet the thermometer makes him still a hundred. What do you think we ought to do?'

"Nobby's aunt, who was a wise woman, although unmarried, went up and examined her nephew for herself. 'He certainly looks all right to me,' she said, 'and he feels all right too.

Do you think that the thermometer might be faulty? Let me try it;' and with these words Nobby's aunt shook the thermometer and then put it under her tongue and gave it a good two minutes, and behold it said a hundred; and then Nobby's mother shook it and tried it and gave it a good two minutes, and behold it said a hundred; and the cook was a hundred too, and the gurdener was a hundred, and the girl who came in to help was a hundred, and probably the donkey would have been a hundred, and the pony a hundred, if they had been tested, because a hundred was the thermometer's humorous idea of normal.

"So Nobby's mother and aunt rushed upstairs two or three at a time, having a great sense of justice, and pulled him out of bed and dressed him and hugged him and told him to be happy once more.

"And a couple of seconds after this," said the Sun, bringing the story to a close, "I saw him again."

"Ireland has played the brilliant and naughty child, kicking her nurse's shin, because she cannot have the moon long enough." *Daily Paper.*

Well, for our part she may have it all the time -- and the Gothas too.



## AT THE PLAY.

"PRESS THE BUTTON."

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." Gaily quoting this remark, to ease his conscience, Mr. ROBERT HICHENS proceeds to unbend in a Three-Act "absurdity" of incredible boisterousness. Let no one complain that he does not give full measure. The house "literally" rocked with laughter, as the artless reporter has it.

*Lord and Lady Anthony Fitzurse* are leading a perfectly intolerable life in their luxurious Park Lane mansion, completely under the thumbs of their butler, *Maynard*, a sinister fellow with an evil eyebrow, parchment complexion, thin lips, elastic-sided boots and white socks. Relief suggests itself in the form of an installation of the automatic devices of one *Talbot Bulstrode*, whereby the affluent householder, pressing buttons labelled "Make bed," "Put on coals," "Spread dust-sheets," "Bring rich food from FORTNUM AND MASON'S," can run his establishment with no more than a cook and a clever char. (I suspect the char was introduced as an excuse for bringing in Miss POLLY EMERY. Good idea too.)

Here obviously is material for fun of a jolly primitive kind. It was seasoned by the introduction of a lady of wayward impulses, *Ex-Queen of the Paradise Islands*, the complexity of whose flirtations had apparently scandalised even the islanders to the point of deposing her. She falls in love with the masterful *Maynard*, and when I tell you that Miss LOTTIE VENNE is cast for this engaging part you can picture the possibilities of the situation. After much play with *Bulstrode's* apparatus, which the inventor had perversely arranged so that it could be thrown out of gear at will to the extent, for example, of delivering great quantities of coal when you pressed for "rich food," the indomitable *Maynard*, who has discovered *Bulstrode's* disconcerting contrivance, remains in possession, and all (for reasons unexplained) is peace in Park Lane.

It was sporting of Miss MARIE LÖHR to give us this absurdity, seeing that constant racket and ludicrous situations do not tend to show a pretty woman at her best. She carried off her part with a lively air that helped to pull the joke through successfully. Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH spread himself over his make-up (the other way about, really, but you know what I mean) and produced a genuine triumph in the way of a bizarre butler. This is a real creation of Mr. HICHENS, but Mr. AYNESWORTH, who always manages to convey that agreeable and infectious impression of

thoroughly enjoying himself, must share the credit with him.

Miss LOTTIE VENNE as the susceptible ex-queen, asking if every noise (and there were plenty of them) was a revolution, continuing to hint at the depths of naughtiness in the Paradise Islands, and pursuing with a perfect shamelessness the queer object of her affections, was at her excellent best. Mr. E. M. ROBSON as *Bulstrode*, a little Cockney of gorgeous effrontery, inventor, burglar and blackmailer; Mr. STANLEY COOKE as a dyspeptic chauffeur, and Miss POLLY EMERY as the perfect char, kept the fun going with gust and ability.

I think perhaps that you need to bring some high spirits of your own to keep up with all this to the very end, but if you can do that you will go away refreshed by a couple of hours of easy laughter. And it is emphatically the kind of piece that will improve with frequent playing and the acquired slickness so essential to noisy farce. I ought to add, in justice to a deserving and too little appreciated body of craftsmen, that the stage carpenters did their share of the business quite admirably. T.

## HINTS TO YOUNG JOURNALISTS.

"['A. G.'] should always remember to enclose a stamped addressed envelope and to write on one side of the paper only."

*Weekly Paper.*

We will presume that, having nothing better to do, "A. G." has decided to be an author, having heard that the profession comes within the Wild Birds Preservation Act.

Some writers are born, others do it on purpose, while a number drift into some useful occupation in later life.

Always write on one side of the paper. As to the right side of the paper it is easy to find out. You stand with a sheet of paper in your hand and face the North. Swing round sharply to the right, turn the paper over and the side which is uppermost is the right side.

Do not hesitate to enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Editors are honest folk and will promptly send it back to you.

Do not smile if the Editor "regrets" having to return it, for it appears that quite a number of editors die young of a broken heart.

Always send a long letter telling the Editor why you wrote the MS. you send him. Otherwise he may jump to the conclusion that you did it to annoy him.

## Another Sex-Problem.

"A short-horn bull, due to calve in June, was disposed of for £29 5s."—*Provincial Paper.*

## BEESWAX AND BENZINE.

Now, being out of pain and bored,  
I take a survey of the ward  
Wherein for weeks uncounted I  
Have been perforce constrained to lie;  
And, being one of Nature's saints,  
Make singularly few complaints.  
I don't complain it isn't quiet;  
I don't complain about the diet;  
I don't complain about the way  
I'm dosed and tonicked day by day;  
I don't complain when night by night  
My fellow-patients pillow-fight;  
I don't complain of Sisters who,  
When they can find no work to do,  
Smooth out my counterpane and make  
Discomfort for appearance' sake;  
The one complaint I can't ignore  
Concerns the polish on the floor.

When Sister first awakens me  
At six or thereabouts I see  
This polish in a little bowl  
Delivered to a cheery soul,  
Who takes a little on a broom  
And chivies it about the room,  
And ultimately leaves it where  
Its odour permeates the air  
(A stink by this politer name  
Remains essentially the same).  
This polish being base and vile,  
Provocative of spleen and bile,  
The inner man of me rejects  
Its odour--welts at its effects;  
I gasp for air—I choke—I swallow...  
And sordid consequences follow.

I ought to thank my stars if that  
Is all I have to grumble at?  
I might enlarge for days and days  
Upon my fellow-patients' ways;  
I might refer to people's groans  
And other people's gramophones  
(Whose records all have been of late  
Both out of tune and out of date);  
I might say almost anything  
About the songs that people sing.  
I might go on for nights and nights  
And still be well within my rights;  
But, on the whole, I rather would  
Have one complaint—and have it good.

## Well Named.

"HOTEL EAST, JERUSALEM.

Visitors will greatly oblige the Management by bringing their own Rations with them."

*Advt. in "Palestine News."*

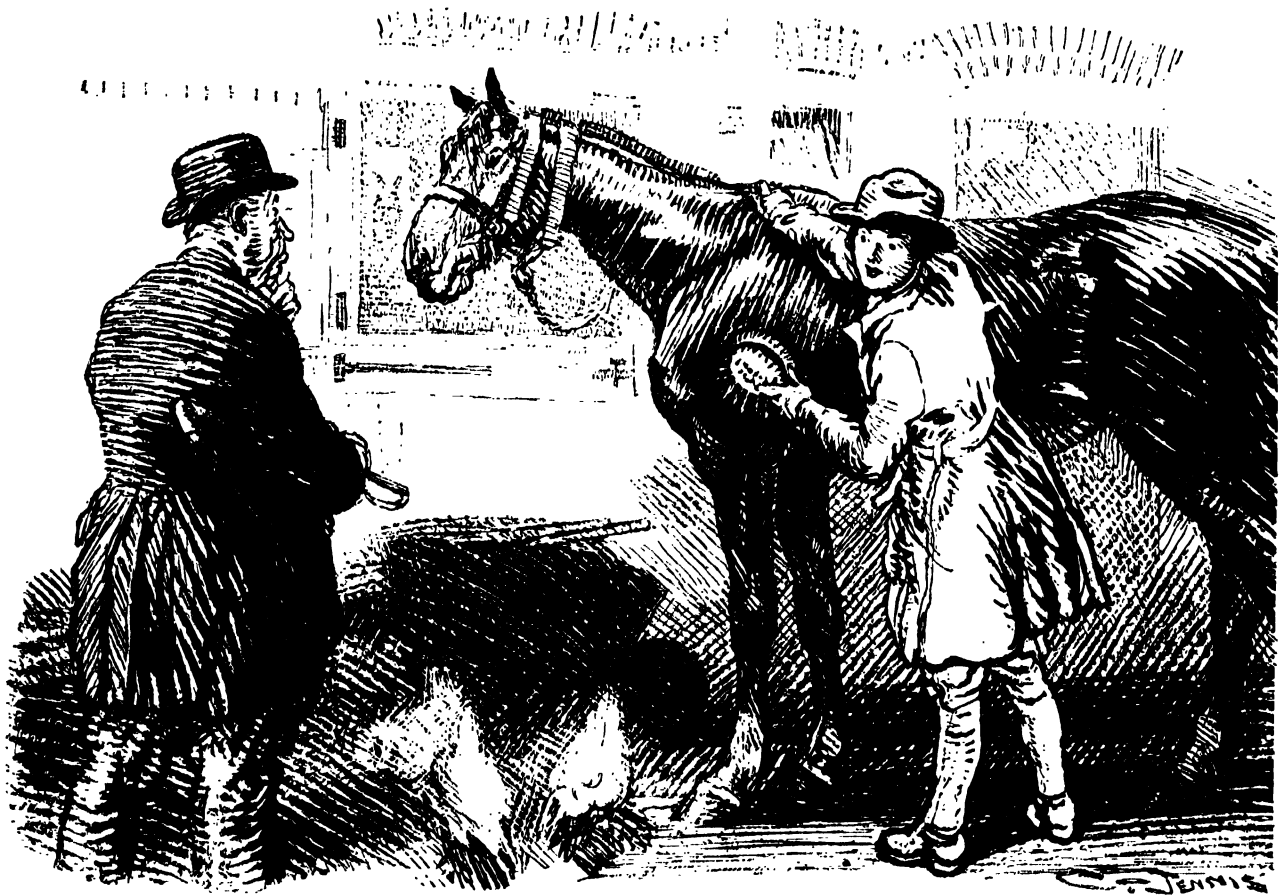
## The War-Horse.

He gains no crosses as a soldier may,  
No medals for the many risks he runs;  
He only, in his puzzled, patient way,  
"Sticks to his guns."

"The jury sympathised with the driver that this should be the first fatal accident he had had in his fifteen or sixteen years as a driver."

*Provincial Paper.*

No wonder the Government are proposing to abolish coroners' juries.



Farmer. "WHY ARE YOU USING A SILVER-BACKED HAIRBRUSH?"

Land Worker. "YOU TOLD ME TO BE SURE TO USE A 'DANDY BRUSH,' AND THIS IS THE DANDIEST I COULD FIND."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. FREDERIC COLEMAN is the gallant American gentleman who, immediately upon the outbreak of the War, volunteered for service with the British Army, and thenceforward was seen wherever shells came thickest and explosives were highest, driving into every imaginable danger. Emerging unimpaired, he wrote, with incredible rapidity, two books which are amongst the best of those dealing with the early phases of the War on the Western Front. It then occurred to him to go to Siberia and to Japan, and to embody his experiences in another book, which is entitled *Japan Moves North* (CASSELL). MR. COLEMAN advocates the sending of Japanese troops under certain conditions to Siberia; but he points out that Japan is not in the War for the attainment of vague objects. It is necessary for Western statesmen to walk very warily in their dealings with this proud and efficient country, and MR. COLEMAN'S book will help them to clear their minds. It is a lively record and stuffed full with information. Here, by the way, is an episode from a chapter on Russian discipline. MR. COLEMAN was being rowed out from Port Arthur to a Russian man-of-war—this was long before the Revolution. He was seated beside the coxswain and on his other side sat a Russian officer. The question of discipline was being discussed, and MR. COLEMAN made some reference to the well-trained crew which was conveying them. "To illustrate just what he meant by discipline the officer turned towards the coxswain and struck the

man full in the face with his clenched fist. I winced," says MR. COLEMAN, "as though I had been the one struck." The coxswain however took the blow unflinchingly, and the officer struck him again twice. "Blood ran down the face of the man at the tiller, but he set his lips and with his eyes straight ahead kept his hands on the tiller-ropes." MR. COLEMAN lost his temper, and is of opinion that such incidents go far to explain why there is now a relaxation of discipline in the Russian forces.

It seems to me that the life of a King's Messenger, in fiction especially, is full of difficulties. For one thing a capacity of unstated wonder must be his. It must perpetually astonish him that the attractive young female traveller who shares his compartment proves, if unsuspected, to have designs upon his luggage; and, contrariwise, should he detect in her a sinister purpose, will almost invariably turn out to be a friend in disguise. I have been prompted to these conclusions by a book called *The Red Passport* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), in which SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER has collected a number of stories relating the adventures of one *Gresham*, carrier of despatches. The tales are quite brisk and lively little affairs, suffering of course slightly from the fact that, while the settings vary, the style of the intrigue is of necessity liable to repeat itself. Indeed, for my own part I found my chief pleasure in the scenes. SIR JOHN FRASER, like Cupid, is winged and doth range, and the wanderings of his hero, from Malta to Mandalay, provide incidentally a flavour of Imperialism very agreeable. If I had to select any one as best, I think

I should choose "An Affair at Salonika," in which the mystification is rather more profound than in most; though even here at the end the arch-villain does turn out—but that is another story, or rather a variant of one of those indicated above. I am afraid I shall have to put down despatch-carrying as among the monotonous professions; though this is by no means to say that I found the book about it a dull one.

*Penny Scot's Treasure* (COLLINS) is an unambitious and agreeable mixture of love, blood, humour and adventure in wilder Canada, blended by Mr. FREDERICK NIVEN's practised hand. Any wholesome boy from sixteen to sixty should find it entertaining, and, as the War, with its swift creation of professional and respected tomboys, will make many a strenuous maid less content than before with the old Garvician formula, our author should increase his circulation. *Penny Scot* was a canny prospector who died out on the road, and big blond Norseman *Olson* and his friend *Jefferies* follow up his track in the hope of discovering a cached hoard. They find more than they bargained for.

A skeleton, a will, a knife, the live blackguard that owned the knife, and a little Indian maid who for sudden love of the blond giant sets out to warn him at great peril to herself. All ends well, with wealth quickly gotten—the destined end of all pioneering romance. The two heroes determine never to do a stroke of work for the rest of their lives—a dull and immoral conclusion, I am afraid. . . . In those days of ultra-sophistication Mr. NIVEN's naïve asides are refreshing. Such, for instance, as: "Yah-hoo," by the way, is not slang or journalese or what is called Americanese. It comes from SWIFT's *Gulliver's Travels*."

I admit a certain hesitation over *The Humphries Touch* (COLLINS). There were moments when the central idea tickled me so pleasantly that I had to smile aloud. It was then that I would give it the higher praise of a comparison with *Vice Versa*. But again there were moments, nay half-hours, when I became conscious that Mr. FREDERICK WATSON was playing a little too obviously for farce at any price, and buying his laughs at the expense of all coherence. The main theme is, as I say, excellently promising; the introduction to an ancient and ultra-conservative public school of a small boy with a genius for, and much experience of, stock-manipulation gives scope for any quantity of admirable fooling, not the less funny for being all of it a little obvious. *George Andrews*, with his entirely mature outlook and vocabulary, facing the perils of an existence which he regards as at once barbarous and contemptible, will inevitably remind you of the deathless *Bullitude*. Even better than *George Andrews* (in whom, of course, one can never really believe) are some quite brilliant caricatures of certain magisterial types, from the head downwards. Upon them Mr. Watson has exercised so nimble and caustic a wit that I regret the more his occasional lapses into such stale buffoonery as, for example, the cinema company mistaken for brigands. I may add, however, that the

gem of satire that ends the tale makes amends for all. If, as is possible, you should grow weary by the way, I counsel you at least not to miss the refreshment of the final pages.

Mrs. WINIFRED PECK's *Twelve Birthdays* (MURRAY) contains much thoughtful work and is especially to be commended to mothers who have boys to bring up and no idea how to do it. I am not implying that Mrs. Peck is a homilist, but on her way through this story she drops many words of wisdom which are well worth garnering. *Timothy Deyne* was born of an unmoral father and a mother who was something of an iceberg. In a very short time she decided that her marriage was a mistake, and resolved that *Timothy* should be removed from his father's influence. As the approaches to his son were practically mined against him and his wife avoided him as much as possible, one is forced to entertain some sympathy for the indefensible *Mr. Deyne*; and indeed the author is no advocate, but puts the case with a refreshing impartiality and a fine disregard for popular taste. In some essential features this is a remarkable book. The author sees with-

out flinching the sadness of the world as it is to-day, but she also sees the splendour of it. Through these *Twelve Birthdays*, which are happily not consecutive, we have the advantage of following *Timothy* from cradle to camp—and after. At Eton he gave me a momentary shock. Even to-day—and this was a dozen years before we talked like that—surely no Etonian would describe his school as "some place." At any rate I hope not.

The affairs of those who try to climb into American high society—"high" is not quite the correct word; "meneyed society" is per-

haps better—do not offer very promising material for the novelist who is not a master-hand at the delineation of character. One has only to read a few pages of *The Fifth Wheel* (CASSELL) to realise that Miss OLIVE PROUTY intends that we shall be more interested in the adventures of her heroine than in a close analysis of her mentality or emotions. The *Vars* family are thrusters of a most ignoble type, and *Ruth Vars* is a pushing young vulgarian whose intrigues to secure the affections of a wealthy but grammarless lout disgust the reader nearly as much as they do the young man's mother. But she is a thruster only by environment, and a series of adventures or misadventures give her an opportunity of developing into a very sane and wholesome young woman and marrying a good if stodgy husband. The transformation occurs very naturally and easily, and the latter part of Miss PROUTY's story is much more attractive than the first, though none of it can strictly be said to be of "gripping interest," as the publishers phrase it. I have a suspicion that this is Miss PROUTY's first attempt. If so there is every reason to hope that, given a subject of greater consequence, its author will soon win a larger measure of popularity than *The Fifth Wheel* is like to earn.



THE INSATIABLE.

Doris (during a evening noise of air-raid). "PLEASE, DADDY. DORIS WANT TO HEAR TI TICK-TICK."

"Empty Edible Oil Barrels, 8s. each."—*Provincial Paper*.

No coupons are required for this delicacy.

## CHARIVARIA.

THE War Office, according to a gossip writer, is experimenting with the telephone. It is not known who first told them about this exceedingly clever little invention.

With reference to the observation balloon which fell on a house at Sittingbourne, we understand that the householder would prefer that in future all envelopes should be pushed through the letter-box.

"This wave of bigamy must be stamped out," said the Common Sergeant at the Old Bailey. We understand that several domestic vipers have already been nipped in the bud by him (if he will pardon our imitation of his flowers of speech).

It is possible that we may have a silly season this year after all. The latest story is that a Margate gentleman has observed a sea-serpent no larger than a small worm. The local theory is that the man has been drinking Government ale.

"The Taxi-Cab to Disappear," says a *Daily Express* headline. We see nothing new in this.

"There is some point in the question," said Mr. BALFOUR, replying to Mr. OUTHWAITE, M.P., in the House of Commons. Members are of the opinion that Mr. OUTHWAITE must have done it for a bet.

"A visit to Scotland," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE recently, "is an inspiration to an anxious Minister." But then, as the natives modestly point out, the bulk of our Ministers are at home there.

The report that one of the busts at the Royal Academy is so lifelike that the original attempted to raise its hat by mistake for his own is now ascribed to the petty spite of a Futurist clique.

A Civil Court in Berlin is trying Count GUNTHER VON BERNSTORFF on a charge which suggests that he has been behaving like an unmitigated scoundrel. The only defence appears to be that it is hereditary.

"When getting married," says a weekly paper, "always remember the verger." Personally we always do.

From the *Vossische Zeitung* we gather that General KORNILOFF was assassinated on April 18th. We pre-

sume that this renders his previous deaths null and void.

"Is Hindenburg Dead or Alive?" asks an evening paper headline. Our answer is "Yos."

"Thousands of cases of Irish eggs," says a news item, "are being shipped from Dublin to England every week." A number of Irish bad eggs were also recently dealt with in this way.

We gather from the Spanish Government that the report of the escape of the U. 56 from Santander is premature.

A farm labourer recently appealed for exemption on the ground that he was so tender-hearted he couldn't kill a worm. But after all he was only asked to kill Germans.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON's friends will be pleased to learn that larger waists are to be fashionable this season.



"SWEETS."

## The War-time Spirit.

"A Lady wishes to Hear of a Lady of good social position who would be willing to Receive her (together with her maid) as Solo Paying Guest for 2 or 3 months towards the beginning of July; large country estate preferred, with plenty of garden and farm produce; she is extremely fond of good bridge, so would only go where she would be sure of getting some."

*Morning Paper.*

"Comfort, content, delight,  
The ages' slow-bought gain,  
They shrivelled in a night,  
Only ourselves remain  
To face the naked days  
In silent fortitude . . ."

*Rudyard Kipling (1914).*

N.B.—He really wrote it.—Ed.

"The dispute between labour and capital ended on Monday, and all weaving sheds are expected to work fully from Tuesday. This ending was hastened by the vow taken by Mr. Gandhi to abstain from food till settlement was reached."—*Times of India.*

We should like to see Labour agitators at home adopt this form of hunger-strike.

## DISILLUSION ON THE HOME FRONT.

(*Affectionately dedicated to the Inns of Court Reserve Corps.*)

BLARE of bugles and throb of drums  
Herald our column where it comes  
With rhythmical pulse of hob-nailed feet  
Debouching into Victoria Street—  
Men, to judge by their martial air,  
Ripe for valorous work "out there."

Traffic is stayed; the surging crowd  
Threatens to voice its pride aloud;  
British tradition alone restrains  
The ardour that almost bursts its veins  
As it breathes God-speed to a gallant corps  
Apparently bound for the seat of War.

Glad eyes down from the windows glance  
Where you turn to the left to entrain for France;  
Flanking the kerb where the two ways part  
We can hear the beat of the flapper's heart;  
Brave is her smile, but her cheeks are wan;  
The turning comes—and we keep straight on.

The glamour pales as the crowds remark  
That our main objective is just Hyde Park;  
They have spent illusory hopes and fears  
On a veteran party of Volunteers  
(Very deceptive in warlike guise)  
Out for their Saturday exercise.

O. S.

## THE NEW DRAFT.

SOMEWHERE in England—and, incidentally, miles from anywhere and anything, to the utter boredom of the junior Subs—stands the usual orderly ugly Hutment Camp. On this day of May the sun is shining, the lark's on the wing, the fair breeze blows through the heather, and the dust—but why spoil a pretty idyll? The Second-in-Command stands at the gate of the potato garden and gazes fixedly down the long road over the moor. Presently a pillar of dust, suggesting to his military eye a body of troops on the march, tops the horizon and slowly advances. The new draft is undoubtedly approaching. A raw lot, evidently—not much sign of military formation here. The N.C.O. in charge has all his work cut out to keep his party together. As they draw near, the Major, with an amused smile, notes the lack of march discipline—stragglers down and all over the road, urged on by a perspiring Lance-Corporal (who is none too sprightly himself, for he is a war-worn veteran and carries his three gold stripes); others, the youngsters, larking with one another; others again even halting on their own account, as if the four miles' climb from the station had been far too much of a good thing for independence no longer in the first bloom of youth. The Major however continues to smile tolerantly.

At last the party is rounded up into some sort of formation and halted, while the senior N.C.O. salutes and reports the safe arrival of his charge.

The Major proceeds in a leisurely manner and with the same tolerant smile to look over the new arrivals.

"Not so bad, Corporal, not so bad. They'll be all right after a week or two here. What's that? A lot of trouble in coming through the town? Well, well, a little discipline will go a long way, eh?" (Appreciative guffaws from the Major at this pleasantry and dutiful grin from the Corporal). "What's the matter with this fellow? Sore feet? I'll be better see to that as soon as they've got into quarters. This one's on the small side. Well, well, good food and a

healthy life will work wonders with 'em. March 'em off and see they have a good feed as soon as possible."

"Very good, Sir," and off they go, hobbling and shuffling weary feet through the dust, and looking about them with mingled wonder, distrust and apprehension, like so many mothers' darlings dumped down in a big public school for their first term.

The usual fatigue man in the usual slops surveys them with a dreamy eye from his comfortable resting-place under the lee of a hut; then, as the interest of his discovery filters through to his quiescent brain, he removes his short black pipe from his mouth and whistles to a fellow-toiler stretched near by on the heather; and as the kites collect from nowhere out of the blue to share the find of a more fortunate companion so do the "Regimentally Employed," the "Excused Duties," the "Light Duties," the "Quarter-master's Fatigues," and all other and sundry, the bugbears of the Adjutant and the Regimental Serjeant-Major, flock to the scene to take their share in the feast of wit. Somewhat coarse, it is to be feared, and cruelly personal, for the soldier is no kinder than the schoolboy, his father, in his reception of the raw and innocent.

The two N.C.O.'s in charge of the new-comers make no attempt to protect their charges—they even join in the laughter at the more direct hits. But at last the pink rookies have run the gauntlet of comments on their appearance, behaviour and personal peculiarities, and, accompanied only by the less lethargic of their tormentors, have come to a halt at the door of their new home. The Corporal roughly pushes his way through the huddled mob and throws open the door.

"Now then, my beauties, in you go"—and in they go, or most of them, in a scrambling rush, remarking in twenty different and querulous keys on the bare clean-swept floor, the neat piles of bedding and the lime-washed walls. The luckless stragglers, loudly protesting, are whipped in by the Corporal with his stout ash-plant, aided by the well-directed boots of the laughing hangers-on. Then he shuts and bolts the door. "Well, Bill, that's settled the blighters. What about a pint afore we feed 'em?"

\* \* \* \* \*

No, my pacifist friends, it is nothing to write to the papers about—"brutal militarism" and all the rest of it. Any dweller in Hutment Camps could have told you by now, if you hadn't been so ready to rush to hasty conclusions, that the Battalion's pigs, chief pride of the President of the Regimental Institutes and consumers of the "unconvertible" from the refuse tub, are safely installed in their new and commodious home. Come with me and lean on the wall and watch the sturdy little fellows scrapping for a place at the swill-trough.

## Our Ammunition Boots!

"Only the uniformed endure the agony of corns. The knowing ones apply —'s Corn Cure and get relief."—*Bermuda Colonist*.

"The Government are fully aware that the policy they are pursuing will be severely criticised in some quarters in Great Britain and will give an unfavourable impression in Ireland, but they were obliged to choose between the lesser of two evils."—*Daily News*.

It sounds a hazardous operation, in which we feel sure no Government would engage from choice.

"When, if ever, the War Office supplies comforts to the army, we shall know that we have really abandoned reliance on our traditional arm, and become a 'militarist' nation in the Continental sense."

Manchester Guardian.

Another illusion gone. We had imagined the supply of "hundreds and thousands" to be quite a speciality of the War Office.



ANOTHER WAR-PROFITEER.



## THE MUD LARKS.

Lionel Trelawney Molyneux-Molyneux was of the race of the Beaux. Had he flourished in their elegant days, NASH would have taken snuff with him, D'ORSAY wine—no less. As it was, the high priests of Savile Row made obeisance before him, the staff of the *Tailor and Cutter* penned leaders on his waistcoats, and the lilies of the field whined "Kamerad" and withered away.

When war broke out Lionel Trelawney issued from his comfortable chambers in St. James's and took a hand in it. He had no enthusiasm for blood-letting. War, he maintained from the first, was a vulgar pastime, a comfortless revolting state of affairs which bored one stiff, forced one to associate with all sorts of impossible people and ruined one's clothes. Nevertheless the West-end had to be saved from an invasion of elastic sided boots, celluloid dicky's, Tyrolese hats and musical soup-swallower. That was *his* war-aim.

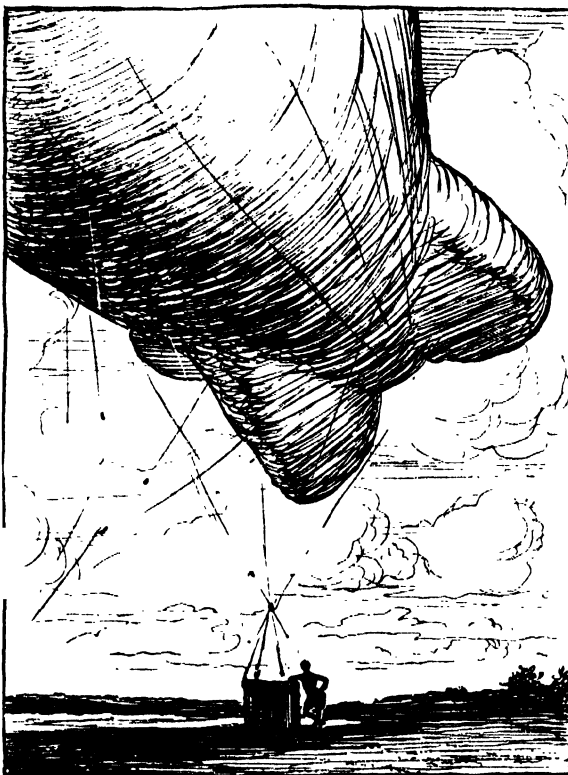
Through the influence of an aunt at the War Office he obtained a commission at once, and after a month's joining-leave (spent closeted with his tailor) he appeared, a shining figure, in the Mess of the Loamshire Light Infantry and with them adventured to Gallipoli. It is related that during the hell of that first landing, when boats were capsizing, wounded men being dragged under tentacles of barbed wire, machine-guns whipping the sea to bloody froth, Lionel Trelawney was observed standing on a prominent part of a barge, his eyeglass fixed on his immaculate field boots, petulantly remarking, "And now, damn it, I suppose I've got to get wet!"

After the evacuation the battalion went to France, but not even the slush of the salient or the ooze of Festubert could dim his splendour. Whenever he got a chance he sat down, cat-like, and licked himself. Wherever he went his batmen went also, hauling a sackful of cleaning gear and changes of raiment. On one occasion, hastening to catch the leave train, he spurred the Company Commander's charger into La Bassée Canal. He emerged, like some river deity, profusely decorated in chick-weed, his eyeglass still in his eye ("Came up like a blinking U-boat," said a spectator, "periscope first"), footed it back to billets and changed, though it cost him two days of his leave.

He was neither a good nor a keen officer. He was not frightened—he had too great a contempt for war to admit the terror of it—but he gloomed and brooded eternally and made no effort to throw the faintest enthusiasm into his job. Yet for all that the Loamshires suffered him. He had his uses—he kept the men amused. In that tense time just before an attack, when the minute hand was jerking nearer and nearer to zero, when nerves were strung tight and people were sending anxious inquiries after Lewis guns,

It happened that the Loamshires were given a job of crossing Mr. Hindenburg's well-known ditch and taking a village on the other side. A company of tanks, which came rolling out of the dawn-drizzle, spitting fire from every crack, put seven sorts of wind up the Landstürmer gentlemen in possession; and the Loamshires, getting their first objectives with very light casualties, trotted on for their second in high fettle, sterns up and wagging proudly. The tanks went through the village knocking chips off the architecture and pushing over houses that got in the way; and the Loamshires followed after, distributing bombs among the cellars.

The consolidation was proceeding when Lionel Trelawney sauntered on the scene, picking his way delicately through the debris of the main street. He lounged up to a group of Loamshire officers, yawned, told them how tired he was, cursed the drizzle for dimming his buttons and strolled over to a dug-out with the object of sheltering there. He got no further than the entrance, for as he reached it a wide-eyed German came scrambling up the steps and collided with him, bows on. For a full second the two stood chest to chest gaping, too surprised to move. Then the Hun turned and bolted. But this time Lionel Trelawney was not too bored to act. He drew his revolver and rushed after him like one possessed, firing wildly. Two shots emptied a puddle, one burst a sandbag, one winged a weather-cock and one went just anywhere. His empty revolver caught the flying Hun in the small of the back as he vaulted over a wall; and Lionel Trelawney vaulted after him.



Sent in reply to following request: "DARLING, DO SEND ME A PICTURE OF YOURSELF STANDING BY THE MACHINE YOU FLY IN."

S.A.A., stretchers, bombs, etc., Lionel Trelawney would say to his batman, "Have you got the boot and brass polish, the Blanco, the brushes? Sure?" (a sigh of relief). "Very well, now we'll be getting on," and so would send his lads scrambling over the parapet grinning from east to west.

"Where's 'ole Collar and Cuffs?" some muddy warrior would shout after a shrieking tornado of shell had swept over them. "Dahn a shell-hole clean-in' his teef," would come the answer, and the battered platoon chuckled merrily. "E's a card, 'e is," said his Sergeant admiringly. "Marched four miles back to billets in 'is gas-mask, perishin' 'ot, all because he'd lost 'is razor an' 'adn't shaved for two days. 'E's a nut 'e is and no error."

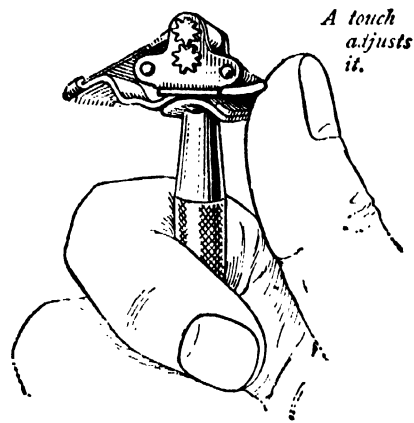
"Molly's gone mad," shouted his amazed brother-officers as they scrambled up a ruin for a better view of the hunt. The chase was proceeding full-cry among the small gardens of the main street. It was a stirring spectacle. The Hun was sprinting for dear life, Lionel Trelawney hard on his brush, yelping like a frenzied fox-terrier. They plunged across tangled beds, crashed through crazy fences, fell head over heels, picked themselves up again and raced on, wheezing like punctured bagpipes.

Heads of Atkinses poked up every where. "S'welp me if it ain't 'ole Collar and Cuffs! Go it, Sir, that's the stuff to give 'em! A Yorkshireman opened a book and started to chant



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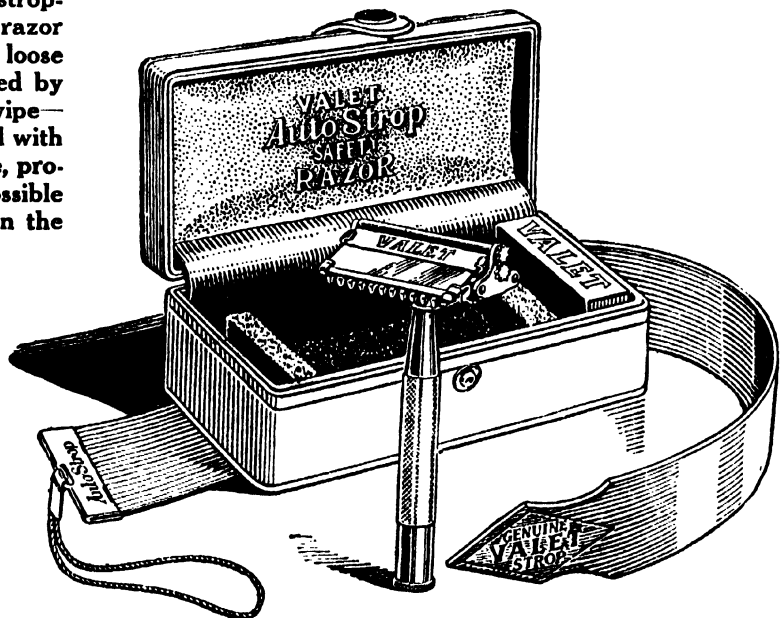
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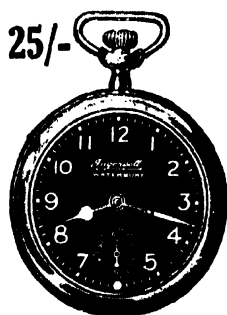
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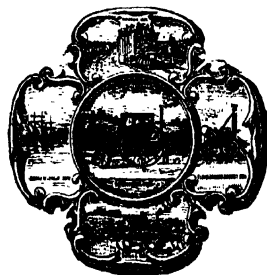
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the odds, but nobody paid any attention to him. The Hun, badly blown, dodged inside a shattered hen-house. Lionel Trelawney tore up handfuls of a ruined wall and bombed him out of it with showers of brick-bats. Away went the chase again, cheered by shrill yoiaks and cat-calls from the spectators.

Suddenly there was an upheaval of planks and brick-dust, and both runners disappeared.

"Gone to ground, down a cellar," exclaimed the brother-officers. "Oh, look! Fritz is crawling out."

The white terrified face of the German appeared on the ground level, then with a wriggle (accompanied by a loud noise of rending material) he dragged his body up and was on his way once more. A second later Lionel Trelawney was up as well, waving a patch of grey cloth in his hand. "Molly's ripped the seat out of his pants," shouted the grand-stand. "Yow, tear 'em, P'up!" "Good ole Collar and Cuffs!" chorused the Loamshire Atkinsons.

Lionel Trelawney responded nobly; he gained one yard, two yards, five, ten. The Hun floundered into a row of raspberry canes, tripped and wallowed in the mould. Trelawney fell on him like a Scot on a threepenny bit and they rolled out of sight locked in each other's embrace.

The Loamshires jumped down from their crazy perches and doubled to see the finish, guided by the growlings, grunts, crashing of raspberry canes and jets of garden mould flung sky-high. They were too late however. They met the victor propelling the remains of the vanquished up a lane towards thorn. His fawn breeches were black with mould, his shapely tunic shredded to ribbons; his sleek hair looked like a bird's-nest; his nose listed to starboard; one eye bulged like a shuttered bow-window; his eye-glass was not. But the amazing thing about it was that he didn't seem to mind; he beamed, in fact, and with a cheery shout to his friends—"Merry little scamper—eh, what?"—he drop-kicked his souvenir a few yards further on, exclaiming, "That'll teach you to slop soup over my shirt-front, you rude fellow!"

"Soup over your shirt-front!" babbled the Loamshires. "What are you talking about?"

"Talking about?" said Lionel Trelawney. "Why, this arch-ruffian used to be a waiter at Claritz's, and he shed mulligatawny all over my glad-rags one night three years ago—aggravated me fearfully." PATLANDER.

"A lady having larger house than she requires would like another."—*Provincial Paper*.  
Some people are never satisfied.



Guest (at Highland hotel). "YOUR CLOCK SEEMS TO HAVE STOPPED."  
The Host. "OO-AY. YE SEE, TAMMAS THE BOOTS WENT AWA' TO PALESTINE AND TOOK THE KEY IN HIS POCKET."

#### WAR HONEY.

I WONDER what the kind of bee  
(And what the nectar from what  
flower

He sipped in an unfriendly hour)  
That brought this offering to me  
As delicacy for my breakfast-table—

This sad and odorous stuff  
(My dear, you've had enough!)—  
Honey, the grocer says; but that's a  
fable.

Surely some centipede, aroused  
By the allotment-digger's spade,  
Sought solace in a midnight raid  
Upon a upas-tree and browsed,  
And thence derived those rare and  
pungent juices

Which, now that we're subdued  
To any kind of food,  
Is made to serve these dietetic uses.

I'm sure it never knew a hive  
Or any sort of bloom; there's not  
A hint of clover in the pot;  
A Woolwich chemist might contrive,

As relaxation from his high explosive,  
Some milder synthesis  
Closely resembling this,  
Blending in one the glue and the gluco-  
sive.

No summer's breath is here; it tastes  
Of Dora and the Country Black;  
Smells of the fetid chimney-stack  
And leafless smoke-encircled wastes.  
Certainly I for one don't blame  
Hymettus,  
Nor any herbs that grow  
(Dearest, I told you so!)—  
It's time to drop a horrid subject.  
Let us.

The *Times*' new poet—Mr. Dudyard  
Kipling.

"£8,362 has been handed to Mrs. Lloyd George by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs of London for comforts for the Welsh troops and assistance for those who are disabled as the result of collections in the City on the Welsh Flag Day."—*Times*.

Flag-selling must indeed be strenuous work.

## A LITTLE RETREAT.

*Letter from Isidore Steinwicz to Prim,  
Son & Prim.*

*Brighton.*

DEAR SIRS,—Please send to me list of any houses you may have to let in Beaconsford or neighbourhood, as my lease here ends May 12th. I want a house for three months, with extension if air-raids should continue.

We are two in family, besides self and wife. I can give highest references, and will pay if necessary considerable rent for suitable house.

Yours faithfully,

ISIDORE STEINWICZ.

I suppose you have no air-raids in neighbourhood of Beaconsford?

*Letter from Prim, Son & Prim to  
I. Steinwicz.*

*Piccadilly.*

DEAR SIR,—We enclose a list of houses to let in Beaconsford and neighbourhood, and would particularly recommend No. 3 (Mr. Cayley-Gibbons'), with whom you might like to communicate. Yours obediently,

PRIM, SON & PRIM.

*Letter from Same to James Cayley-Gibbons.*

*Piccadilly.*

DEAR SIR,—We have given your name to a Mr. Isidore Steinwicz, of Brighton, who is looking for a house in your neighbourhood, and hope you will be able to come to terms with him for the spring and summer months.

Yours obediently,

PRIM, SON & PRIM.

*Letter from J. Cayley-Gibbons to  
Prim, Son & Prim.*

*Beaconsford.*

DEAR SIRS,—Thanks for your letter. I don't like the sound of your client's name. Surely Maidenhead would suit him better. I wouldn't let my own house to an alien bomb-dodger on any terms. However, I happen to have heard of a house that might be just the place for Mr. Steinwicz. I will put him on to it if he writes. Though I daresay it is not on your list, no doubt a commission might be arranged if your client proves all right.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES CAYLEY-GIBBONS.

*Letter from I. Steinwicz to J. Cayley-Gibbons.*

*Brighton.*

DEAR SIR,—Your name has been given to me by Messrs. Prim of Piccadilly. Please let me know the accommodation and rent you ask, also whether there is a dug-out, as every precaution against these horrible air-raids is necessary for safety.

I am a British subject and of military age under this new Act, which I consider scandalous. But as I am dealing in leather, used to large extent by army, I do not expect to be called up, and am willing to take your house, if suitable, for three months, with right to extend if I desire. Should I, however, be called up, should expect tenancy to end at once, as my wife and children would have to go back to our house at Maida Vale.

I do not mind paying good rent, as I am of ample means, and can give best social and business references.

Yours faithfully,

ISIDORE STEINWICZ.

*Letter from J. Cayley-Gibbons to  
I. Steinwicz.*

*Beaconsford.*

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter, but have decided not to let my house for the moment.

I know, however, of a house which might be just the place for you, though it is not in Beaconsford itself, but right in the country some miles from here. I cannot give you definite information about the rent, but fear it is rather a large one. A cousin of mine is the present tenant, but is leaving shortly, I believe. I have never had a chance to visit him there, so have not seen the place, but believe it is roomy, and there are good cellars, which no doubt would serve as an air-raid shelter. I may add that, though it is some little distance from a railway station, there are plenty of near neighbours. I could not give you his address without permission, but I am writing to him to-night, and will ask his leave.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES CAYLEY-GIBBONS.

*Letter from Moses Steinwicz to Isidore  
Ditto.*

*Maidenhead.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I hope you have found another safe retreat, and am glad to hear that you are leaving Brighton soon, in any case, as I do not think the South Coast will be safe much longer. I hear that the next raid, which I am told may be expected on London shortly, will be more terrible than ever.

I and Rebecca are moving next week to Hampshire, and I am leaving the Stepney factory in charge of my foreman till things have settled down.

Why do not the Government make peace at once, and let us all get on with our business? It is terrible. Thank goodness, I am over age, even for this disgraceful new Act.

If things get much worse our beloved Galicia would be a safer place than England to live in.

Your affectionate brother, MOSE.

*Letter from J. Cayley-Gibbons to  
I. Steinwicz.*

*Beaconsford.*

DEAR SIR,—Since writing to you I had an unexpected note from my cousin, which must have crossed the letter I sent to him last night. I was not certain before exactly when he thought of leaving, but now find that circumstances may compel him to leave almost at once. I gather from his letter that there are several people after the place, so fear you may be too late, though of course, even if they take it, the new tenants may not remain long.

However, I could let you know further when I hear from my cousin in reply to my last.

Yours faithfully,

J. CAYLEY-GIBBONS.

*Telegram from I. Steinwicz to  
J. Cayley-Gibbons.*

*Brighton.*

Will take cousin's house immediately at any rent asked please wire his address at once.

STEINWICZ.

*Letter from J. Cayley-Gibbons to  
I. Steinwicz.*

*Beaconsford.*

DEAR SIR,—I received your telegram, but in the meantime have heard again from my cousin, saying that he has already left the house, and that the new tenants are moving in.

If you care to make them an offer to clear out I am permitted to tell you that their family name is Fritz, and the address, so far as I know it, is

*Blasted Oak Farm,*

*Somewhere in Flanders.*

Hoping you will be successful in ousting the Fritzes, as I think a two or three months' stay at the farm would do you a world of good,

I am, yours faithfully,

JAS. CAYLEY-GIBBONS.

P.S.—The rent is considerable, I hear. It runs all along the roof.

## MY BIRD.

"HULLO! Battery speaking. Just heard there's one down on Mudsey Marsh... Eh? Yes. I think we can claim. We must have been the last to engage him... No, out of range to anybody else; he's ours all right. Let you know more in the morning. Good night!"

I hung up the receiver, holding my features hard in check, and clambered solemnly down from the telephone lorry. I did not want the operator to see me making an exhibition of myself. I wished to avoid, if possible, dancing and weeping in the presence of my men. But, my word, this was glorious, this was heaven. I had fought for



*Mistress (as the new troops go by). "WHICH OF THEM IS YOUR COUSIN?"*  
*Nursemaid (unguardedly). "I DON'T KNOW YET, MA'AM."*

England and I had conquered. I had bagged my first bird; there he lay on Mudsey Marsh a shattered wreck, a terrible warning to Gormany. This meant fame. Two or three more dust-ups of the same kind and I should have a back-page photograph in *The Daily Mail*; letterpress, "One of our Wizard 'Archies': the Man who cannot Miss."

Even before I was out between the guns again news had been whispered to the jackpost, thence to the detachments, who broke into a cheer. I quieted their uproar, dashed off my report of action and turned in for two hours' well-earned enjoyment of the British cuckoo's beautiful dawn-song.

A field-instrument in my tent started tinkling briskly half-way through the porridge course. The disturber was Crookeman, of "B" Section.

"Congratulate me, old man. The Mudsey fellow, you know—absolutely mine! I heard his engines go all to pot just after I opened out on him. And the humour of it is that ass Woollerson thinks it was his! Why, dash it all he couldn't have been even in range. . . . Thanks awfully. P'raps it'll be your funeral next time. Bye-bye!"

My next caller-up was Woollerson, of "C" Section.

"I say," he began, in deeply injured tones, "has Crookeman been talking to you? Fearful rot, of course, but he's trying to make out the Mudsey 'bird' was his. As a matter of fact I believe both Crookeman's breeches were jammed when the fellow came over, and that he didn't fire a shot. I only hope London has the common decency to let me claim; but you never know. Good-bye, old bean!"

At 10.15 the following message was handed to me: "Reference Mudsey Gotha AAA Fallowfield Guns"—the next line behind us—"have strong evidence AAA H.Q. will probably allow message ends."

An hour later: "Further reference Mudsey Gotha AAA marks of machine gun fire found on fuselage AAA practically certain brought down by R.A.F. very ond."

By lunch-time I had learned it was almost definitely established that a monitor patrolling off-shore had shot down the Mudsey Gotha. By noon next day I had lost count of the number of unquestionable victors. Then I remembered young Fatterby.

We all used liberally to punch young Fatterby's head at school. Strange vicissitudes of human fate: young Fatterby now wears tabs.

After an hour's stern telephony I got on to the Intelligence Section, and quakingly asked for a private call to the great young man.

"Ye-es," he said—Fatterby's drawl is owned to be one of the finest on the Staff—"eh? Oh, you? How do? Ye-es . . . Mudsey Gotha? I'll get my notes . . . Him. Mudsey. Gotha machine. Pretty well intact. Pilot taken alive; shocking beast, very surly. Ye-es; I can't remember exactly what he said, but it was something like this:—

"'I 'af mein pocket-andkerchief in der engine dropped. Ach, sho 'af clogged.'"

"Both the presence of prelates in the Lords and their nomination by the Crown are demi-seval survivals."—*Daily Paper*.

*Pas demi*, as our Allies would say.

"Wanted, at once, single-handed Housemaid; experienced; willing to finish off dinner once a week when cook out."—*Daily Paper*. There should be no difficulty about this requirement.



### WAR AUCTION.

*First Caller. "ONE HEART,"*

*Second Caller (tired after serving at a canteen for twelve hours). "TWO POACHED EGG."*

### A SONG OF PLenty.

THE shelling 's cruel bad, my son,  
But don't you look too black,  
For every blessed Gorman ono  
He gets a dozen back—  
But I remember the days  
When shells were terrible fow  
And never the guns could bark and blazo  
The same as they do for you.

But they sat in the swamp behind, my boy, and prayed for  
a tiny shell,  
While Fritz, if he had the mind, my boy, could give us a  
first-class hell;  
And I know that a 5-9 looks bad to a bit of a London kid,  
But I tell you you were a lucky lad to come out when  
you did.

Plenty of sand-bags now, my son,  
Plenty of good trench stores,  
Plenty of wire to teach the Hun  
To have these mouldy wars -  
But I remember a day  
When stores were terrible fow  
And we'd nothing to keep the swine away,  
The same as there is for you.

Ditches then at the best, my boy, and a parapet all in rags,  
And many a man went West, my boy, for lack of a few  
score bags;  
And it's all the same to an English lad that's fighting for  
the KING,  
But you ought to be just a trifle glad you've plenty of  
everything.

Up in the line again, my son,  
And dirty work, no doubt,  
But when the dirty work is done  
They'll take the Regiment out—

But I remember a day  
When men were terrible few  
And we hadn't reserves a mile away,  
The same as there are for you.

But fourteen days at a stretch, my boy, and nothing about  
relief;  
Fight and carry and fetch, my boy, with rests exceeding  
brief;  
And rotten as all things sometimes are they're not as they  
used to be,  
And you ought to thank your lucky star you didn't come  
out with me.

A. P. H.

"One of their officers, described 'as temporary,' had been in the  
board's service for 29 years, and others for 25, 24, 23, and 22 years,  
said a member of the Holborn Board of Guardians." - *Evening News*.

A "Temporary Officer" writes to suggest that this competi-  
tion should be held over to the end of the War, in order  
that he and his colleagues may have a chance of beating  
the above records.

"In addition to the boating, angling, tennis and other facilities there  
will be found a French Chef, providing 'the finest possible cookery of  
the moment,' dancing in the Palm Court every afternoon and evening  
(barring Sunday)." - *Referee*.

Personally, when we desire to sample "the finest possible  
cookery of the moment," we shall choose "the day which  
comes betwixt the Saturday and Monday," when the  
French chef is not dancing in the Palm Court.

"In connection with balata, an enormous amount of beef and pork,  
of which infinitesimal quantities have been allowed, are consumed by  
the bleeders every year. In respect of the 'Consolidated,' the largest  
balata company operating in the colony [British Guiana], it is under-  
stood that some 2,400 men are employed, consuming easily a thousand  
barrels each of pork and beef annually."

*West India Committee Circular.*

If the FOOD-CONTROLLER happened to come across this  
paragraph his regrettable illness is easily explained.



HEAVY SEAS AND A RISING STORM.



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Tuesday, May 28th.*—With LUDENDORFF again on the war-path Members returning to Westminster after the Whitsuntide recess were in no mood to discuss trivialities. They readily accepted the intimation of Mr. MONTAGU, just returned from India with a deeper bronze upon his complexion, that his scheme of reform for the Dependency must wait the PRIME MINISTER'S pleasure before it can be revealed; nor were they seriously upset by Mr. BONAR LAW'S announcement that Home Rule for Ireland was still in the draftsman's hands.

With his shining spectacles and his ample corporation the MINISTER OF PENSIONS looks the very embodiment of the spirit of benevolence. Unfortunately there was a very small house to listen to him as he told the moving history of what had already been done to restore, so far as money and care can do it, the broken heroes of the War. Already three hundred and forty thousand men have received pensions. Thousands of them have in addition been supplied with artificial eyes and limbs, taught handicrafts or re-established in business. Already the estimate of the cost is forty-six million pounds a year, and as applications are still coming in at the rate of fifteen thousand a week that sum may easily have to be doubled. But provided the money is wisely and sympathetically administered no one will object. In fact the chief criticism that came from Mr. HODGE and other Members was that the mouth of the Chelsea cornucopia is still too much narrowed by red-tape insertions.

The House of Lords was engaged upon a cognate work of war-benevolence. Some weeks ago Lord NEWTON announced that France had suddenly, and without notice to its Allies, entered into an agreement with Germany for a large exchange of able-bodied prisoners; and at the same time intimated that the British Government would shortly enter into similar negotiations. Since then a section of the Press has been conducting a violent agitation with the object of forcing an open door, and has not scrupled to suggest that Lord NEWTON himself was an obstructive.

What his Lordship has done to deserve this treatment nobody in the Upper House seems to know. Even Lord DEVONPORT, who produced a milk-and-watery version of the newspaper attacks, absolved Lord NEWTON personally

from blame; and most of the other Peers who spoke paid a high tribute to his work for the prisoners.

My own impression is that Lord NEWTON owes his unmerited position as whipping-boy to the fact that he



ANOTHER ASIATIC MYSTERY.  
MR. MONTAGU.

does not suffer fools gladly, even if they come in the guise of newspaper-reporters; and that, unlike his illustrious namesake, he has no use for the theory of gravity.

His speech to-day, for example, was a little light in tone for so serious a subject, and some of his audience would have liked to hear less about the Press

and more about the prisoners. Among his critics was Lord STAIR, who, having been himself in the hands of the Germans for two years, advocated the widest possible exchange of prisoners, on the ground that none of our men, after what they had gone through, would ever allow themselves to be captured again, while the pampered Germans would be ready enough to repeat the cry of "Kamerad." That expert view should help to dispose of the military objections to the exchange.

*Wednesday, May 29th.*—The Government were asking for trouble when, not content with upsetting the time of day, they sought to interfere with the "Seasons." Mr. WARDLE had to withstand a chorus of protests from champions of various sections of "commuters," as Americans call them. Even Colonel WILL THORNE'S warning that this question might bring the Ministry to grief failed to move him.

Perhaps, if rightly interpreted, Mr. CHURCHILL'S explanation of the Army Council's refusal to adopt the MANSER machine-gun may be regarded as cheerful. It might be a better gun than our present one—he rather implied that it was—but it could not be produced in the enormous numbers immediately required. Better a LEWIS in the hand than two MANSERS in the bush. May we infer from this explanation that, in the opinion of the Army Council, the

War is not going on long enough to make it worth while for the gun-factories to alter their machinery?

The ill wind blowing across the Aisle had the negative merit of enabling good progress to be made with the Education Bill. Members were too busy in the smoking-rooms and on the Terrace airing their opinions of the Allied strategy to pay attention to the proceedings within the House.

There was a little discussion on Clause 4. Mr. TYSON WILSON objected to the phrase "young persons . . . enjoying the benefits of education," and moved to substitute the word "receiving," which does, I am afraid, more accurately express the juvenile attitude of mind. At any rate Mr. FISHER, however reluctantly, accepted the amendment. The next three Clauses were added to the Bill almost automatically, and when Clause 8 was reached the sub-section abolishing the "half-timer" went through without a hostile word from Lancashire and with only a feeble protest from Sir FREDERICK BANBURY.



MR. HODGE GETS GOING.

Thursday, May 30th.—Mr. SHORTT made his official *début* under unusually favourable conditions, for not a single Nationalist Member was in his place. Mr. KING, seizing the opportunity of adding Ireland to his extensive *répertoire*, attempted to deputise for Mr. DILLON, and put a few questions about the Sinn Féin prisoners. The only result was to show that the new CHIEF SECRETARY has a clear voice and a crisp manner.

Further progress was made with the Education Bill. A belated protest from Lancashire Labour against the abolition of the "half-timer" was not followed up in the division lobby; but there was a good deal of opposition to the proposal to limit the right of parents to send their children to private schools. Mr. WILSON FOX's remark, that of all cranks the pedagogic variety was "the most unpractical, stubborn and ferocious," met with a good deal of approval.

An active part in the discussion was taken by Mr. PETO, in spite of an accident which had temporarily lamed him and compelled him to speak from his seat. But the Government declined to accept his utterances as *ex cathedra*.

### ALBERT'S VICTORY.

It was Friday. Not a speck  
Stained the spotless quarter-deck.  
Fleet-Paymaster X. was there  
With his table and his chair.  
One by one came sidling by  
All that good ship's company,  
Smartly holding out the flat  
Top-side of each sailor hat;  
And a writer as they came  
Loudly called each rank and name.  
When the name of Gray was heard  
The calamity occurred.  
Came a pause of blank dismay—  
Able Seaman Albert Gray  
Said he didn't want his pay!

Fleet-Paymaster X. has fainted  
On a stanchion (newly painted).  
Duty servant, always handy,  
Comes from nowhere with the brandy,  
And the Bloke, who's standing by,  
Drops his eye-glass from his eye  
And in accents fierce and cold  
Says, "The Captain must be told!"  
Straightway someone lightly ran  
Aft to tell the stern "old man."  
And his face was very grim  
As he muttered, "Send for him!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
But whatever he could say  
Able Seaman Albert Gray  
Simply wouldn't take his pay.

When the Owner failed to find  
What was on poor Albert's mind,  
He despatched him finally  
To a hot and tired A.P.;



NATIONAL ANXIETY.

"MAMMA, IS IT SAFE TO LET OUR SOLDIERS SLEEP?"

For at sea it's overboard  
Not to do as you are told.  
Albert still refused to mention  
Why he clung to his intention.  
Silent was he to the end,  
So that none could comprehend  
His unique contempt for pelf  
(P'raps he didn't know himself).  
Though that hot Assistant Pay  
Argued with him half the day,  
Obstinate was Albert Gray.

Then the jolly P.M.O.  
Said, "He'd better go below;  
Let him on a boiler sit,  
That should make him think a bit."  
On that boiler Albert sat  
Till the Chief suggested that,  
Though the treatment might be rough,  
Yet it wasn't hot enough.  
"He is sitting in a draught,  
Cold aloft, but hot abaft;  
That's unwholesome, I've been told;  
He will catch his death of cold.  
Can't you pop him into it?"  
Which they did—a perfect fit.  
("Every worker's worth his hire,"  
Quoth the Padre; "poke the fire.")  
Though he stayed there all the day

Able Seaman Albert Gray  
Still refused to take his pay.

Then the Owner secretly  
Signalled to the C.-in-C.,  
Who, afraid of further trouble,  
Answered, "Bribe the rogue with  
double."

Albert Gray, as you'll suppose,  
Simply tilted up his nose.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Then the canny C.-in-C.  
Cabled to the Admiralty,  
Who, afraid to rile the rebel,  
Answered, "Bribe the man with  
treble!"

You'll imagine, I suppose,  
That he just turned up his nose.  
No, he wasn't *quite* half witted;  
Albert took the bribe—and flitted  
Silently, at fall of day  
Able Seaman Albert Gray  
Left—with just three times his pay.

### Our Erudite Advertisers.

"Let me give you a French lesson, for 'Can Fairy Anne' is really 'C' na faire rien,' and being translated means 'It doesn't matter.'"  
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

## THE AGATE BOX.

ONCE upon a time there was a charming lady whose friends all vied in giving presents to her. It is an attractive form of rivalry for the recipient to watch, and she enjoyed it immensely. They gave her gold things and silver things and tortoiseshell things; Bond Street and Beauchamp Place were ransacked for her. Some of these things she carried, to their great content; others she kept in a glass-topped occasional table, where they moped and grumbled. There were boxes of all kinds, from a large gold one with a little blue bird in it, which at a touch sprang up and trilled out a tiny song, to a very ordinary minute casket, composed of silver and two pieces of translucent agate, such as might have come from Brighton beach. This agate box had no longer any beauty, although, when it was made some fifty years ago, it was probably a treasure of elegance and taste, and the other occupants of the occasional table treated it with disdain and contempt.

The lady herself had by now forgotten all about whatever sentimental associations had once belonged to it, and there it lay, on a bed of old-rose velvet, no longer of any use to anyone, but coming under the general heading of curiosities; nothing, it felt, would ever happen to it again, and it had given up all hope. Children visiting the house and given the freedom of the table picked up and examined everything else, and uttered cries of delight when the absurd little bird pretended to sing; but they never touched the agate-box. A pecculating butler, who once made a raid on the collection, was careful that his pockets should not be incommoded by any such trash, so that it had none of the fun and adventure which befell the others, who not only were pawned all over London but were collected again by the police and subsequently reassembled on the table—all but one very conceited turnip-watch, which could not be found again and was regretted by nobody.

"What you're doing here at all is a problem," a gold snuff-box, which had belonged to Beau NASH, would say when, in the small hours, conversation became general. "Silver is just tolerable so long as it is old; but agate!"

"Yes," a silver box (WILLIAM AND MARY) would say, "age is the test. Young silver is impossible. But agate!"

"From some vulgar beach too," a shagreen case would say.

"Who could have given it to her is the mystery to me," Beau NASH's snuff-box would resume. "Her friends have such taste as a rule."

"A poor relation probably," a gold needle-case would suggest. "Anyway, it doesn't matter. There it will be for ever and ever."

But the needle-case was—as needle-cases, no less than statesmen, often are—wrong. For a war chanced to break out, and when there is war there is change. Nothing is quite the same any more, and everyone and everything sooner or later are affected. The occu-

hear him. It is terrible the things that are said to us by our possessions which we can't hear.

"Yes, they are rather too big," she said. "All except this little agate one." "Agate! Could you carry an agate box?" the other asked.

"Why not?" she replied. "Besides, I like those funny Victorian things—they're so ugly and quaint. No, I shall keep my saccharine in this," and she placed the agate box in her bag.

"Stap my vitals!" said the snuff-box, "what is the world coming to?"

But the little agate box was swooning with pride and rapture.

## Our Helpful Contemporaries.

French troops drove back the enemy on a front of 10 kilometres. . . . A millimetre is about three-fifths of a mile." *Toronto Evening Telegram.*

"Three or Four Unfurnished Rooms required by two ladies; 88 years in present rooms."—*Local Paper.* Ah, well, an occasional change is good for everyone.

"The men of the North know that the Welsh wizard never speaks without saying something."—*Daily Paper.*

In which respect he differs from some of our journalists, who often write without saying anything.

"Lost on arrival of midday train from Maritzburg, SMALL BLACK DOCTOR'S HANDBAG." *Natal Mercury.*

It is pleasing to note this evidence that South African natives are adopting the learned professions.

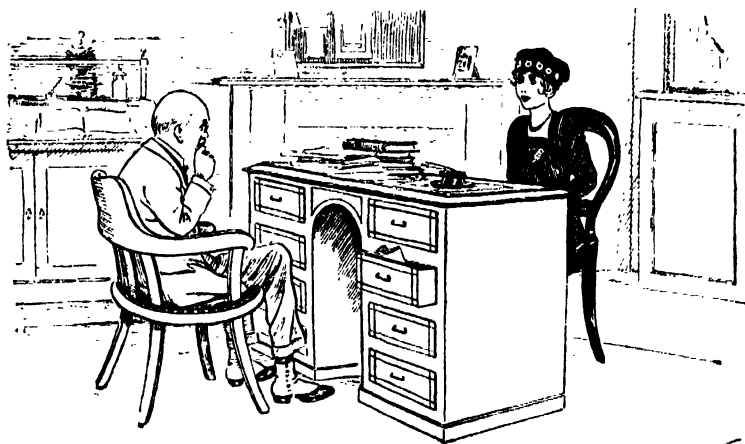
## TO A DEALER IN TOBACCO.

(From a common smoker of the same.)

No sign of distress or distraction,  
No panic, no pendulous thumb;  
You smile at that beastly exaction  
So pregnant with crisis for some;  
The swag that the CHANCELLOR snatches  
With claws that have scarred not a few  
Don't matter a ha'p'orth of matches  
To you.

In these times that are not very fruity,  
Most men, with expenses to curb,  
Deplore that additional duty  
Stuck on to the heavenly herb;  
But you sit on your bliss-heap, unheeding

The vulture who preys and devours,  
For it isn't your neck that is bleeding;  
It's ours.



Collector of Customs and Excise (to applicant for temporary employment). "AND HAVE YOU ANY KNOWLEDGE OF CUSTOMS WORK?"  
Fair Applicant (sweetly). "WELL, SIR, FROM CHILDHOOD I'VE BEEN A GLUTTON FOR SMUGGLER STORIES."

pants of an occasional table in a charming lady's drawing-room might be expected to be immune if anything could be; but no. For it happened that as the War proceeded the supply of sea-borne necessities became more and more restricted, and among these was sugar, so that saccharine had to be prepared as a substitute, and everyone hunted about for some little receptacle to carry it in, the charming lady among them.

"I'm sure," the boxes heard her say as she lifted the lid of the table, "I've got some small enough. I hope so, for Heaven knows I can't afford to buy anything new, and all my generous friends are fighting."

"They look a little big to me," said her companion, picking up one gold and silver box after another. "They'll make your bag so heavy."

"Don't worry about that," cried the gold snuff-box which had belonged to Beau NASH, for he longed to resume active life again; but the lady couldn't

# "Control" Prices and a Moral

ONCE upon a time a man named Sheraton made very beautiful chairs. So beautiful that people who had wealth and fine taste built fine houses and decorated lovely rooms so that the Sheraton chairs could be seen to advantage in them.

WHEN King Demos came to reign, he said : " It is not right that any of my subjects, just because of their being wealthy, should have finer chairs to sit on than my poorer subjects." So he ordained that it was unlawful for any chairs to be sold for more than three guilders for each chair. Sheraton was then paying more than three guilders for the labour on one leg of one of his beautiful chairs. So he died of a broken heart, and all the Sheraton chairs had to be sold for three guilders each, and the merchants who had stocks were ruined. Many poor people bought these chairs, but they did not think them strong enough.

MANY years after King Demos died, and the law concerning the price of chairs had lapsed or was forgotten. Connoisseurs went about the country and bought all the Sheraton chairs and put them back again into their place of honour, paying, sometimes, ten times the price that Sheraton sold them at.

## Moral :

Do not conclude that the "control" price of an article denotes its actual value. Get Haig & Haig Whisky *if you can*. It is the "Sheraton" quality.

## *Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky*



IN the Home Market I am very scarce owing to Government restrictions. No new accounts can be opened at present.

My famous contents are exported in this bottle.

Africa is calling for me,  
India is calling for me,  
Ceylon is calling for me,  
Egypt is calling for me,

*Are You ?*



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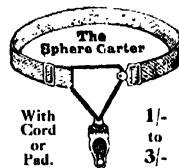
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### REGIMENTAL SPORTS. THE MULE DERBY.

*Officer (to famous millionaire jockey now in khaki). "You quite understand. First man past the post gets half-a-sovereign."*

### MENTALITY.

At Bow Street yesterday Miss Amelia K. Slottery was prosecuted under the new Purification of English Act for that she, in a thesis written for her degree at Swottenham University, had made use of the word "mentality," contrary to the provisions of the said Act as laid down in Clause 1, sub-section 25.

Sir ARCHIBALD BODKIN, who appeared for the Crown, said this was a very bad case. The prisoner, it appeared, had caused her name to be entered for the examination in modern English, of which one of the chief features was the submission of an original essay on the Revival of Poetry in War. She had expressed her intention of using the word "mentality" in connection with the KAISER, but had at first been dissuaded by her friends, who pointed out to her that it was the duty of patriotic citizens to obey the law without hesitation or question. The word against which the Act was directed had obtained great vogue in America as well as in this country.

The Magistrate asked for enlightenment as to the formation of such a word: Did anyone propose to say "gentality" when referring to a nation, or "dentality" when speaking of teeth?

Sir ARCHIBALD. No, Sir.

The Magistrate. Very well, then, what is the defence? It is a most disgusting word. Mentality—pah!

Mr. Jones said his client was carried away by the ardour of composition. She now recognised the folly of her action and undertook not to offend again.

The Magistrate said he could not altogether overlook the charge. The prisoner must pay a fine of five hundred pounds, and might consider herself fortunate to have escaped so lightly.

### CAROLINE.

WHEN office hours are weary with the heavy work they bring  
And we strive to close our hearts against the coaxing voice of Spring,  
Comes little Cockney Caroline on brown and sturdy wing.  
She has no truck with Green Tabs and she doesn't hold with Red,  
They never take a sandwich lunch and think they're fully fed;  
It's the little lady-clerks she seeks and begs for luncheon bread.

Down among the table legs, along the floor she comes  
With shrill undaunted friendly chirp, the song of city slums,  
Dainty in her sooty grace, she flirts with us for crumbs.  
No more we praise the nightingale, withdrawn from human cares,  
But the magpie on the battlefield, who like a soldier fares,  
And Caroline, who perkily our war-work rations shares.

### Our Strum-Truppen.

"After the fight at Villo-sur-Ancre last Sunday two Australians had been playing a piano in a cottage there for 20 minutes, when a cellar flap opened and a German sergeant-major surrendered with 10 men."—*Daily Mail*.

"A deputation from the Master Bakers' Association was given an interview on the question of the use of 15 lb. of potatoes per ounce of flour for bread making. Their case was that the quantity of potatoes was excessive."—*Evening Times and Echo (Bristol)*.

We are inclined to agree with them.

## THE ADVENTURERS.

THE other day, when I was out with the Junior Run, I felt an awful stitch in my side, due to potato scones, just at the bridge that crosses the stream through Highwayman's Copse, and sat down on the mossy parapet to rest. There isn't any copse at all now, for the trees have been cut down for the War and carted away, and that part of the world is completely spoiled. Presently two people came walking along and stopped at the bridge. One was Major Hewlett, who fought at Mons, and went on fighting till he lost his leg on the Somme, and the other was old General Morrison, who won the V.C. in the Boer War and has whole rows of war medals. Both of them were at my school once, and so they nodded to me politely and asked about the run. Major Hewlett won the Ten Mile Cross-country Championship of the school when he was here, and General Morrison often watches the Big Sides, so we were all friends, sort of. They stared at the stumps of the trees, just as I was doing, and then General Morrison said in his husky old voice, "By Jove, Hewlett, I remember my most exciting adventure to-day as vividly as if it had taken place yesterday. I shall never forget it. My heart still jumps to think of it."

"Tell us, General," said Major Hewlett, looking a little puzzled; "you never would give me the yarn of your V.C., you know."

"V.C.? Tut!" said the General. "Listen. At the time I have in mind I was in command of a band of hunters in the depths of Brazil. We were searching for a famous Blue Tiger, and no peril of savage man or beast could daunt us. I was known as Rolf Surehand, and was equally expert with rifle, revolver, sabre, boomerang and scalping-knife."

"For weeks we followed the spoor of the Blue Tiger, which was easily recognisable by its enormous size and the piled skeletons of rival hunters which marked the monster's meal-hours. We lived on what we killed and gathered—moose, ibex, armadillo, wild turkey, turtles, salmon, breadfruit, yams and custard-apples."

"Had you no pemmican?" asked the Major.

"Of course we had pemmican," the General snapped, very crossly, I thought—and also the liquorice and cake we had saved from the wreck. Did I tell you we had been wrecked? Anyhow, we had, while seeking for Captain Morgan's treasure amongst the West Indian Keys. A brother pirate of mine named Bunface—now Bishop of High-

chester—having discovered a chart in an oaken——"

"General," interrupted Major Hewlett with a funny smile, "you have reminded me of an exploit of my own which won't wait. I must tell you about it at once, and this other rufian here. At one time I was the leading spirit of a band of Gentlemen Adventurers who spent their time roving all over the world. Sometimes we fought naked cannibals in Fiji, sometimes bartered for silver fox with the flat-nosed Esquimaux. One day we careened our schooner beneath the tossing palms of a tropic lagoon, the next our campfires scared the prowling timber-wolf in the hard North-West. At length finding ourselves in the heart of New Guinea, we chanced upon a stream sanded with gold, but crowded also with alligators, devilfish and water-snakes, and fringed by virgin forest ceaselessly whispering with stealthy savage life."

"Our ship—we too had been wrecked—was far behind us, but we had salvaged the brass what-d'-you-call-it?—ah, carronade—and planned to build ourselves a stockade secure against attack. But, alas! my lieutenant, Amyas of the Iron Arm, who was also the crew, was stricken down with the mumps, and I was put in quarantine. Then came the holidays, and the project was abandoned."

"And now they've cut down my New Guinea forest, General, and your Brazilian bush, and the palms and the banyans—just look at the place!"

They both stared at the tree-stumps and the stream as if they saw other things.

"There's the very pool where we knew the Blue Tiger slaked his thirst. Didn't just drink, mind you," said the General; "he was superior to that. He slaked his thirst."

"It's the same pool, Sir," said Major Hewlett, "where I was nearly caught by the Giant Python."

And what do you think? They were both pointing to a little pool in the stream which used to be hidden from the road by the trees and which I call, just for fun, of course, the "Black Lagoon."

And they didn't say a single word about the War.

"Rome, Friday.—The Prince of Wales this afternoon called first on Queen Elena Nexton, the Queen Mother Marcherita, and lastly on the Duke of Ogenoa. Afterwards H.R.N. went for a short stroll."

*Manchester Evening News.*

The identity of "H.R.N." is not revealed, but from his last initial we are inclined to believe that he is a relative of "Queen Elena Nexton."

## THE OLD MATRON.

A STONE'S-THROW from the College gate  
There lives a very noble lady;  
A cottage-lawn her whole estate,  
Without a tree to keep it shady;  
For thirty years she served the school  
In quite a number of positions,  
And by her character and rule  
Upheld its very best traditions.

School generations came and went,  
Head followed Head—but in this story  
'Tis foreign to my main intent  
To say which gained the greatest glory;  
Enough that minds of every size,  
Illustrious and scholars, bloods and boobies,  
All came in time to recognize  
Her price was far above all rubies.

For, though immersed in household cares  
And such extremely mundane matters  
As washing, packing and repairs  
Of wardrobes normally in tatters,  
She found with unobtrusive tact  
A hundred ways of help and healing,  
And never overlooked an act  
Of cruelty or double-dealing.

Her office and her Spartan breed  
Forbade her to be sentimental,  
But in an hour of real need  
She could be wonderfully gentle;  
To fashion, to the swift or strong  
She was incapable of truckling,  
But helped the lonely soul along  
And comforted the ugly duckling.

Robust in body and in mind,  
Free from all feminine caprices,  
Seeing the best in all her kind,  
Though loving nephews more than nieces,  
She made no pets; if haply one  
Appealed to her beyond another,  
It was the orphan or the son  
Neglected by a selfish mother.

Too fond to quit a scene so dear,  
Too wise to fancy she was slighted,  
Loth to intrude or interfere,  
Though always helpful when invited,  
She is the first whom boys on leave  
Greet when they seek their *alma mater*,  
The last they part from on the eve  
Of their return to trench and crater.

For in her strong and homely face,  
Her life supremely self-forgetting,  
They see the Genius of the Place  
Incarnate in a human setting;  
And, though they readily would own  
Their debt to Founder, Saint and Patron,  
Keep in their heart of hearts a throne  
Of special glory for the Matron.





*The Squire.* "WELL, DANIEL, I CAME TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR HUNDREDETH BIRTHDAY. SPLENDID, ISN'T IT?"  
*Daniel.* "OH, I DOAN' KNOW, ZUR. IT TOOK I A TERRIBLE LONG TIME TO DO IT."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*Government and the War* (CONSTABLE) is not an example of "wisdom after the event," for most of its chapters were written before August, 1914. They represent the considered opinions of a man who has devoted a lifetime to the study of the nature of war, and the best part of a generation to the endeavour to persuade his countrymen to follow his example. It would be tempting, did space permit, to try to sketch what would have been the probable course of the present conflict if the principles that Professor SPENSER WILKINSON enunciates with so much force had been a part of the mental equipment of our political rulers. Unfortunately our statesmen, with very few exceptions, were so much immersed in domestic and party problems that they never seriously considered the question of war. They did not realise that war is a continuation of policy—"one of the modes of human intercourse," the author calls it; that a State intending to retain its independence must always be prepared for a conflict in which all its resources may have to be engaged; and that consequently it is necessary for the Government at all times to have at hand and constantly refer to "a thinker-out of wars" if policy is not to end in disaster. Under the rough tutelage of Germany our rulers have perhaps learned these lessons; but there are other teachings of military history that they do not seem yet to have fully assimilated, *e.g.* that there is no limited liability in modern war, that the problem of making an army is the problem of the education of officers, and that the temptation to dissipate energy must always be resisted. One of Professor WILKINSON's most encouraging statements is that "the

fundamental condition of success is a vital cause"; one of the most depressing, that "victory cannot be won by a Government of amateurs." With the view of ensuring that our cause should meet the success it deserves I should like the PRIME MINISTER to insist that every member of the War Cabinet himself included—should devote a couple of hours before its next meeting to reading a volume whose clearness and cogency entitle its author to be described as the British CLAUSEWITZ.

I cannot but think that, so far as plot is concerned, *Mary Plantagenet* (CASSELL) shows some retrogression from the themes, both original and strong, which I have hitherto associated with the name of Mr. J. C. SNAITH. The present is what one might not unfairly call a Romance of the House-keeper's Room, and turns very largely upon that antique problem of fiction—ought the scion of a ducal house to marry a heroine of mysterious parentage? In this case the heroine, *Mary* of the title, is a foundling, discovered on a doorstep of Grosvenor Square by a kindly policeman, who arranges for her upbringing as one of his own family. Afterwards she becomes what the publishers call a "famous actress," and is beloved by the heir of the Bridport strawberry-leaves. Naturally in an affair of this kind you will not expect that the heroine's origin is going to rest permanently on a doorstep; nor does Mr. SNAITH allow you to be disappointed of any of the obvious eventualities. The whole thing, with its concern over coronets, strikes me as belonging really to the least expensive type of fiction, though here disguised by the skill of an author who has shown himself able to handle material better worthy of him. We know from the poet that hearts just as true and rare may beat

in Belgrave (here Berkeley) Square, as anywhere else; but the cardiac activities of *Mary* and her exalted connections certainly impressed me as dependent rather upon mechanism than any human blood, blue or other. Surely the author of *The Sailor* can hardly have regarded them altogether seriously.

Mr. PHILIP GIBBS maintains his standard as chief interpreter of the day-to-day moods, actions and *argot* of our armies in France. The history that will be written will contain many things which the hamstrung correspondents of these days either do not know or may not say; but it will not give us the pathetic or savage or humorous streaks of intimate local colour, the very heat and hurry and desperate fatigue of those and those actually fighting men. So that *From Bapaume to Passchendaele, 1917* (HEINEMANN) will be a good book to have by one as a detailed commentary on battles too hopelessly big to allow of any but general treatment. This is a book of victory with scarcely a set-back, and whatever the imperturbable long-view strategists may say it is mournful to read of the heroism that gave us Kemmel, Messines, Wytschaete and a score of storied places now, alas, lost to us. But the moral of those pages is that the men whose tails "you couldn't get down with a crowbar" are still carrying on with the laughing courage which Mr. GIBBS illustrates in a hundred anecdotes. Let me say that there's not a page in this record that doesn't make the pulse beat faster and the proud tears rise; but also that the writer sees, below the brilliant heroic surface of the great struggle, the grim depths of horror, terror and decay. His fundamental seriousness corrects any tendency to Fleet Street flamboyancy and prevents abject surrender to the telling headline and the artless alliteration.

I know no book better calculated to provoke a *nostalgia* among shooting men for the scenes and incidents of the sport they love than *Shooting Days* (MURRAY), by Captain ERIC PARKER. For four seasons there has been virtually no shooting. Shooters old and young have been after bigger game. They have almost succeeded in beginning to reconcile themselves to the abandonment of their favourite sport, when, lo, here comes Captain PARKER with his book, and revives our regret in all its keenness. And Captain PARKER is Shooting Editor of *The Field*; he knows what to write about and how to write it; he can touch the spot more skilfully than another. He can speak of "the chances of covert-shooting at its best the accidents, the unexpected, the wilder, happier part of it all," and can think "again and again of wet boots, the joy of being utterly tired, and sunset lighting orange lamps in the mosses and the pools of the bog." Briefly, Captain PARKER has written a most delightful book in a very charming style of pleasant reminiscence. It is a compendium of sporting information, and a mine of knowledge which can be mined into agreeable conversation in the long evenings of winter. I assume,

you see, that some day we shall shoot again and discuss such questions as "Do partridges drink?"

One might say that from a literary point of view the Principality has lately been coming into its own, with perhaps a further guess that the inheritance seems likely to be a not altogether agreeable one. Already one very candid critic has dealt faithfully by the dwellers in South Wales; and now Mrs. EDITH NEPEAN follows with a story, *Gwyneth of the Welsh Hills* (STANLEY PAUL), whose characters abide in the country round Moel Siabod. There is however little resemblance, beyond certain tricks of literally translated idiom, in the two writers. Not for Mrs. NEPEAN the stark realism of Mr. CARADOC EVANS; rather one might describe her as a romanticist who has listened to *Dow Bells*, and in whose ears the silver trumpet of *The Family Herald* has sounded not in vain. Aptly does the wrapper-artist depict *Gwyneth* as standing tip-toe upon a mountain top, clad in a scarlet cloak and a tall hat. *Gwyneth* was that kind of heroine; the kind, moreover, that will enter a story as a foundling and leave it as the daughter of a lord. I wish

I had space to tell you of her adventures between these extremes. She was pushed into a lake once; this was by a bad young man who had married her, and now for financial reasons wished to repeat the ceremony with somebody else. Which he did. When I add that *Gwyneth* was so far from being drowned that, having secretly emerged from the lake, within a comparatively short time she was being presented by her noble sire to the nephew whom he considered her suitable mate; and

that this individual was none other than the gentleman who had originally submerged her—well, you will perhaps endorse my verdict about realism. If the Land of My (or rather of Mrs. NEPEAN'S) Fathers is in fact anything at all like this, much seems to be explained.

The nine sketches to be found in *Windswept Farm* (ROUTLEDGE) are dainty enough and quite well written; they reveal a loving intimacy with domestic animals and birds, and occasionally a nice sense of humour. But they are very slight, and more than once the attitude of the recluse into whose mouth they are placed by Mr. WILLIAM HEWLETT borders dangerously upon affectation. If the author does not make us believe in his creations he succeeds, at any rate, in convincing us that the animal-world would be more interesting if it realised his pictures of it. And that is something to his credit. The last sketch has for its heroine the lady who captured the recluse's heart and made him repent of his reclusion, so I am left wondering if the sub-title of this volume, "A Book of Beasts for Grown-up Children," is quite as tactful as it might be.

#### A Mis-laid Bantam?

"Lost, between New Brighton, Seacombe Ferry and Woodside, Miniature Soldier Officer."—*Liverpool Echo*.



Lieut. Smythe (of the V.T.C., who is also an allotment enthusiast). "I WANT YOU IN ROWS, PLEASE."

## CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that since his fine tribute to Scotland the PREMIER has been elected an Honorary Scotsman, with special permission to be excused the haggis.

Ice puddings, says the FOOD-CONTROLLER, may now be made, provided no milk, cream or sugar is used. With indiarubber at its present price these delicacies are likely to remain out of reach of all but the very wealthy.

Lord RHONDDA is recovering, we are happy to say, from an operation for pleural effusion. This malady must be distinguished from plural effusion, a virulent disease very prevalent at Question-time in the House.

It is proposed that dinners costing more than 6s. 6d. shall be taxed as luxuries. People who prefer tea and kippers at one of our smart restaurants to lobster mayonnaise at home may well be required to pay for their vulgar ostentation.

French courts have denaturalized a German-born citizen who, though naturalized in 1853, still keeps a signed portrait of the KAISER in his drawing-room. His explanation that he kept it because it made the dog laugh was not accepted.

"Why should manual workers constantly receive increases of pay," asks a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*, "while draughtsmen are left out in the cold?" The name, of course, may have something to do with it.

The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* demands that the Turks shall seriously tackle the task of turning the British out of Mesopotamia. The Turks retort with some bitterness that their processions get bombed every time.

Bigamy is stated to be on the increase. This is a sorry blow to those who have insisted that we are a race of cowards.

We are asked to deny the story that

a man last week was so short of matches that he stopped a fire-engine and asked for a light.

The last horse-drawn engine in the London Fire Brigade has been replaced by a motor. The news has been well received by busy people who suffer from fires.

In the matter of the young man who was knocked down by a taxi-cab last week, we understand that a satisfactory arrangement has been arrived at. He has apologised to the driver.

There are twelve centenarians in

The Ministry of Food is getting out a leaflet explaining the various methods of employing fat cuts of bacon. Beyond giving it to teething babies and rubbing it on the ears to keep mosquitoes away, the public has hitherto found no satisfactory use for the stuff.

With reference to an article which appeared in a weekly paper under the title, "Familiar Policemen," a gentleman writes from an address in the New Cut to complain that only the other year a policeman took him quite familiarly by the arm, in spite of the fact that they had never been formally introduced.

"Mint sauce is correct with lamb," says a writer in *The Evening News*, "but we seldom stop to ask ourselves why." After all it is more the lamb's concern than ours, yet he has never found a satisfactory answer to this conundrum.

"Young German wishes any kind of position at night; would like to sleep at home."

*American Paper.*

For ourselves we always prefer the recumbent position for purposes of sleep.

"—kills lice, fleas and other parasites. Keeps off mosquitoes and sandflies. Supplied in large quantities to H.M. War Office."

*Strand Magazine.*

Where it is hoped, in time, to get rid of the Tape-worm, red.



Old Lady. "TELL ME, MY POOR FELLOW, HOW DID YOU GET YOUR WOUND?"

Fed-up Tommy. "IT WEREN'T A WOUND, MUM, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT."

Old Lady. "HOW DID IT HAPPEN?"

Fed-up Tommy. "WELL, YER SEE, MUM, I WAS LEANING UP AGAINST A BARRAGE, THOUGHTLESS LIKE, WHEN IT LIFTED AND I FELL INTO THE TRENCH."

Rome, we read, and it is proposed to open a club for them. The terms for life-membership are to be very moderate.

Since the increased postal rates it appears that people have taken to sending more messages by telephone. In several cases it has proved a much quicker method of communication.

Last week a monkfish was caught which measured five feet long and weighed over half-a-hundredweight. It was caught in a London evening paper.

The toy Pomeranian for which a reward was recently offered through the Press is now stated to have found its way home, very dishevelled and dragging an enormous caterpillar behind it.

"Mr. George Cowland's timber is arriving any day now, so his house will soon be rising 'sphinx like' from the ashes of the old one."

*Taranaki Herald, N.Z.*

A nasty knock for our old friend the Phoenix.

"It is a superhuman task to save merchant vessels when the submarines are out, as they can steam under water for twenty-four years."

*Western Pacific Herald (Fiji).*

We are looking forward to 1942.

From a report of the presentation of Drill Efficiency medals:—

"Nothing, however, could damp the pride of the prize-winners, with each of whom General — shook hands, and subsequently congratulated them collectively."

*Dublin Evening Mail.*

Very good of the General, but we do not know how the University authorities will take this infringement of their prerogative.

## TO AN IMPERIAL PEACEMONGER.

[A new Peace offensive is anticipated in the Teuton Press.]

From where the bounding Hohenzollern Ark  
Rides on the high wave's crest replete with Culture,  
Under an empyrean very dark  
With flapping wings of eagle and of vulture,  
Your dove, emerging once again,  
Investigates the vast inane.

A little soiled and suffering from a cough  
Through having been exposed to various weathers;  
Mottled with dabs of paint that won't come off  
Where previous camouflage disguised its feathers—  
The tough old bird contrives to wear  
A fresh and undefeated air.

Peace hath her own offensives hardly less  
Renowned than War's, but not such likely chances;  
For, when upon his battle-front you press,  
The foe must needs respond to your advances;  
Whereas, when threats of Peace are made,  
No sort of notice need be paid.

Turtles may come, but not, I think, to stay.  
Your War—the one you launched with *Hoch!* and  
*Prosit!*—

Found us unready; grown more wise to-day  
We wait the hour when we're prepared to close it;  
Time, that was yours, is now our friend;  
And Time and we will fix the end.

As for this bird, for which we have no use,  
Knowing from Russia what a German dove is,  
A fowl too apt at playing fast and loose  
Through evil intercourse with carrion coveys —  
Take back the dirty little Bosch  
And see he gets a thorough wash. O. S.

## THE TRANSFORMATION.

LET me confess at once that I was not popular in the battalion. The unfortunate and involuntary habit of saying "Thanks" to the person who transferred my allowance of "swipes" from his pail to my tin earned for me the name of Algy the day I joined up at Winchester, and it was as Algy that I, a true son of County Cork, landed in France. I did my best to retrieve my first mistake, but an incautious admission that I could speak French completed my ruin, and after that a firm resolve not to use words of more than two syllables failed to redeem my character.

My arch-enemy (when the Huns were not about) was Private Brown. Twice within a week he practically saved my life, but I knew him too well to thank him; indeed he threatened to stand on my face if I did. I suspect he preserved me in order that he might have an objective for his devastating sarcasm.

"Yer lookin' rotten, Algy," he said cheerfully the day we arrived at what was called with fine irony a rest camp.

"I'm really ill this time," I said, and wondered why my body did not rattle when I shivered, "and I shouldn't be surprised if I died in a bed after all."

"That's jost the sort o' thing you would do," he retorted in shrill ill-humour—"dyin' comfortably in bed when every other chap is stoppin' a 'Un bullet! But you always was particular, Algy."

A sleepless night made me decide to seek out the M.O. on the morrow. I had hitherto hesitated to call on that over-worked autocrat, for "swinging the lead" was the most popular of pastimes, and the M.O. was seldom sympathetic; but our hut contained thirty-two beds, and the hard

work of the "rest" camp did not prevent the occupants forming themselves into debating societies and holding violent meetings far on into the night.

I was wandering back from the M.O.'s quarters, having failed to do more than receive a promise from the doctor that he would "look at me" later, when I ran into Private Brown. I gingerly protected my swollen neck with my left hand. He stood still for a fraction of a second, stared hard at me, and then without a word he turned and fled.

When I reached our hut he was talking loudly, his remarks being punctuated by many "Algys." Plainly he was telling my fellow-hutmates about his encounter with me, and I was endeavouring to solve the puzzle of his retreat when two Scotties from No. 14 stopped to ask me if there was a chance of interviewing the M.O. Simultaneously a hoarse shout came from the window of No. 15.

"Blimy," cried Private Brown, "the blighters are tryin' to steal our Algy."

The next moment I was surrounded by a dozen of my hut-companions, who pressed upon me cigarettes, *café au lait* in various stages of temperature, oranges and cake, at the same time heaping insults on the inoffensive Scotties.

"Good old Algy!" said Brown, linking his arm in mine affectionately; "you belong to us, and we don't mean to let you go. You won't fergit yer old pals, will yer?" Forty-eight hours previously he had offered to present me to the KAISER in exchange for a lighted match!

I thought it was one of his heavy jokes, for Brown hails from Aldgate; but when he insisted upon changing beds—mine was in the draughtiest position near the door—I came to the conclusion that his heart had been touched by our common danger.

For the remainder of that day Brown and the others never let me out of their sight, taking turns in fours to accompany me wherever I went. It was done very nicely, and they made me feel that it was inspired by personal regard. All my needs were supplied from a common fund, to which I was not permitted to subscribe, and my conversation was listened to with studied respect.

Then I realised that I was popular at last, and I was the proudest man in the battalion. I revelled in the unique sensation. It pleased me immensely to notice how jealous my pals were if anyone from another hut came near me. Intrusive strangers were elbowed off, and an unfortunate Tyke who asked me for a light nearly lost his life in the argument that ensued. His eloquent disclaimer of the rôle of Algy-snatcher was the only jarring note in that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon.

Next morning I asked Private Brown for an explanation. He was lying lazily on his back in the hut, orders having come that not a man was to be allowed to leave it until the M.O. had been; indeed there was a sentry on guard to prevent us going to work.

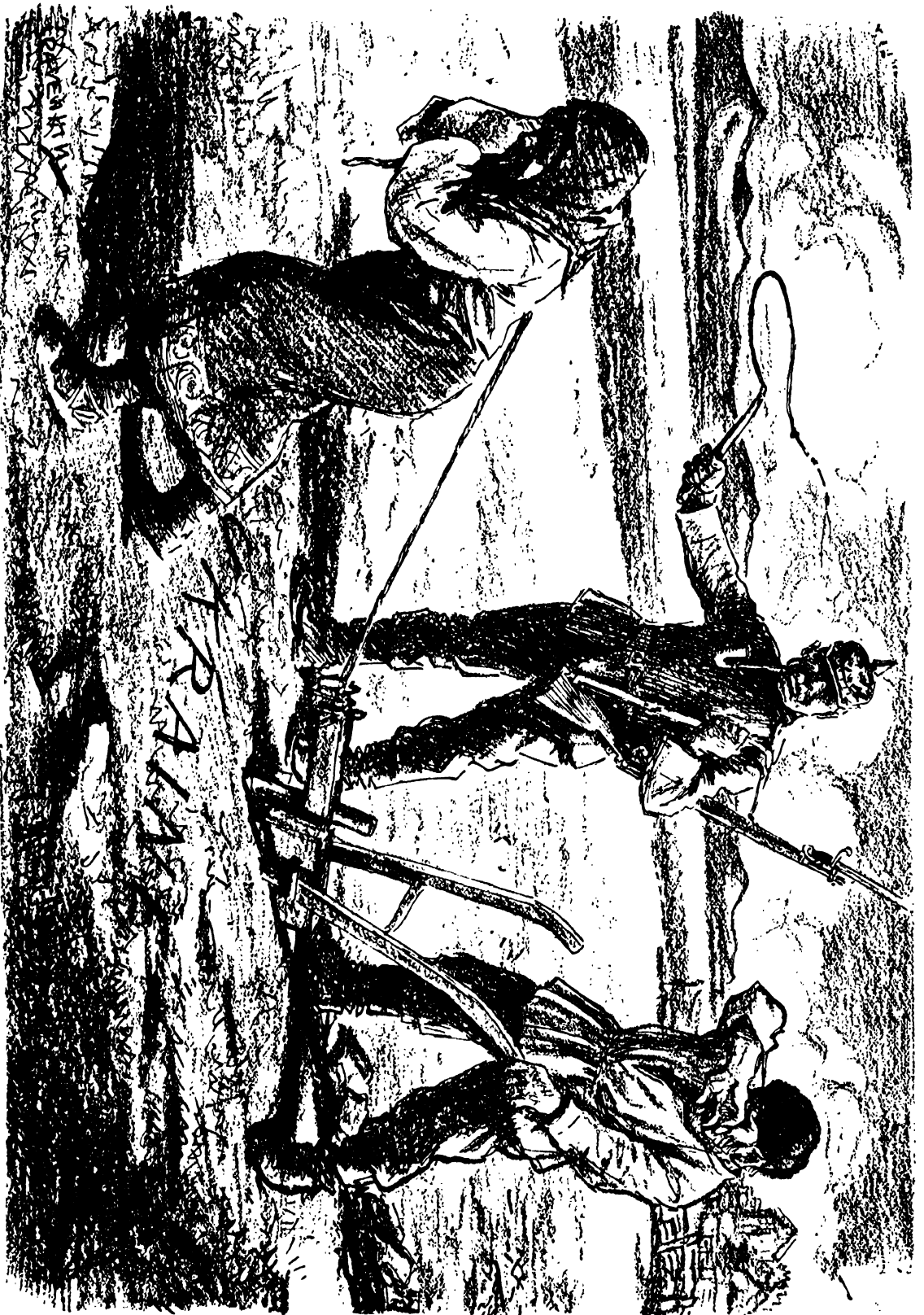
"Why am I popular, Brown?" I asked, seeing that he was in an expansive mood.

"Why, you silly perisher"—this expression was clearly intended to be genial—"you've got the mumps, 'aven't you? I spotted 'em at once. And your mumps means that every man in yer 'ut is in quarantine for ten days. Ten days doin' nothin' 'cept eatin' an' drinkin' an' sleepin', whilst the other blighters are workin' theirselves to death in this—I don't think—rest camp. We wasn't goin' to let anyone steal yer an' smuggle yer into their 'uts. Algy, yer done us a good turn, and we shan't forget it."

From that day forward I was the darling of the battalion.

"Discharged Soldier is open to receive Lime Washing and Colouring, outside or in."—*Provincial Paper.*

The internal camouflage sounds very conscientious.



A GERMAN "PEACE."  
(FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF OUR PACIFISTS.)

## THE WATCH DOGS.

LXXIV.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Pausing in the heat of the battle a man may well ask himself, "For what am I fighting?" There can only be one answer: "The cause of Freedom." And wherein consists the evil thing standing between humanity and this natural right? In that most narrow and most malicious of all tyrannies, militarism. What do we mean by militarism? That harsh control of the individual by the bureau which prevents the former going his ways as a free man and developing himself according to his innate tendencies. And who is the typical representative of this oppression of the People? Leaving LUDENDORFF out of the question for the moment, I think I may fairly say that the Accusing Finger points at myself.

I, Henry, am for the moment a Military Control Officer. It is I and my sort that the world is out to exterminate, that I myself originally armed myself to do down. I am the oppressor who prevents honest Englishmen going where they want to or coming back again, if they happen to have slipped through when I wasn't looking. It is to me that trembling applicants address their moving prayers for permission to go and join their families, to seek out and save their ruined businesses, to move to healthier climes where alone, as their doctors certify, they can hope to recuperate their broken health. It is I who subject them to every form of delay, inconvenience, annoyance, pettifogging routine, interference and impertinence, only at the end to refuse their just claims and throw them relentlessly out of my diabolical office. I will tell you how I do it.

To give the most lurid reality to the description of the brutal business we will take, for choice, a female applicant. It gives the last touch that militarism should be seen trampling on the weaker sex. Besides which the people who are under this pressing necessity of going to and fro seem to be almost entirely of that gender.

There is the sense of a bitter unsympathetic encounter from the very beginning of the interview. Ten minutes' impatient waiting in the outer room has shown the lady that she is up against something essentially unjust

and harsh. It is the first of very many bits of mere nonsense, our not giving immediate attention to her case. The indignant applicant therefore, rejecting the proffered hand of false friendship, takes up a firm attitude on the other side of the inquisitor's table and gives the inquisitor a look, as if to say, "Now, get on with your oppression of the defenceless, for I am in a hurry to be going."

The first thing to be done is to accept the whole responsibility for the absurd



"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write to appeal to you to put forth all your influence to check the irritating use, except, of course, when military matters are referred to, of the word 'camouflage.' Yours, etc., etc., ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED."

system of passports and visas and to defend it and yourself as best you can. You then rise from your seat, go round to the other side of the table and pick up from the floor the odd papers, letters, five-franc notes and trinkets which the lady has scattered in her search for her passport. Even thus early in the interview I am in that state of mind in which I count myself a lucky man in not being given a rap on the head with her umbrella for my impudence. I am indeed happy to be on my hands and knees beneath my own office table; it is a sort of respite from that terribly uneven argument I know I am about to maintain.

In my efforts to carry out instructions and practise the arts of oppression I have tried many devices. The process of reasoning is the one first attempted. But I don't know what it is about. Military Exigencies—they always fail to make any impression as against harrowing family histories. What is a mere war compared with the necessity for a lady to be with her sister-in-law who is very much feeling the absence of her husband all day at a Munitions' office? If all the boats coming from England are full of men going to battle, then surely there must be many a one going back empty enough to carry a lone female to her much-needed dentist? Of course you would be able to make the real position understood; but then you are not a bigoted and narrow-minded militarist, are you?

My second idea was, at any rate, original. I let the lady talk; I encouraged her to go on talking. We went into the whole facts of her case from beginning to end, and then from end to beginning. And so we got to closing time, and I was very sorry, but I was afraid it was now too late and she would have to come again to-morrow. To-morrow was Sunday, and we don't open to the public on Sundays. I had a sort of hope she would not last out till Monday, but would send her application by post and give me the chance of refusing by letter. I am a fair devil at refusing by letter. But no, she came on the Monday all right, early in the morning, bringing her small daughter with her, and we spent the day together getting everybody else to visa the passports, booking her tickets, looking up the trains, discussing the food question, getting her luggage registered and tipping the porters. She reported me, of course, for not knowing my business and so causing her delay. I got told off for ever allowing her to go at all. But there, what am I for but to be reported for one thing and told off for the other?

Once I tried the simple ruse of losing the rubber stamp for "Granted" at the critical moment, but the Oppressed, one of the smiling artful sort, was sure I wouldn't mind her coming round to my side of the table and helping me to look for it. And before I knew where I was or where she was she had found it and done the stamping herself. She smiled



# "TOLD TO ME BY PELMANISTS"

By H. GREENHOUGH SMITH

(Editor of "The Strand Magazine")

I AM going to write something about the Pelman system because I believe in it. I am anxious to take my share in calling the attention of the outside public to that system because I have become convinced that it is a real and great promoter of *efficiency*. And efficiency, in every walk of life, is what alone can save us as a people, when, in the ever intensifying competition which will come when peace returns, we have to keep our flag flying in the never-ending battle for the survival of the fittest among nations. If any word of mine can help the cause I feel that I should be guilty of remissness if I failed to speak it.

Long before I knew anything about the Pelman System in its methods I knew a good deal about it in its results. What I mean I can best explain by a few typical examples of cases which have fallen within my own experience.

The first case that comes into my mind is that of a certain bridge player of my acquaintance—his like exists in every club—who was the very type of the happy-go-lucky and haphazard player—the kind who forgets his partner's call or the suit he led from; who has been known to play a spade hand under the impression that the call was a no trumper; and who every now and then embellishes his game with a revoke. Suddenly, within a few weeks, his style of play improved beyond all knowledge. He was simply bringing into use for the first time his memory, his observation, his power of concentration, and, what depends on these, his faculties of deduction. He was able not only to remember what cards his opponents had played, but to infer *why* they had played them. He had been taking the Pelman Course—not for the sake of improving his bridge playing—that was only a side issue. But the result, as shown in the club card-room, was, in a familiar phrase of Carlyle's, "eloquent of much." He had become a more capable individual all round. It was not merely that he could play a better game of bridge, which was a matter of comparatively small importance, but he had become equipped to play his part with a far larger measure of success in the great game of life itself. And here it may be remarked that, although money is not everything, it would be folly to ignore the fact that, whether in the small game or the great one, it is the better player who, in the long run, sweeps in the stakes.

Is the Pelman System, then, really able to turn a nincompoop into an expert? Well, hardly that, of course. But in many cases, if you can cure a man of wool-gathering, it really almost comes to the same thing. A pamphlet issued by the Pelman Institute has an apt remark on this point. "'Mind-wandering' is one very destructive form of Brain waste. The un-trained brain cannot concentrate wholly upon its subject; it has a tendency to drift and its owner does not know how to prevent it. A Pelman training corrects this and enables the worker to bring *all* his brain-power to bear upon any subject whenever he wishes and for as long as he wishes."

My next example is that of a young journalist in whose work I take an interest. He is a man of no small natural gifts, endowed with a power of easy expression which always made his writing a delight to read. Yet there was something wanting. His descriptions did not seem quite vivid and alive; they were like pictures somewhat blurred. He, too, went in for a course of Pelman study. What he had lacked, without knowing it, was the knack of seeing things. His powers of observation were untrained and undeveloped. Now his descriptive writing is as full of graphic detail as a Dutch painting. His scenes start up before the reader's eye as if he saw them. And I am glad to say that, like all work that is getting better, it is getting better paid.

Again, I number among my acquaintances two young women, sisters, very much alike in character, who were married and set up housekeeping at nearly the same time. A was a Pelman

student—B was not. Now, explain the matter how you will, the fact remains that A's house, from nursery to kitchen, was all spick-and-span, while her sister's, although she spent—or, rather, wasted—twice the money, was not to put too fine a point upon it—an eyesore. In short, A's home was a model, B's a muddle.

The fact is, few people realise what systematic training means for women. Few realise that to run a house is to run a business: that a woman who has to look after a house, a husband, tradesmen, servants, has to be an organiser, a manager, an accountant, a buyer, a caterer, a nurse, a teacher, a sempstress, and several other things, in one. To run an office is child's play beside it—for this, among a host of other reasons, that it is easier to replace a clerk than to replace a cook. Yet to this business, this profession, which emphatically demands a trained professional to conduct it with the best results, most women come as amateurs. No wonder that, until in course of time they have bought experience with suffering, they so often make a mess of things. And it is only the plain and literal truth to say that nine-tenths of this trouble could have been spared them.

One more example. A young man, a connection of my own, whom I had not come across for several months, called the other day to see me. He was one of those young fellows whom everybody knows in plenty, breezy, good-hearted, fairly clever, but giddy, pleasure-loving, and with all the makings of a slacker. He came to tell me that his guardian had promised to give him a trial in his own business, a firm of wholesale dealers whose name is known in every city in the kingdom, on condition that he first went through the course of Pelman training. He had done so, and had discovered to his surprise that work—a thing for which, as Dr. Johnson said of his clean shirt, he had never had a passion—could become an interesting and even fascinating occupation. He had gone into the business and had been assured by his delighted guardian that he was "making good." I could see, myself, that he was altered and improved, and I told him my impression. "It has evidently made you," I said, "more assured, more manly." "Pelmanly," he grinned—he was always an incorrigible joker—and as I winced he added: "If you want to make the journey of life easy, take a ticket by a Pelman car."

I shall not venture to excuse him—no one could. In this respect he was incurable. It is beyond even the Pelman System (I believe) to eradicate a tendency to the lower forms of humour. Yet there is many a true word spoken in jest, and there was a great truth behind his flippancy.

These examples from my own experience will suffice to show how I had come to know and to judge the Pelman System in the best and fairest way by which any system can be judged—by its results. Such experiences led me, as a natural sequence, to ascertain how such results were brought about. And so I was led to understanding how it came to pass that, by the scientific study of the mind and body, that system gives its students, as one of them expressed it, "something other people haven't got," and explains the fact that everywhere, in every rank and calling, one sees them, men and women, rising to the top as surely as a cork in water.

H. GREENHOUGH SMITH.

*A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with TRUTH'S special supplement on "Pelmanism") will be sent post free to all "Punch" readers who send a postcard to the Pelman Institute, 1 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. Overseas Addresses: 46, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.*



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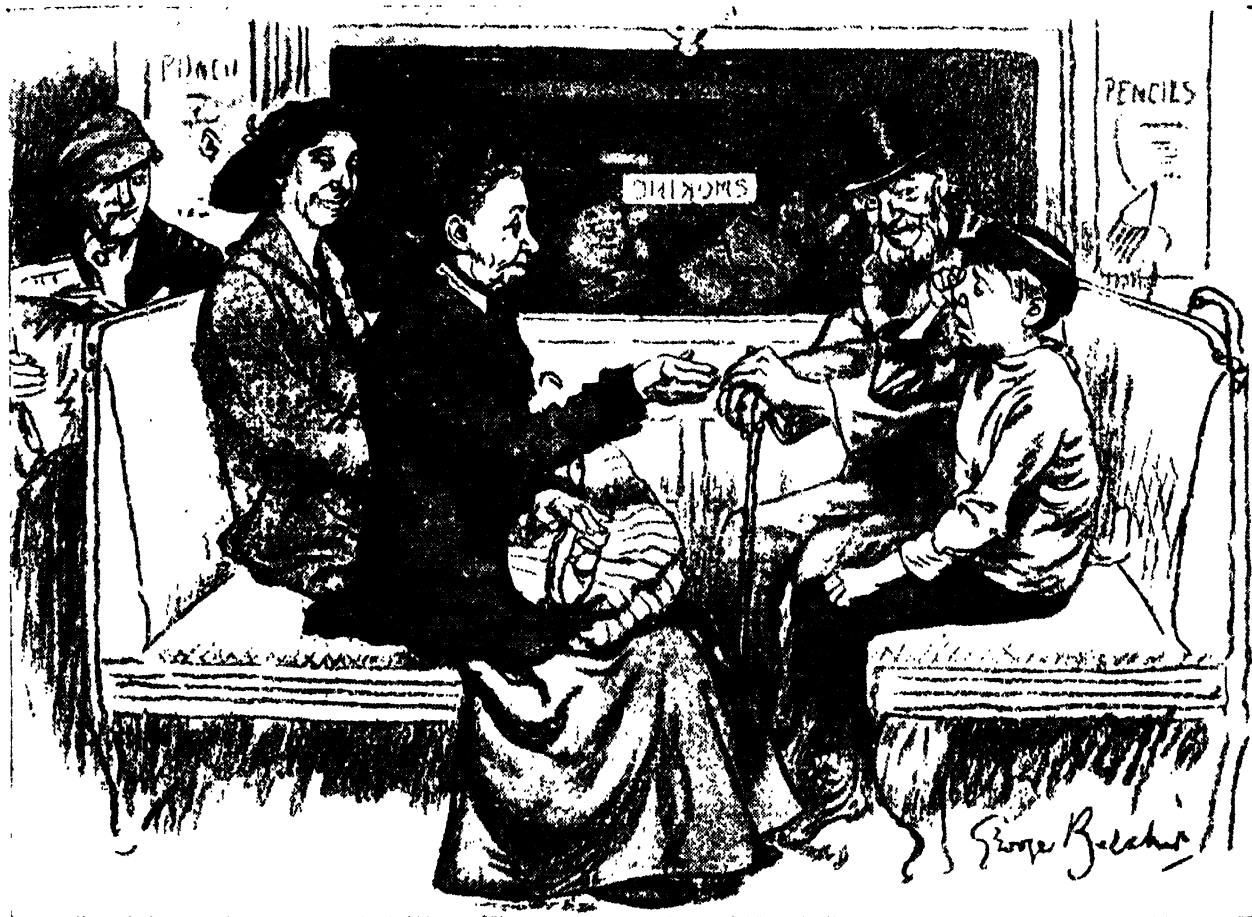
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"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, ERB, PULL UP YER SOCKS AND LOOK CHEERFUL. YOU'LL BE IN THE TRENCHES IN ANOTHER TEN YEAR."

at me so nicely as she went out and told the lady secretary at the door what fools men were.

Yes, Charles, I have had the idea of setting a thief to catch a thief, and when one dangerous young thing had lost the argument and was about to resort to tears I called in the lady secretary, old enough to be her mother, to hear the case and decide. She heard it all and decided against me. Women don't believe in militarism.

I hit upon the solution by luck. In a desperate moment I evolved a rubber stamp of my own and had it made at my own expense: "GO WHERE YOU LIKE, WHEN YOU LIKE AND HOW YOU LIKE, AND IF ANY MAN SUCCEEDS IN STOPPING YOU EN ROUTE I TAKE OFF MY HAT TO HIM." The lady secretary objected to this; women are tidy creatures who love regulations for their own sake. When she insisted on my exercising discrimination I told her that anyone who had a hard case (they all have) and who knew the PRIME MINISTER personally (they all do) could not be refused. She said they could; I said it was impossible. She said she would do it herself if I would let her handle the

rubber stamps. I passed the whole lot to her and said that if she applied the "APPLICATION REFUSED" it would be against my whole sense of reason and justice. Since then she has used no other. "Sign, please," she says to me, and stands over me while I do it. Then she shows the distressed victim out, kind and sympathetic to the last. "I am dreadfully sorry this should have happened," I hear her say at the door; "but then you know what men are."

And that's how I've become a Militarist—one of the strong silent sort.

Yours ever, HENRY.

"He said he was asleep when the collision occurred, and immediately turned out in his pyjamas, in which he had to remain in one of the boats for some hours until another vessel took them off." *Birmingham Daily Post.*

We assume that this vessel, which thus added insult to injury, was an enemy craft.

"The bodice was deftly finished at the waist by a folded sash and small turnover collar." *Weekly Paper.*

If you can't get your waist high enough, you can always bring down your collar to meet it.

## FLOWERS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Fields of corruption, ravaged, waste and dead,

A storm-rent void no power shall e'er renew;

Yet see, the poppy flaunts its daring red

And smiles upon the cornflower's misted blue;

The pimpernel gleams through the gleaming dew;

The yellow charlock glistens in the sun;

Lest you should think the earth's glad work is done

The speedwell thrusts its name upon your fears—

"New joys will rise, new comfort for your tears!"

And should you cry, "What of the lost and gone?"

Shall all their memory be buried deep,

Their sacrifice in victory be forgot?"

Peace, doubting heart, for see, where soft they sleep,  
A starry heaven of forget-me-not!

## CAP'N CALEB'S CAMOUFLAGE.

HE was an object of interest in the bar of "The Sloop," for he was one of the crew of a vessel which had been torpedoed off the headland during the night, and he had been landed with other survivors at the fishing village that morning.

"Yes, it gives yer a shock being torpedoed," he said in answer to a question; "but I'm orlright now, and I'll be better when I've 'ad some more beer. I ain't lost my thirst, not that you could notice, though I was blown up in the air when the torpedo 'it us, and came down in the sea."

The questioner took the hint and ordered another pint of beer, which the shipwrecked mariner drank deliberately with the air of a connoisseur.

"It ain't bad beer that, boss," he remarked politely to the landlord; "but I reckon a man would get water-logged before 'e could get drunk on it."

The landlord smiled and discreetly turned the conversation back to the subject of the submarine menace.

"No, I ain't afraid o' submarines, but my missus is," said the mariner; "that's why I'm 'ere. I've been torpedoed twice this year, and my missus is to blame. But it serves me right for listening to 'er and leavin' the old *Saucy Anne*."

"It all comes o' this cammyflage idea," he went on with a heavy sigh. "If it 'adn't been for old Cap'n Caleb's a-cammyflagin' the *Saucy Anne* the missus'd never 've got the wind up about submarines and I'd never 've been torpedoed. And I wouldn't be standin' 'ere now with a empty glass in me 'and."

It was the landlord who took the hint this time and hastened to remedy the defect.

"It was like this, y' see," resumed the victim of camouflage when he had again refreshed himself. "I was third mate on the *Saucy Anne*—not that third mate meant much, 'cos the crew was only four all told and the *Saucy Anne* was a little old steamer o' two hundred ton gross. But she was a nice little craft, and old Cap'n Caleb Collins, what was master and owner, was one o' the best—treated us more like pals than a crew, 'e did."

"Five year I'd been third mate on the *Saucy Anne* when the War started, bringin' coal from Cardiff to Port Carbis, and home reg'lar every ten days. Cap'n Caleb 'ad been doin' that for twenty year, and he jost went on doin' it and never worried hisself about the War."

"Then the Gorman submarines started their dirty work and sunk a Port Carbis

boat; but our old man took no notice and kep' on sailin' reg'lar—said he'd like to see any blinkin' German tryin' to sink 'im. Well, two more Port Carbis vessels was sunk, and some o' the other skippers starts what they calls 'protectin' themselves'; but Cap'n Caleb never did nothin'. Then a chap in uniform comes down to Port Carbis and he starts explainin' this 'ere cammyflagin' idea to the owners."

He paused to empty his glass once more, wiped his mouth with the back of his hairy hand and proceeded with his story.

"The officer, or whatever he was, tells Cap'n Caleb about paintin' the *Saucy Anne* to cammyflage 'er, and the old man listens attentive. 'Yes,' says 'o, 'I sees the notion, Sir. The old ship could do with a coat o' paint, 'er not 'avin' 'ad much this seven year, and I'll see about cammyflagin' 'er myself. We've got some artist chaps 'ere in Port Carbis,' says the Cap'n, 'and I'll 'ave the *Saucy Anne* cammyflaged proper,' 'o says."

"So Cap'n Caleb 'e lays the old ship up for a week, runs 'er inter a boat-builder's yard and gets an artist and a sign-painter from the town to come and 'ave a go at cammyflagin' the *Saucy Anne*. He never let none o' the crew nor nobody see 'er, and when the painters was done 'e 'as 'er refloated, but with big tarpaulins 'angin' down 'er sides to protect the new cammyflage paint, 'o says. Not till we was loaded and casting off from the quay does 'e let us reef them tarpaulins."

"I knowed there was something funny about us as soon as the *Saucy Anne* starts steamin' out o' the 'arbour, 'cos the crowd on the jetty starts runnin' along to watch us, and some of 'em cheered and waved their 'ats. So I takes a good squint overside to see what our new cammyflage looks like — and I nearly fell overboard with the shock when I sees what Cap'n Caleb 'ad 'ad done."

"There was a big Union Jack painted right down the bows o' the *Saucy Anne*; 'er sides was painted bright blue; and in white letters on 'em—big white letters you could have read a mile away almost—right along from the bows to the stern, there was painted:—

'BRITISH—AND DAMN YOUR SUBMARINES!'

The listeners in the bar of "The Sloop" gasped, restrained an inclination to cheer, and some of them almost struggled for the privilege of buying the shipwrecked mariner more beer.

"Surprised? You're right," he resumed with a reminiscent grin. "I was surprised, so was the rest of the crew, and so was everybody in Port

Carbis. When the bloke at the Admiralty station on the point outside the bay saw us 'e nearly 'ad 'ystories and starts wagging flags at us; but Cap'n Caleb takes no notice. 'I'll givo 'em cammyflage,' he says, looking as proud as Punch."

"Well, we gets to Cardiff, and a fine how-d'-ye-do there was there, I can tell yer. 'I reckon they think the *Saucy Anne* is the Royal yacht,' says the Cap'n solemn-like, when they starts cheerin' us from other ships and blowin' sirens, and a crowd comes down to the wharf to welcome us. We all had plenty o' free beer that night—all 'copt the Cap'n, 'im being a teetotaler and never drinkin' nothin' but gin."

"In the morning down comes an old chap with gold braid and brass buttons to the wharf, just as Cap'n Caleb was standin' admirin' the *Saucy Anne*. 'E takes a look at our ship, then 'e goes red in the face."

"'Wot does this mean, Cap'n?' 'e says."

"'That's my cammyflage, Sir,' says Cap'n Caleb, 'and that's my motter on the ship's side.'"

"The old bloke in the gold braid starts argyfyin', but I could see 'e was laughin' inside, and presently he shakes 'ands with our old man, gives 'im a cigar and goes away."

"Well, to cut a long story short, we sails back to Port Carbis, and there's a crowd to meet us, cheerin' like billy-oh; but when I gets ashore there's my missus on the quay, cryin' 'er eyes out. Said sho'd never expected to see me again, and begged an' prayed me not to make another voyage in the *Saucy Anne*. She said it was temptin' Providence to sail in a vessel painted like that, and we'd get torpedoed next trip as sure as sure."

"I argues with 'er till I was nearly black in the face, then I gives way and does what she asks for the sake of peace and quiet. Cap'n Caleb 'e said it was like deserting in face of the enemy, but I left 'im for the sake of the missus and got another ship."

He gazed into his glass and mournfully shook his head.

"Yes, it's all the fault of the missus," he concluded with a sigh. "I tried another ship, and got torpedoed first voyage, and now 'ere I am torpedoed again. It's almost enough to make a man turn teetotal. The *Saucy Anne*'s still runnin' reg'lar and never been touched; but I did 'ear as the Admiralty made Cap'n Caleb put some other kind o' cammyflage on her."

"Wanted, a Girl, to attend to Motor and act as House Boy."—*Local Paper*.

Well, well. Girls will be boys nowadays.



Bobby (at the conclusion of dinner). "MOTHER, I DON'T KNOW IT IS, BUT I NEVER SEEM TO GET THAT—THAT—NICE SICK FEELING NOWADAYS."

### FATE.

#### A SONG OF WISDOM.

THEY tell you it ain't no good  
A-wondering when you'll die,  
Or lying low as a soldier should  
When aeroplanes is by;  
For whether it comes in a sudden way,  
Or lingering long and late,  
You won't go under until the day  
That's settled before by Fate.

Ah, well, and it may be true—  
But the lads I like to see  
Are the ones that do as they're told to do  
And stay where they ought to be;  
For Fate may fix on a far-off date  
And a death of an easy kind,  
But it ain't no use *encouraging* Fate  
To change her feminine mind.

I've been out many a day  
And seen too many a mate  
With a leg or an arm blown clean away  
By a thing he thought was Fate;  
But when six men will monkey about  
With a rusty old bomb gone bad,  
Then what is it knocks the six men out?  
Not Fate, but folly, my lad.

So I keep my rifle clean  
And I use my eyes and ears,  
And I don't go wandering off the scene  
A-looking for souvenirs;  
And may-be the bullet that bears my  
name

Is meant for a distant day,  
But I don't get playing the idiot game  
When the other ones come my way.

And it's better alive than dead  
You'll serve the old platoon,  
So try to do as the officer said  
And not to die too soon.

Though you may not add to your earthly  
span,  
It's a thing worth trying to do;  
You take good care of yourself, young  
man,

And Fate won't matter to you.

A. P. H.

From a recent book on South  
America:—

"On the rugged shore of San Julian the Eng-  
lish mariners discovered a grim object—a giblet  
prisking up gauntly against the desolate sky."  
An offal sight.

### "The Great Offensive."

"THE VISIT OF THE BISHOP.  
Clergy in Retreat."

*Provincial Paper.*

Extract from letter written by a  
native of India to his solicitor:—

"Please get me this money by fair means if  
possible, if not, then by legal proceedings."

"General; 15 months' character; £26; take  
London." *Daily Paper.*

Reply to WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN,  
Potsdam.

"Food Control Committees in seaside areas  
are asked by Lord Ithondda to take steps to  
organise amateur sea-angling, in order to in-  
crease food supplies." *Daily Telegraph.*

They also serve who only sit and bait.

From a concert-notice:—

"Mrs. ——— apologised for the unavoidable  
absence of Mr. ——— and Miss ———. Miss ———  
had arrived, but was unable to play owing to  
her piano being hung up on the line. In the  
interval the Mayor cordially thanked the  
extinguished artistes." *Provincial Paper.*

We congratulate his Worship on his  
happy selection of the right word.



General. "THAT'S A GOOD HORSE. HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD HIM?"

Private R.F.A. "I'M AND ME IS MONS, SIR."

### HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(The GERMAN CROWN PRINCE and the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns.)

*The Crown Prince.* To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit? Why do you maintain yourself so closely veiled? Let me at least see your face for a moment. No? Then tell me as briefly as possible who you are and what you desire.

*The White Lady.* I am the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns!

*The C. P.* Himmel! But no, it is impossible. If you are the White Lady why are you robed from head to foot in black?

*The W. L.* Imbecile! Can you not see that I am robed in black because, fortunately for you, this visit is unofficial? If I were in white nothing could save you. Having been warned by my appearance, you would inevitably wither away and die. Even as it is I am not quite sure that the rules guarantee your safety *absolutely* even when I am robed in black.

*The C. P.* Oh, come, Madam, this is going beyond a jest; and, to tell you the truth, I am not at all ready to die. Papa is a much more pious man than I. Couldn't you take him now—or Eitel Fritz or Joachim? The fact is I have a lot of business to get through, and cannot, I regret to say, spare you any more time.

*The W. L.* Halte là! It is not permitted to run away from a lady, and even if it were you could not thus avoid your fate. But I give you my personal assurance that this is an unofficial visit and no fatal consequences need be expected from it.

*The C. P.* Well, then, I ask again, Madam, why have you come?

*The W. L.* Because I desire to give you notice that I am

tired of being connected with your family. Even apparitions have their feelings and like to see things done decently and in order. Now I have come to the conclusion that there is not one of you Hohenzollerns who is properly entitled to the services of a first-class ghost.

*The C. P.* Are you not a little too hard on us? Now, papa is very proud of you, and I myself feel that the possession of a family ghost confers on us the very highest status amongst royal families.

*The W. L.* Yes, that is so. And therefore I beg to inform you that your family spectre is now withdrawn from you and will no longer officiate at your deathbeds. The Hohenzollerns henceforth must make up their minds to die without the assistance of a White Lady or any other respectable apparition. I order you to communicate this decision to your emperor and father.

*The C. P.* He won't be pleased, of that I can assure you, for he likes everything that is theatrical and feudal.

*The W. L.* That merit—for so I regard it—cannot be allowed to weigh against the many evil qualities for which he has been judged unworthy of possessing in his family a transparency so honourable as myself. He must learn to do as best he can without me.

*The C. P.* I don't think I dare mention the matter to him.

*The W. L.* You must execute my orders without fail on pain of seeing me appear a last time and in white.

*The C. P.* Very well then, I will do it, but under protest. Luckily I happen for the moment, through no particular fault of my own, to be in papa's good graces.

### Rubbing it in.

"On Clause 36, which increases the stamp duty on cheques from a penny to twopence,

Mr. — characterised the increased duty as a retrograde step, and said it would interfere with the further development of the banking system."—*Daily Paper*.



### “IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.”

IRISH-AMERICAN (from the Fighting Front). “SAY, YOU'RE MISSING THE SCRAP OF YOUR LIFE.”

PAT. “AN' HOW D'YE KNOW I'LL NOT BE IN IT YET, NOW THEY'RE MAKIN' CONSCRIPTION VOLUNTARY?”

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, June 3rd.*—The war-situation may be as serious as the newspapers represent it, but to look at the House of Commons no one would think so. With traditional British phlegm Members devoted themselves to such topics as the ukase forbidding brides-elect to cross the ocean for their nuptials. Dr. MACNAMARA explained that it had been issued simply out of regard for their personal safety; but a Scots Member thought it illogical that women who now possessed the franchise should not be allowed to go to the Pole if they want to.

There was much criticism of the Government for undertaking not to bomb the German towns on Corpus Christi Day without insisting upon a reciprocal pledge from the enemy. One Member observed that the Germans must think we are a lot of fools! Mr. BONAR LAW did not attempt to deny the implication, but quietly remarked that in acting as they did the Government had not attempted to make a bargain, but had simply done what they thought right. This seemed to strike the House as a novelty in official procedure, for no more questions were asked.

A request made by Mr. HOLT that the posters issued by the War Aims Department should be exhibited in the Tea-Room, so that Members might see for themselves their "disgraceful character," was refused by Mr. LAW. It is difficult to imagine any sort of advertisement in support of war-aims which would not outrage the eminent Pacifist's delicate artistic sensibility.

Sugar is a form of carbon which, as Mr. BALDWIN observed, "often generates a certain amount of warmth." Strenuous efforts to induce the Government to drop the increase in the tax were made by Mr. LOUGH, who in his zeal for sweetness, if not for light, committed himself to the statement that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had already got a great deal more money than he wants; and by Mr. ADAMSON, the new Privy Councillor, who developed an ingenious theory that the moral of the nation depended upon its consumption of sugar.

After listening for an hour to complaints of the meagreness of the Income Tax allowance for wear-and-tear, Mr. BALDWIN confessed that he felt as if nobody loved him. But being a

man of courage as well as humour he did not go into the garden and eat worms; he went into the Division Lobby instead, and found that he still had enough friends left to defeat the opposition.

*Tuesday, June 4th.*—Several weeks have elapsed since Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG, the *doyen* of the House, passed away at the age of ninety-six. Since then East Cavan has been without a representative in the House of Commons. In the ordinary course it would be for the Nationalist Whip to move for the writ, but Mr. DILLON has apparently no hankering for an election in present circumstances. The Sinn Fein M.P.'s, though spoiling for a fight, are immobilised by their refusal to come to Westminster. So Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, never averse from putting a spoke in Mr. DILLON's wheel, has despatched

moment to abandon three hundred millions of revenue.

In the House of Lords, Lord SOUTHWARK moved the Second Reading of his Bill to establish a decimal system of coinage. The motion was supported by some ingenious arguments, but the majority of the Peers shared the historic opinion of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who never could understand what those d—d little dots meant," for they unanimously agreed to the adjournment of the debate.

*Wednesday, June 5th.*—Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING, fresh from his strange triumph in the law-courts, was early on the scene and plainly anxious to put himself in evidence. But the SPEAKER is not Mr. Justice DARLING, and successfully suppressed most of Mr. BILLING's Supplementary Questions.

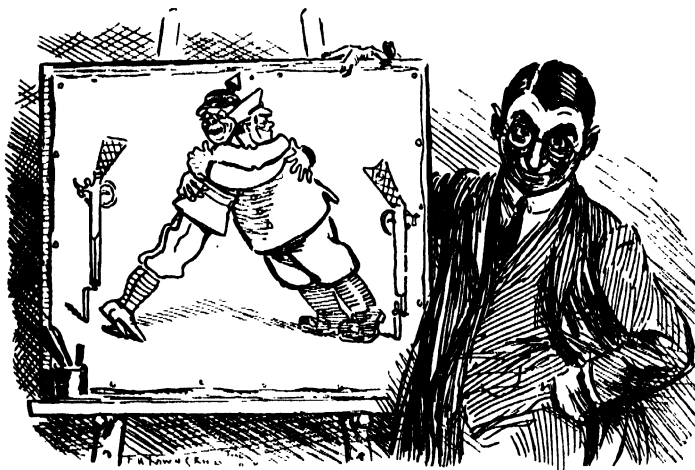
A white hat of remarkable dimensions adorning the capacious brow of Sir ARTHUR FELL gave rise to a theory that the worthy knight is the gentleman who went to Epsom yesterday to see the Derby run. But there is no more truth in that than in the other story that the unusual size of his headgear is due to its containing a section of the Channel Tunnel, with which he essays to convert the sceptical.

The War has produced no stranger paradox than the case of the gentleman who within the space of seven days was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for a breach of the Defence of the Realm regulations and recommended for the Order of the British Empire on account of good service to the country.

The fact that the recommendation was withdrawn hardly justified Mr. OUTHWAITE's assumption that a sentence under the Defence of the Realm Act was regarded as the higher honour of the two.

*Thursday, June 6th.*—None of the Birthday Honours was more worthily earned than the Privy Councillorship bestowed upon Mr. CLYNES. The Ministry of Food is immensely indebted to the unassuming manner and sound commonsense of its Parliamentary Secretary.

His review of the work of his department was clear and encouraging. The queues have gone, the U's are going, potatoes are plentiful, bread is cheap and should soon be more appetising, bacon is superabundant, and the meat-coupon is honoured as surely as the bank-note.



MR. HOLT WOULD LIKE TO DESIGN OUR WAR-AIMS' POSTERS.

one of his "Independent" henchmen to do the needful.

The lot fell upon Mr. CREAM, who evidently felt his position acutely as he rose from the Nationalist Benches, "whence all but he had fled," to recite the customary formula. No opposition was offered, so East Cavan will shortly be able to add another recruit to the Irish Parliamentary army of absentees.

Recruiting for the other Irish army—the one that does not run away—is to be stimulated by grants of land. Sir JAMES CRAIG wanted to know the exact location of the Promised Land, but Mr. SHORTT could not at present inform him; and Mr. PRINGLE's pertinent inquiry as to whether British soldiers would have equal access to it was also fruitless.

Mr. HOLT protested against the CHANCELLOR whittling away his resources by certain trifling abatements. All he wanted was the abolition of the Excess Profits Tax. Unfortunately Mr. LAW could not see his way at the





*Absent-minded V.T.C. Officer (by profession a schoolmaster). "LATE AGAIN, PERKINS! BROUGHT AN EXCUSE FROM YOUR MOTHER?"*

As the next step in the course of its rapid development into a Universal Provider, the Ministry will shortly undertake the wholesale collection, distribution and utilisation of milk. Mr. CLYNES's explanation that this was necessary "in order to avoid overlapping," was not intended, I believe, to throw any special reflection upon the habits of the domestic cat.

#### POLYGLOT POLITICS.

[Discussing Mr. ASQUITH's Latin speech at Winchester, reprinted in his volume of *Occasional Addresses*, a writer in *The Cambridge Review* suggests that perhaps if Mr. LLOYD GEORGE wrote his speeches in Latin it would conciliate some of his critics.]

If good LLOYD GEORGE should think it worth his while  
To cultivate the "lapidary style,"  
The change would certainly secure supporters  
In certain critical or captious quarters.  
But why confine this striking innovation  
To only one of those who guide the nation?  
Why not extend the rule to all and each  
Who elevate us by their pen and speech?  
And why give preference to a single tongue  
When there are plenty more, both old and young?

Think of the boons and blessings small and great  
That would at once beatify the State  
If WINSTON should assume the terse laconic  
Caesarian style, instead of the Thrasonic;  
If LYNCH, whenever he caught the SPEAKER's optic,  
Addressed the House in Jugo-Slav or Coptic;  
And, best of all, if PRINGLE, HOGG and Co.  
Expressed their hostile comments in dumb show.  
Again, our journalism might grow more sane  
If experts in their strictures should refrain  
From the vernacular, and write in Attic  
Whenever they desired to be emphatic;  
Or if they nobly schooled themselves to mask  
Their discontent in Sanskrit or in Basque;  
Or, better still, if they expressed their views  
In symbols such as men of science use.  
So too in letters; YEATS's plaintive verse  
Ought to be written obviously in Erse;  
The LAUREATE, too, might dissipate our tedium  
By choosing Esperanto for his medium;  
While CHESTERTON could stand upon his head  
As well in any language that is dead.

#### A WAR VICTIM.

"FALL out for ten minutes," said the Sergeant in a spasm of mercy.

Words of balm these to middle-aged recruits on a torrid May morning. Moist and weary and surfeited with militarism, I threw myself down on a green level where the long grass looked cool and inviting; and there I lay, smoking a cigarette and picking daisies and dandelions abstractedly. Suddenly I became conscious that I was being addressed.

"Thank you, Sir. You're a gent. It's very kind and thoughtful of you, Sir. It isn't my fault that I am as I am. I wasn't always like this, Sir. No, Sir. I used to be regular spruce and smart and take a pride in my personal appearance. But look at me now, Sir—bloated, flabby, ragged and dirty and a two-years' growth on my dial.

"That's what the Army's done for me, Sir. Not that I grumbles. I'm proud to serve, Sir; and I've seventeen brothers all doing their bit. But I can't get accustomed to all this tramping and charging. If it wasn't for the language of the Sergeant—oh, Sir, it's the language of the Sergeant [here the voice grew husky] what comforts my heart and braces my fibre, what soothes me with memories of the happy past—yes, Sir, and what strengthens my faith in the future. You see, Sir, in civil life I was the Eighteenth Green."



*The Man-at-Arms. "ARE YOU WOUNDED?"*

*The Valiant Warrior (in a muffled voice). "NO; BUT I WAS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO COUNT MY ENEMIES AS I VANQUISHED THEM AND BIT MY TONGUE SAYING, 'THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE.'"*

### A BOTTLE OF CLICQUOT.

MY hostess and her daughter met me at the station in the little pony-cart and we set off at a gentle trot, conversing as we went. That is to say, they asked questions about the War, about London and about the great wicked world, and I endeavoured to answer them.

It was high if premature summer; the sky was blue, the hedges and the grass were growing almost audibly, the birds sang, the sun blazed and I walked up two or three hills without the faintest enthusiasm.

Just after the top of the last hill, when I had again resumed my seat (at the risk once more of lifting the pony into the zenith), the ladies simultaneously uttered a shrill cry of dismay.

"Look!" they exclaimed; "there's Bunt!"

I looked and beheld in the road before us a small West Highland terrier, as white as a recent rattling foray in a wet ditch would allow.

"Bunt! Bunt! you wicked dog!" they cried; "how dare you go hunting?"

To this question Bunt made no reply, but merely subsided under the hedge, where a little shade was possible, into an attitude of exhaustion tempered by wariness.

"How very naughty!" said my hostess. "I left her in the house."

"Yes," said the daughter, "and if she's going to go off hunting like this what on earth shall we do? There'll be complaints from everyone. She's never done it before."

"Come, Bunt!" said my hostess, in the wheedling tones of dog-owners whose dogs (it is notorious) obey their slightest word. But Bunt sat tight.

"If we drive on perhaps she'll follow," said the daughter, and we drove on a few yards; but Bunt did not move.

We stopped again, while coaxing noises were made calculated to soften the hearts of rocks; but Bunt refused to stir.

"She'll come on later," I suggested.

"Oh, no," said her elderly mistress, "we couldn't risk leaving her here, when she's never gone off alone before. Bunt! Bunt! don't be so naughty. Come along, there's a dear little Bunt."

But Bunt merely glittered at us through her white-hair entanglement and remained perfectly still.

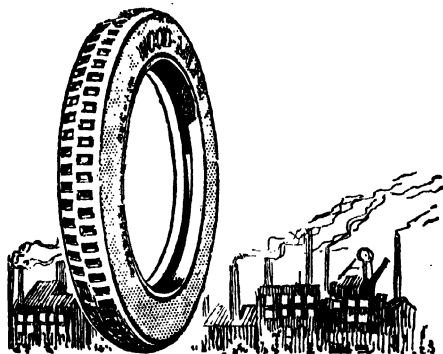
Strange dogs are not much in my line; but since my hostess was no longer very active, and the daughter was driving, and no one else was present, there seemed to be a certain inevitableness about the proposition which I then made that I should get out and bring the miscreant in.

"Oh, would you mind?" my hostess said. "She won't bite, I promise you. She's a perfect dear."

Trying hard to forget how painful to legs or hands can be the smart closing of the snappy jaws of dogs that won't bite, I advanced stealthily towards Bunt, murmuring ingratiating words.

When I was quite close she turned over on her back, lifted her paws and obviously commended her soul to Heaven; and I had therefore no difficulty in lifting her up and carrying her to the trap.

Her mistresses received her with rapture, camouflaged, but by no means successfully, by reproach and reproof, and we were beginning to drive on



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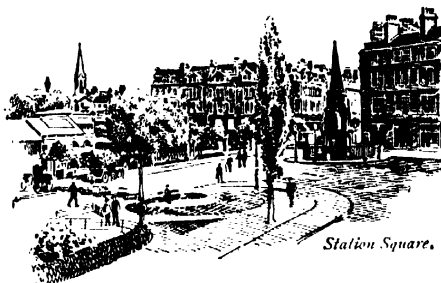
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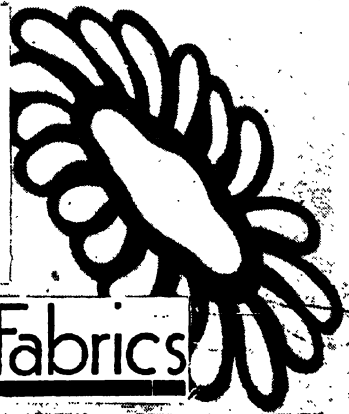
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again, when an excited voice called upon us to stop, and another lady, of the formidable unmarried kind, with a very red face beneath a purple parasol, confronted us.

"What," she panted, "is the meaning of this outrage? How dare you steal my dog?"

"Your dog, Madam?" I began.

"It's no use denying it," she burst in, "I saw you do it. I saw you pick it up and carry it to the trap. It's—it's monstrous. I shall go to the police about it."

Meanwhile, it cannot be denied, the dog was showing signs of delight and recognition such as had previously been lacking.

"But——" began my hostess, who is anything but quarrelsome.

"We ought to know our own dog when we see it," said the daughter, who does not disdain a fight.

"Certainly," said the angry lady, "if you have a dog of your own."

"Of course we have," said the daughter; "we have a West Highland named Bunty."

"This happens to be my West Highland, named Wendy," said the lady, "as you will see if you look on the collar. My name is there too—Miss Morrison, 14, Park Terrace, W. I am staying at Well House Farm."

And it was so.

It was on the tip of my tongue to point out that collars, being easily exchangeable, are not evidence; but I thought it better that any such suggestion should come from the owners.

"It is certainly very curious," said the daughter, submitting the features of the dog to the minutest scrutiny; "if it is not Bunty it is her absolute double."

"It is not Bunty, but Wendy," said Miss Morrison coldly; "and I shall be glad if you will give her to me."

"But——" the daughter began.

"Yes, give the lady the dog," said the mother.

SOLOMON would, of course, have cut the little beast in two; but in his absence there was nothing for it but to surrender: and the pair went off together, the dog exhibiting every sign of pleasure.

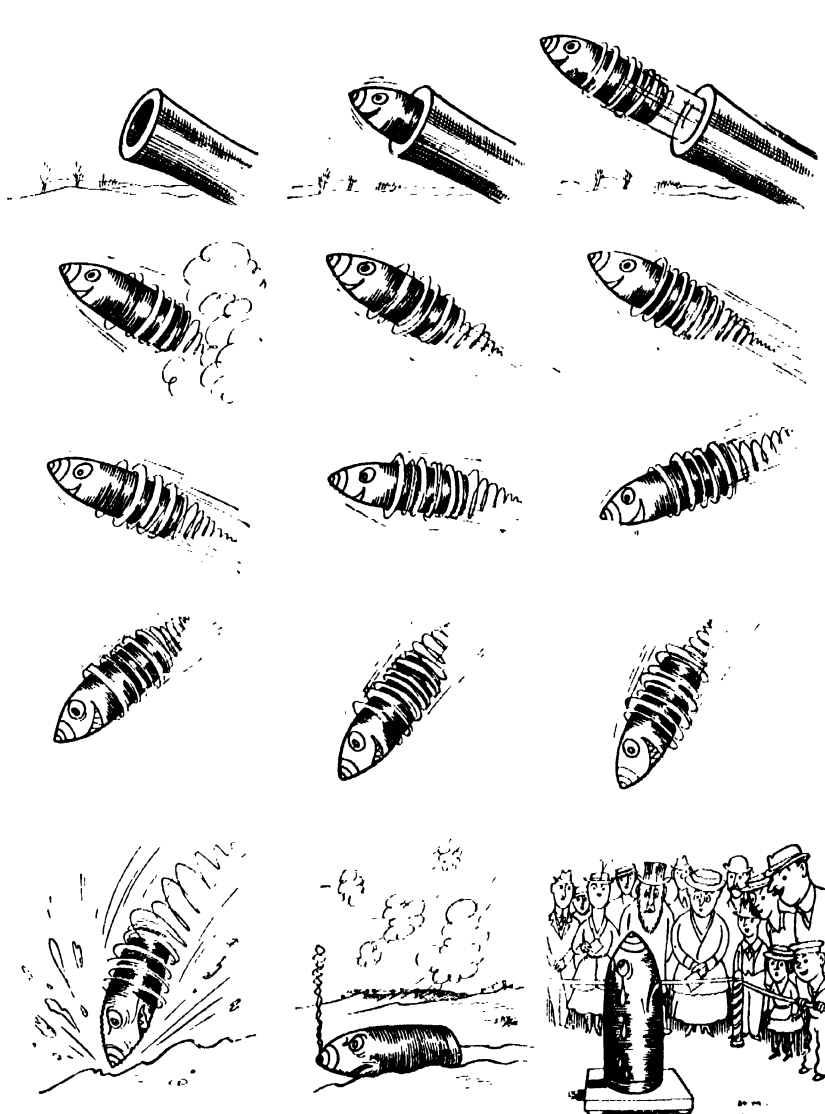
Meanwhile the daughter whipped up the pony, and we soon entered the gates.

In the drive we found Bunty awaiting us.

"There!" cried the ladies, as they scrambled out and flung themselves on her.

"Of course she's not a bit like that Wendy thing really," said the mother.

"Now that I come to look at her I can see heaps of difference," said the daughter.



THE DUD.

"None the less," I interjected, "you turned a very honest man into a thief, and a dog-thief at that; and he insists on reparation."

"Yes, indeed," said the mother, "it is really too bad. What reparation can we make?"

I don't pretend to be satisfied, but the Clicquot 1904 which took the place of claret at dinner that evening was certainly very good.

**"FRENCH LEAVE SUSPENDED."**  
*Evening News.*

But was it ever officially recognised?

"A Wellington grocer was fined £5 for selling honey which was not plainly marked with the net weight and the manufacturer's name."—*The New Zealander.*

The bee has been warned.

#### Our Cynical Statesmen.

"Dr. Macnamara stated in the Commons yesterday that requests of women who wished to go to America or any other part of the world in order to get married were only granted in the rare cases in which the refusal would involve real hardship." *Daily News.*

#### How to Preserve Infant Life.

From a letter received by a Dairy Company:—

"Please send a pint of special milk every morning, as we are just going to bottle the baby."

Major-General — inspecting British soldiers interned in Holland at Chateau d'Oex." *Daily Mirror.*

We have often been told that "the Dutch have taken Holland," but were not aware that they had annexed Switzerland as well.

## THE LITTLE RIVER.

LET mighty pens praise mighty rivers—  
The Yang-tse-Kiang or Hoang-Ho,  
In climes that desiccate the livers  
Of foreigners who come an o.

Some may prefer the Mississippi,  
Others the Nile, whose genial flood  
Enriches the industrious "Gippy"  
With gifts of fertilising mud.

BATES found the Amazon amazing;  
But, all unfit for lordly themes,  
I choose the simpler task of praising  
One of our humble Berkshire streams.

Here are no tropical surprises,  
No cataracts roaring from the steep;  
No hippo your canoe capsizes;  
No rhinos on the bather creep.

Here, as along the banks you potter,  
The fiercest creature is the gnat;  
You may perhaps espy an otter,  
You're sure to see a water-rat.

The kingfisher, a living jewel,  
On haleyon days darts in and out,  
But never interrupts the duel  
Between the angler and the trout.

Hard by, the plovers wheel and clamour;  
The gold is still upon the gorse;  
And mystery and calm and glamour  
Brood o'er the little river's source;

Where, in a pool of blue-green lustre,  
The water bubbles from the sand,  
And pine-trees in a solemn cluster  
Like sentinels around it stand.

And thence, through level cham-  
paign gliding,  
Past cottages with russet tiles,  
Past marsh and mead the stream  
goes sliding  
For half-a-dozen tranquil miles;

Till, with its waters still untainted  
And fringed with trailing starwort  
stems,  
With towns and factories unacquainted,  
It merges in the silver Thames.

"Scorn not small things; their charm  
endears them,"  
So once an ancient poet sang;  
Great rivers man admires but fears  
them;  
We love our homely little Pang.

"Sergt. —, R.G.A., has sent a letter to his home, stating that he has been awarded the Military Medal for devotion to duty on May 9th. He enlisted in October, 1914, and has been in France two years and eleven months and this is his first injury."

Wakefield Express.

We presume that he was hurt in the chest. They should be more careful how they pin these medals on.

## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE MAN FROM TORONTO."

ONE dimly recalls from the early days of the War the parrot-cry, quickly discredited and abandoned, of "Business as usual." But it takes more than Armageddon to disturb the traditions of the stage; and in Mr. DOUGLAS MURRAY's play at the Royalty there is a great deal of very usual business. We have a mistress masquerading as her own maid; we have a preposterous will; we have a series of interrupted kisses. Of these the will is the worst. An old Canadian millionaire, who has been rejected on board a liner by a charming young English widow, dies



A KISSING ASYLUM.

Perkins (Miss Iris Hoey) to Mr. Priestley (Mr. Eric Lewis). "YOU'LL HAVE TO KISS ME, OLD THING, WHETHER YOU WANT TO OR NOT. IT'S OUR TURN TO BE CAUGHT AT IT."

and leaves his wealth to a nephew on condition that he marries the identical lady within a year. Whatever his motive may have been, whether irony or generosity or revenge (I rather think the last was intended, though I don't know why), it remained hidden with him in the obscurity of the grave. *De mortuis nil disputandum.*

It was one of those plays which are really over by the end of the First Act. But I gladly stayed on to see the other two for the sake of Miss Iris Hoey's charm and quick intelligence. Delightful as Mrs. Calthorpe, the mistress, she was still more fascinating as Polly Perkins, the maid, partly because the latter's costume included a high crescent cap (apparently translated from the Russian) which was most becoming. Nor did the decline in her social position

affect her speech in the very least. It retained all its fluency and correctness.

This seems to have struck the man from Toronto as well as me. "How beautifully you talk!" he said, but without a trace of suspicion; so innocent are these big children of the West, who live twenty-eight miles from the nearest railway station. By the way, they must have moved the depôt at Toronto. It had a much more central position when I was there.

Mr. GEORGE TULLY played the title rôle with a very pleasant solidity and an easy unforced humour. Mr. ERIC LEWIS, as guardian, legal adviser and uncle-by-marriage to the heroine, had the kind of ERIC LEWIS part with which we all, including himself, are happily familiar. Not enough credit was given to the actual parlour-maid, Martha, nicely played with an occasional Irish accent by Miss MARGARET MOFFAT. It was her interrupted kiss (delivered by a not-too-ardent youth who had exhausted the limited diversions of Teignmouth) that first inspired the widow with a sense of the amorous possibilities of a menial sphere; and when he transferred his affections at sight to a bouncing Amazon from Toronto (sister of the hero) the generous Martha (troubled about much service) made no attempt to press her prior claim.

In fine, a simple honest play for simple honest folk; dialogue bright with a natural gaiety; and always the irresistible charm of Miss IRIS HOEY. Just that.

O. S.

## "BIRTHS.

Box.—On the 23rd March, 1918, at Nurse Major's, Home Street, to Mr. and Mrs. P. Box, of Ormoundville—a daughter.

Cox.—On the 26th March, 1918, at 55, Kent Terrace, to Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Cox—a daughter; both well.—*New Zealand Paper.*  
"And Box and Cox are satisfied."

"Pony.—Good home offered to old cob Pony, able to mow and pump. Small payment given if necessary."—*West Sussex Gazette.*  
These accomplished animals surely deserve a living wage.

"YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICE at 2.30, presided over by Mr. W. H. PARROTT. ADDRESS BY REV. C. W. SCREECH. Special Singing by the Scholars."  
*Local Paper.*

It should be a harmonious gathering.

"Fifteen boys obtained the certificate of the London Schools' Swimming Association for ability to swim 100 yards without interruption."—*Richmond and Twickenham Times.*

Before accepting this statement we should like to know who took the time.



Annoyed Allotment holder (to owner of adjoining plot). "LOOK HERE! WHAT'S YOUR GAME? THIS HAS HAPPENED TO EVERY BLESSED TOOL YOU'VE LENT ME!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*The Return of the Soldier* (NINET) is really a story of a single situation; but that situation is so full of dramatic possibilities, and, I may add, so well handled by the author, that on every page I kept asking myself how it was to end. There are not many pages, less than two hundred all told, so that you can quite easily see the thing through at a sitting; and I shall certainly be surprised if you do not. Let me briefly give you a start with the situation, avoiding, in justice to Miss REBECCA WEST, any hint as to its development. Shortly, then, it concerns a very charming officer, verging upon middle-life, who lives in the home of his ancestors with a pleasant sister and a pretty, rather too fastidiously perfect wife, both of whom adore him. Now suppose the man to incur a form of shell-shock which obliterates from his mind all events of the past fifteen years, so that, while retaining his own individuality, he regards his perfect wife as an entire stranger, and (worse than this) reverts to a youthful passion for the daughter of a riverside inn-keeper, a lady who (worst of all) proves to be living, quite unattractively to eyes not love-blinded, within far too easy proximity to the perfect home. Well, there you are. As I say, I shall leave you to pursue the intrigue for yourself; the delicacy and skill of its working out will abundantly reward you. Miss WEST writes strongly and with an agreeably sure instinct for the right word; her comparisons in particular are both original and trenchant. It was therefore the greater shock to find her employing that hideous and detestable vulgarism, to "swank," whose admission to any considered prose (however modern in tone) is nothing less than a betrayal of the cause of letters.

It has been said that anyone should be able to write at least one readable book—the story of his own life. When the writer is a person who has not only been successful beyond the ordinary measure in his chosen profession, but is able to bring to what is clearly an agreeable survey trained literary tastes and perceptions, the result is assured. Sir EDWARD CLARKE, in *The Story of My Life* (MURRAY), adds to these qualifications the last touch necessary, a most admirable frankness. He asks for neither praise nor blame; denies neither his exceptional gifts nor his fair and favourable opportunities; is nowise concerned to minimise defeat or to under-rate victory, but presents his history with a completeness of philosophy as marked as his freedom from the habit of philosophising. In the result he gives, however unconsciously, an impression of real British independence and solidity, more sane than brilliant, rather balanced than constructive, made lovable by a touch of obstinacy, saved by a wealth of common sense. With such a character it is perhaps no wonder that he succeeded more completely at the Bar than as a politician. It might even have been foreseen that sooner or later he was bound to separate from any stereotyped political party, and it is a tribute to his honesty (whatever the merits of the particular controversies) that on at least three notable occasions he refused to follow his leaders. Sir EDWARD CLARKE's chapters bring back memories of many famous trials, the Pengo mystery, the Baccarat case and others; but to-day, when it is not very easy to realise the possibility of concentration on matters relatively so trivial, it is the man himself, sturdy old warrior that he is, whom one cares most to meet in his pages.

It is not as a short-story writer or as a humourist that



"BOYD CABLE" chiefly excels; indeed I sometimes think his humour a little laboured. He is the constructive historian of the heroic detail of the War—detail that helps the civilian to understand, and detail that will be crowded out of any future history, and might therefore be without record if it were not for such an imaginatively truthful chronicle as *Front Lines* (MURRAY). I don't see how any direct account of a dress-rehearsal attack, of an ordinary crawling reconnaissance, of the work of a labour battalion, of gunners in a water-logged area, or of the Red Cross rank-and-file could be as actually informing as "According to Plan," "In the Mist," "A Roaring Trade," "Bring up the Guns!" and "Stretcher-bearers." You get an astonishing effect of truthfulness quite beyond the range, it seems to me, of a more artful story-teller. We owe it to our fellows out there at least to understand what they are going through, and to ourselves lest at any time we should think of the ludicrously trivial inconveniences of the war-régime on the home front as anything to grumble about. And "BOYD CABLE" gives us this understanding.

Since to shepherd a play to successful production is, even in ordinary circumstances, among the most baffling of enterprises, I have the greater admiration for the hero of *Lord John in New York* (METHUEN), whose triumph as dramatist—"when the applause forced the curtain up again and again"—was won under conditions which it is only fair to call altogether exceptional. This *Lord John* had written a detective play, or rather a novel from which somebody else had made a detective play; and on the eve of its American production he received a cable saying that one, *Roger Odell*, an all-powerful press-magnate, had sworn, for no disclosed reason, to smash the entire show. What was *Lord John* to do? Personally, being of a cautious nature, I should have abandoned New York as unpromising and despatched the play to WYNDHAM'S in the hope that *Roger Odell* and Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER might be mutually unacquainted. This, however, was not the method of *Lord John*. On the contrary, invalid as he was, he caught the earliest boat to the States, and by the end of the first chapter (mark me, the first chapter!) of his adventures there he had not only settled the play difficultly but tracked down a double murderer and united *Odell* to the girl of his heart. Chapter Two brings us to the opening night, whose brilliance was something marred by *Odell's* sister, who fainted in a box because (so far as I could gather) she had observed a gentleman in the stalls with an eye at the back of his neck. Somewhere about also were a lady in a grey mask and a child in a collapsible trunk; but do not ask me who or why, since before the end of this episode I had abandoned all hope of keeping pace with the incredible absurdities of the intrigue. Its publishers call this farrago of impossible melodrama a "typical" C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON book. In mere justice to the reputation of two clever writers I protest against the epithet.

I am beginning to be impatient with authors who write books and then apologise for publishing them. In nine cases out of ten this deprecatory tone is quite unwarrantable, and *By-Ways on Service* (CONSTABLE) is certainly not a tenth case. Very quietly and shrewdly Lieutenant HECTOR DINNING relates his experiences in the Australian Imperial Expeditionary Force, and his chapters on Egypt alone make his apology superfluous. He sees things with fresh and observing eyes, and he has a most receptive mind. From Egypt he went to Gallipoli, thence back again to Egypt, and from there to France. And all the time he was taking notice, and now he gives us his impressions straight from the shoulder. "War is *not* fun; neither is it ennobling," he writes, and his whole attitude is a protest against the fluff and flummery with which some of our writers have tried to hide its agonies. But no one can read these pages

without feeling that, although Mr. DINNING realises the horrors of war, he also is proud of the share the Australians have taken in it and will take in it until the evil is scotched. Perhaps in these hurrying days it is hopeless to expect a popular acclaim for a book so thoughtful as this, but some day it will come into its own.



Critical Butcher. "WHO EVER SAW FEATHERS ON A SKEWER?"

In the early days of the War, when the United States were being drenched with German war literature, a remarkable series of articles by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART, a special correspondent of *The Saturday Evening Post*, did much to acquaint Americans with the Allies' war efforts. At that time British officialdom regarded propaganda as bad form and was playing stolidly into German hands. It was as a novelist, however—one of that brilliant galaxy of story-tellers which has built up, chiefly through the medium of *The Saturday Evening Post*, a spirited school of American fiction—that Mrs.

RINEHART made her reputation. I wish I could go on to say that *Long Live the King* (MURRAY) fully sustains that reputation and does ample justice to the art of the creator of the inimitable *Tish*, but the fact is that what may be called the "Ruritania" novel, though it still has power to entertain, no longer offers scope for brilliant or imaginative writing. *Long Live the King* has the finished manner of the accomplished novelist, but the characters are all out of stock. Karnia is the semi-Balkan principality seething with revolution, *General Mettlich* the blood-and-iron Chancellor; and we have all the other old puppets, the unscrupulous lady-in-waiting, the necessary anarchist, the princess (heroine) and handsome young lieutenant (hero). Of course one is always young enough to enjoy this sort of story and Mrs. RINEHART tells it well, but I hope she will go back to *Tish*.

"Three later attacks tfoytpop poptpop poptp popt yopt were completely broken."—*Egyptian Gazette*.

We admire the printer's sporting effort to reproduce the effect of machine-guns.

### CHARIVARIA.

It is understood that in, order to reassure the Dual Monarchy that it is still independent, the HOHENZOLLERNS have decided not to claim the credit for the Austrian offensive.

"More and cleaner coal is required for domestic use," says the COAL-CONTROLLER. Ours, we are glad to say, arrived tolerably clean, but soon began to show the housemaid's finger-marks.

Mr. MONTAGU's statement that the operations on the North-West Frontier are to be treated as a part of the Great War has aroused considerable opposition in Peshawar, where they are asking resentfully, "Why drag in these European side-issues?"

"One notes with amazement," writes a correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "the cornflowers -- Germany's national flower -- in many florists' windows." The fact is we like to see them looking so blue.

Leading economists are pressing for reform in various places, and among the suggestions put forward is that of paying the POET LAUREATE by piece-work.

The unnaturalised German who recently told a London magistrate that he had no friends in the Home Office is being detained pending an examination into his mental condition.

During its recent trials the Madsen gun was plunged into a mud bath. The omission to plunge the gunners in too arouses the suspicion that the Higher Command were only half-hearted in the matter.

A weekly paper has an article entitled "How to Cook a Haggis." At the risk of showing our ignorance in these matters we are bound to confess that we always thought the haggis was a thing that you played, like the bagpipes.

At last the march of civilisation is making itself felt in Mexico, where in consequence of the War they have decided to take up baseball as a substitute for revolutions.

"The struggle must be fought out,"

declared the KAISER on the recent anniversary of his accession to the throne. In the meanwhile no opportunities of talking it out will be overlooked by the enemy.

The remains of a woman supposed to have lived in the Neolithic period have been discovered in Scotland. This

could get me some cats?" And the Sergeant at once directed him to a café.

The game of bowls, we are told, is extremely popular at Plymouth. We are glad to observe this and to find that the old gentlemen there are overcoming their nervousness. After all it is quite exceptional nowadays for an Armada to pop up and interrupt the game.

What is said to be a new dog has been discovered in West Australia. It is about the size of a dog, shaped like a rat and very ugly in appearance. Once more we thank heaven that we don't see such things in this country, at least not on Government ale.

Crowds besieged a dairy near Smithfield Market last week owing to the arrival of a number of cheeses from Somersetshire. We understand that the cheeses set the crowd a fine example of orderliness.

In view of the fact that they have no horses to draw the Fire Brigade engine, Goole residents are asked to provide their own. Surely if the residents provide the fire the Council should find the horses.

A magistrate stated last week that he had not the remotest idea why he was awarded the C.B.E. We understand that several burglars who have appeared before his worship say that he richly deserved it.

A Spanish Futurist painter recently acted as an hotel hall-porter for a wager, and completely took in his friends. As a Futurist painter he was never quite so successful.

We understand that Japan has not yet decided on what action she shall take in Russia, so that complete details from London gossip-writers are still welcome.

"The best of summer-time," says an Irishman, "is that it keeps early so late."

"Old-fashioned lady's green silk sunshade, to fold, 16in.; exchange for man's flannel shirt and pants."—*The Bazaar*.

If this means that the old-fashioned lady proposes to go in for war work we congratulate her on doing the thing thoroughly.



"AND HOW'S THE LEG THIS MORNING, JONES?"  
"WELL, SIR, IF ANYTHING, SIR, ABOUT THE SAME."

bears out our well known contention that woman is a very old-established sex.

A statistical writer tells us that, if a tank the size of a Dreadnought were filled with beer, London would empty

### TITLE AND HALF-TITLE PAGES.

With a view to economy of paper, the title and half-title pages of the Volume which is completed with the present issue are not being delivered with copies of *Punch* as formerly; they will however be sent free, by post, upon receipt of a request.

Those readers who have their Volumes bound at the *Punch* Office, or by other binders in the official binding-cases, will not need to apply for copies of the title and half-title pages, as these will be bound in by the *Punch* Office or supplied direct to other binders along with the cases.

such a tank every day. For that reason we understand that it will not be done.

It is remarkable how the British soldier will pick up languages. Only last week an American Corporal stopped a British Sergeant and said, "Say, Steve, can you put me wise where I can barge into a boiled shirt biscuit-juggler who

### "JUNE AND THE GENERAL STAFF."

AWAY went the representative of the Junior General Staff, over hill and dale, through ditch and hedge, climbing in and out of shell holes, heedless of barbed wire and oblivious of loose cables. Scarcely pausing to take a briar from his neck he pressed on and on, groping blindly for obstacles that were not and stumbling, kicking and squirming over obstacles that were. Soon, however, his distress became more acute, his footsteps began to flag and then suddenly, as a more violent paroxysm than usual overtook him, he sat down helplessly on a coil of wire and sneezed and sneezed—and SNEEZED!

Alas, poor Pink William! the cry of "Summer is here" brought no answering thrill in his bosom. Every year at 9 A.M. on the 1st of June (the very day when the sport of "clout-casting" begins) it started—the dreaded hay-fever—and then no longer did the brightest, gayest and pinkest of the Junior General Staff wend his way along the line with a cheery word for C.O.'s and a deprecating smile for Tommies eating things out of a tin. No longer was it a thing of joy to chase round historic localities to see if the infantry had put as much work on the ground as they had on paper. With streaming eyes and nose aglow he would wander on, maintaining some sort of direction only by an occasional opening of one saturated eye, and all the time blowing fearful blasts into his corduroy handkerchiefs, that being the only fabric capable of withstanding the terrible explosions. When Pink William threw back his head to sneeze strong men flung themselves on their faces.

So there he sat mopping his moist eyes and sniffing desperately at bottles of menthol and eucalyptus. It was a bad day, but the fault was more or less his own—he was the first to admit that. If you are careless enough to anoint a sensitive and tingling nostril with antiseptic toothpaste instead of the soothing "Nasarino," what can you expect? Yet, rolling in agony as he was, his sense of duty prevailed. Come what might he must get his reconnaissance done and be back at the Corps by 3 P.M., in order to mount guard at the telephone while his superior officer did his usual liaison work on the polo ground.

So, burying his face in his sixteenth handkerchief, he plunged boldly forward again, recklessly trampling down the double apron wire fences of reserve lines as he went. Behind him toiled Buzzy Harrison, a grim and perspiring Brigade orderly. "The offensive must

be very near now," thought Buzzy, "when the Staff gets the wind up as much as this." "Soon, soon it will be over," was all that was in Pink William's mind as he retrieved his twentieth handkerchief from the hedge into which he had sneezed it. This comforting thought brought them to a company headquarters situated in a ruin close to the reserve line.

In a croaking voice he asked if things were all right.

"Yes," said the Company Commander; "but he's been shelling us all the morning. Sends them over regularly every hour——"

Whew-bang! Whew-bang! Whew-whop!

"That's the next lot coming; the hour is just about up. Into the trench, everybody!"

Whew-bang—whew-bang—crumple! Whew-whop! Whew-whop! Over their heads, as they bolted for the trench, went the covey.

"Gas!" shouted the Company Commander, dashing along the trench. Get your helmets on, everybody! And in thirty seconds everybody had disguised himself as a truffle-hunter.

But who was that? Who was that officer there, careless of all danger, standing up in the open like Ajax defying the gas-precautions?

It was Pink William. The acrid smoke and a whiff of gas had set him off again. Gone was his gas-mask, blown into the middle distance by one mighty crashing sneeze. Careless of the consequences he turned deliberately in the direction of the enemy's gas and sneezed and sneezed—and SNEEZED.

Whew-whop, whew-whop, whew-whop! came the shells thicker than before; but nobody noticed them, for, quicker than most thoughts, down came Pink William's counter-barrage of "Atishoo, Atishoo, Atishoo-oo!"

The Hun demurred. What was the use of wasting good gas shell if it was going to be dispersed harmlessly?

Again he tried, a wicked little bunch of 77's, 4.2's, and 5.9's mixed. Pah! it seemed the merest zephyr by comparison with this human Boreas.

He stopped. With a few well-directed sneezes Pink William effectually disposed of the lingering fumes and then with the help of able and willing hands staggered into the trench, where he lay for so long without breathing that they became alarmed. Only his poor nose glowed; otherwise he showed no sign of life.

"Give him respiration drill," cried the Platoon Sergeant. "No, not 'respirator' drill, you fool."

But suddenly Pink William began to come to.

"I can't tell you how grateful we are to you, Sir, for your assistance," said the Company Commander fervently. "I do hope, Sir, you will come and see us again, and——"

"I want—want to——" began William, but, alas, he could not go on; he seemed to be sinking fast.

"Take his last words down, pore feller," groaned a little corporal, and the truffle-hunters nozzled and wagged their hideous heads sympathetically.

"I want——"

"Yes, Sir?"

"I want to—I must——"

"Yes, Sir, say it, and I'll get it down."

"I mus-er-ust——"

"Yes, Sir, what?"

"Sneeze—Atishoo—oo!" shouted William and blew the Company Commander over.

And then he felt better. The irony came when he got back and they asked him what he had seen.

### O FOR A BOOK!

"O for a book and a shady nook!"

You recollect the rhymes,  
Written how many years ago  
In placid happier times?

To-day no shady nook is ours  
With half the world at strife  
And dark ambition laying waste  
The pleasant things of life;  
But still the cry for books is heard:  
For solace of the magic word.

"O for a book," the cry goes forth,

"O for a book to read;  
To soothe us in our weariness,  
'The laggard hours to speed!'  
From countless hospitals it comes,  
Where stricken soldiers lie,  
Who gave their youth, who gave  
their strength,

Best Liberty should die.  
How small a favour to implore:  
The books we've finished with—no  
more!

A book can have a thousand lives,  
With each new reader, one;  
A book *should* have a thousand lives  
Before its course is run.  
And we few kinder things can do,  
Our gratitude to show,  
Than give the freedom of our shelves  
To those that need it so,  
Nor let them ask without avail  
The sweet beguilement of a tale.

E. V. L.

Every gift of books and magazines sent to the War Library of the British Red Cross and Order of St. John, at Surrey House, Marble Arch, London, is gratefully acknowledged and distributed among sick and wounded soldiers and sailors.



### A PITIFUL POSE.

TEUTON CROCODILE. "I DO SO FEEL FOR THE POOR BRITISH WOUNDED, I ONLY WISH WE COULD DO MORE FOR THEM."

[*"We Germans will preserve our conception of Christian duty towards the sick and wounded."*—From recent remarks of the KAISER reported by a German correspondent.]



*Company Officer (during a lull in a push). "WE DO LOOK A RAGGED LOT OF SCARECROWS, DON'T WE, SERGEANT?"*

*Sergeant. "YES, SIR. I OFTEN THINKS TO MYSELF WHAT A JOB WE'RE GOING TO HAVE GETTIN' MEN TRAINED UP TO PEACE PITCH AGAIN AFTER THE WAR."*

### THE I.S.P.B.

"That was a near thing," said a voice from the opposite corner. "Another minute and I should have been done."

I looked about me with some surprise, for I was under the impression that I was alone in the railway-carriage. At the last station a fat rural lady had just got out and had left me, so far as I could see, in solitary occupation. One does not expect remarks from an empty compartment.

"Have you over," continued the voice, "been sat upon by a lady of fourteen stone? I can't advise it; it really is a most distressing experience."

"But who—where—what—I can't see—"

"Do you mean to tell me," said the voice, "that you can't see a paper-bag when it offers to converse with you? Really the travelling public is a very stupid public. To be sure I *am* fat; ladies of fourteen stone do have that effect. I suppose I must inflate myself."

With that the paper-bag, which I now located, raised itself painfully on to its lower edge and began to scrow itself here and puff itself there till it looked for all the world like an ordinary paper-bag ready for a child to pop.

"There, that's done," said my distended friend, "and now I can talk. I daresay you'd like to know where I am going. I am due in London this morning to defend myself against a most malicious prosecution. They allege that on Tuesday of last week I actually took a man and his wife and his family of three children to the banks of the river Thames and served them with food for a picnic in the shape of five buns and the same number of bananas."

"But there's nothing wrong in that. Even Dora—"

"No," he said, "there's nothing wrong in that, but they

proceed to charge me with having left the whole family, children and all, lying about on the bank of the river, and thus destroying the amenity of the landscape and causing serious offence to certain of His Majesty's lieges."

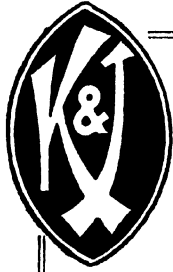
"Upon my word," I said, "this is a most extraordinary thing! I have often noticed how violently unornamental and inappropriate are the wrappings of paper left about by picnic parties, but it had never occurred to me—"

"It hadn't occurred to you, of course, that you could find a remedy by approaching the paper-bags politely and getting them on your side. Everything else was tried and still our popular resorts continued to be littered with bun-bags. As soon as I was elected President of the Illustrious Society of Paper-Bags I set to work and established a working agreement with the inspectors of picnics. Every paper-bag was made responsible for the behaviour of his party of picnickers, and especially for preventing them not only from leaving paper about but also from leaving themselves about."

"A capital idea!" I said enthusiastically; "but how comes it that you of all bags in the world should be prosecuted for a breach of these regulations?"

"Pooh!" said my friend, "that is mere envy and malice on the part of rivals who aspired to the presidency of our illustrious society. Of course they haven't a leg to stand upon"—nor for the matter of that had he. "In point of fact, on the day I was supposed to be taking out this picnic party I was confined to a cupboard with a bad cold."

But at this moment a gust of wind blew through the compartment and caught the President, and before I could stretch a hand to save him had puffed him out through the open window. And so I lost him. But his new way with picnickers seems certainly to deserve a trial.



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Decca attains  
its highest value.**

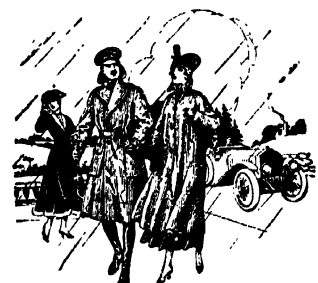
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## CAMOUFLAGED POETRY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Some people speak disrespectfully of the Northcliffe Press, but surely we poets owe that institution a deep debt of gratitude for introducing the refreshing novelty of versified foreign correspondence. In a recent issue of *The Times* there was a most interesting account of the unveiling of a memorial to an old English worthy, WILL ADAMS of Yokosuka. This account, from the Tokyo correspondent of *The Times*, was apparently written in prose, but, with a few negligible variations which I have allowed myself, it turns out to be a remarkably fine specimen of a poem written from end to end in the extraordinarily difficult "Hiawatha" metre. I append the poem in full, as it is possible that some of the readers of *The Times* may have failed to recognise it as such:—

"In a grove hard by the busy Naval port of Yokosuka, Our ambassador, Sir William Conyngnam [pray note the spelling] Greene, to-day unveiled a noble Monument to old Will Adams. There were present Baron Sufu, Sometime Governor of the province, Who was chiefly instrumental In procuring the erection Of this beautiful memorial, And a numerous assembly Of townspeople and school children. And the scene was much enlivened By a free display of bunting With the Union Jack to crown it. On the monument, of Sendai Stone, in height ten feet exactly, Is the following inscription:— 'This memorial is for Anjin, Known in England as Will Adams, Who, in the third year of Keicho, Cruised the Oriental Ocean In a small Dutch sailing vessel. Meeting with a furious tempest Anjin went adrift, but landed Safely on the coast of Bungo. Iyoyasu Tokugawa, Then residing at Osaka, Graciously received the outcast, Sending him along to Yeddo, Where a property, at present Called Anjincho Nihombashi, Was conferred upon the stranger. Iyeyasu then appointed Anjin as his chief translator And his counsellor, and ordered Him to build a foreign vessel. Later on he pleased the Shogun, Who appointed him instructor In geography and ordnance And the higher mathematics. Anjin was engaged in foreign Trade and rendered his employers Useful and distinguished service, In return for which they granted Him estates upon the uplands Overlooking Yokosuka.' Adams' memory, or 'Anjin's, Still is green throughout the district, Which the humble Kentish sailor Held as fief in former ages From the mighty Iyeyasu. When the Ceremony ended, Baron Sufu (*vide supra*) And Sir Conyngnam and others Of the company



## THE DODGERS.

*First Alien Visitor.* "HOW DID YOU GET YOUR TREASON TICKET, IRKA? YOU AIN'T A RETHIDENT."

*Second ditto.* "VELL, YOU SEE, FIRST OF ALL I ARRANGE WITH MY LANDELDY THAT I PAY THE RATEETH, AND SHE KNOCKTH A BIT OFF THE WEEKLY BILLTH TO BALANTH IT. THEN I GET THE RATE RETHIPT MADE OUT IN MY NAME, TAKE IT TO THE RAILWAY COMPANY ATH A PROOF THAT I'M A RETHIDENT, AND—THERE YOU ARE, MY BOY."

inspected All the relics of Will Adams Which are still preserved *in situ*."

I am, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours faithfully,

H. W. LONGFELLOW (SHADE OF).

## "THE CATERPILLAR'S OFFENSIVE."

As a result of collecting caterpillars as pets a number of Hitchin children have had to be medically treated for a peculiar irritating rash."—*Daily Mirror*.

It is thought that the Hitchin children may have been acting on the homopathic principle.

## A Wide Margin.

"Between 750,000,000 and 1 million 'standard suits' will be ready for sale in England this summer at prices ranging from 57/6 to 92/6."—*Balkan News*.

"The following is the observation ascribed to a Japanese among the party of 120 Japanese who left Irkutsk on the 13th inst: 'All the business shops are closed at 3 p.m. and the inhabitants are living on hot bricks.'"

*Manchuria Daily News.*

It looks as if the Russians in Siberia were making a real effort to build up their constitution.

## INSTRUMENTAL TRAGEDIES.

AN amorous youth of Athlone  
Told his love in a way all his own;  
But the medium employed  
Made his suit null and void,  
For it happened to be the trombone.

There was once an Italian named  
Niccolo  
Who played with great power on the  
piccolo;  
But his tones were so shrill  
That the neighbours fell ill,  
And he had to migrate to Co. Wicklow.

There was a persistent old baronet  
Who practised for years on the  
clarinet;  
But at his decease  
He had learned but one piece—  
"The Funeral March of a  
Marionette."

There was a young lady  
named Lola  
Who thought she could  
play the viola;  
But the sounds of her  
Strad  
Would have driven  
BACH mad  
And demoralised SAVON-  
AROLA.

There was a young native  
of Cuba  
Who devoted himself to  
the tuba;  
His tone was quite  
grand,  
But when one of a  
band  
He produced an orchestral  
Majuba.

There was an old Trinity Fellow  
Who drew horrid groans from his cello  
But his friends, though distressed,  
One and all acquiesced,  
For his port was exceedingly mellow.

There was a renowned Senior Wrangler  
Of problems a great disentangler;  
But in music his skill  
Absolutely was nil  
Except as a sort of triangler.

A rash Caledonian gent  
Played the flute on two Sundays in  
Lent;  
On the third coming round  
To his sorrow he found  
That the bore had been filled with  
cement.

"An English officer at my table was exchanging English slang for American. And was very pleased with a few got the blinkers off now," and "That's got the blinkers off no," and "What's the stuff to give them."

*Eastern Morning News.*

American slang is so obscure.

## AT THE PLAY.

## "MARMADUKE."

*Marmaduke* was the unsatisfactory son of a very dear mother; and on the day that his millionaire and absentee stepfather, *Gregory*, a bushy-eyebrowed juggernaut of a man, is expected, and great hopes are entertained of his providing the scapegrace with a job—behold there is no *Marmaduke*. But his portrait is in *The Mirror*—a lost-memory case in a London hospital. Off posts little cousin *Patricia* to retrieve him. Arrival, just in time to appease the punctual juggernaut, of a handsome urbane young man with a perfectly blank memory but a quite ready wit, who, instead of abjectly feeding out of the millionaire's hand, is rather inclined to



THE NEW GAME OF DUMMY DOUBLE.  
"Marmaduke" . . . MR. DENNIS FADIE.

pull his leg. Consternation of all but *Gregory*, the unpleasant but fundamentally good sort, who seems rather impressed by this unusual treatment.

Meanwhile "*Marmaduke*" is well content to let go his past for such a present, such a perfect dear of a mother (Miss MARY JERROLD at her most gracious and tender), such a charming cousin, such a comfortable bungalow. Yet the mother is puzzled by a quite different look in her boy's eyes, and housekeeper *Dawson* sniffs suspiciously. On the other hand *Aunt Susan* and the credulous and incompetent family doctor accept the newcomer uncritically, and only little rogue *Pat* really knows that it isn't their *Marmaduke*, but lets him stay on to save the situation till her cousin's reappearance. An excellent gambit, Mr. ERNEST DENNY!

So "*Marmaduke*," unenlightened as to the real facts, snuggles down into a very pleasant home, makes love to a not unwilling *Patricia* and suspects nothing till he finds his double, who

has made a furtive and unsteady entrance by the window, in his bed. A cleverly-contrived complication, and certainly a First and Second Act as neatly finished off as any of recent years. If the unravelling processes of the Third Act were not quite so skilfully handled—well, that's a perennial difficulty, and there was nothing in the least ignominious in the author's partial failure. I think that some judicious cuts and some swifter playing might ease the situation a little.

Did Miss MARY JERROLD as *Lady Althea Gregory* do, say or look anything but just the right thing? If so I did not notice it. A charming, delicate performance, enough to make any play. Mr. DENNIS FADIE'S "*Marmaduke*" was very attractive, and his little study of the unsatisfactory original cleverly contrasted. The ruthless millionaire was so obviously cut to Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE'S pattern that it would have been an impertinence for any other actor to have played it. Miss MARY O'FARRELL gave us a pretty study of a very charming Irish maid, and Miss HELEN ROUS as *Lady Susan* boomed explanations and protests in the background. Mr. RANDLE AYRTON put in a clever sketch of a family solicitor, and Miss MURIEL POPE most effectively disguised herself as that unpleasant basilisk, the secretary to the millionaire. An admirably cast play, received with enthusiasm. T.

## MARBLE HEART-BURNINGS.

HAVING heard that the preferential protective treatment accorded by Sir ALFRED MOND to the statue of CHARLES I. at Charing Cross had caused jealousy and reermination among certain other of London's stone and bronze adornments, a *Punch* man set forth to test the rumour. He found it painfully true: a distinct suggestion of grievance pervaded the sculptured world. All, or nearly all, the statues considered that either too much honour is being paid to the figure of a king who was found not fit to rule, or too little is being paid to them.

OLIVER CROMWELL, in the shadow of Westminster Hall, was merely saturnine.

"I offer no opinion," he said, "except that it is strange to save CHARLES STUART and be careless of me. But if I go," he added grimly, "Parliament will go too."



Barbara as the Nurse, Betty as the Baby; Eileen (a friend) as the Mother, are playing "House."  
Eileen to Jack (immersed in a book). "COME AND BE FATHER." Jack. "I WON'T UNLESS I CAN BE A WIDOWER."

Lord PALMERSTON opposite was as indignant.

"I think it monstrous," he said, "that nothing is being done for me. Not on my own account so much as on my tailor's. If I am destroyed the finest frock-coat and the most perfectly fitting trousers in the world will be lost for ever."

ROBERT BURNS, in the Embankment Gardens, was really angry.

"Why dinna they protect me?" he asked. "I'm in a verri exposit spot and I'm more than life-size. But this blathering body, MOND, cares more for kings than poetry."

Lord HOLLAND at Kensington, whose park has been largely dug up, was piteous.

"I don't suggest that I'm worth saving," he said, "but I should like to be covered in like KING CHARLES, or taken right away, as I hear KING JAMES has been from the Admiralty, because I can't bear the sight of these allotments. The motor-buses were a terrible shock and still make me tremble all over; but to be surrounded by allotments!"

Dr. JOHNSON, at the back of St. Cle-

ment Danes, was unique in his desire not only to be let alone by Sir ALFRED MOND but, if possible, to be annihilated.

"I have been," he said, "the recipient of such an accumulation of contumely and adverse criticism that I should extend a cordial welcome to any hostile missile which, while terminating my own bronze existence, left unimpaired the surrounding masonry, and in particular the sacred edifice in my dorsal vicinity and the Courts of Justice on my sinister hand."

KING CHARLES himself, who could still be communicated with, although the rampart of sand-bags about him was growing higher every minute, said that he entertained no illusions.

"This Parliament man, MOND," he said, "is not saving me because I am a King. That would be too ironical, too comic, considering all things. No, he is saving me because I am a work of art, and because that excellent carver, GRINLING GIBBONS, designed my pedestal. Unless, of course," he added as a passing newsboy called out the Newmarket winners, "it is for the sake of my steel."

"I don't think you're right, Sir,"

said Mr. Punch's representative, "because nothing is being done either with your successor, GEORGE III., on horseback in Pall Mall East, or with his son, GEORGE IV., on horseback (without stirrups), just behind you in Trafalgar Square."

"That proves verily," said KING CHARLES, "that monarchs *qui* monarchs have little claim upon your sufferance. The moral is that if statues wish to be cared for and preserved they must be fashioned by better sculptors."

But where can we find them?

"Napoleon's maxim was *La carrière ouverte aux talents*,"—*Sunday Pictorial*.

All great men have their limitations. NELSON never overcame his liability to seasickness, and the Little Corsican, apparently, never succeeded in mastering the French language.

"There is in France a deadly resolution that there shall be no surrender while there is an army on its legs."

Happily these extremities are not in view." *Daily Chronicle*.

That is one of the advantages of trench-warfare.



## DIANA.

*Matron (whose men folk have all gone to the War). "NOW WHERE WAS IT MY BILL USED TO GET HIS RABBITS FROM?"*

## TO A FRIEND IN NEED.

["People no longer come to the pawnbroker; they send for him."]

O Montagu (whose other name is Moses),  
Sovereign whose spheres of influence are three,  
Never was sunshine welcome to the roses  
As thou art welcome to the likes of me;  
Yes, even James (our butler), who supposes  
That thou'rt my stockbroker, his mien discloses  
No deference that is not due to thee.

The day has vanished when the hungry masses  
Brought thee flat-irons and father's Sunday suit;  
When all the wild oats sown by wilder asses  
Crowded thy coffers with attractive loot;  
And lo! the shadow of thine agis passes  
To the protection of the middle classes  
And keeps our countenance in good repute.

I do not know what art of divination  
Made thee aware that I had spent my all,  
And bade thee pen that brief communication,  
Saying, "Our Mr. Montagu will call";  
I only know with what profound elation  
I sped thee to the local railway station  
With our *épergne* (a wedding gift) in thrall.

Where now the furtive mien, the stealthy speering,  
The haunting of thy watch-festooned pane,  
The popping in, the sudden reappearing  
Minus the sleeve-links or the Albert chain;  
The wondering—was it just a trick of hearing  
Or had we really caught the newsboys' yelling,  
"Old bottlenose has soaked the clock again"?

All that is gone. Instead, our James with proper  
Decorum leads you to my private den;  
You choose a weed while I remove the stopper,  
Murmur, "Yes, thanks," and (subsequently) "When;"

Then, nonchalantly burnishing a topper  
Already brighter than the driven copper,  
"Ah, yes, the timepiece! Well, worth three pound  
ten!"

Of course we lie; to self-respect we owe it  
That truth in such a case shall not prevail;  
Jones's wife's pearls are "lost," while Brown (a poet)  
Has sent his fish-knives "to the Red Cross Sale,"  
And old McUsquebaugh, a man of slow wit,  
Who had nice Sheffield plate and liked to show it,  
Has "left it at the Bank"—a likely tale!

For it is thou, O Montagu (or Moses),  
Whose kindly hand alleviates our ills;  
Within whose strong-room temptingly reposes  
The wherewithal to pay our weekly bills;  
And if my piano goes—why, where it goes is  
Not the affair of folk with prying noses  
And excess profits bulging in their tills.

Perhaps they would not lie to save their faces;  
To us it seems the natural thing to do—  
To carry on and not show any traces  
Of what it costs to see the business through;  
So, while the Hun a troubled world disgraces,  
Laburnum Road will pawn its very braces  
And bless the name of Mr. Montagu. ALGOL.

"Amsterdam, Tuesday.—A Vienna telegram to the German Press, as quoted in the 'Telegraaf,' states the Austrian authorities have pointed out to the people that in view of the congress of oppressed nationalities at Rome certain events might some day happen."

*Irish Paper.*

We do not as a rule attach much importance to news from Vienna, even when it comes *via* Amsterdam, but in this case we have the fullest confidence in its correctness.



### CAPITAL ERRORS.

GERMAN EMPEROR. "GOT TO ROME YET, KARL?"

AUSTRIAN EMPEROR. "NOT YET, WILHELM. BY THE WAY, ARE YOU BY ANY CHANCE SPEAKING FROM PARIS?"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, June 17th.*—Mr. PROTHERO announced that out of three hundred soldier-applicants for small holdings no fewer than five had actually been "suited." This startling success, achieved in the space of two years, naturally stimulated inquiry as to the offer of land recently made to Irish recruits. Mr. SAMUELS, acting as understudy for the CHIEF SECRETARY, took refuge behind the time-honoured phrases, "I have nothing to add to my previous reply" and "I must ask for notice of that question." His demeanour hardly seemed to me to justify Sir EDWARD CARSON's remark, delivered in his iciest tones, "This is not a joke, you know."

Social reform in this old country does not progress at precisely lightning speed, but still it moves. Not quite three quarters of a century have elapsed since Mr. Punch published in a Christmas Number Hood's *Song of the Shirt*; and this afternoon Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS moved the Second Reading of the Trade Boards Bill, one of whose objects is to improve the condition of women engaged in the shirt-making trade, and save them from being the victims of the sweater.

It did not pass without some criticism. Mr. JAMES MASON, while friendly to its aims, feared that it would in practice encourage the growth of "the bureaucratic octopus"—not a bad description of an organism notoriously addicted to the emission of large quantities of inky fluid.

The Beans, Peas, and Pulse Bill is a measure designed to punish profiteers. The debate on it was chiefly remarkable for Mr. LOUGH's confession that he had never dealt in those commodities.

*Tuesday, June 18th.*—Mr. BALFOUR discreetly excused himself from explaining why Miss BONDFIELD, "a fraternal delegate from the Trades Union Congress," had been refused a passport to the United States while Mrs. PANKHURST had been granted one. Past master as he is of the art of delicate distinction he declined to make comparisons between one lady-traveller and another.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in moving a Vote of Credit for five hundred million pounds, mentioned with pride that there had been a slight reduction in the daily rate of expenditure since the last Vote was taken. This unique phe-

nomenon in War-finance had evidently raised his spirits, for his review of the situation was more cheerful than later speakers thought the facts warranted or than he, as he afterwards confessed, had intended to make it.

How Mr. ROCH has escaped so far



"We're saving money."

MR. BONAR LAW.

from being made an Under-Secretary I cannot imagine. His speech this evening, urging the Government to face the facts and tell them to the country, was admirable both in tone and substance, and earned the high approval of Mr. ASQUITH. The ex-PREMIER, though expressing perfect confidence in General Foch, is still a little doubtful about the necessity of putting national armies under a single command, and reminded

us that WELLINGTON and BLUECHER got on very well without it. Even though it was Waterloo Day I do not know that the House quite relished the allusion.

*Wednesday, June 19th.*—The Admiralty have decided not to publish the Zeebrugge despatches for fear of giving information to the enemy. All he knows at present is that a score and more of his torpedo-boats, submarines and other vessels have been securely locked up in the Bruges canal by British KEYS.

"Are you a Legitimist?" asked a Scottish Member when the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS declined to afford the same protection to the hero of Trafalgar that he has just given to the Martyr-King. On the contrary Sir ALFRED MOND is such a thorough-going democrat that he desires to go down to posterity as "the man who sand-bagged CHARLES THE FIRST."

Upon the Vote of Credit Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL delivered once more his now familiar lecture on administrative economy, with a few fresh illustrations. The War Office was, in his opinion, the pick of the Augean stable, and a distinguished officer who essayed the task of cleansing it was promptly despatched to Palestine. It is supposed that when he laid his recommendations before the Army Council they said, "Oh, go to Jericho!" and he went.

Even Mr. BONAR LAW admitted that he had sometimes wondered what all the people one met at the War Office were doing, but he was sure that if anything was wrong Lord MILNER would soon put it right.

A little story told by Mr. RUNCIMAN might furnish his Lordship with a useful hint. A branch-superintendent threatened to resign unless his staff was increased by fifty. His chief decided that it should be reduced by fifty instead; and the work is being ten times better done.

The Ministry of Munitions was cited as the chief offender in the matter of finance, its transactions being so large that an originally trifling error may easily run into millions. Sir WORTHINGTON EVANS admitted that mistakes might still happen "with young girls who do not know the difference between a debit and a credit."

The Peers were simultaneously engaged in examining a series of "lightning sketches" of the War Cabinet at work. Lord MIDDLETON seemed to see them, in Lord CURZON's phrase, as "half-a-dozen oligarchs, drunk with autocracy



THE RIPOSTE.

MR. MCKENNA.

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES.





*Lady from Town (taking up farm-work). "AND I'VE BROUGHT MY DOGS. I THOUGHT THEY'D BE SO GOOD FOR THE SHEEP."*  
*Farmer. "MY WORD! BUT YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN. WE DON'T FEED SHEEP ON THEM THINGS."*

and swamped with work," while Lord Curzon himself pictured them rather as a business-like Board of Directors, meeting every day, and steadily working through their *agenda*, with the assistance of the Heads of Departments.

*Thursday, June 20th.*—For several weeks it has been a popular pastime in the House of Commons to ask when the promised Home Rule Bill was to be introduced, and Mr. BONAR LAW has shown much good-humour and versatility in constructing suitably varied but invariably evasive replies. However, the game is now over, for in the House of Lords this afternoon Lord CURZON frankly admitted that the policy of running Home Rule and Conscription in double harness had been abandoned. Better things are expected from the new pair—Firm Government and Voluntary Recruiting.

In the Commons Mr. MORRELL once more raised the dingy standard of Peace-at-any-price, and Mr. SNOWDEN gave the most abject exhibition of "defeatist" tactics that the British Parliament has yet witnessed. In his view Germany is a badly-maligned country which cherishes no idea of world-domination, and whose military defeat is

equally impossible and undesirable. The only merit of his speech was to stir Mr. BALFOUR to a righteous indignation which warmed and vivified an admirable restatement of our war-aims. The Pacifists did not venture to go to a division.

Later on Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES vigorously defended the National Service Department against the attacks of Mr. McKENNA and Sir DONALD MACLEAN. If anything it was understaffed rather than over-staffed; and its responsibility was confined to seeing that men were up to the standard of fitness accordant with their age; it was the business of the War Office to take care that they were properly used. Once more we seem to be up against the lack of co-ordination—blessed word!—between two Departments of State.

"Forty matches, roughly, contain one cubic inch of timber, and assuming that the inhabitants of the United Kingdom (46,000,000) were each allotted the moderate number of three matches per day, each day's consumption would form a giant solid cube with sides measuring 2,000 feet (more than five times the height of St. Paul's)."—*Evening News*.

After endeavouring to verify this calculation the gloomy DEAN has become gloomier than ever.

#### A RATIONAL CONCLUSION.

Not long ago I viewed with much mis-giving

My form once typical of manly grace,  
 And paler grew the smile born of good living

As rose my weight at an alarming pace;

Now, as I draw my frugal war-time ration

And view a figure once more trim and svelte,

I deem the foe quite in the Teuton fashion—

Once more has vainly struck below the belt.

#### The Social Revolution.

"Parlourmaid, where three ladies are kept,"  
*Morning Post.*

"A particularly brilliant exploit stands to the credit of one of their [the French] battalions. It was surrounded and summoned to surrender. Instead it changed its direction, going south and fighting its way through with the bayonet. As soon as it was free it half-turned to the right and, moving north, drove back the enemy."—*Morning Paper*.

Who, deceived by our Allies' clever handling of the points of the compass, was expecting them in the south-west.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WE most of us know by now, and have cause to respect, Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM's childlike openness, his unabated optimism and his generous pity for the under dog. These qualities he offers us again in another volume of self-revelation, *The Quest of the Face* (MACMILLAN). But I feel that we have a right of protest against his loose method and his quite appalling discursiveness. The study which gives the book its title is extraordinarily obscure in intention; it describes, I should suppose, the writer's quest of the Christ in his fellow-man. Christ has the face of every man, and every man the face of Christ. It also is largely concerned with canvassing the opinion of the passers-by on the Christus of the Russian painter, VARNETSOV. Incidentally the author goes to a phrenologist and offers "a portrait of Christ which has no halo" for analysis. "A strong face but most unbalanced," says the phrenologist, and Mr. GRAHAM builds his comment as if the portrait he had submitted had been an authentic photograph. This is quite characteristic. The ten other short pieces have little relation to each other or to any clearly discernible centre. Indeed I am afraid Mr. GRAHAM is getting into a habit of printing all he writes and of writing rather than thinking. Is this wise? But perhaps no one but a mystic ought to read, still less pass judgment on, a mystic's work. It is testimony to the sincerity of the author that his most infuriating technique and splendid scorn of normal logic should not alienate the sympathy of even such a worldly person as myself.

Mr. JOHN L. GRIFFITHS was one of those brilliant and high-principled men with regard to whom his fellow-countrymen make a mental reservation when, as sometimes happens, they abuse politics and politicians. After a useful career in his own country he was, in 1905, appointed Consul at Liverpool, which one of his predecessors—no other, indeed, than Hawthorne—once described as "a very pleasant place to get away from." Four years later he was made American Consul-General at London, and in 1914, before the outbreak of the War, he died deeply regretted by a body of friends numerous in America and scarcely less numerous in this country. *The Greater Patriotism* (JOHN LANE) is a collection of the public addresses delivered by this most remarkable man in England and America. The cause to which he chiefly devoted himself was that of reconciliation and friendship between his own country and ours, and for this purpose he spent over and over again the magnificent gift of eloquence with which he had been so lavishly endowed. Twice did I who write these lines hear him, and on each occasion he left me amazed by the oratory he had displayed—not more sounding brass, but a fine and elevated

music with the substance of rare thought woven into it. The book contains a Memoir by his wife, who describes to us a most attractive and delightful personality.

How far into the dark backward and abysm of time those days are gone when to find in a novel or play the actual undisguised name of a Manchester street was to experience a thrill straight from the newest movement in literature. Lately, I fancy, Manchester as a setting has become slightly *démodé*; but here in *The Silver Lining* (HODDER AND STROUT) you may see Mr. HAROLD BRIGHOUSE playing the old topographical trick with apparently undiminished zest. As usual also poor Manchester, foster-mother of the Arts, comes in for nothing but blame; indeed the "Silver Lining" of the title is to be found in the fact that the War, dreadful as it is, enables the elderly hero to escape from a life blasted by overlong sojourn in that city. Before the KAISER came to his rescue, this same John Ross had made a gallant effort to fling off commercialism and recapture

his youth (we meet him as a man of forty) through the medium of art. The tale of how Ross, who was of the Beaux-Arts before he gave up Paris for Mosley Street, tried to get back over the years and paint something that would prove his ancient birthright, is the best thing in Mr. BRIGHOUSE's book. His pen-pictures of the queer little artistcoterie who lived on a hill-side in Wales and called themselves The Cave Dwellers have a fine open-air vigour which seems to desert him in the very suburban atmosphere of *John Ross's* home life and its dull intrigue. Perhaps, however, this is



Seeress. "DO YOU SEEK TO PROBE THE FUTURE OR TO LEARN OF SOME ABSENT DEAR ONE?"

Afflicted Domestic. "FOR NO, MUM. I JUST WONDERED IF YOU COULD PUT ME ON TO A CHARM TO CURE THE HICCUPS."

an intended, and only too successful, contrast; in that case it is certainly one upon which the writer rather than the reader is to be felicitated.

Whatever Mr. JOHN S. MARGERISON finds time to write about sailors I hope to find time to read, for he always delivers what are known as "the goods." *The Hungry Hundred* (PEARSON) is as captivating a yarn as any lover of sailormen can want; it is full of humanity and a rough but real humour. At the end of it the author says, "This is no faithful tale of the sea. It is a true and faithful account of the adventures of sixteen good, true, red-blooded men and of an officer who, himself human, possessed the knowledge of the correct way to handle his raw material. Hard cases, every soul." Hard cases indeed were these R.N.R. protégés of *Lieut. Murray*, and how he won their confidence is told here with a genuine knowledge of men and ships, though perhaps with too great a passion for emotional scenes. One little point puzzles me, namely, how *Lieut. Murray* managed to get Devonshire butter for his men when he landed them at Falmouth. But perhaps Mr. MARGERISON feels, as I do, that Cornwall has been too much in the public eye of late.

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### A RUNNING ACCOUNT WITH THE ENEMY.

"AND what is a 'clean' Peace?" I asked. "Is it anything like a 'clean slat'?" Of course I knew it wasn't a bit like it, but when one is interviewing somebody one has to ask these easy questions.

"People talk rather loosely about a 'clean' Peace," replied Mr. Punch. "Those who object to a boycott of German trade after the War, as implying a reservation of malice and animosity, seem to forget that in the Peace of 1871, which they would call a 'clean' Peace, the Germans demanded an indemnity which was meant to cripple France for at least a generation. It is rare enough for a 'clean' Peace to be made even with a foe that has fought cleanly, as France had fought. But when you have been fighting a dishonourable enemy you cannot treat a war like a football match where teams that have fought with the utmost fury cheer one another at the finish and there's an end of it. That, of course, is in the spirit of British sport; but it assumes the same spirit in your opponents. How are you to make a 'clean' Peace with a dirty enemy?"

"That great sportsman, Thomas Atkins, is a little too apt (all honour to him for it) to take his wars as if he were playing a friendly match. But that is not the way to win them, especially when your enemy is German and doesn't mind what rules he breaks. Some of us recognised this at a very early stage and tried to inspire in our troops a right abhorrence for such a foe. For this we were rebuked by certain good people who reminded us that we ought to love our enemies, and would have us make a distinction between the sinner, who deserved our affection, and his sin, which merited our strongest detestation. That is a distinction which is not very practicable on the battle-field. We are not simply fighting against the abstract principles of treachery and murder; we are fighting against actual traitors and murderers, and we have to see that they don't do it again. This must be the one thought in our minds on the battlefield and in the Peace conference.

"And killing is not the only way to reach this end, though it is a very good way, and though no security is possible unless the enemy has first been well beaten in the field. There is another and surer way lots of quite average people have thought of it—by which you may bring things home to an autocracy that is not greatly concerned about the sacrifice of its cannon-fodder; and that is through its pocket.

"Perhaps it is one of those ideas which are so obvious that only simple people, like myself, apprehend them, but I have always marvelled why we don't take a leaf or two out of the books of the Sibyl; why we have not said to the enemy: 'Such and such are our irreducible terms, which include the expiation of your offences by full recompense to your victims and by the bringing to justice of those in high places who are responsible for your filthy crimes. Accept these terms and, though we cannot pretend to guarantee that any decent man will want to hold inter-

course with you for a few decades, we shall take no official action to prevent him if he has a morbid fancy that way. But decline our terms and for every month that you keep us waiting you shall have a year's boycott in the markets of the Allies.' That would touch the Teuton in his tenderest spot."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "the peoples of the Allied nations will take matters into their own hands and make their own private arrangements for a graduated boycott. What about the Union of Sailors and Firemen?"

"A very hopeful instance," said Mr. Punch. "They have the right, if any men have, to choose their own way of dealing justice. These gallant fellows of the Mercantile Marine, of 'The Fleets behind the Fleet,' have had a more bitter experience of German savagery than any other body of men in these Islands. I had a talk with some of them the other day, and they struck me as a type that would not be likely to repudiate its debts. As you know, they have faithfully promised the enemy that for a term of years, capable of indefinite extension at the enemy's pleasure, they will not convey any German on their ships or any goods coming from Germany or consigned thereto. Their scheme, which has been openly advertised, announces a definite tariff for German crimes at sea—so much additional boycott for each fresh one.

"Our 'softies' may call it revenge if they like, but it is not that; it is not even reprisal in kind—an eye for an eye; it is just a salutary way of teaching an inhuman enemy, by the only method that he is capable of appreciating, that there are certain accounts which cannot be closed by the signing of any Peace; that it is impossible to have dealings with him or anything that is his until he has purged at least some of his offence. As for the duration of this lesson, that lies entirely within his own choice. He knows the tariff, and he can have as much lesson as he wants.

"It doesn't worry me in the least to be told that such action on the part of HAVELOCK WILSON and his Union, as being in the nature of a conspiracy against trade, may not be smiled upon by the authorities. I should be sorry for the Government that attempted to put down this sort of strike. Indeed, if we may judge by the quick response of French sailors to the appeal of their British comrades to join hands with them in this matter, it begins to look like being the first practical item in the programme of a League of Nations.

"I was greatly impressed by the quiet resolution of these men of our Merchant Service. Their purpose is irrevocably fixed; and their language on the subject was characterised by the extreme of candour. But they think more than they talk, as is the way with men who go down to the sea in ships; and these have faced worse perils than ever the cruellest sea devised.

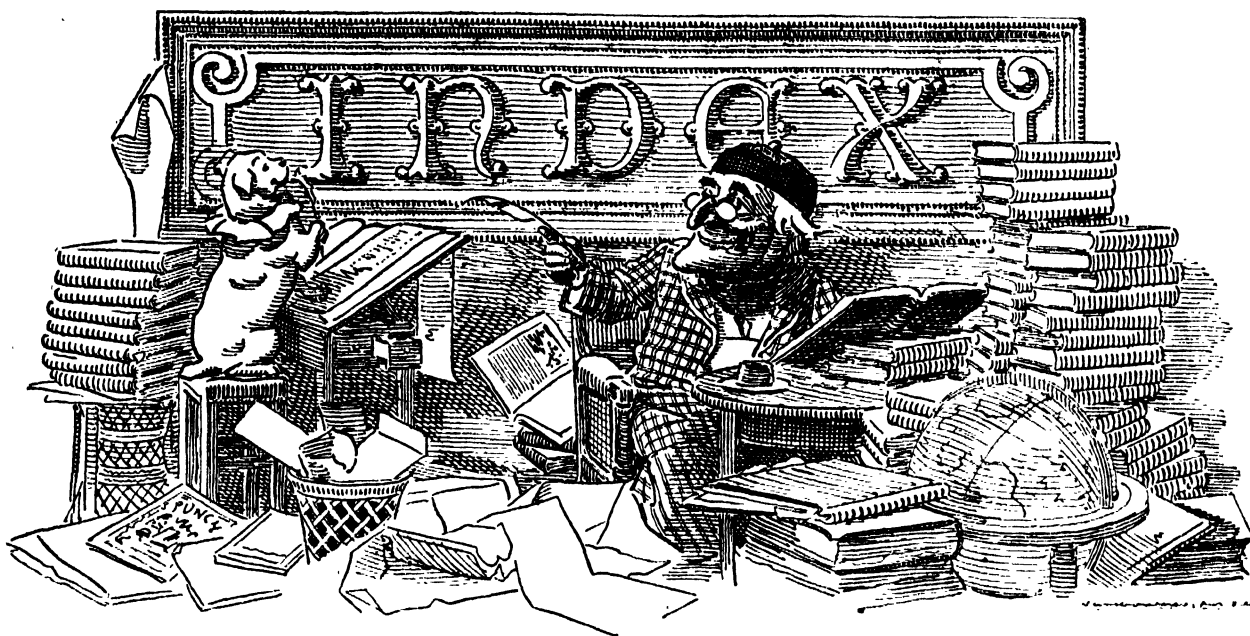
"I hope, if they will let me, to visit them again, for it is a rare thing in these days to talk with men who know their minds. And next time I shall ask leave to present them with a small personal tribute of my unbounded respect and admiration. It will take the form of—"

"Stay, I can guess," I interrupted. "I have long suspected that you have been utilizing this interview for your own ends. You have, in fact, been rehearsing a *Punch* Epilogue; and now you have reached the hallowed climax where you present to a receptive audience your latest half-yearly volume."

"I congratulate you," replied the Sage, "on your penetrating observation of my methods. You have indeed rightly surmised that I propose to present these brave seamen with my

## One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Volume."





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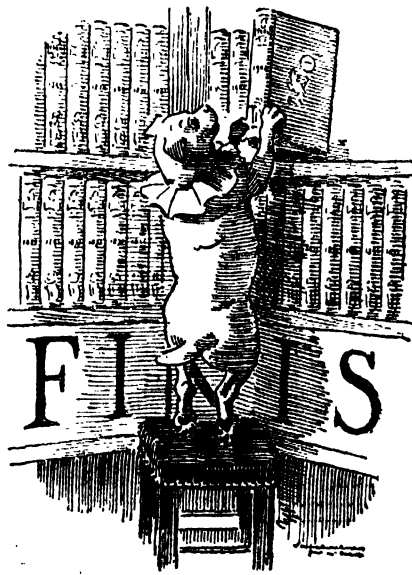


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Dale plunged once more into the muddy darkness with his optimism and his little black bag.

The battery headquarters of the West Midlands was in the pangs of labour. It was Saturday night and it had been a busy week. Chapman had murdered Huns in scores, but he'd taken no notice of the heap of correspondence that had accumulated. Threats of prosecution had left him unmoved, and it was only the Staff Captain's tearful references to his starving wives and children that had touched him. Behold him now in his shirtsleeves adding up figures and filling up forms out of his own head like a bookmaker's clerk at Hurst Park on a Bank Holiday.

Enter figure bearing bag. It is muddy and wet, but the gleam in the undefeated eye proves it to be Dale, my dear Watson.

"This is not the public bar," said Chapman, who was a coarse irreverent person. "What is it, tea or insurance policies?"

"I have hero a scheme——" began Dale.

"No good, old chap. I'm awful busy, and they're going to send me home if I don't get all these sums done by to-night. If it's gunnery you're on, see Maguire at the right section. He's been doing it for years and years and years, ever since there was a war, and he's very keen. Goes over at night and hits his duds with a hammer to make 'em go off. He'll follow you about like a fox-terrier after a bit of liver if you've got anything new."

The reel ends with Dale once more trudging through the darkness towards better things.

Unluckily for Dale, Maguire was at the O.P., and the captain of the battery had been fetched away from his horses to look after the section. It was dead dull, but by mixing together a little from every bottle on the shelf and setting fire to the result he made a passable cocktail, and tidied over the bad patches with the aid of the gramophone.

During the evening in walked the weirdest object he'd ever seen. It was covered with mud, and it opened a little black bag full of waste-paper and wire that had come from a dustbin, and began to talk. It *did* talk, and the Captain couldn't understand a word. He kept the bayonet handy that they used for a poker in case it was a German or a civilian visitor to the Front. At last he led it out to the guns. Just at that moment one of the guns fired; some of the mud on the figure cracked and came off, and he recognised it for an officer. Then it



The man who is tired of Flag Days (employing useful formula). "NO. I MAKE A POINT OF BUYING THEM OFF THE PLAIN GIRL. THEY CAN'T GET RID OF 'EM SO QUICKLY."

began to dawn on him that it hadn't come to tune the piano, but that it was talking about Geometry. He stinted and said, "Maguire is it you want? Keep straight up the road, turn to the right at the first trench, and you'll find him in Dog's Nose Villa. Hurry, in case he hears you coming and commits suicide."

And on, ever on, went the pilgrim.

The elusive Maguire was chatting to some pessimistic infantrymen when the pioneer of efficiency arrived, so the latter poured all his ideas into the ear of the telephonist. The telephonist had once been doorkeeper to an editor and force of habit stepped in.

Yes, Sir. Keep straight on till you got to the front line. Take the first opening in front of you, crawl under

the wire across by the shell holes and go straight forward. Never mind the bullets. It's only the fellows clearing out their rifles. Drop into the next trench you come to and ask again."

Mayho the Herr Oberleutnant in Wilhelm trench got rid of Dale and he's still wandering on; but his memory lives with certain stern soldiers to this day.

#### Our Tactful Advertisers.

"A well-educated Girl, under 45, to act as equal in companionship to elderly widow lady."—*Yorkshire Post*.

"To the vindication of this principle, the people of the United States are ready to devote their lives, their honor, and every thing that they possess."—*L'Intransigeant (Paris)*.

Nothing is said about their heart, but we're sure it's in the right place.

## THE OSTRICH AND THE PASTRYCOOK.

"[Successful experiments have been made in this country for the use in confectionery of liquid ostrich eggs."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

THE ostrich is a curious fowl,  
Unlike the peacock or the owl;  
He runs with a prodigious speed,  
Out-stripping barbs of Arab breed.

His appetite is catholic,  
For, if you heave at him a brick,  
A bottle, or a nail or shoe,  
He swallows and digests 'em too.

The ostrich is robust and tall  
And active, but his brain is small;  
His way of playing hide-and-seek  
Is quite pathetic, though unique.

He is not, simply viewed as meat,  
Particularly good to eat;  
But yearly plucked and curled and sold  
His feathers fetch their weight in gold.

So much I knew before the War  
Of ostriches and ostrich lore,  
But only learned a week ago  
Of other boons which they bestow.

For now confectioners, a clan  
Who comfort much-enduring man,  
Have enterprisingly bestirred  
Themselves to utilise this bird,

And from its large and liquid eggs,  
Hermetically sealed in kegs,  
They draw profuse materials, which  
In proteids are extremely rich.

Then let us hail with joyful tunes  
The ostrich for its latest boons,  
Including, though their products vary,  
The emu and the cassowary.

"Mr. —, having come of military age, has resigned the position of organist, and earned the thanks and goodwill of the congregation."  
*Parish Magazine.*

Still we think the news might have  
been more tactfully conveyed.

"Another was wounded with an armour-piercing pullit designed for tanks."  
*Provincial Paper.*

It must have been of the same family  
as the bird that was served to us the  
other night at the ——— Restaurant.

"Guard Airth, seeing that the collision was inevitable, jumped out of his van a few moments before it was reduced to matchwood, and now lies on the bank a mere splash of twisted iron and wood splinters."  
*Natal Witness.*

From the context the van appears to have been standing at a platform, and we are happy to be able to report that GUARD AIRTH is completely whole and shows no signs of his terrible experience.

## THE CRUMPET HOUND.

To my humble and incurious ear has come the first faint whisper of a new Army sensation. Officialdom and bureaucracy have once more attempted to legislate for the human heart. It seems that there are those in high places who suppose that mere plenitude of braid and badges may fit a mortal man to sit in judgment upon another's dog.

From a horrified dépôt in France one Cooperthwaite, a man universally honoured by dogs gentle and simple, writes to me with a fountain pen that splutters from sheer bewilderment.

"Read this," he writes, "which was circulated a week ago by our new commandant, and never ask again why the War takes so long to win:—

"All Officers desirous of keeping a dog will please parade their dogs at this office at 9 A.M. to-morrow, so that the C.O. may decide."

"How and what did the C.O. propose to decide?" asks Cooperthwaite rhetorically, well aware of my inability to answer. "Were he a connoisseur I should see in this order a dark design, and keep my invaluable Behemoth strictly under my eye till the C.O. had a dog of his own. But he is not. Never a dog in the dépôt follows any pattern familiar to him. He is perhaps knowledgeable concerning standard dogs, dogs of family, conventional types varying conventionally, such as terrier, fox, Mark I and Mark II, but has his chill heart room for that unique and companionable scallywag, that sport (in the biological as in the popular sense), the Active Service Dog of whom the Kennel Club takes no cognisance?"

"We know him and his qualities, his discrimination, his camaraderie, his Mark Tapleyism, but upon his origins who will theorise? Who dare legislate regarding points which will never be repeated? Seldom indeed are his beauties physical. The frank and unembarrassed soul that laughs through the brown windows of his eyes owes its happiness to no pride of pedigree. He is not a prize-winner; he is a philosopher. 'And the O.C. would decide!' Is he a seer to read the hearts of dogs and men, and comprehend the basis of their love? How could his young experience enable him to judge the suitability of my Behemoth as a companion for me—Behemoth, who met me at Levantio and kneyed a kindred soul? Or to appreciate Macpherson's shapeless Susan, who threw in her lot with him at Kennel? Or Russell's Pongo, faultless rather and devoted friend, though of preposterously ungraceful presence? Such as these we vowed

we would parade for no man. For that matter, were it not presumptuous to boast that we 'kept' such creatures as these? They share the vicissitudes of life and rations with us, but we do not and could not 'keep' them. Did they wish to do so they could leave us to-morrow as they came, vanishing into the unknown whence, smiling and with agitated sterns, they came to us.

"We held a little meeting and decided upon a course of action. Each officer paraded a dog, but the same dog, the Sergeant-Major's indescribable Heinz, so-called because his appearance suggests at least '57 varieties' in pedigree. He is like—but he is like nothing you have ever seen; and is more intelligent, far more, than any creature who dissipates his thought in speech.

"The C.O. was caustic when Heinz was shown into his office for the first time, but when he had seen him seven times it was plain that he recognised the peril of condemning over-hastily a strain so consistent in its ugliness. 'What do you call these dogs?' he asked Huggins, Heinz's seventh introducer. 'Not dogs, please, Sir,' said Huggins, shocked; 'hounds. Crumpet hounds. The Flemish keep them to watch their crumpets toasting, and bark when they are brown. I call mine Alfred.'

"When he had inspected Heinz nine times the C.O. grew weary. 'I won't see any more to-day,' he said; 'some morning next week we'll have the pack out and make toast for the dépôt.'

"We still await that parade, George. Meanwhile we begin to like the new Commandant, who has struck up a close friendship with an animal I can only describe as a Skye-Fox-Poodle, and not one of us has lost his dog."

## MY CHERRY-TREE.

The blossom of my cherry-tree  
Was an enchanting sight to see  
(When you could tell it from the snow);

Along this row  
No other house had such a show;  
The birds would come and chirp for hours  
About the dietetic promise of those flowers.

But yesterday I went to see  
The produce of my cherry-tree;  
The harvest seemed to be just one,  
And not much fun

In that, for it was underdone.  
A blackbird pinched that green ewe-lamb  
And now regrets it in his little diaphragm.

## "Coals to Newcastle."

"Mr. Lloyd George received a great oration from the company."—*North Wales Pioneer*.

THE DREAM OF THE MAN OF FORTY-FIVE.



HAVING TILLED THE SOIL FROM FIVE TO SEVEN EVERY MORNING,



CARRIED ON AT HIS OFFICE ALL DAY WITH A STAFF OF THREE INSTEAD OF THIRTY,



AND FULFILLED HIS DUTY AS A CITIZEN AT NIGHT,



HE IS PASSED INTO THE ARMY FOR "LIGHT GARRISON DUTY AT HOME."



*Annoyed Patriot.* "WELL, HOW CAN YOU EXPECT ME TO KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT HAYMAKING AS YOU FELLOWS WHO'RE AT IT ALL THE YEAR ROUND?"

#### IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

"I SEE," said the City man, "that someone has invented an instrument for cutting coupons. That seems to me a perversion of brain-power. What can be easier or simpler than cutting coupons with a pair of nail-scissors?"

"Or tearing them off?" someone said.

"Yes, or tearing them off. Still, here it is, in black and white. 'A handy instrument for cutting coupons.' Now that may supply a long-felt want, or it may not, and personally I deplore it, because it suggests that the War is going on for ever; but," the City man continued, "there is, as a matter of fact, one invention that really is needed."

He paused so long that one of us simply had to say, "What is that?"

"A clip," said the City man, "to be clamped on to telephones to hold the ear-piece so that, while a message is being waited for, one can go on writing or reading letters. As it is you have only one hand free instead of two. I am continually ringing up people who have to be fetched to the telephone from distant parts of their offices, and all the time I am waiting for them is lost, just because I have only one hand free."

"There are gadgets for the purpose," someone said.

"Anyhow, what I want is merely a

piece of bent iron that can be fixed to any telephone, with a cradle for the ear-piece. Surely that shouldn't cost more than half-a-crown. Why, I'd finance the thing myself."

"Is there any invention you want?" the City man suddenly asked, turning to his neighbour.

"Most decidedly not," he replied. "All inventions are detestable to me. But I can't think," he continued wistfully, "why those memory mind-training people have chosen just this time for appealing to the public. I've no doubt it's a splendid system in fact, after reading all the literary swells on its merits, I'm sure it is—but why now? why now?"

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "these are times when one wants not to learn how to remember but to learn how to forget. I'm always recalling things that I would give anything to leave in oblivion; chiefly the old happy days before the War—the days that can never come again. The backward look was always melancholy, but before the War one could make some effort to repeat old joys. Now one can't. Take cricket, for example. I went to see that match at Lord's the other day, but what was the use of it? It was all wrong. It wasn't cricket; it was a memorial service in honour of a game long since dead. It

made me perfectly miserable, whereas, if I had taken a course of honest memory-destroyer, I should have been perfectly serene. I should have come to it fresh. And that's not all," he went on. "There are discreditable passages in one's own life that one wants to forget. Isn't that so?"

"Speak for yourself," we said. "I do," he replied. "Well, one couldn't forget them, before, and one will forget them even less if one goes in for the sinewy mind-training course. Now why doesn't someone start a Nirvana System or a Nepenthe System, or a Lethe System, or whatever you scholarly fellows may call it, and give some of us a chance to be a little at peace with ourselves?"

"What about alcohol?" someone suggested. "Don't you remember HENLEY's line:—

"Let us be dumb and for a while forget?"

"That's no good," he said testily. "Only millionaires can be drunk now on wine; or, on spirits, only men with an unlimited capacity for absorption, the stuff's so weak. No, it's mind-training I want, not body-drenching. I want a system that undertakes to make me forget what I don't want to remember."

#### Deadly Humour at the Front.

"Our anti-tank guns knocked out the enemy's tanks at point blank range."—*Daily Paper.*



## THE PAN-GERMAN MOLOCH.

KAISER (*regarding the latest sacrifice*). "POOR OLD KUEHLMANN!—NEXT, PLEASE!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, July 8th.*—The popular recipe for winning the War is to intern such enemy aliens as still retain a certain measure of restricted freedom. It found an enthusiastic exponent in Lord BERESFORD and a vociferous critic in Lord BUCKMASTER, who refused to be a party to interning everybody who had a name which was difficult to pronounce—a rule which would press hardly, by the way, upon the holders of some undoubtedly British patronymics, such as Sir HENRY DALZIEL, the fugleman of the alien-hunters in the Commons.

Originally elected for seven years, the present Parliament promptly reduced its statutory term by two years. Mr. ASQUITH, a little hyperbolically, described this as "an act of rare self-sacrifice." However, the War prevented the sacrifice from being consummated and Parliament has since on five occasions lengthened its own existence until with the extension approved to-day it bids fair to last on into its eighth year. But though no direct opposition was offered there was a general sentiment running through the speeches that this must be "the last time, Com, my boy," and that the new voters must soon have a chance of electing a new House of Commons—a prospect which Mr. PONSONBY, of all people, appeared to welcome. Now that is self-sacrifice.

*Tuesday, July 9th.*—You remember the story of the over-insured shopkeeper who, to the congratulations of a friend on "his beautiful fire last Tuesday," replied, "Not last Tuesday, you fool; next Tuesday!" It came into my mind when Mr. HOGGE, *à propos* of a question put by Mr. PRINGLE, began to recite in impressive tones an obviously prepared "supplementary." He was pulled up by his confederate's agonized whisper, "Not this question, you—!" [I failed to catch the term of endearment employed], and the ensuing laughter. Most men would have kept quiet after that; but Mr. HOGGE, nothing if not pachydermatous, repeated his "supplementary" after Mr. PRINGLE's next question.

Lord ROBERT CECIL had quite a pleasant afternoon. Upon Mr. KING's expressing anxiety lest the reticence of the Foreign Office should cause it to be unjustly blamed for the mistakes of

other departments he gratefully replied, "I am sure if my department is blamed it is blamed unjustly." Next he pooh-poohed the same hon. Member's apprehensions regarding the public utterances of some British emissaries to America, and assured him that "more harm is

obtained by the exercise of the right of search at sea, we should have been at so much pains to inform the Netherlands Government that the arrangement was not to be taken as forming a precedent. A good many Members looked askance at the Maternity and Child Welfare Bill

on the ground that it might prejudice the proposal for a Ministry of Health, on which they have set their hearts. Mr. HAYES FISHER had to use a good deal of tact to get it through Committee. If it were "a shabby little Bill," as someone had called it, it would, at any rate, he said, comfort a good many "shabby little" mothers.

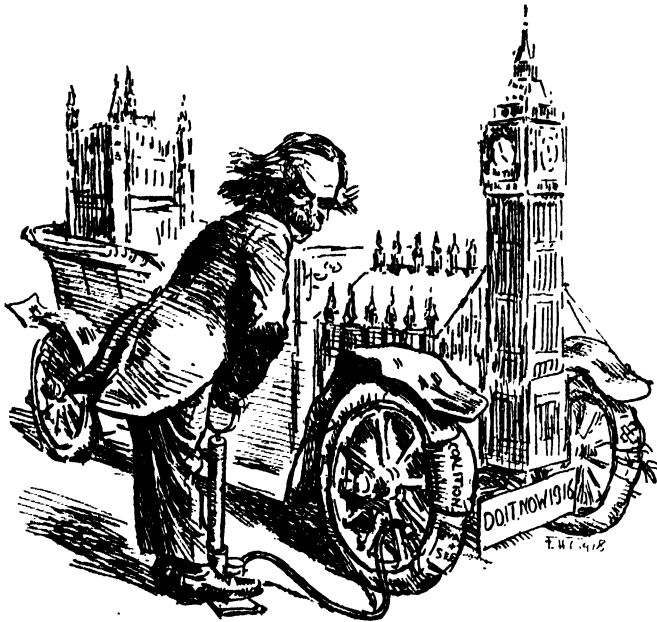
*Wednesday, July 10th.*—If the present House of Commons could bind its successors we might hope that pensions would be permanently divorced from party politics. The American system, of which Sir MONTAGUE BARLOW gave some racy illustrations, might add to the gaiety of the nation but would certainly corrupt its honesty. Mr. HOGGE, who knows a good deal about pensions and politicians, was convinced that, whatever the House

might decide, candidates would not resist the temptation to bid against one another for the pensioners' vote.

Incidentally the debate revealed the fact that, when the Pensions Ministry was formed, its now pertinacious critic asked for or was offered—on this point he and Mr. BONAR LAW contradicted one another flatly—the post of its Under-Secretary. Whether the hon. Member refused to sacrifice his independence or whether the Pensions Minister declined to work *tali aurilio*—again the authorities differ—Mr. HOGGE must be regarded as a Stickit Minister, and all allowances made for him.

The rest of the evening was taken up with an attack on the National Shipyards, which so far have cost several millions of money without producing a single vessel. But if the House expected to see another *volte-face* on the part of another GEDDES it was disappointed. Brother ERIC was as stiff as Brother AUCKLAND (in the matter of Grades) had been pliant, and, declaring that the project had the support of Lord PIRRIE (who sat in the Peers' Gallery), announced his determination to see it through to the end.

*Thursday, July 11th.*—The *Cumann-na-mBan*, one of the Irish associations recently "proclaimed," is, according to Mr. KING, a harmless body composed of



Mr. Lloyd George (pumping up his second-hand 1916 Westminster) I HOPE THE OLD 'BUS IS GOOD FOR ANOTHER SIX MONTHS."

done by certain speeches and questions in this House."

Finally, he explained the much-canvassed concessions to the Dutch convoy in a manner which seemed to satisfy most of the critics; though it was not quite easy to understand why, if the conditions agreed upon gave us more substantial security than we could have



MR. HOGGE TAKES OFF TOO SOON.



women, and its political activities have been confined to resisting compulsory military service. By way of achieving their peaceful object they seem to have gone in largely for drilling and rifle-shooting. It seems a pity that all this energy should be wasted. If Irishmen still hang back from the colours why not reconstitute the *Cumann-na-mBan* as a corps of Irish Amazons?

The Board of Agriculture was invited by Sir JOHN SPEAR to do something or other to save the crops from "the continued drought." As the rain was at that moment coming down in torrents the appropriate reply would have been the remark attributed to the Scotch minister in similar circumstance: "O Lord, this is fair ridecelous!" But Sir R. WINFREY missed his chance and stuck to his official brief.

## APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

### II.

I HAVE told you once before  
How Augustus (surnamed Gore)  
Practically won the War.

Now if you will listen well  
I will try my best to tell  
How Augustus in a fit  
Of abstraction finished it;  
How, when the persistent Bosch  
Wouldn't budge, the wily Focn,  
Sending straight to Oxford's attics,  
Dragged him from his mathematics.

The result, as you may guess,  
Was a most complete success.  
Brave Augustus boldly ran,  
Dealing death with cot. and tan.  
Straight through all the Hun's de-  
fences,

Lines and lines and lines of trenches,  
Till he noticed Kaiser BILL  
Standing on a little hill.

Possibly Augustus may  
Have been overwrought that day;  
Dusty wore his riding breeches  
And his cap was crooked, which is  
Hardly what you'd call correct,  
Nor what Emperors expect.  
It has even been disputed  
Whether Mr. Gore saluted.

Then the KAISER in a pet  
(For on points of etiquette  
He is quite absurdly wise),  
Glaring angrily at Gussie,  
Cried profanely, "Peace, be still! I am  
The All-Highest War-Lord WILLIAM!"  
It had certainly been wiser  
If the mild and saintly KAISER  
Had resolved at once to go;  
But he lost his chance and so  
Fell, 'midst torrents of abuse,  
Base over hypotenuse,  
And of further life gave no sign—  
Gore had pinked him with a cosine.



*Skipper of Tug (to careless hand). "Ho! SO YOU'VE CAUGHT THE BLINKIN' CAMMY-FLARGE 'ABIT, 'AVE YER?"*

Does he bear a Marshal's baton?  
May he swagger with his hat on  
Where all other knees are bowed?  
No, Augustus is not proud.  
Shunning all the fame he'd earned  
Back to Oxford he returned.  
If you go there any night  
You will find him sitting tight  
In the dingiest of attics  
Rubbing up his mathematics.

### Our Plutocratic Press.

"HUNS STEAL £4,000,000,"  
FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."  
*Daily Mail.*

"Mr. Bettsworth Piggott, presiding at the sitting of the House of Commons Tribunal, said they must congratulate Sir D. Maclean on the outcome of his conference with the head of the National Service Department regarding the grading of aldermen."

*Evening Paper.*

Has the N.S.D. been "combing out" the Corporations? We thought the FOOD-CONTROLLER attended to that.

"Just think what that means—athetheth." Sir ERIC GEDDES as reported in a *Daily Paper*. After deep thought we have come to the conclusion that it must mean just what it says.

"ASSISTANT BOOKKEEPER.—Discharged soldier wanted in above position; must be good at 'tots.'"—*Liverpool Echo*.

Judging by the popularity of the rum ration in the trenches we imagine that there will be no lack of applicants.

Extract from a vote of thanks to a South African Bishop:—

"In terse and epigrammatic and meticulously chosen phrase, you have divined and discerned, defined, disparted and directed our debates, free from all cryptical episcopal reserve; with discreet and deliberate detachment you have adjusted the delicate diversity of differences in discussion, and divested difficult but dutiful deliberations of all tendency to acerbity."—*Diocesan Magazine*.

"Well, I'm d'd!" as the flattered Prelate was tempted to remark.



## FABULOUS FRIENDS.

I MET Prince Charming on the winding white chalk road that led from the railway-station. He was really and truly Prince Charming, though he was disguised as a subaltern home on leave from the Front; but even had I doubted I should have been reassured by the bow with which he at first met my greeting, a bow that was straight from the old book of French fairy tales in the dimmest corner of the schoolroom book-shelf. Then he remembered our actual setting and saluted in the ordinary way. Next, he offered me a cigarette, and we sat down on a green hump to renew our old acquaintance.

"Is this your first leave?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I have had two leaves in France and one in England before this. Last time I came to see Cinderella—she's a temporary mortal too—in her boot and shoe shop. She was losing custom so badly—wouldn't fit her glass slipper on all customers first, by way of taking a measure, and those it didn't fit didn't like it. She encouraged rats and mice too, on the ground that they were old friends; and they were simply eating up the shop. I got her to take Puss-in-Boots into partnership, which settled the rats and mice, and made the whole business look up. She's keeping it on for a man out there, you see, so it wasn't fair to let it all slip away."

Are you going to see this time?"

"No, I have another job on hand. Sleeping Beauty this time. She's in a V.A.D. hospital near here, and of course the matron must needs put her on night duty. She's had a bad relapse into that old somnolence of hers, and they can't wake her. Not only that, but a hodge of briar roses is growing up round the place. No, they've not tried the only remedy, and anyway it would require a Prince. I'm going to shock the matron, I fear, but another nurse has fallen asleep and it's plainly spreading. The little bird told me just as I was coming on leave."

"There are others of you here, I suppose?"

"An incredible number. The Wise Men of Gotham are in the Cabinet; and the W.A.A.C.s and the W.R.E.N.'s and the V.A.D.'s include quite a lot of step-daughters. And the nursery-rhyme

folk have come too. Why, Jack is busy building Army huts, and the Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe is a local Food Controller—oh, with a very modified edition of her disciplinarian diet. Then Boy Blue, he's in Germany, disguised as a German woman on the land—his own idea. Bo-Peep's with him. They've lost I don't know how many sheep and cows and devastated acres of corn. Some of the nursery-rhymers are on the land here too; the pretty Milking-Maid, and Baby Bunting's father supplying the London markets with rabbits, and Contrary Mary—poor Mary, it took her such a long time to learn that silver bells and cockle shells are no use during a food shortage; but she learnt, like everybody else, and now I hear her potatoes

to keep the rats down in the front line. He's our mascot, of course."

"You're looking very well."

"Oh, I'm absolutely in the pink. I'm in Jack the Giant-killer's battalion, and he's the best C.O. in the world, and we're all third sons and such like. The worst of it is that it's the Grimm people who are in the line just opposite us. I'm sorry for them, but it's their look-out."

Then I asked that silly question: "When do you think the War will end? What about peace?"

Whereupon he sat up laughing and said, "We must get on now or I shan't find Sleeping Beauty this evening. Peace? Why, once upon a time, of course, once upon a time; there's no doubt about that. Oh, what a perfect place, and what an evening! Aren't you happy? Doesn't the grass smell good?"

We walked on, he smiling and chatting elusively, looking about him, taking deep breaths of the plain air, till we came to the cross-roads where our ways parted.

"You fairy people are optimists," I remarked as I held his hand to say good-bye; "but perhaps it's different for you; I mean, have any of you died in the War?"

"Yes, some of us; but it wasn't really death, because we live happy ever after." He grew grave and then added, "But we are not different from you in

that, please don't believe it. . . . Do you really suppose that a mortal who dies for his country fares harder than we do? Never believe it. Remember it is as I said; they live happy ever after."

He went striding off down the hill, turning for a final salute and to call back the fairy benison of "Good Luck." Then the curve hid him from sight.

## More Bigamy?

"Lady young, husband serving, desires another share very comfortable home."

The Lady.

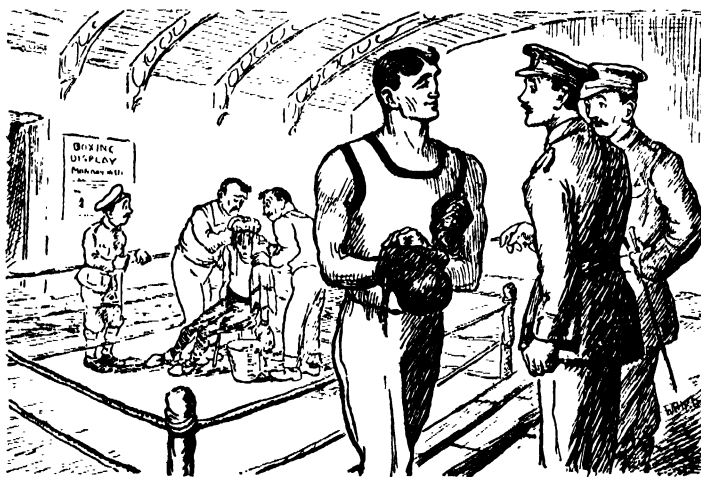
"Gas Stoker (shovel) wanted for 8 million works in North of England; willing to make himself generally useful."

Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

But what about "one man one job"?

"Garden horse (indiarubber), best British make, 60 ft."—*Scotsman*.

We still prefer the stable horse (flesh and bone), not more than about six or eight feet long.



AFTER THE TRIAL.

"WELL, INSTRUCTOR, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF CORPORAL BROWN?"

"HE SEEMS A NICE UNASSUMING YOUNG FELLER, SIR."

are famous. And the animals. Black Sheep presents his wool regularly to several depôts, and has dyed himself khaki, so as to be in the colour of the movement, and last air-raid—But are you sure you're not bored by all this?"

"Certain. I love it; do go on. Last air-raid?"

"Well, last air-raid didn't you see the Cow Jumping Over the Moon? It was better than tons of shrapnel: they turned tail and collided right and left, trying to get away; they got jammed in the air and were suffocated—panic, you know. The Cow was made a Dame of the British Empire for it."

"Talking of Dames, what about Mother Hubbard?"

"Cooking at a Y.M.C.A. canteen out there. She always was a wonderful manager if she could get the stuff, and her grilled bones and her special way of doing up tripe have made her very popular. The old dear lent us her dog

## CHARIVARIA.

INTENDING organisers of Siberian republics are notified that all the seats of Government are occupied, though there is still a little standing-room in the Urals.

The police have issued a warning against forged Treasury notes. The spurious notes are said to be a very good imitation of the real thing, and this of course makes the offence more serious.

The Germans now complain that General FOCH not only took over the French and British armies, but in his absent-minded way has recently started taking over a good part of the German army.

A letter that has just been delivered at Croydon was posted in the West End in November, 1911, and bore a penny stamp. It is really remarkable what people have done to avoid the new postal rates.

"Unless those who have had charge of it (the winding up of the German Banks) have egregiously blundered," says *The Daily Mail*, "Mr. Brougham ought to find that much of the undermining of these favoured edifices has been demolished." It will simply be a case of pulling the hole from under them and down they will come.

It is now stated that the illuminated address presented to Mr. DE VALERA by the East Clare Sinn Fein executive is not his present one.

A Berlin telegram reports that Count HERTLING is ill. The KAISER has not yet definitely decided what exactly is the nature of the complaint.

Nine previous convictions were proved against a Liverpool dairywoman charged with selling milk containing 9 per cent. of water. All the best teetotalers will tell you how hard it is to break off the water habit.

The manufacture of twin-sister brick loaves is now forbidden. We had noticed the relationship, but never realised it was as close as that.

Burglars recently broke into a Notting Hill residence and made off with

two hundred pounds' worth of plate. To their everlasting credit let it be said that their sense of humanity was not wholly warped. They left behind them a box of matches.

A New York banker under arrest is said to have written several dramas and much poetry. It is not known how many other counts there are to the indictment.

A technical journal declares that there is a great shortage of timber in this country. If we may revive an old jest, we would ask, what are the heads of our Government departments doing?

A professor attached to the technical staff of KRUPPS claims to have dis-

delighted with the neighbourhood that he contemplates settling down there.

"Mr. HOOVER's speech," says *The Irish Times*, "adds the Tekel to General FOCH's Mene on the walls of the Imperial Palace at Potsdam." We are reminded of the KAISER's favourite song, "Stop your Tekelin', Foch."

A man who was found skulking in the Lobby of the House of Commons is being held pending further investigation. When questioned he was unable to state what Ministerial position he held.

"Farmers must alter their attitude towards the pig," said an officer of the Ministry of Food recently. Not quite so supercilious, please.



Victim. "I wonder you don't use a safety-razor."  
Barber. "PARDON ME, SIR, ARE YOU ONE OF THESE 'ERE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS?"

covered a new explosive one hundred times more powerful than any yet used. Germany, it seems, intends to have peace even if she has to blow up the rest of the earth to get at it.

When charging a prisoner with stealing, a police officer stated that the man had one article of food which had not yet been identified, and they had no idea what it was. Can it have been a piece of cheese?

"It is a remarkable thing," says a contemporary, "that last year there were 2,678,000 births in the United States." It is all the more remarkable when we remember that it was in each case a first experience on the part of the person born.

Much has been written about the recuperative qualities of the air at Thanet. Only last week we heard of an old gentleman aged 104 who was so

"The opera contains a difficult coloratura part, which was taken by Miss —, whose high notes have won her many admirers in 'The Magic Flute.'"

*Evening Paper.*

"Magic" is not the epithet we apply to this disease.

"Disabled or dischgd. soldier, hyng. own work, gyn. hmc. if wife, been in svce., will be genl. svt., pte. fully., hse. part chd. To wife £1 wk., inclgd. bed. No fully. or future."

*Daily Paper.*

"Brief life is here our portion."

"Last week two banks amalgamated—this week one!"

*Sunday Paper.*

Unfortunately our contemporary omitted to explain how this singular operation

was effected.

## TINO'S REWARD.

[It is reported that the Germans contemplate placing the ex-King of Greece on the throne of Finland.]

THE Lord of the Boscches in gratitude seeks

To reward his in-law who debosched half the Greeks;

So we're told that in Finland he's smoothing them down

With a view to their offering Tino, the Crown.

You'd have thought that in making a start with a King

They'd have tried to secure a less pitiful Thing;

But a little reflection will cause us to own

That Tino is specially fit for this throne; For his fishy career and his slippery sins

Prove him perfectly suited to handle the Finns.

## TO IRELAND IN NEED OF A BYRON.

[The *Cologne Gazette* admits that Germany has not got a Byron to lead a German-Irish movement. Nationalists (as distinct from Sinn Féin) would no doubt be glad of a Byron of their own to lead the cause of a purely Irish movement in favour of Home Rule.]

"THE Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!"—

So sang the bard in *Juan's* story;  
But who will sing the sad decesso

Of your superb ancestral glory,  
All that you were or might have been,  
O Isle of Green, O Isle of Green?

Anxious to take your people's part  
Against the British brutes that bleed  
em,

Germany seeks a man of art  
Dowered with a vocal lust for Free-  
dom;

But surely Erin's bitter moan  
Demands a music all her own.

And yet the harp you used to strum  
Hangs mute within the halls of Tara;  
The voice of minstrelsy is mum  
As in the silence of Sahara;  
Where is the patriot full of rhyme  
To boom (in Erse) your ancient prime?

DEVILS you have who talk in prose;  
You have your dull pedestrian  
HEALS;

But none to versify the woes  
Of that fair haunt of pigs and mealies,  
Or galvanize with Gaelic songs  
Your sense of unrequited wrongs.

You need—to biff the tyrant foe—  
A tootler like the late TYRTEUS;  
You lack for inspiration's glow  
To rouse the local MACCABEUS,  
To stir your passions deadly sick  
Of DILLON's dismal rhetoric.

Ah! yes, for your distressful land  
You badly want, just now, a BYRON  
To step aloft and take his stand  
In the Rotunda with his lyre on,  
And swear, by Liffey's lucid waves,  
You never, never shall be slaves.

Fill high the bowl with Irish stout  
And pledge the quest of such a poet!  
What, have your minstrels petered out?  
Has none a trumpet who can blow it?  
In this dark hour of warring fates  
Where is your W. B. YEATS?

O. S.

"A discoloured and greasy skin is the usual accompaniment of indigestion and next Thursday's issue of the *Board of Trade Journal*,"  
*Agricultural Paper.*

We do not think that official publications should be discredited like this. The fact that the paragraph is headed "Meal for Pigs" in no way diminishes our objection.

## LETTERS OF A BOY SCOUT.

II.

DEAR UNCLE,—It was ripping of you to send a tent with floor-boards. I only sent the catalogue asking for advise. All the scouts of our petrol sent catalogues to their uncles asking for advise, and you are the only one who gave us a tent instead.

We camped out last night waiting for the invasion. There was no invasion except of tom-cats which howled awful. Belfitt, our petrol leader, says it isn't croolty to throw boots at tom-cats, because the tom-cat has a sportingspirit. Only he didn't throw his own boots, because the leader must be always prepared. One of my boots went down a well and the pater was very stuffy about it, though Belfitt says that the other boot would be most useful in case I lost a leg in the invasion, but I must be careful to lose the right leg.

We have done a lot of good work. We trailed a fat policeman who Belfitt said was too fat to be a real policeman and that it was probable that he was a German spy. He went round to the back door of a public house and tapped and a hand came forth with a pot of beer. Belfitt says it was a signal and obviously arranged. So he is going to the public house disguised as an ordinary boy, and all our funds are to be spent on ginger-beer for him till he finds the secret. Belfitt says he doesn't care how much he spends if he saves England.

It is a great strain being a scout. You see a scout has to be truthful and honnerable and curteous to women, and when you've got to do all at once it's pretty tough work. For instance, Aunt Jane asked me what I thought of her new baby, which looks like a red pig. So I was curteous and truthful and said if she didn't mind I'd rather not say what I thought about her baby and she said I was most insulting.

We also have to smile under all circumstances and this is hard. When I was sent to the Head because during the preparation for the invasion I forgot my home-work, he gave me six, and when I smiled he said I was hardened and defiant and gave me six more. I broke that smile rule then and BADEN POWELL would do the same if he got twelve.

The pater has been put Grade Three because of bad eye-sight, and when I asked him if he didn't feel like giving us a trek-cart or a drum and bugles for a thank-offering he said it had been the dream of his life to slaughter Germans and that his disappointment was so great that he was blessed if he'd give a thank-offering. Yet he came home from the Medical Board whistling and took the mater to a theatre.

The trek-cart I wanted him to give is on page six of the catalogue. I know you will be interested to see it. It would be an awful thing if the invasion came and we missed it because we couldn't carry the tent quick enough. Belfitt says that if we had the trek-cart when you come out of hospital we could wheel you to camp with us, and you could tell us tales of your galant deeds, and even if your leg was bad still when the invasion came we could rush you down right into the front of it. Only Belfitt says on no account ask your uncle for the trek-cart, for he is a great sport and would give it as soon as look at it. Also carrying the tent and floor-boards might make the petrol use profane langwidge which is not allowed on any account, not even in case of invasion.

We all hope your leg will soon be well enough for you to ride in the trek-cart on page six of catalogue.

Your loving nephew, JIM.

## THE LITTLE MORE

AND HOW MUCH IT SEEMS.

CIRCULAR just to hand from National Salvago Council asks assistance in "collecting waste for the Government, which is urgently needed at the present moment"—the waste, I presume, not the Government. List includes—

"Bedsteads," which should be "tied up in lots as close as possible." Have done up in brown-paper parcels a few I found knocking about, though difficult to get two of the four-post beds into really small packet (but no use to me; no time for sleeping just now).

"Old ploughs." No careful housewife should ever throw away her old ploughs; every little helps.

"Fenders." Have sent off a few per parcel post. (No coal—so can't light a fire.)

"Sinks," listed as "heavy to move" (like the Government). Fancy there are one or two lying about which the children used to play with; must have a look round. Have given strict orders to the servants to keep spare sinks.

"Wool gathered by the roadside." Have drawn Bond Street and Piccadilly, but hardly taken anything.

"Roofing; this would have to be removed by contractor or the Government." Can't really spare any roofs just now with the air-raid season coming on, but have written to offer a backstairs and a few garden walls.

"Tanks." Always remember our brave lads in the trenches when tempted to throw away your tanks, triplanes, 15-inch howitzers, or ironclads.

NOTE.—No mention is made of steam-rollers, fire-escapes or locomotive engines.



## SELF OR COUNTRY!

<sup>2</sup> COVENTRY STRIKER. "IF I WAS A SOLDIER AND THEY TRIED TO SHIFT ME TO ANOTHER PART OF THE LINE JUST AS I WAS COMFORTABLE, I'D DOWN TOOLS."

FIGHTING MAN. "NO, YOU WOULDN'T. IF YOU WERE A SOLDIER YOU'D BE OUT TO DOWN HUNS."



*Small Boy (to toothless veteran). "WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE GREAT WAR, GRANDPA?"*  
*Small Girl. "S-SH! CAN'T YOU SEE? HE HAD ARMY BISCUIT."*

### SISTERLY ASSISTANCE.

I was talking to a very stupid man the other day. He was the stupidest man I have come across for many years. It is a hard thing to say of any man, but he appeared to me to be entirely lacking in intellect.

It was Celia who introduced me to him. She had rung up her brother at the flat where he was staying, and, finding that he was out, she gave a message for him to the porter. It was simply that he was to ring her up as soon as he came in.

"Ring up who?" said the porter. At least I suppose he did, for Celia repeated her name (and mine) very slowly and distinctly.

"Mrs. who?" said the porter, or "What?" or "I can't hear," or something equally foolish.

Celia then repeated our name again.

There followed a long conversation between the two of them, the audible part of it (that is Celia's) consisting of my name given forth in a variety of intonations, in the manner of one who sings an anthem—hopefully, pathetically, dramatically, despairingly.

Up to this moment I had been rather attached to my name. True, it wants a little explaining to shopkeepers. There

are certain consonants in it which require to be elided or swallowed or swivelled round the glottis, in order to give the name its proper due. But after five or six applications the shopkeeper grasps one's meaning.

Well, as I say, I was attached to my name. But after listening to Celia for five minutes I realised that there had been some horrible mistake. People weren't called that.

"Just wait a moment," I said to her rather anxiously, and I picked up the telephone book. To my great relief I found that Celia was right. There *was* a person of that name living at my address.

"You're quite right," I said. "Go on."

"I wish I had married somebody called Jones," said Celia, looking up at me rather reproachfully. "No, no, not Jones," she added hastily down the telephone, and once more she repeated the unhappy name.

"It isn't my fault," I protested. "You did have a choice; I had none. Try spelling it. It spells all right."

Celia tried spelling it.

"I'm going to spell it," she announced very distinctly down the telephone. "Are you ready? . . . M . . . No, M. M for mother."

That gave me an idea.

"Come away," I said, seizing the telephone; "leave it to me. Now then," I called to the porter. "Never mind about the name. Just tell him to ring up his *sister*." And I looked at Celia triumphantly.

"Ask him to ring up his mother," said the porter. "Very well, Sir."

"No, not the mother. That was some thing else. Forget all about that mother. He's to ring up his sister . . . sister . . . SISTER."

"You'll have to spell it," said Celia.

"I'm going to spell it," I shouted.

"Are you ready? . . . S for—for sister."

"Now you're going to muddle him," murmured Celia.

"S for sister; have you got that? . . .

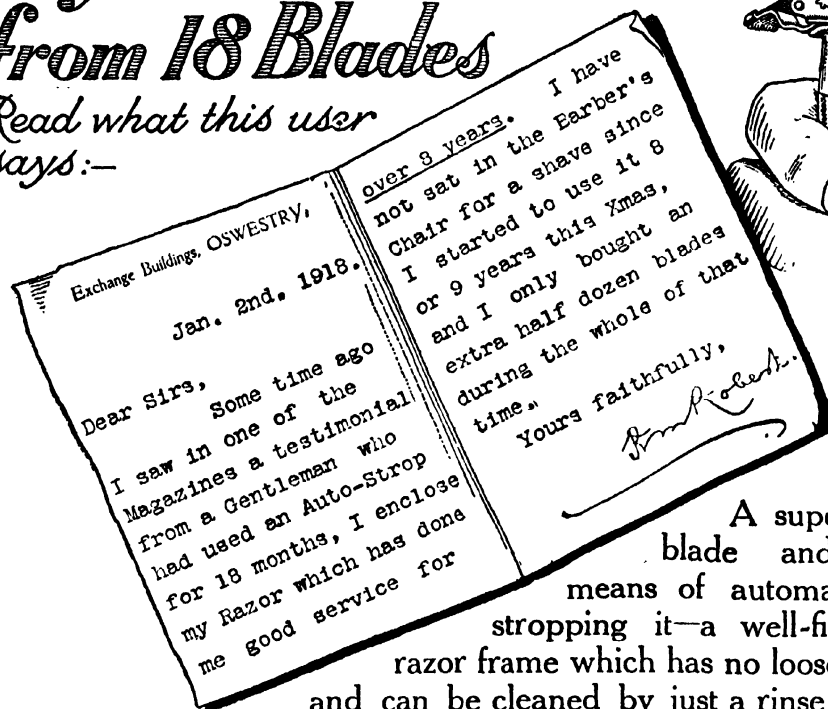
No, *sister*, idiot. I for idiot," I added quickly. "S for sister—this is another sister, of course. T for two. Got that? No, *two*. Two anything—two more sisters, if you like. E for—E for—" I turned helplessly to Celia: "quick, a word to begin with E! I've got him moving now. E for—quick, before his tympanum runs down."

"Er—er—" Desperately she tried to think.

"E for er," I shouted. "That'll be another sister, I expect . . . Celia, I'm certain he'll spell it with an 'H.' Can't you think of a better word?"

# 8 years service from 18 Blades

*Read what this user  
says:—*



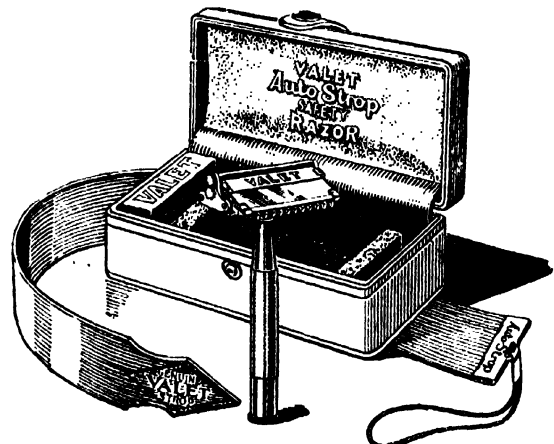
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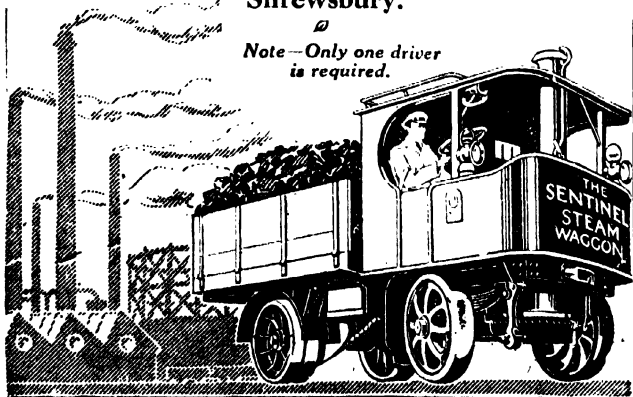
The Economical Steam Waggon.

**N**OT only is the Sentinel Steam Waggon constructed of the strongest and most suitable materials obtainable, but each part is put together by thoroughly skilled workmen. Working parts of the Sentinel being few and simple, great care is expended over them, with the result that the Sentinel Steam Waggon is the waggon which has the longest life, and which renders the greatest service under the hardest conditions.

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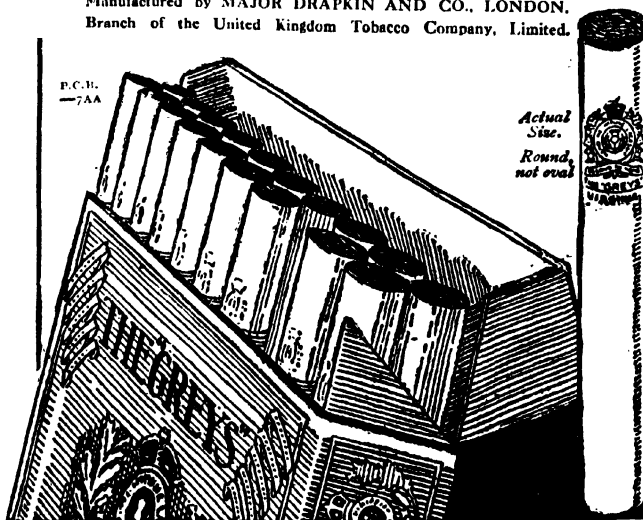
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Branch of the United Kingdom Tobacco Company, Limited.







Wife of Profiteer. "ARE YOU QUITE CERTAIN I'VE HAD THE VERY LATEST FORM OF INFLUENZA?"  
 Doctor. "QUITE, MADAM. YOU COUGHED EXACTLY LIKE THE COUNTESS OF WESSEX."

"Enny," said Celia, having quite lost her nerve by this time.

"E for enny," I shouted. "Any anything. Any of the sisters I've been telling you about. R for—quick, Celia!"

"Rose," she said hastily.

"R for Rose," I shouted. "Rose the flower—or the sister if you like. There you are, that's the whole word. Now then, I'll just spell it to you over again. . . Celia, I want another word for E. That last was a bad one."

"Edith?"

"Good."

I took a deep breath and began.

"S for sister. I for Isabel—Isabel is the name of the sister. S for another sister—I'll tell you *her* name directly. T for two sisters, these two that we're talking about. E for Edith, that's the second sister whose name I was going to tell you. R for Rose. Perhaps I ought to explain Rose. She was the sister whom these two sisters were sisters of. Got that?" I turned to Celia. "I'm going to get the sister idea into his head if I die for it."

"Just a moment, Sir," said the dazed voice of the porter.

"What's the matter? Didn't I make it clear about Rose? She was the sister whom the——"

"Just hold the line a moment, Sir," implored the porter. "Here's the gentleman himself coming in."

I handed the telephone to Celia. "Here he is," I said.

But I was quite sorry to go, for I was getting interested in those sisters. Rose, I think, will always be my favourite. Her life, though short, was full of incident, and there were many things about her that I could have told that porter. But perhaps he would not have appreciated them. It is a hard thing to say of any man, but he appeared to me to be entirely lacking in intellect.

A. A. M.

#### Le Mot Juste.

From General GOURAUD's address to his troops:—

"Your General tells you it will be a glorious day."—*The Shelland News*.

A youth who was recently brought up before the magistrate pleaded that he was "mad on wireless." There is talk of committing him to Marconi Hatch.

#### THE PHILISTINE.

ON our cheeks the keen salt breath of  
 the wind came sweeping  
 And our eyes beheld the sea;  
 On the tawny sands I watched the wave-  
 lets leaping  
 Like children in their glee;  
 And he spoke of certain well-known  
 politicians  
 And laws that should not be.  
 On the far horizon I marked the day-  
 light ending  
 In a crimson and pearl-grey sky,  
 And heard from out the twilight mists  
 descending  
 A weary sea-bird's cry;  
 And he spoke of clever schemes for  
 making money  
 And shares he hoped to buy.  
 In the darkening blue I saw a lone star  
 burning  
 Gem-like above the bay;  
 In our ears was the thunder of the tide's  
 returning,  
 On our lips the wind-blown spray;  
 And he spoke about the higher cost of  
 living  
 And the price of pork to-day.

## DEMOBILISATION.

### SCHOOLS OF INSTRUCTION.

O.B. 495/96.

September, 1925.

1. A CASE occurred recently of an ex-officer of His Majesty's Forces who, on being provided with a finger-bowl at a public dinner, committed the grave solecism of demanding soap and a towel.

2. The prospect of the resumption of civilian life generally, causing, as it must, a tremendous upheaval in our present orderly and well defined military existence, renders it imperative that immediate steps should be taken to provide Schools of Instruction for officers and men in order that their difficulties and responsibilities may be made clear to them.

3. Our Standing Army of experts is at present little more than the members of the original Expeditionary Force which crossed to France at the outbreak of the Great War. From these, however, it is hoped that sufficient instructors will be available for the purpose of training a large number of really good civilians capable of freedom of action and thought and also of acquitting themselves at the table of the strictest observer of etiquette as if civilian manners had ceased to be an effort.

4. These courses will be held at the Army Schools, which are now in process of disbandment owing to the conclusion of hostilities (August, 1925).

Junior Courses will be held for those who have never known adult civilian life before the War; but officers for this course should not be above the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

### ARMY SCHOOLS.

The following syllabus has been arranged provisionally. Please forward any suggestions or amendments you have to make as soon as possible.

### GENERAL COURSE (three weeks).

Many years of impromptu ménage in the field have considerably blurred the finer points governing the interchange of conventional amenities, particularly at the table.

Special attention will be paid therefore to the following points during meals (which will throughout the course of instruction be treated as parades):—

- (a) The use of the pre-war napkin.
- (b) The employment of the special knife for the butter.
- (c) Circumventing the elusive green pea with the fork proper.
- (After the first three days all ranks will be warned and the knives sharpened.)
- (d) The soup will be silent. Moustaches will be trimmed accordingly.

### FOOD HINTS.

Students will be informed of the different kinds of civilian foods.

A special feature of this class will be the development of the national character by a return to the nutriment upon which our sturdy manliness was founded. The promiscuous partaking of the "omelotte and café au lait" will therefore be discouraged, whilst the importance of preserving the national custom of making our Sunday dinner off roast beef, brown potatoes, Yorkshire pudding, cauliflower and apple tart, will be impressed upon all.

Part of the time may be profitably employed in giving general lessons in food extravagance.

There will be special courses of plain living for Staff Officers.

### DEPORTMENT AND DRESS.

(a) Special lectures on the carriage of the civilian will be given by civilians and actors who have been unable (through varicose veins or the necessity of amusing the soldier on leave) to take any part in the Great War.

(b) *Dress*.—Dress is a most important item, especially for those who have never worn adult civilian clothes.

Instruction will be given by the leading newspaper sartorial experts.

*Colour Schemes*.—The simple rules governing the correct selection of shirts, ties and socks will be explained.

*How to put on Civilian Dress*.—If necessary this will be taught in squads (by numbers) until proficiency has been attained.

The flut habit of dressing upwards must be discouraged.

### SIMPLE RULES FOR PEDESTRIAN

#### POLITENESS.

After the English rules of the road, our national coinage and the status of the policeman at home have been explained, the following points will receive special attention:—

(a) Raising the bowler hat with ease and grace. This may very well be included in the morning parade for Swedish exercises.

(b) Practice in passing officers without saluting. The hands will be strapped to the sides to begin with (except in the case of representatives of the Dominions).

The London General Omnibus Company have already asked that the attention of all ranks may be drawn to the necessity for entering the bus from behind, rather than attempting to board the front seat as if it were a lorry.

### EDUCATIONAL.

(a) A thorough grounding in civilian English will be given, with special attention to the pronunciation of the

alphabet, which will in future supersede all signs, as "ack," "pip emma," etc.

(b) Officers and men will be required to pass the test of ten minutes' polite conversation without military idiom.

(c) It must be impressed upon all that a knowledge of a foreign language sufficient for the purchase of eggs and chocolate will not justify an application for a post as linguist or interpreter.

(d) Special classes for conversation without invective will be held for Sergeant-Majors.

### PSYCHOLOGICAL CLASS (advanced).

Designed for those who have been a long time divorced from any form of civil life.

(a) The possibility of *choosing one's associates* (as distinguished from having to put up with people) must be brought to the notice of all.

(b) Shirkers must be instructed that in private life "swinging the lead" with the local doctor does not pay (except the local doctor).

(c) Normal ideas of personal value, suitable to their status in the life to which they are returning, will be inculcated in temporary Staff Officers.

### REFRESHER COURSES FOR MARRIED MEN.

How to live on £300 a year, instead of £80 a fortnight's leave, *i.e.* the difference between Leave Income and Annual Income explained.

Hints on general conversation at breakfast imparted to those who have come to regard grumpiness as essential.

Instruction on the probable effect of military grouching if applied to the home.

How to rough it; or the difference between the civilian servant and the military batman.

*Note*.—Revolutionary though the idea may seem, it must be impressed on all Staff Officers that travelling by motor-car is a luxury and not a necessity.

### QUESTIONS AN EX-PLATOON COMMANDER SHOULD ASK HIMSELF BEFORE LEAVING THE HOUSE.

The above pamphlet (S.S. 2007) is being prepared and will contain such useful reminders as the following:—

Am I wearing brown boots with a tail-coat?

Are my trousers turned up?

Have I left my waistcoat behind?

Will this walking-stick keep off the rain?

Is my hat on straight?

Signed, etc., etc. L.

### Our Precisionists.

"To sell one she cow.—Apply —." *Daily Gleaner (Kingston, Jamaica).*



### "WAR PICTURES."

*The Mother.* "OF COURSE I DON'T UNDERSTAND THEM, DEAR; BUT THEY GIVE ME A DREADFUL FEELING. I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK AT THEM. IS IT REALLY LIKE THAT AT THE FRONT?"

*The Warrior (who has seen terrible things in battle).* "THANK HEAVEN, NO, MOTHER."

### THE GLORIOUS FUTURE.

I FORGET what we were talking about when dinner began—it was one of those pleasant tables where conversation is general, and not divided until half-time between twos and twos and then in the second half between other twos and twos—but needless to say that before very long we were exchanging our views on food. This ultimately is the most enthralling topic of all. Plays, books, money (and how on earth other people get their money), dress, law-suits, scandal, even the War—these may hold us for a time; but food is the conquering theme. Our own meal was simple and frugal enough—rationed and couponed and all the rest of it—but our imagination did not soar the less for that; rather, perhaps, the more.

There were six of us—the host and the hostess, a barrister and his wife, a pretty girl and the insignificant person who is now recording what occurred. Except that the host and hostess usually talked simultaneously and did not wait for a silence before they began, we were a coherent party with respect for each

others' opinions or preferences; which is only too rare.

"I made up my mind long ago," said the pretty girl. "What I mean to have is some *pâté de fois gras* and an iced meringue. Nothing else at all, except the best toast, made of course of white bread."

"White bread, oh, white bread!" we cried in unison, in a kind of groaning air.

Yes, white bread, and the freshest of butter and plenty of it."

"And what will you drink?" I asked.

"Just water," she said, with that astounding unreasonableness which pretty girls so often display.

"Water?" I repeated dully.

"Yes, water; but it must be very cold. And some black coffee after."

The barrister's wife addressed us next. "Jack and I have worked it all out," she said. "We are going to begin with salmon, with a *Hollandaise* sauce and new potatoes. Then we are going to have a duckling. One can get ducklings now, but they are not worth eating. A really plump duckling—"

"Oh don't!" we cried all together, almost too earnestly; "do have pity on us!"

"—with stuffing and peas, and then a chocolate soufflé."

"Chocolate!" exclaimed the pretty girl. "I had forgotten that. I shall have that too."

"As well as the meringue?" I asked.

"No, instead. Or perhaps as well. I can't decide at the moment. It requires thought."

All this time, I ought to state, our host and hostess had been giving us their views; but first the pretty girl, being pretty, naturally held our attention; and afterwards the barrister's wife who, being a barrister's wife, had learned to command attention. But I was able to gather, hearing through their remarks, that our host's thoughts, both waking and sleeping, were set upon a sirloin with an underdone undercut. It was to be of a redness, and horse radish sauce was to be its concomitant. So far as I could ascertain our hostess was longing once again for bread sauce, and that naturally involved the death of a chicken.



### A BREACH OF THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

'AM I TO UNDERSTAND, SERGEANT MAJOR, THAT THESE BOYS WERE CAUGHT ROBBING MY ORCHARD?'  
'YES, SIR. AND TO THINK THAT ALL THESE WEEKS I'VE BEEN TEACHING 'EM TO TAKE COVER, SIR.'

"And we shall drink champagne," the barrister's wife continued. "I don't like champagne, but on such an occasion, yes. And then some very good black coffee—coffee for eight in cups for two, you know—and a cigarette. I haven't smoked for a long time, but I shall smoke then."

She leaned back with such an air of triumph as might almost have followed the meal itself, instead of its mere scenario.

"I've got it all right, haven't I, Jack?" she asked her husband. "You see," she added to us, "we often talk about it."

"I'm not sure," he said. "I've been wondering about one or two things. I'm doubtful whether turbot with a Mousseline sauce wouldn't be a better choice, after all. A finny bit, all gelatinous."

"Don't!" we exclaimed again in unison and agony. "Don't!"

"And I've substituted *canard à la presse* for the roast duckling."

"Oh, yes," our hostess cried, "of course—*canard à la presse*. We must have that too, George."

But George was adamant. "No,"

he said, "red undercut of roast beef for me—that is what I miss most now—with horse-radish sauce and baked potatoes. The horse-radish sauce really well made, not scamped."

"Then I must have the *canard à la presse* alone," said his wife, pouting.

"Never mind," I said, "you'll be able to have too much."

"No," she replied; "you dine with us and help me to eat it."

"Impossible," I said, "because my programme is wholly different. I am intending to confine myself to roast saddle of mutton, of which, when I have had a good deal, I shall have more. It will be accompanied by the best claret that can be obtained, at a very perfect temperature, and followed by—"

Here the pretty girl, who had completed her thinking, interrupted me. "As well," she said.

"Good," I replied; "—and followed by Stilton cheese. I shall then smoke a very long and costly cigar."

"What, no sweets?" the pretty girl inquired.

"Certainly not," I said; "the claret will be too good."

She made a face, but was still pretty.

"By the way," said our host, "doesn't anyone want oysters?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the barrister, "I had forgotten them."

And so we had to begin again and revise our menus; all but the pretty girl, who hates oysters as other people hate rhubarb. "Like eating bad ponies," she remarked.

But I have reported enough, or possibly too much.

And when are all these ideal visionary meals to be consumed?

Why, when peace is declared, of course. . . .

Thus did we build our—what shall I call them?—our *salle-à-mangers* in the air, our banqueting-halls in Spain; and then, the signal being given, the ladies rose to leave. But on their passage to the door our host stopped them.

"By the way," he said, looking at his watch and making a rapid calculation, "it might interest you to know that while we have been sitting here and talking and eating, the War has been going on for an hour and a-half, at a cost to Great Britain alone of something over £400,000."

Not very tactful, was it?



VERY MUCH UP.

A CHAMPAGNE COUNTER-OFFENSIVE.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, July 22nd.*—The demand for a single authority to control enemy aliens will be strengthened by two replies given this afternoon. Satisfaction at the announcement that a certain enemy-owned business had been wound up and sold to a gentleman with the eminently British name of SMITH was a little dashed by Sir ALBERT STANLEY's subsequent admission that he had just become aware that SMITH was the son-in-law of the late proprietor. Members were even more perturbed to learn from the MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS that no fewer than five unnaturalized enemy

Grille at the announcement that the Government had not yet made up their minds whether ladies are eligible as candidates for Parliament. Now it seemed to cause no sort of excitement; probably because the ladies are confident that whatever the Law Officers may decide they can vote themselves into the House whenever they think it worth while. But I am not sure that a less obstructed view of the process of legislation has not diminished their desire to take part in it.

Mr. FIELD appeared as the advance-guard of the returning Nationalists. Even three months' absence seemed to have made a difference, and he looked a

his intention to move a resolution, as long as a leading article, to the effect that the present Irish policy of the Government is inconsistent with the principles for which the Allied Powers are carrying on the War. His apparently interminable recital was received in stony silence, but when he quoted with approval President Wilson's statement, that "what we seek is the reign of law," I am almost sure I "heard a smile" from the CHIEF SECRETARY, who hitherto has not received much assistance in this direction from Mr. DILLON and his friends.

On the Trading with the Enemy Bill the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE



"SEEKING THE REIGN OF LAW."

The Irish Expeditionary (Parliamentary) Force, after a severe training at home, takes up position at Westminster, according to plan.

aliens (and one of them a KAYSER!) were acting as managers of controlled establishments. "Cannot you get Englishmen to do it?" asked Major BOWDEN; but answer came there none. The next question, as it happened, dealt with the distillation of oil from cannol-coal; and it seemed to me that Mr. KELLAWAY put unusual unction into his reply that the Government would welcome "a good retort."

Encyclopaedic knowledge is expected and usually forthcoming from the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND. But it has its limitations; and when Colonel YATE suddenly fired at him the startling question, "Do sheep eat potato-tops?" Mr. MUNRO confessed himself beaten and asked for notice.

In the old days there would have been much fluttering of fans behind the

little like *Rip Van Winkle* when he rose to ask the new CHIEF SECRETARY the momentous question whether anything had been done to provide a scale for the swine-market in Dublin. Mr. SHORTT's brisk reply, that two weighing-machines had been set up for the pigs of Prussia Street, failed to relieve his air of settled melancholy.

*Tuesday, July 23rd.*—The Nationalists, headed by their leader, turned up in full force, and were evidently surprised by the ebullience of their reception. Mr. FLAVIN, rising indignantly to ask if the price of coal in Ireland was controlled, and if not why not, was met by cries (some of them coming, too, from Members who but a few short months ago were staunch Home Rulers), "Nothing is controlled in Ireland!"

Later on Mr. DILLON gave notice of

forecasted so vigorous an administration of its provisions as to earn the unstinted approval of Sir HENRY DALZIEL—praise for Sir ALBERT STANLEY is (from this quarter) praise indeed. Mr. J. M. HENDERSON, though yielding to no one in detestation of Germany, could not refrain from dropping a tear over the unsaleable German bank shares in his safe, and had to put up with the sympathy of Mr. D. M. MASON. Even Mr. RUNCIMAN, that cast-iron Free-Trader, confessed that it was no use viewing this matter as purely one of economics.

*Wednesday, July 24th.*—In the Lords the Education Bill was read a second time amid a chorus of praise, only broken by Lord MIDLETON, who saw in it further power for the bureaucracy. As against that, Lord GORRELL said that many soldiers abroad were keenly



watching the progress of the Bill, which they regarded as the first measure of reconstruction.

Lord CRAWFORD's outward appearance hardly suggests that his latest hobby is poking into dustbins, but it is so; and his investigations lead him to the conclusion that the British public is again guilty of bread-wasting.

Twice this week Mr. BURNS has broken his self-imposed silence in order to talk about gas and the nefarious conduct of the Companies in trying to increase their statutory charges. His first speech was harmless enough, though it did not carry the House with it; but the second brought him into sharp collision with the SPEAKER. Some years ago the Member for BATTERSEA said of certain newspapers that they were "owned by blackguards, edited by ruffians and read by fools." He was so pleased with his phrase that he repeated it more than once. To-night he essayed to use it again; but the SPEAKER, though he had passed it on the first occasion, now thought it "disorderly, unparliamentary and unprovoked," and insisted upon its withdrawal.

Thursday, July 25th.—Hitherto the new CHIEF SECRETARY has had a comparatively easy time in the House, for Mr. KING and Mr. MORRELL, who have been doing their little best to keep Irish affairs to the front, lack the special knowledge and the determination to drive their questions home. But now Mr. SHORTT was called upon to withstand the concerted attacks of men who used to be past masters in the game of pinpricks. Possibly three months' absence from Westminster has made them a little rusty, or it may be that the atmosphere of the House is no longer favourable; but anyhow the CHIEF SECRETARY kept up his end very well, and indeed seemed to be quietly amused at the whole proceedings.

#### A COT-CASE, COMPLICATED.

I AM impounded here with many more,  
All hopeless in our cots, and being so  
We are the victims of a subtle wrong  
Of which the world knows nothing, but  
shall learn.

They bring us here inert but uniformed,  
Still soldiers, with our badges and our  
pride,

And, when they have us in their power,  
behold

We are disguised, disgraced, in sleeping  
suits

So shamelessly diverse, so wildly odd  
As to breed madness in a warrior soul  
Vowed to the cult of uniformity.

But this is not the worst, for hardly  
one,

Doctor or sister, nurse or orderly,



Tommy. "WELL, I'M BLOWED. THAT'S A FUNNY KIND OF LETTER TO SEND TO A BLOKE, JOCK."

Jock (regarding blank sheet just come by post). "NAETHING FUNNY ABOUT IT. IT'S FRA MA WIFE; HER AN' ME'S NO SPEAKIN' THE NOO."

Can spare a glance from charts and  
syringes,

From bandages and forceps, mops and  
swabs,

The ruthless engines of their daily toil,  
To mark how dreadfully poor Jones—a  
blond—

Jars with the ochre of his sleeping suit,  
Or note the bitter feud 'twixt Smith's  
moustache

And the maroon effect allotted him.  
Not one will intervene to save Macphee

From his profane pyjamas; his gay head,  
Titian and yellow in the changing light,

Rests glowing on his spotless pillowcase  
Like a ripe orange on a bank of snow;

But, let him once emerge above his quilt,  
Such discord clamours that affrighted

sleep

Flies from the groaning ward. Magenta  
stripes

With those hot locks, that fiercely  
freckled face!

Macphee himself—poor scene of civil  
war,

Poor unresisting battle-ground of hues—  
Never complains, but under chloroform

He babbled of the tartan of his clan  
As one grown desperate. Shall such  
things be?

Oh, surely not for ever! Is there none  
Amongst the hidden Powers who sport  
with us

Will rise and pick some strong stern  
soldier out

To right such wrongs and end such  
suffering?

O.C. Aesthetics? What about myself?

"BIG TUNNEL, PLANNED  
UNDER GIBRALTAR STRAITS TO LINK EUROPE  
AND ASIA."—*Irish Paper.*

The chain will be completed, we sup-  
pose, by a bridge over the Suez Canal;  
but it seems rather a long way round.

"GETTING READY FOR AN ELECTION.  
LABOUR'S CANDIDATES READY.

... the present political outlook in Leeds  
may therefore be summed up as follows:—

4,000 COTTON WORKERS IDLE."

*Yorkshire Paper.*

Are they all going to stand for Parlia-  
ment?



## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE TITLE."

IF I emphasise the fact that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT's little joko, seasoned with a lively wit free from malice, on the over-fresh subject of Honours Lists has the defects of its excellent qualities, I do it of course in the interests of a professional reputation for nice discernment. Its very air of spontaneity marks it as written with a racing pen. I fear a few tired jests do make their appearance, including the pale ghost of one that, faintly improper, crossed the bars some seasons ago; but as a whole *The Title* is a first-class rag, and when we were not laughing outright we were smiling, which is even better.

*Arthur Culver*, comptroller of accounts, pattern type of public-spirited man of business, has the strongest views on the honours question and the usual stock of honest forthright criticisms of "The Government"—any Government. The real business of a Ministry, it would seem, is not to govern (even in war-time), nor directly to win the War, but to *live*. It is in constant danger of death, and needs, for its *elixir vite*, a compound of jobs and titles applied externally. If the danger be particularly acute the Honours List is more than usually full of profiteering scallwags and third-rate wire-pullers. But even the worst list has to be salted with a few really respectable names. And he, *Arthur Culver*, is invited to be a part of the exiguous salt ration in a peculiarly long and unsavoury New Year List. And he is resolute to refuse the proffered baronetcy.

His son *John*, who, inspired by his prowess in the school debating society, is for a political career, and strongly disapproves of the hereditary principle, stands with the father. So does his sister, *Hildegard*, who, indeed, unto the family, is the author (pseudonym of "Sampson Straight") of some very trenchant articles—in a paper owned by the purely apochryphal nephew of three (no doubt, equally apochryphal) titled newspaper proprietors—on the subject of the traffic in honours. But there is a *Mrs. Culver*, a perfect dear and as clever as they make 'em (which is very clever), with the adroitness of all and undry titles bestowed by corrupt Governments. If he supposed he had cleared his path

this way he was a most sanguine man. You had only to look at *Mrs. Arthur* to see that she meant her denunciation to apply only to titles for other people. As to her *Arthur*, hadn't he got to win the War, and wasn't it won by accounts, and didn't he control them? And— and she did so wish to be called "Milady," to hear the actual parlour-maid actually call her "Milady."

*Culver* being a man of principle, there is a rumpus—an arch-rumpus, running to different sleeping arrangements and things not ever being the same again. For *Mrs. Arthur* roused is a Hun, out for victory, not the game. As to who won and how, I forbear to tell. The match is extraordinarily worth while

freshness by Mr. LESLIE HOWARD. Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR's portrait of a bounder with a dash of criminal was an excellent (and necessarily isolated) piece of work. Miss JOYCE CAREY as *Hildegard*, and Mr. MARTIN LEWIS as the cynical *Tranto* (why *Tranto*, I wonder?) played well with the team.

The production was excellent. I dare prophesy a winner. T.

## THE NEW EL DORADO.

In view of the munificent offer recently made by an illustrious contemporary to publish short articles of outstanding merit at a positively unprecedented rate of remuneration, the following article will be of peculiarly piquant interest. Here a veteran journalist of vast experience, sensible of the unparalleled opportunity offered to aspiring talent, furnishes young writers with invaluable advice as to the best means of storming the citadel of fame and winning the blue ribbon of a blameless calling.

## THE PATH TO GLORY.

Remember that you need not be a trained journalist. That is an immense encouragement. The new departure of *The Daily Flail* opens the gates of Paradise to all. We all have marshal's bâtons in our knapsacks. I know a one-eyed bath-chair man, eking out a precarious living in his arduous calling, who earned five guineas for the first article he sent in. It was his first effort at original composition,

but it had push. True, he had been pushing all his life, but physically, not mentally. Now he has found himself, thanks to the benevolent and paternal enterprise of a great newspaper.

The choice of a theme is, of course, crucial. Avoid the parochial tone—get clean away from the parish pump. You must appeal to the million, for *The Daily Flail* is read by millions, from the King sitting on his throne to the gipsy squatting on the common. Avoid the Oxford manner, for the Classics are "dead and damned"; do not be afraid of slang, for slang is the shorthand of living speech. As the greatest living poetess puts it—

"High culture emasculates feeling,  
The over-taught brain robs the heart,  
And the shrine now where mortals are kneeling  
Is a commonplace mart."

Introduce the feminine on all occasions. Women compose a vast propor-



## A FREAK OF NATURE;

Or, the Man who Didn't Want to be a Bart.

*Mr. Culver* . . . . . Mr. C. AUGHEY SMITH.  
*Mrs. Culver* . . . . . Miss EVA MOORE.

going to see. I don't like Mr. BENNETT's *diabolus ex machina* in the shape of the ex-convict, *Sampson Straight* (and I am sure that a joke about *Sampson* crooked which fell like a dud in mud ought to be cut), but I suppose the author felt that, as he had so heavily overdrawn his indictment against the Honours List, he must effect a purely bizarre solution for the sake of balance.

Mr. AUGHEY SMITH and Miss EVA MOORE together, as the devoted pair of middle-aged lovers, gave us a fine exhibition of technical skill reinforced by the quality of personality. Rarely can either of them have been more happily cast or in better fettle. In particular there were a liveliness, a variety and, withal, a delicacy in Miss EVA MOORE's performance which were very attractive. *John Culver's* sixth-form precocity, ingenuousness and schoolboy humour, with his repeated prayers to be stayed with flagons, was played with great

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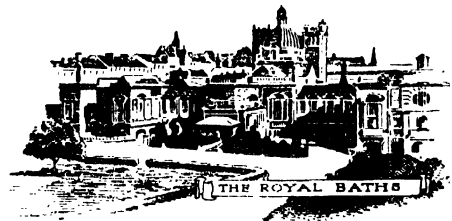
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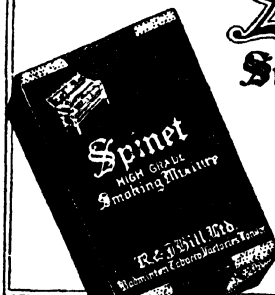
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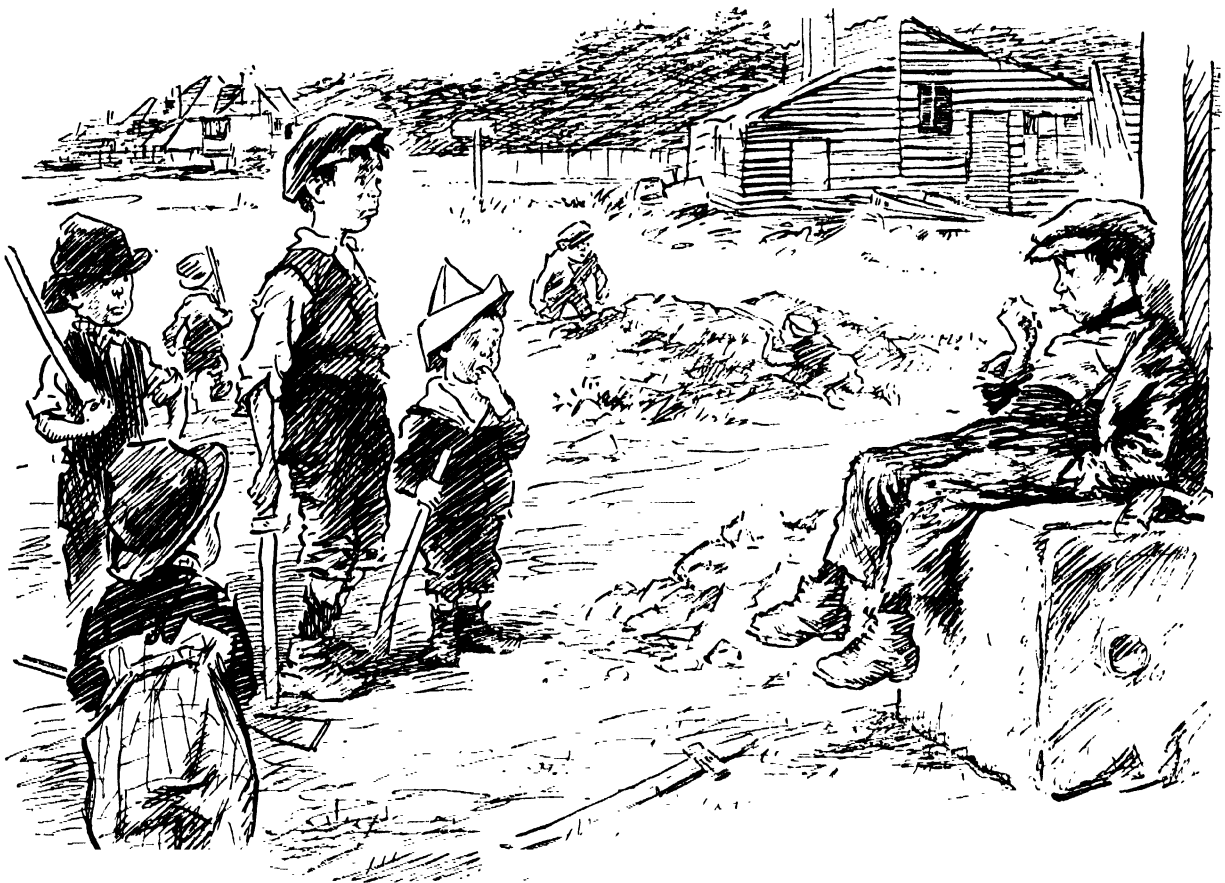
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The Old Gentleman (sitting down). "CARRY ON BY YOURSELVES, KIDS. I'M FED UP WIV SOLDIERIN'."

tion of the readers of *The Daily Flail*. Remember that *la donna è mobile*, and that even strong women can weep like men. Be pathetic, humorous, vital, uplifting by turns. Be sparing of verbs but prodigal of epithets. Recollect that you are not a penny-a-liner, for the rate works out at about two shillings a line. Let your motto be *Noblesse oblige*, for acceptance enrols you under the banner of the greatest of world-influences. Be loyal to it and do not shrink from proclaiming its services to humanity.

Above all give your best energies to the framing of your opening sentence. Though I have been writing for the best papers for thirty years I often stay awake all night thinking over the exordium of a *Daily Flail* article. But it is worth the sacrifice. Remember that MILTON only got five pounds, not guineas, for writing the whole of *Paradise Lost*, and try to think what he would have got if he had lived to-day, written it in prose and submitted it as a series of articles to the Editor of *The Daily Flail*. Think, too, of the enormously wider appeal he would have made—e.g. the effect of his work on flappers. Think of all this, bless your stars that you were born to-day, fill your fountains and plunge into the fray.

#### THE EDUCATION OF SILENCE.

THE Westminster boys are made free of the House,  
That wonderful focus of manners and nous;  
They can listen to FLAVIN and PRINGLE and HOGGE  
Oh, the Westminster boy is a lucky young dog!

At Dulwich the boys have the right of admission  
To view a fine permanent Art Exhibition,  
Where the noblest ambitions swim into their ken  
As they gaze on the portraits of eminent men.

Well now, Mr. FISHER, who's taken in hand  
The task of improving the brains of our land,  
Has boldly and publicly dared to decide  
That Dulwich possesses more reason for pride.

"Oh, give me the pictures," he says,  
"every time;  
They're silent;" and silence is truly sublime

Compared to the chatter and hullabaloo Of the freaks in our great Parliamentary Zoo.

Still FISHER's himself in that wonderful House,  
And it's risky about your co-Members to grouse,  
So I fully expect that the voluble freaks Will give him "what for" the next e that he speaks.

#### Shortcircuited.

From a Wesleyan Conference report:

"Many circuits had done splendidly, but still some ministers were not receiving more than £140, and this ought to be stopped at once."

*Birmingham Daily Post.*

"Our French Allies are fighting with good old *furia Francesca*."—*Times*.

We don't know what *Francesca* is doing on the wrong side. We think good old *Paolo* ought to be told about it.

"The Turkish authorities are undertaking the mobilisation of Mohammedans at Elzabethpol, and officers of the old Russian Army are appointed if they know the Turkish and Tartan languages."—*Manchester Evening News*.

This is presumably the highly-coloured vernacular employed by the Sergeant instructors of Highland battalions.

## HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(The KAISER, VON HINDENBURG and LUDENDORFF.)

Kaiser. Things continue to look better and better for our arms; is that not true, HINDENBURG?

Hindenburg. What do you say, LUDENDORFF?

Ludendorff. I say not only that it is true but that it has been getting truer and truer ever since Your Majesty has deigned to interest himself more closely in our doings on the Western Front.

The K. Ha! I thought so. What means then this persistent rumour of a German retreat across the Marne?

H. What do you say, LUDENDORFF?

L. I say that it is not worthy of the slightest attention. Here is the latest bulletin, which I was just about to submit to Your Majesty. Perhaps Your Majesty will be good enough to read it?

The K. Yes, yes, let me have it. (Takes it and reads) "Yesterday was a day of brilliant victories for our brave troops. All the enemies' counter-attacks broke down with sanguinary losses before they could develop. Manœuvring according to a plan long settled we lured the enemy into Château Thierry and there annihilated him. Advancing vigorously from the South to the North we crossed the river Marne with complete success, thus foiling the enemy——" But I say, is that right? I thought we were moving from north to south?

H. What do you say, LUDENDORFF?

L. I say that it is quite right. Tactically we are moving from south to north, but strategically we are moving from north to south; that is the difference between the French and ourselves. We allow them now and then to win a skirmish tactically, in order that we may win a campaign strategically.

The K. Oh, I see. Then I suppose I am to assume that any French victories do not count because they are tactical?

H. What do you say, LUDENDORFF?

L. I say as I am bound to say that His Majesty is quite right, and I say further that His Majesty shows a wonderful grasp of the principles on which war is conducted.

H. I agree entirely. If all were like His Majesty on this point the War would very soon be over.

The K. But this system of fighting must not last too long; it would be unwise to lure them too far.

L. That is all provided for, your Majesty. There comes a moment when the strategic and the tactical are combined into one.

The K. How do you know when that moment has come?

H. What do you say, LUDENDORFF?

L. That is my secret.

The K. Well, I hope your secret will have satisfactory results when it is put into action, for, according to our expectations, we ought to have been in Paris by now, and here we are as far away as ever.

L. If Your Majesty is dissatisfied with the manner in which the campaign is conducted I can easily resign.

H. And I can say ditto to LUDENDORFF.

The K. Come, come, don't let us quarrel; you know you can always resign tactically and keep your positions strategically.

H. What do you say, LUDENDORFF?

L. I say that we will say no more about it.

The K. Very good; I will now go and make a speech to our storm-troops.

(At this moment the CROWN PRINCE bursts into the room.)

The Crown Prince. I say, you men, hurry up! hurry up! If you don't do something the French will be here in half-an-hour—or less.

(They all depart hurriedly.)

## BALLADE OF THE INCOMPETENT PIONEER

(who has come to grief over a branch of the military art that he had fondly hoped would never be required of him).

I NEVER yet saw "knots and lashings" wrought,  
Or in some text-book accurately ponned,  
Without a certain shiver and the thought,  
"The man who made those things was not a friend."  
Now falls the blow I knew that Zeus would send—  
I am required to tie the lot at sight,  
And, oh, for all the labour that I spend  
I cannot make a bowline on a bight!

A harness hitch once tied itself unsought  
(I don't remember what I *did* intend),  
And once, though not by methods that are taught,  
I certainly achieved a hawser bend;  
The clove hitch, too, I dimly apprehend,  
My reefs and sheep-shanks (now and then) come right,  
But one defect no luck or art can mend—  
I cannot make a bowline on a bight.

Alas, what boots that knowledge, earlier bought,  
Of other arts that on this War attend—  
How bombs are lobbed and poison gas is fought,  
How with the bayonet men thrust and fend,  
And the staccato guns of Lewis lend  
The "bursts of fire" that put the Bosch to flight?  
My Waterloo awaits me at the end—  
I cannot tie a bowline on a bight.

## ENVOY.

Sir, I plead guilty—let your wrath descend;  
Demand my A.B. 439\* and write,  
"This officer I do not recommend—  
He cannot tie a bowline on a bight."

\* Army Book 439: the pocket-book now used to record an officer's services and accomplishments.

## THE WAITER AND THE "WAITER."

9 A.M. I take my seat in the dining-room and wait.

9.10. The "waiter" pops suddenly out of his dug-out, observes me and takes cover. I wait.

9.15. The "waiter" approaches me cautiously, steering a zigzag course, flicks some crumbs off the next table on to mine and breathes on the back of my neck. I order my breakfast and wait.

9.20. The "waiter" bounces out unexpectedly and asks me whether I said 123 or 456. I reply and wait.

9.30. The "waiter" presents me with a plate of porridge and registers a vow to find me a spoon or perish. I wait.

9.35. Triumphant discovery (by me) of spoon hidden under dirty napkin. I eat my porridge and wait.

9.45. The "waiter" (having made his will, insured his life and filled up his income-tax return) reappears and drops a bloater (unordered) in my vicinity. I send it away and wait.

10.0. The "waiter," having suddenly remembered me in the middle of a cross Channel swim, returns and asks me whether I am being attended to, subsequently bringing me a petrified egg. I eat it and wait—the "waiter" having fallen into a trance.

10.15. The "waiter" revives and asks me whether I said tea or coffee. I reply and wait.

10.30. Having got married and lived happily ever after, the "waiter" repents, divorces his wife and by a supreme effort presents me with coffee, toast, saccharine and marmalade, all in one burst. I cease to wait.



She. "I HOPE YOU SEE THAT THEY WORK HARD."

Guard (over German prisoners). "WE AIN'T 'ERE TO SEE THEY WORK 'ARD; WE'RE ONLY 'ERE TO SEE NO ONE DON'T 'URT 'EM."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

So deserved a popularity was attained by a little book of letters called *A Hilltop on the Marne* that it is hardly surprising that "persistent and sympathetic demands for news of us after the battle" have impelled Miss MILDRED ALDRICH to collect a further series under the title of *On the Edge of the War Zone* (CONSTABLE). For the benefit of those who missed the earlier volume I may explain that Miss ALDRICH is an American lady, who in June, 1914, settled down in a charming old house (you can see it drawn in the new book) overlooking the Marne, with the pleasant intention of leading a life of literary rusticity. You may imagine that her actual experiences have been somewhat different. The earlier letters, written to a friend in America, carried events as far as the first victory of the Marne; these present continue the story for the two and a-half years following. They give a picture of peace in the midst of war that is both fascinating and strange. Miss ALDRICH is careful to describe herself as no longer young (in reality she quite obviously possesses the eternal youth of all brave and kind and humorous ladies); and her account of a life spent, almost alone, in quiet gardening, jam-making, mothering pleasant young French officers who were billeted at La Creste, and between whiles stepping out upon her hill-side lawn to glance (as it were casually) at a battle—these things furnish a picture as odd as it is attractive. The writer makes no attempt

at a serious history of events—she was perhaps too near to them for that—though her letters contain at least two facts, or rumours, that were startlingly new to me; but as an intimate sketch of one corner of the world-war, viewed at close quarters over a garden hedge, these little books will have earned for themselves a place apart.

Whether you regard *Little Miss Muffet* (Duckworth) as a somewhat amateurish and indifferently written novel or as a penetrating study of a certain type of feminine temperament, will depend, I suppose, upon your angle of vision. For my own part it kept me in an alternation of moods. Now I would be almost angrily put off by ELIZABETH KIRBY's too frequent asides, her appeals to the reader, and generally the Victorian manner of her nods and becks and wreathed smiles; and again something in the very ingenuousness of her tale would convince me of its honesty. The plot could hardly be more simple. *Miss Muffet* (there you are, at the very beginning—how could one's interest not be handicapped by such a name?) is a young woman who sets out to pursue fame and fortune as a writer; falls in with two male pursuers whose intentions towards her are strictly dishonourable; has a nervous break-down, and eventually marries the doctor. Behold all. Yet however you may think, with me, that the author's experience of literary society must have been exceptionally unfortunate, and however much you may be tempted to mock at her over-emphasis, there remains a disturbing truth about her

picture of the lonely girl, demanding youth's heritage of pleasure, and drifting almost to ruin for no better reason than that of boredom. But, having said so much, I desire that nothing in this tribute shall be taken as implying any belief in the two literary villains of the author's drama. They are, and remain to the end, scarecrows of most palpable straw.

MR. BELFORT BAX'S *Reminiscences* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is not what you would call everybody's book and even a student of politics is likely to fall to wondering how so interesting and forceful a personality should so nearly have achieved dulness. Partly due this, I fancy, to a charming habit of not obtruding his ego. In fact his egotism takes the shape of prejudice. He can't be fair to opponents; to the Nonconformist ascetic jingo, for instance, with mining shares and a stake in war (I confess I was unaware of the existence of this as a type). Nor is he fair when he attributes to "the terror of the rich" the increase of the Mansion House Unemployment Fund from three thousand pounds to seventy-five thousand pounds in the three days following the famous Trafalgar Square *mêlée* of 1887 in which he joined. Terror generally takes less benevolent forms, and surely knowledge and sympathy awakened by so dramatic an advertisement of discontent account for a good part of the increase. As for Feminism it wouldn't be at all unfair to describe our vigorous author's attitude as—feminine! The chief interest of the book is the record of Mr. BAX's friendship or acquaintance with large numbers of active mid- and late-Victorian Socialists, some obscure, others sufficiently well-known to the general public, such as MARX, ENGELS, the elder LIEBKNECHT, BEBEL, JAURES, STEPNIAK, KROPOTKIN, and of course the Englishmen MORRIS, CHAMPION, QUELCH and HYNDMAN. The unsympathetic may chortle over the fact that friends of humanity have their full share of the individualist weaknesses of spleen and petty spite. But it is a pleasure to record that the author is a passionate defender of the justice of the Allies' Cause in the War. By the way, as Mr. BAX is very severe on loose thinking, I venture to point out to him a startling *non-sequitur* on page 273, *propos* of religion, England and Germany.

Captain Ball, V.C., of the Royal Flying Corps (JENKINS) is a posthumous record of one of our most notable heroes of this War, or, if you prefer the plainer term, of one of our "absolute toppers." British officers, old army or new, regular or irregular, territorial or aerial, are not as a class unpleasant fellows, lacking in vitality, gaiety and courage; self-satisfaction and self-assertion and a passion for self-protection are not their main characteristics. Moreover, it is fair to say that, if every one of them at the fighting front who ought to have received the D.S.O. or the M.C. had done so, all would have both, and most would have the V.C. too. Consequently they are such that a man must have a most remarkable character and the most astounding achievements to stand out amongst them. Captain BALL, it is clear,

did so stand out, and this was due as much to the extraordinary charm of his personality, I think, as to his record-making feats of battle in the air. His history and quoted letters show him to have been in action an expert exterminator of Huns, terrible and fearless, and yet at leisure a normal, straight, entirely unaffected and perfectly natural boy, at once tremendously serious and cheerfully inconsequent. He is in himself the type of all the best that is in the B.E.F. The book is based upon his own letters, and is written by Messrs. WALTER A. BRISCOE and H. RUSSELL STANNARD, with a foreword by an eminent statesman, and appreciations by certain distinguished officers. I trust that I shall be neither prosecuted nor court-martialed if I say that these gentlemen, with their testimonials and all, do their unconscious best to spoil the impression of the reader, and only one thing saves the book from failure, the spirit of BALL himself, shining always through his simple letters and not to be extinguished by a flood of superlatives and portly phrases.



MEETING OF DIRECTORS OF A LARGE DRAPERY ESTABLISHMENT, CALLED TO DECIDE WHETHER THE NEW LINE OF BLOUSES SHOULD BE SOLD AT 8 11/2d. OR 26s.

In a paroxysm of verbal ingenuity Mr. JOHN S. MARGERISON has called his latest volume of sea-stories *Petrol Patrols* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). This is perhaps rather overdoing it, but it must be admitted that the title adequately describes the contents of the book. *Temporary-Lieut. Roderick Frazer, R.N.V.R.*, offered his racing motor-boat, *Chi-Chi*, to the Admiralty, and hunted the U-boat with success almost beyond my power to credit. But the many thrilling moments that the author has given me are more than compensation for the strain he puts on my muscles of belief. There is apparently not a move on the sea-board that he does not know, and the adventures of *Chi-Chi* are told with the most exhilarating gusto. Moreover it is pleasant to read of the enemy being scored off time after time. Even when, as in some of his incidents, fiction seems stranger than fact, one never tires of hearing how the Hun has been done in by British imagination.

In a preface to *Gentlemen-at-Arms* (HEINEMANN) "CENTURION" informs us that "The writer makes no claims—and possesses none—to be considered a writer of fiction." At the risk of being rude I am compelled to disagree with him. The majority of these tales are based on actual incidents of the War, but the best of them are the two imaginative chapters called "The Husbandmen." Here the author compares favourably with Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS at the top of his form. The War-stories, some of them almost intolerably grim, are unequal in merit; but when "CENTURION" does get home he gets right there; and he is helped along his way by an admirable economy of words. He knows what he is writing about and he can write. And you are not to miss "The Husbandmen."

#### Soft Soap.

"Wanted, Polite Woman to wash and clean, ~~day~~ and half a week; permanently, for two amiable ladies. Apply, Politeness."

New Zealand Paper.



## CHARIVARIA.

"God speed the spade until we are out of the wood," said Mr. PROTHERO to the Leeds allotment-holders. As a factor in the food situation this tribute to the truffle comes none too soon.

"Everything is being done," says a Sunday contemporary, "to inspire the German people with the courage of despair." It is even threatened that the Allies may insist on LITTLE WILLIE taking sole command of the German armies.

The French Government is fathering a law by which Generals who blunder are to be tried by a civil court. It is unlikely that a similar measure will be passed in this country owing to differences of opinion as to the amount of promotion which the Court should have the power to inflict.

According to the *Berliner Tageblatt* HINDENBURG has declared that he was not in favour of the July offensive. LUDENDORFF, on the other hand, points out that it isn't his offensive any longer.

A Maida Vale man who appeared in the dock at Marylebone Police Court wearing a pair of trousers, a waistcoat and a "dickey," was put back for the state of his mind to be inquired into. This is a shrewd blow for some of our music-hall comedians who get large salaries for dressing like that.

An applicant recently informed one of the North-Country Tribunals that there are a hundred-and-twenty different shades of green. Speculation is rife as to which one Mr. DILLON, M.P., is now wearing.

A Central News telegram states that the Saxon General, VON DER PLANITZ, has been compulsorily retired. Other retirements, according to PLANITZ, are said to be imminent.

"The ex-Khedive of Egypt," says a Berlin wireless, "has departed for main Army headquarters." The Crown Prince, alive to the exigencies of Oriental punctilio, is making an effort to meet him half-

A higher rate has been fixed for extra-

clean milk in sealed bottles. Surprise is expressed by a number of people who have been harbouring the delusion that their milk is perfectly clean because it gets a cold bath every morning.

Two Donegal men were summoned last week for refusing to take out dog licenses unless they were written in Irish. Fortunately the Bench was able to remember the Erse for seven days' imprisonment.

When charging one of his tenants with assault at County Tyrone a landlord stated that he had done nothing to irritate him. This of course is ridiculous when we remember that he had actually asked for his rent.

People contemplating suicide are in



Guide. "YOU'LL 'AVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL ALONG 'ERE, SIR. BIN MANY A MULE LORST ABOUT 'ERE, SIR."

a bit of a hole in Middlesex, where the County Council has refused to increase the salaries of the coroners and there is some talk of a strike. Another rumour suggests that the coroners will resign and set up in private practice.

We gather from the newspapers that Government cheese has disappeared at 1s. 8d. a pound.

Captain AMUNDSEN is now on his way to the Pole, but we fear he will not find any cheese there.

In view of the menace of a General Election this year a number of people are asking whether they will be allowed to go to Russia for a little peace and quiet.

A cyclist losing control of his machine crashed through a tobacconist's window in London last week. With great presence of mind he asked the shopkeeper for a box of matches.

The caterpillar plague, we are credibly informed, is as bad as ever, and people are asking, "Is *The Daily Mail* the paper it used to be?"

"Where is HINDENBURG?" asks a contemporary. There is a rumour that he is going about disguised as a military strategist.

Dozens of live crabs were seen in Gray's Inn Road the other day, owing to the upsetting of a crate. It is years since so many have been seen about in the neighbourhood.

Since the petrol shortage has reduced the number of motor-cars in use the general public has come into its own. Only last week a pedestrian was seen walking in the middle of the road.

## THE SILENT (NURSING) SERVICE.

At a large hospital for officers in the Midlands, V.A.D. nurses are forbidden to converse with the patients, and it is expected that the following Army Order will shortly be issued:—

Army Council Instruction XY 123.

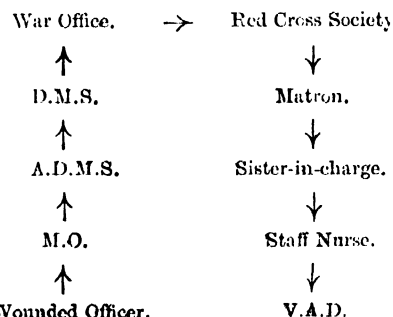
It having been brought to the notice of the Army Council that the regulations governing the conduct of V.A.D. nurses are not now being so strictly observed as they should

be, it is hereby ordered that the attention of all concerned be drawn to the Order in Council wherein and whereby it is ordained:—

(a) That no conversation (lengthy or otherwise) shall take place between officer patients and V.A.D. nurses.

(b) Where any communication is necessary it shall be sent through the proper channels in accordance with Army custom and routine.

(c) A diagram showing the method of communication is appended.



**"ACCORDING TO PLAN."**

TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE FROM THE HIGH COMMAND.

CIVILIANS! there lies in the virtue  
Of patience an infinite balm;  
No rumour of horrors can hurt you  
If only you smile and are calm;  
Though you find us apparently waiving  
The offensive we lately began,  
Bear up; we are simply behaving  
According to plan.

Did you suffer a pain in your liver  
When you saw some invincible corps,  
After gallantly crossing a river,  
Resume the original shore?  
'Twas a mere reconnoitring excursion;  
We went and we saw and we ran;  
Yes, we did it (including immersion)  
According to plan.

In those very identical regions  
That sunder the Marne from the Aisne  
We advanced to the rear with our legions  
Long ago and have done it again;  
Fools murmur of errors committed,  
But every intelligent man  
Has accepted the view that we flitted  
According to plan.

If you doubt our traditional fitness  
For hacking our way in the West,  
Château-Thierry may serve as a witness  
That our culture is still of the best;  
For our Prussians made hay of its treasure  
(As only a gentleman can  
Whose duty is one with his pleasure)  
According to plan.

With feats such as these to inspire you,  
Don't talk of the turn of the tide;  
With the fame of our record to fire you,  
Let patience be sister to pride;  
Though the look of affairs be misleading  
(Like your bread, which appears to be bran),  
Rest assured we are always proceeding  
According to plan. O. S.

**WITH THE AUXILIARY PATROL.****THE JONAH.**

His name was Albert and he joined the ship as a deck-hand in place of one of the crew who, seeing a petty-officer of the ex-R.N.A.S. in amiable conversation with a sergeant of the ex-R.F.C., had taken an unauthorised extension of shore leave under the impression that the War was over.

The Second-Engineer said afterwards that he suspected Albert of being a Jonah as soon as ever he noticed the downward droop of his moustache-ends. He says that somehow or other you can always tell Jonahs like that. It seems there's nothing like a moustache for bringing good or bad luck. A cheerful moustache, he says, is as good as a depth-charge aboard any ship, but a drooper is fatal. There was certainly something horribly depressing about Albert's. It was impossible to look at it without thinking about torpedoes and submerged mines. It cast a gloom over the whole ship's company.

On that trip misfortune dogged our trawler's footsteps (in a manner of speaking) from the first. We had to go to sea in the teeth of a stiff gale from the nor'-east; the first day out the steward slipped down the cabin steps, squan-

dering a tin of delectable soup into the skipper's sea-boots before our famished eyes; and the same evening it was discovered that the monthly issue of tobacco had not come aboard, and we were faced with the prospect of ten days at sea with scarcely enough to provide a smoke-screen capable of obscuring the German Mercantile Marine. The crew passed some very unpleasant remarks.

"It's that new dock-hand," declared the Second-Engineer. "Look at his bloomin' whiskers; did ever you see the word 'Jonah' writ plainer on any object in your life? If he had any proper feeling he'd either shave 'em off altogether or else twist 'em up a bit more lively-like. The ship hasn't a fair chance with a cargo like that aboard."

"It ain't no Jonah," protested Albert indignantly. "I've had the same whiskers all my life and they've never brought no bad luck. Do you think I'd have 'em a-sticking up like that Kaiser Bill and my own brother-in-law been fired on in an open boat? Not if I knows it."

But the crew muttered ominously.

One evening at dusk we were having a peaceful game of cards down in the cabin. The Skipper, whose luck had been out, had just triumphantly declared his intention of going "Nap," when sounds of excitement were heard from the watch on deck.

"Fritz ahoy!" someone shouted down the companion-way.

I always like to think that when the news of the Armada's coming was announced to Drake on the bowling-green at Plymouth the gallant Admiral had a little wager on the game and stood in a winning position. Unfortunately for the Skipper, U-boat tactics do not allow of the little delays that were possible in the more spacious days. We dropped our cards and rushed to action stations.

When I had got the news away to the base I sat in my wireless cabin listening to the gun hard at it and smoking a cigarette in careless bravado. After a while the noise ceased and I considered I might venture on deck for a look-see. Albert was leaning dejectedly against the mast.

"I have we sunk him?" I asked eagerly.

"It wasn't no sub," he replied; "it was only a boundary buoy they mistook for a conning tower."

Away aft the skipper was saying bitter things about a hand of Ace, King, Queen and two more trumps he had been prevented from playing, and from the bridge came sounds strongly reminiscent of a scythe being sharpened. I think it was the Lieutenant gnashing his teeth.

The final blow came when we were ordered to remain at sea three days beyond our lawful period of patrol. The crew were in a state of almost open mutiny. I quite expected that some morning would find Albert missing and yet another dark mystery added to the long tale of ocean tragedies.

The day we eventually came into dock the Lieutenant sent for him on deck. He had a razor in his hand, and I closed my eyes in horror.

"Take this," said the Lieutenant grimly, handing him the razor. "Now, go down the fo'c'stle and remove that moustache. If you leave enough hair on your face to trip up a weevil your name goes down in the Commander's Report."

Silently but with tears in his eyes Albert withdrew.

We passed through the jetty, and as we were coming to our moorings an ex-mate of the ship, who was seated on a bollard smoking his pipe, hailed us.

"What cheer, Skips?" he called out to the Captain. "I see you're on the list for dry dock this time in, and ten days' leave for all hands."

In the enraptured silence that followed this joyful announcement, Albert, looking the very picture of misery and shame, emerged from the fo'c'stle. His countenance was as innocent of moustache as the surface of a new-laid egg.



## THE CHASTENED MOOD.

HINDENBURG (to Germania). "YOU'VE NOT *QUITE* CAUGHT THE IDEA, MADAM. WHAT I RATHER WANT IS AN EXPRESSION OF CALM AND SERENE PATIENCE."

[HINDENBURG has confided to a newspaper correspondent that the German people needs to develop the virtue of patience.]

## THE MUD LARKS.

THE scene is a base camp behind the Western Front. In the background is a gravel pit, its brow fringed with pines. On the right-hand side is a black hut; against one wall several cast-iron cylinders are leaning; against another several stretchers; behind it a squad of R.A.M.C. orderlies are playing pitch and toss for profit and pleasure. On the left-hand side is a cemetery.

On the turf in the centre of the stage are some two hundred members of the well-known British family, Atkins. The matter in hand being merely that of life and death those in the rear ranks are whiling away the time by playing crown and anchor. Their less fortunate comrades in the prominence of the front ranks are "havin' a bit o' shut eye"—in other words are fast asleep sitting up, propped the one against the other.

Before them stands a Bachelor of Science disguised as a Second-Lieutenant. From the green-and-black brassard about his arm and the *attar de chlorine* and *parfum de phosgene* which cling about him in a murky aureole one would guess him to be connected with the Gas Service. And one would be quite correct; he is.

LECTURER: "Ahem! Pay attention to me, please; I am going to give you a little chat on Gas. When you go up the line one of two things must inevitably happen to you; you will either be gassed or you will not. If you are not gassed strict attention to this lecture will enable you to talk as if you had been. On the other hand if you are gassed it will enable you to distinguish to which variety you succumbed, which will be most instructive.

"There are more sorts of gas than one. There is the Home or Domestic Gas, which does odd jobs about the house at a bob a time, and which out here is fed to observation balloons to get them off the earth. There is Laughing Gas, so called from the fun the dentist gets out of his victims while they are under its influence; and lastly there is Hun Gas, which is not a bit amusing.

"Three varieties of gas are principally employed by the Hun. The first of these is Chlorine. Chlorine smells like a strong sanitary orderly or weak chloride of lime. The second on our list is Mustard Gas, so called because it smells like garlic. Everything that

smells of garlic is not Mustard Gas, however, as a certain British Division which went into the line alongside some of our brave Southern allies regretfully discovered after they had been sweltering in their masks for thirty-six long, long hours.

"The third and last is Phosgene. Phosgene has a greenish-whiteish-yellowish odour all its own, reminiscent of decayed vegetation, mouldy hay, of clothes, wet hides, burnt feathers, warm mice, polecats, dead mules, boiled cabbage, stewed prunes, sour grapes, or anything else you dislike.

"As all these gases have a depress-

goggles, a clothes-peg, a foot of garden hose, a baby's teether (chewers among you will find this a comforting substitute for gum), a yard or two of strong twine (first-aid to the braces), a tube of Anti-Dimmar (use it as tooth-paste, your smile will beam more brightly), and a record card, on which you are invited to inscribe your name, age, vote and clubs; your golf, polo and ludo handicaps; complaints as to the cooking or service and any sunny sentiments or epigrams that may occur to you from time to time.

Should you be in the line and detect the presence of hostile gas in large numbers your first action should be to don your respirator-box and your second to give the alarm. The donning of the respirator is done in five motions by the best people:—

"1. Remove the cigarette, chewing-gum or false teeth from the mouth and place it (or them) behind the ear (or ears).

"2. Tear the sponge-bag out of the knapsack (what-not or satchel) and slap it boldly on the face as you would a mustard-plaster.

"3. Pin it to your nose by means of the clothes-peg.

"4. Work the elastics well into the back hair.

"5. Swallow the teether and carry on with deep breathing exercises, as done by Swedes, sea-lions and suchlike.

"The respirator once in position, pass the good news on to your comrades by performing *fortissimo* on one of the numerous alarms with which every nice front line is liberally provided. But please remember that gas alarms are for gas only, and do not let your natural exuberance or love of music carry you away, as it is liable to create a false impression; witness the case of some of our high-spirited Colonials, who, celebrating a national festival (the opening of the whippet racing-season in New South Wales) with a full orchestra of Klaxon and Strombos horns, rattles, gongs, shell-cases, tin-cans, sackbuts, psalteries and other instruments of musick, sent every living soul in an entire army area stampeding into their smell-hats, there to remain for forty-eight hours without food, drink or benefit of clergy.

Having given you full instructions as to the correct method of entering your respirators I will now tell you how to extirpate yourselves. You must first be careful to ascertain that there is



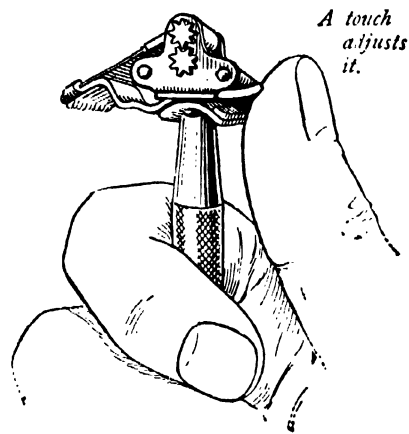
German Prisoner. "VY VES YOU SPAKE MINE LIFE?"  
British Tommy. "CAUSE YE'RE SO MUCH LIKE A LITTLE GAT-FRIEND O' MINE AS I LETT BEHIND ME DOWN WHITECHAPEL WAY."

ing effect on the consumer if indulged in too freely the War Office has devised an effective counter-irritant, the scientific wonder of the age, the soldier's friend and *multum in parvo*—in short, the Respirator Box. Here you will observe I have a respirator-box as issued to the troops.

"There are other kinds with lace trimmings and seasonable mottoes worked in coloured beads for the use of the Staff; but they do not concern us. Let us now examine the ordinary respirator-box. What do we discover? A neat canvas satchel, knapsack or what-not, which will be found invaluable for the storage of personal knick-knacks, such as soap, knives and forks, socks, iron rations, mouth-organs, field-marshal's batons, etc. Within the satchel (what-not or knapsack) we discover a rubber sponge-bag pierced with motor

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perfect safety razor  
is adjustability.*

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To this unique feature is now added the advantage of instant adjustability. By a touch on the adjusting lug you can vary the distance between the blade and the guard with supreme precision and accuracy, adapting the setting according to the toughness of your beard or the tenderness of your skin.

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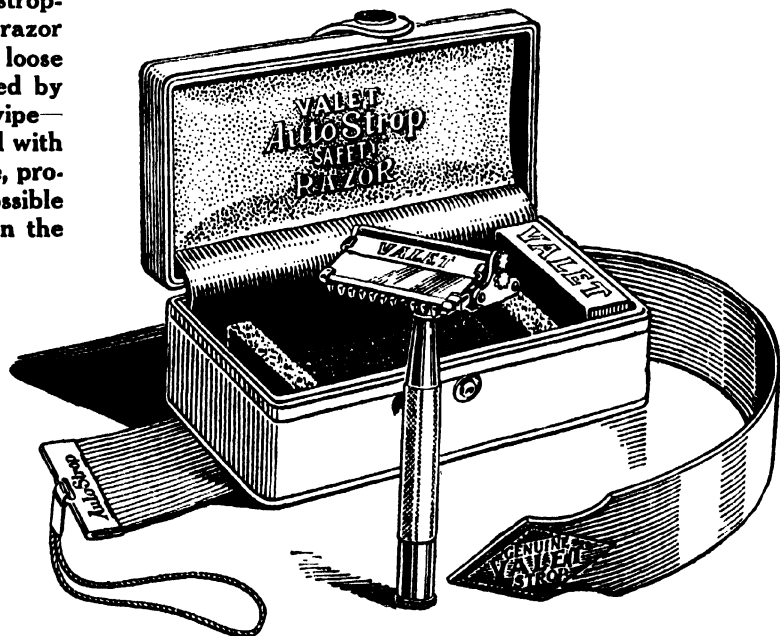
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*Newly-joined Subaltern.* "I SAY, STAFF-SERGEANT, YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT WHEELS AND THINGS, DON'T YOU? I WANT YOU TO MEND THE HAIRSPRING OF MY WRIST WATCH."

no gas left about. Tests are usually made (1) with a white mouse, (2) with a canary.

"If the white mouse turns green there is gas present; if it don't there ain't. If the canary wags his tail and whistles "Gee! ain't it dandy down in Dixie!" all is well, but if it wheezes "The End of a perfect Day" and moults violently, beware, beware! If through the negligence of the Quartermastering Department you have not been equipped with either mice or canaries do not start sniffing for gas yourselves, but remember that your lives are of value to your King and country and send for an officer. To have first sniff of all gas is one of an officer's privileges; he hasn't many, but this is one of them and very jealously guarded as such. If an officer should catch you snuffing up all the gas in the neighbourhood he will be justifiably annoyed and peevish.

"Now, having given you all the theory of anti-gas precautions, we will indulge in a little practice. When I shout the word 'Gas!' my assistants will distribute a few smoke bombs

among you, and every man will don his respirator in five motions and wend his way towards the gas-chamber, entering it by the south door and leaving it by the north. Is that quite clear? Then get ready. Gas!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
Four or five N.C.O. Instructors suddenly pop up out of the gravel pit and bombard the congregation with hissing smoke grenades. The front ranks wake up, spring to their feet in terror and leg it for safety at a stretched gallop, shedding their respirators for lightness' sake as they flee. The rear ranks, who, in spite of themselves, have heard something of the lecture, burrow laboriously into their masks. Some wear them as hats, some as ear-muffs, some as chest-protectors.

The smoke rolls over them in heavy yellow billows.

Shadow shapes, hooded like Spanish inquisitors, may be seen here and there crouched as in prayer, struggling together or groping blindly for the way out. One unfortunate has his head down a rabbit-hole, several blunder over

the edge of the gravel pit and are seen no more.

There is a noise of painful laboured breathing as of grampuses in deep water or pigs with asthma.

The starched N.C.O. Instructors close on the helpless mob and with muffled yelps and wild waving of arms herd them towards the south door of the gas chamber, push them inside and shoot the bolts.

The R.A.M.C. Orderlies are busy hauling the bodies out of the north door, loading them on stretchers and trotting them across to the cemetery, at the gates of which stands the Base Burial Officer beaming welcome.

The lecturer, seeing the game well in progress, lights a pipe and strolls home to tea.

PATLANDER.

#### Georgians and Victorians.

Brighton's popularity began in the late Georgian period; but with the present rush for railway accommodation the only people who have a chance of getting there now are early Victorians.



## HINTS FOR POULTRY KEEPERS.

(By our Scientific Expert.)

DURING the present month many fowls drop into grump, especially broody hens. Food should be given sparingly until grumping is in full swing, and all rich and stimulating food should be omitted, such as fresh-water mussels, eels, crayfish, whelks, sardines or short-bread. Green food should be provided in abundance, especially green peas, which are now plentiful; they assist the feather-growth, which is a great drain on the hen's constitution but an essential factor in its well-being, for, as the old proverb says, "A hen without a feather is like a boot without leather." Bombay ducks are especially liable to grump, and a valuable preventive in their case is a little clam chowder dusted in sulphur mash, with a dash of ammoniated quinine. The treatment is as follows: Spray the gills every hour with warm rum and milk and rub a little radium on the nostril. Also give either "Grumpo" pills or powder in guava jelly night and morning. In acute cases isolation is absolutely necessary.

The poultry-house should be lit preferably with acetylene gas at night, as the delicate odour of garlic in this illuminant is much relished by bantams, cockerels, pickerels, pangollins, porbeagles and other heavy layers. The needs of runner ducks must be carefully studied, as they are liable to be alarmed by a strong artificial light. Smoked-glass spectacles, which can be procured at 10s. 6d. a pair from any good optician, are indispensable, as inflammation of the eye, if not promptly dealt with, passes rapidly to the mesenteric tract and exacerbates the solar plexus. At this stage hot fomentations of hydrochloric acid sometimes effect a cure; but it is perhaps safer to blow up the bird with a small dynamite charge, and saturate the infected area with tincture of cinnamon.

Some strains which are immune from grump suffer from migraine, Spanish influenza and botulism. Buff Orpingtons, for example, are curiously botulistic in their diathesis, but if properly fed and housed in hygienic conditions they enjoy a remarkable freedom from these troubles. The formula for air space may be crudely expressed by saying that in the perfect poultry-house the cube root of the hypotenuse should never exceed the parabola of the rotating focus, otherwise disaster is sure to supervene. All poultry-houses should have a continual supply of pure air, not draught. The open-air treatment for fowls of every age is now recommended by all aviculturists. Revolving shelters, with electrically-driven fans in the hot weather, demand a certain

initial outlay, but they work wonders with backward bantams. The main poultry-house should be open in front with a plate-glass wind-screen and a buffet for light refreshments at either end. The walls should be of encaustic tiles.

Imperfect voice-production in roosters can be remedied by the employment of model crowing records periodically emitted by a gramophone. Fowls are essentially imitative and amenable to discipline. Cruelty to ugly ducklings should be vigorously suppressed and in every way an atmosphere of cordiality and mutual good-will encouraged. Prizes for good conduct, regular laying and lustro of plumage should be instituted, and suitable decorations awarded to the winners. In this way the friendly co-operation of poultry and their keepers can be materially promoted, and the satisfactory solution of the problem of food-supply reconciled with the dictates of an enlightened humanitarianism.

## GLORIOUS GLUE.

["Dover's bad meat has been made into glue."—*The Evening News*.]

*Dover's bad meat has been made into glue!*

Bully for me! bully for you!

Meat that is good may be scanty, it's true,

Still it's not nearly so charming to chew;

Therefore let's let it go bad through and through

So that we're able to bake (or to brew) Glue, glue, glorious glue!

Who does not gloat over glorious glue?

Cutlets are coy and chops very few,  
Porterhouse steaks are quite off the menu;

Jolly good joints have all vanished from view;

What does it matter and why should we rue

Beef that is breezy and balmy and blue?

Can't we transform it and have in its lieu

Glue, glue, glorious glue?

Can't we all gloat over glorious glue?

*Dover's bad meat has been made into glue!*

Very nice too! very nice too!

All through a lack of cold storage?—  
Hooroo!

Waste, do you call it?—I answer, Pooh-pooh!

Who would not willingly give a meat coupon

for two pennorth of glutinous stew?  
Glue, glue, glorious glue!

Come, let us gloat over glorious glue!

W. B.

## MORE PROPAGANDA.

SUCH of our readers as may have doubted in their ignorance the industry or, at any rate, the efficiency of all the gifted and decorated gentlemen who toil (largely in officers' uniforms) in the Propaganda Departments which now exist—one prominent effect of the War having been to make two Propagandist Departments flourish where none grew before—will be glad to hear of the campaign which, unless rumour is a lying jade, is about to be inaugurated in rural districts.

Although at Coventry and Birmingham there seems to have been a want of appreciation of the dangerous character of the Hun as a foe, it has been decided that our rustics shall entertain no such hallucination. But how to get the light into a head not normally too acute and rendered more than commonly dull in these days by Hodge's efforts, forced upon him by the Government's ploughing activity early in the year and recent vacillations concerning the value of crops, to do the work of three men and so be ready for the harvest. There have, it is true, been placards on the walls and lectures have now and then been delivered; but the yokel mind moves slowly. Fortunately, however, the yokel eye is quick, and this is the Propagandist's chance.

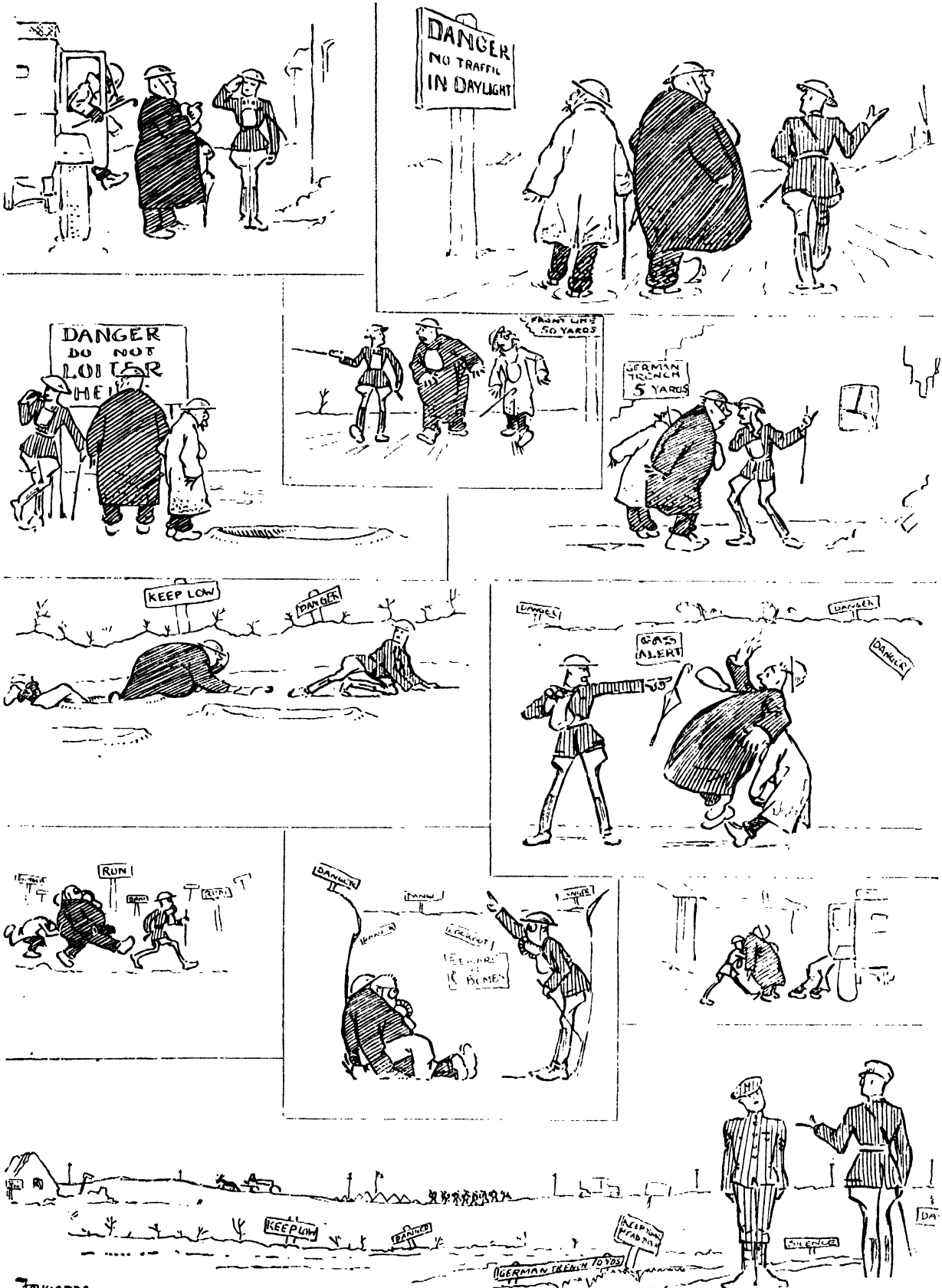
We understand that the new measure proceeds from the report of a roving Commissioner in an agricultural district, who wrote as follows: "I have been much struck by certain wasted opportunities for influencing rural opinion against the Hun, and in particular the Arch Hun. Never before have I seen so many scarecrows in the fields, and never scarecrows so badly constructed. Surely it would not be too difficult to set up a factory where scarecrows (or boggarts, as they are called in some places) could be made in large numbers in the likeness of the KAISER. These, if supplied free to farmers, would serve the double purpose of frightening the birds and perpetually reminding the country people of the deplorable personality of our enemy; and since a scarecrow is one of the lowest terms that can be applied to a human being a healthy contempt for everything German would be fostered."

It is the task of translating this admirable suggestion into fact that (unless, as we say, rumour is a lying jade) has made all the O.B.E.'s in the Propaganda Department so busy just now. Heaven help their enterprise!

## A Champagne Counter-Offensive.

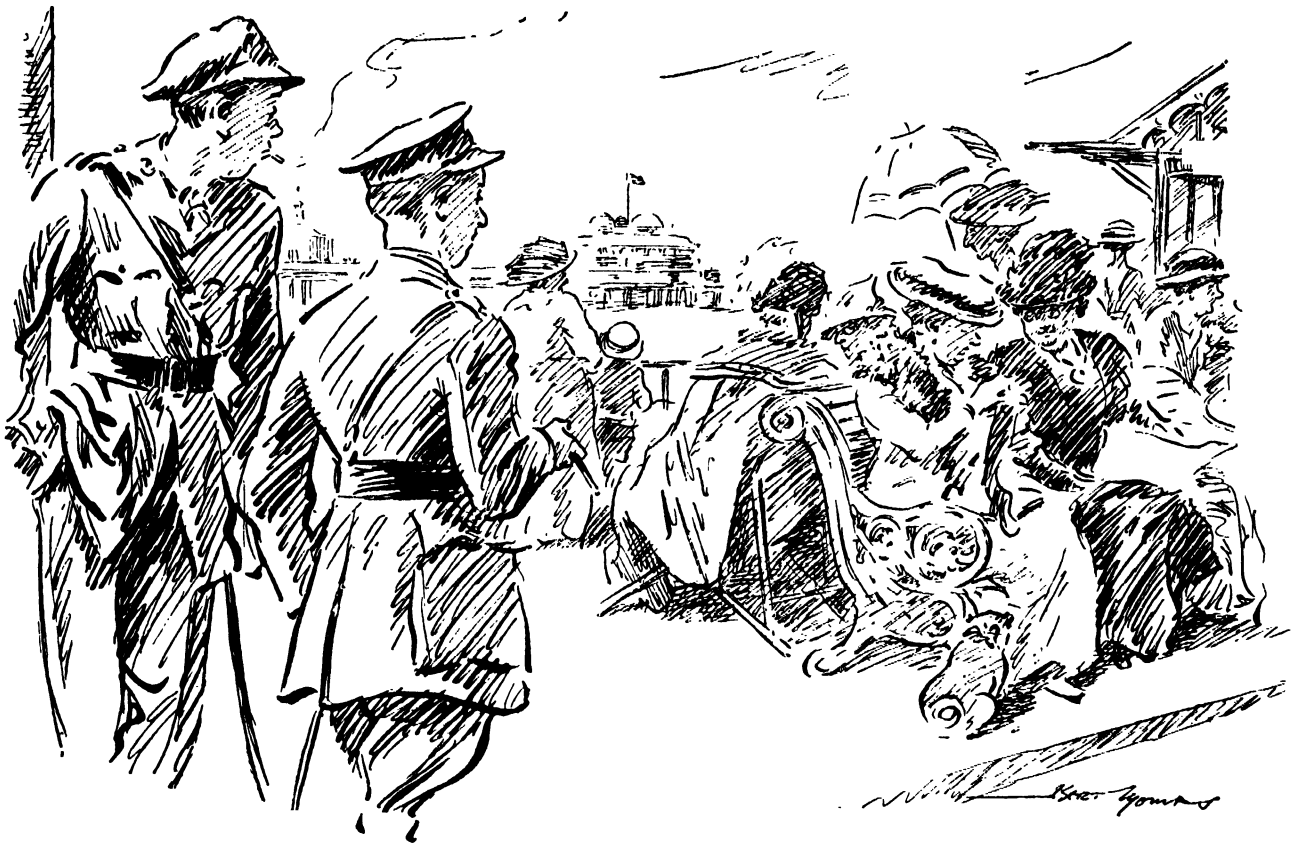
SONG FOR LITTLE WILLIE: "Oh! what a difference in the Marne-ing."

THE VISIT TO THE FRONT.



Joyasse

"YOU CAN CLEAR AWAY THOSE NOTICE-BOARDS NOW, SERGEANT. THE VISITORS HAVE GONE."



*Lothario.* "I SAY, OLD BEAN, NOT MUCH DOIN' ON THE SOUTHERN FRONT THIS MORNIN'—WHAT?"

### THE DEATH OF DORA, 1911.

[A high authority has pronounced that D.O.R.A. will automatically expire at the close of the War. The following memorial verses may seem a little premature, but Mr. Punch, forestalling his contemporaries, who keep reams of memorial matter ready pigeon-holed against the decease of distinguished personages, proposes to publish these lines at once as an example to the nation of perfect readiness for Peace.]

WEEP, weep, O England, and from shore to shore  
Let the loud bells their crude carillons cease,  
For she that did resist all storms of War  
Lies stricken in the very hour of Peace.  
Now all our songs are silent, and no wonder,  
For poor old Dora has at last gone under.

Bring ye no cypresses nor yew-leaves dark;  
Only with palm shall Dora's pyre be stacked;  
For lo! it seems superfluous to remark  
The Realm she loved is happily intact;  
Ah, sorry fate! she only lived to win,  
And it was victory that did her in.

Not oft in history, when Great Ones pass,  
Doos all their life-work perish with themselves;  
The humblest bard must wither like the grass,  
But leaves his legacy on *someone's* shelves;  
And Dora's work was admirable, but  
She kicked the bucket and it all went phut.

For hark, what laughter jars upon our pain  
Now that the gaols eject into the sun  
Bosch, Pacifist, Objector and Sinn Fein,  
And the best work of Dora is undone;  
While all acknowledge, as they dry the tear,  
It is less difficult to purchase beer.

Hark, in the clubs, how everybody knows

The secret mysteries that used to be,  
While rapturous Editors unscathed disclose  
That England too had submarines at sea,  
And Correspondents are no more confined  
To vivid pictures of the way they dined.

The lights begin to twinkle from the bars;  
The slow moon climbs, but no one cares a blow;  
Men ride in most unnecessary cars  
And reckless quaff *two* whiskies at a go;  
Life without Dora, love itself seems drab,  
And one may whistle for a taxi-cab.

Yet shall she live in patriotic minds;  
Haply at even, when the church-bells boom,  
Will old men start and guiltily draw the blinds  
And snap the lights out in the dining-room;  
Will speak of Dora when their sons demur:  
"It was her wish; I do it, lad, for her."

Haply munitioners will tell the tale  
Of the old days, the piping times of war,  
And humourists and profiteers bewail  
The trench-jokes dead, the surpluses no more;  
Shall say, "Old Dora would have sympathised;  
'Twas Peace that killed her—and I'm not surprised."

And how commend her? for she used to seek  
No people's flattery, no vulgar pars.;  
We did not see her picture week by week,  
With notes about her war-work at bazaars;  
This be the praise no caviller can rob,  
"She wore no chevrons, but she did her job."

A. P. H.



## THE RIVER SEASON.

FRITZ. "THEY TOLD ME TO CROSS THE MARNE, AND I'VE DONE IT—BOTH WAYS. NOW WHERE'S THIS AISNE THEY TALK ABOUT?"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, July 29th.*—The more strait-laced Peers were a little shocked at the spectacle of Lord LANSDOWNE, hitherto regarded by them as a pattern of propriety, introducing a Bill to re-establish lotteries. It seems that the Red Cross Society has lately come into the possession of some three thousand pearls, presented by a multitude of distinguished donors, and of a solitary pig, the gift of an allotment-holder to Her Majesty the QUEEN (his Lordship, despite a recent experience, still persists in putting pearls before swine); and it is assured that the only effective way of turning these treasures into cash is to raffle them. But that, though it is done every day, is illegal. Hence the Bill, which received a Second Reading, despite an animated protest from His Grace of CANTERBURY. But I tremble for its fate if it ever reaches the other House. As Hon. Secretary of the Anti-Gambling League Mr. HOGGE will have all his bristles out.

Colonel THORNE, as a representative gas-worker, implored the Ministry of Munitions not to encourage the employment of women in retort houses; the work, he averred, was not suitable for them. But Mr. KELLAWAY assured him that he was mistaken; under certain conditions women were most successful in retort work. As Mr. KELLAWAY is a married man, while the COLONEL, I gather from *Debrett*, is still a gay young bachelor, I am backing Mr. KELLAWAY.

Not content with Mr. BONAR LAW's assurance that the whole question of the use of motor-cars by Public Departments was under inquiry, Mr. HOUSTON asked for an immediate prohibition of the use of large cars in London. Was there any physical reason why a General or an Admiral could not go about in a small car? Nobody could think of an answer to this pertinent question.

If Mr. DILLON got a chilly reception for his indictment of the Government he had only himself to blame. You can't desert the House of Commons for three months and expect it at once to take you to its bosom on your return; and if your wooing is conducted in alternate wails and whispers it is still less likely to be effective. The Nationalist leader had to be content with the punctual applause of his faithful followers, the silent approval of Lord WIMBORNE in the Peers' Gallery, and the bright green

socks of which Mr. ROCH, sitting exactly opposite, made prominent and sympathetic display. Almost the only passage in his speech which evoked general approval was his tribute to the patriotic services of his predecessor; and even that, I fear, suggested unfavourable comparisons.

There was very little left of the motion after Mr. SHORTT had done with it. For years past the House has been so much accustomed to seeing the Nationalist Party kowtowed to by statesmen on both sides that it was almost as much delighted as surprised to hear the new CHIEF SECRETARY—an avowed and unrepentant Home Ruler

division they were handsomely beaten. Of the few Liberals who joined them in the Lobby most, I fancy, voted, not because they loved Ireland more but because they loved LLOYD GEORGE less.

*Tuesday, July 30th.*—The Lords spent a lively couple of hours in debating its own procedure. A recent speech of Lord CURZON's had suggested to Lord RIBBLESDALE that the immemorial right of the Peers to ask questions was to be curtailed by D.O.R.A., and that their historic Chamber was to become a "controlled establishment." Lord LONDONDERRY joined in the protest. He declared that the Lower House was tending to become a subservient body

of Coalition placemen, and then, by a process of reasoning too subtle for anybody but an Irishman to follow, argued that the best way to save the Upper House from a similar fate was to put more Ministers into it.

Lord CURZON disclaimed any intention to reduce their Lordships' privileges, which included the right to put down a question on one subject, make a speech about another, and wind up with a motion of which no notice had been given. No wonder that newly-created Peers, fresh from the control of the SPEAKER, felt as if they were roaming in a spacious park after being confined to the trim alleys of a Dutch garden. All he asked was that when they were politely requested to postpone an inconvenient question they should do so and not grumble about freedom of speech "and all that rubbish."

In the Commons Mr. DILLON endeavoured to raise as a question of privilege the regulation that requires intending travellers to Ireland to obtain a permit from the police. Incidentally it meant that his friend, Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, had been obliged to have his photograph taken, though it is only fair to say that on this shocking outrage being brought to the notice of the authorities they had modified the order. Irish Members were no longer required to produce their portraits, but still had to obtain passes before they could return to Ireland. The SPEAKER, however, ruled that the subject, if of importance, should have been raised six weeks ago.

An attempt by Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL to reduce the Secret Service Vote—the thought of that photograph was still ranking—suffered defeat; and the House then passed all the remaining Votes in Supply—unimaginable millions—in a quarter-of-an-hour.



THE OPENING ROUND.

MR. DILLON RECEIVES A SHORTT HOOK.

telling Mr. DILLON's followers a few plain truths about themselves. In vain Mr. DEVLIN endeavoured by rasping interruptions to put him off his stroke. Smiling and implacable Mr. SHORTT rubbed in his points—that they had made no effort to turn the Home Rule Act into a practicable measure that, instead of denouncing Sinn Féin, they had followed its lead; that they had attacked the Irish Executive when they should have supported it, and by their refusal to help recruiting had forfeited the sympathy of the British working-classes.

Many other speeches were made. Sir GEORGE REID purred statesmanship, Sir MARK SYKES scintillated, Mr. ASQUITH temporized, and Mr. HERRERT SAMUEL prattled of the Peace Conference. Half-a-dozen Nationalists said ditto to their leader in various degrees of stridency; but when it came to the



Nurse. "WHAT DO YOU THINK, EFFIE? THERE'S A LITTLE BABY BROTHER COME TO LIVE WITH YOU."  
Effie. "WELL, HE CAN'T STAY UNLESS HE'S BROUGHT HIS COUPONS."

### OLD RHYMES RE-SUNG.

THE ASTRONOMER'S GREEN-SICKNESS.  
OH, Daddy dear, your fine career a wondrous close has found,  
For now your eyes that searched the skies are glued upon the ground;  
No longer you contribute to the learned magazines,  
But devote yourself exclusively to growing roots and greens.  
Discarding logarithms and algebraic signs  
You welcome as your masters HOOVER, PROTHERO and CLYNES;  
And the only sort of science to which your fancy leans  
Is the theory of MENDEL as exemplified by greens.  
At eight o'clock each morning with the gusto of a grig  
You are off to your allotment to hoe and sow and dig,  
And, with a tough endurance that I envy, in my teens,  
Seldom homing till the gloaming, you cultivate your greens.  
I met with Gaffer Blandy and he couldn't understand  
What had made the old Professor take to working on the land;

"He's the curious old gentleman, and him a man of means,  
To be slaving like a Trojan at his 'tatie' and his greens."

Anyhow, I know you're happier than since the War began  
With your budget of seed-packets, with your spade and water-can;  
You never seem to hanker after academic scenes,  
But you worship your potatoes and you idolize your greens.

When HAIG and FOCH have banged the Bosch and drowned his Hymn of Hate,  
Your zeal for raising food-stuffs may conceivably abate;  
But till the sea is rid of mines and safe from submarines,  
You'll probably do well to stick to growing roots and greens.

"The Kaiser watched the Rheims battle on July 15 from the top of a tower about seventy-five feet high."—*Observer*.

"The Kaiser watched the Rheims battle on July 15 from the top of a tower about 45 ft. high."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

We should like to think that this apparent discrepancy was due to the fact that the French gunners got on to it while the ALL-HIGHEST was there.

### "CURE OF INFLUENZA.

The medicinal value of Spirits is incontrovertible. There is no other medicine just as good, hence the wicked mutilation of our whiskey, &c., by extreme reduction (by order) is Vandalism gone mad."—*Provincial Paper*.

The evil spirit seems to have got into our contemporary's spelling, which is considerably under proof.

"Canada is threatened with a telegraphists' strike. A strike of telegraphists is threatened in Canada."—*Daily Paper*.

A little more of this and we shall be reluctantly driven to the conclusion that trouble is brewing in the Canadian telegraph service.

"Of course the college is empty; it is the Long Vacation. A few stray scholars at the most can now enter here and drink the breezes laden with perfume and hear the murmur of the numemorial bee."—*Times*.

This, of course, is not one of TENNYSON'S bees (they were "innumerable"), but he seems to be a noble relic of antiquity.

### Provocation.

A dog bit a man at Southend, And, when asked what the deed might portend,

"Though a peaceable cur," He replied, "I demur  
When he calls me his four-footed friend."

## AT THE OPERA.

## "THE VALKYRIE."

IN the triumphal finale of the BEECHAM Opera Company's season the brilliant orchestra and their conductor once more carried off the honours. But Mr. ROBERT PARKER, as the Wall-Eyed One, sang nobly and with a high seriousness. This is no easy matter when one regards the humour of *Wotan's* situation, compelled as he is by his wife *Fricka* to uphold the sanctity of marriage vows (so rudely outraged by *Sieg-mund*), and electing to utilise for this purpose one of his own numerous illegitimate children.

It is a sadly rare thing to find youth and slimmness and grace of motion in a Wagnerian heroine; but these qualities are possessed by Miss GLADYS ANCRUM, and her *Sieglinde* was a very delightful figure. I wish I could report that her lover, *Sieg-mund*, in the person of Mr. WALTER HYDE, conveyed a like suggestion of romance, or that Miss PERCEVAL ALLEN'S *Brinnhilde* corresponded to my conception of a young Amazon of the *haute école* of mounted aviation. Her sister *Val-kyrie* looked more probable, but their united voices failed badly in competition with the orchestra.

Sir THOMAS BEECHAM tells us that "after three years of uphill enterprise, the fate of Opera in London is decided to the point of its having just turned the corner." He has plans in contemplation for "raising still higher the standard of accomplishment in his country." With the idea of meditating upon these plans, which are at present unpublishable, he is about to retire from London till next February. If I dared offer a contribution to his designs I would recommend—but this also is unpublishable. Meanwhile I am free to add my little word to the chorus of gratitude for what he has already done to advance the cause of Opera in England. O. S.

## Precocity.

"A grandfather of seven has been put in Grade 1 at Ramsgate."—*Daily Sketch*.

## THE INVENTOR.

It gives us no pleasure to discourage enthusiasm, but it was difficult to extend a really warm welcome to the very sanguine company promoter who called this morning for our support.

"It's a sure thing," he said. "A gold mine. A bonanza."

We composed ourselves to listen.

"The country has at this moment," he said, "two needs. Metal for munitions and fuel against a winter that promises to be only half-warmed. You grant that?"



Tommy. "NAH THEN, 'INDENBURG, NOT SO MUCH OF THIS WAR OF MOVEMENT."

We admitted that there was something in the statement.

"Very well," he went on. "What would you say if I could show you at your very door a supply of both these commodities going to waste?"

We murmured something.

"You may have observed," he resumed, "that the main thoroughfares of London are paved with wood?"

We had.

"But have you ever looked at that wood with any close attention?" he asked. "Because if you had you would have noticed that the blocks are packed, much as a pudding used to be packed with plums, with scraps of iron, screws, bolts, nuts, washers, tyre-buttons, all of which have fallen from the machinery of cars and been crushed into the wood

by the wheels of heavy vehicles. Come into Fleet Street," he said, "I'll show you."

But we had already noticed it.

"Very well then," he said, "my idea is to acquire these blocks, and after extracting the precious metal from them sell them for firing. Two sources of supply at a blow: all the metal that the munitioners can want; all the fuel for shivering London when the winter comes. Splendid! And there's a fortune in it for us. What do you think?"

"What about the traffic while the blocks are being removed—and after?" we asked.

"I never thought of that," he said.

## ANIMALS AND ALIENS.

THE account in *The Spectator* of July 27th of the dog on the Western Front which can distinguish between German and British type of aeroplane has brought us a batch of letters recording similar instances of animal intelligence. Perhaps the most remarkable is that contributed by Mr. Gosling, of Fakenham, who writes as follows:—

"I have a pet lobster, which I keep in a salt-water tank and feed daily on mushroom-rooms. When the name of Sir GEORGE CAVE is mentioned in its presence, even in the lowest of tones, it becomes violently agitated and turns a

bright red colour, but can be at once restored to its normal hue and serenity if I briskly ejaculate the words, '*Daily Mail*.'"

Mrs. Bunting, of Battle, Sussex, describes a touching incident which occurred recently during the visit of a lady who called with the view of taking her house for the holidays. Directly the stranger was shown in, Mrs. Bunting's bull-terrier, "Nelson," flew at her and was with difficulty restrained from tearing her to pieces. It subsequently transpired that the lady, though married to an Englishman named Jobson, was descended on the mother's side from a great-great-grandmother who had been educated at a school in Dresden. Owing to the dog's wonderful sagacity Mrs. Bunting was fortunately saved from



# WHY I AM A PELMANIST.

By "SAPPER."

SOME months ago, more out of curiosity than anything else, I took up Pelmanism. I wished to find out whether there was indeed some new and wonderful system which could transform mediocrity into brilliance and failure into success. Plentiful advertisements assured me that if I would but follow the advice laid down by the teachers of the Pelman School there was nothing I might not hope for, from a substantial increase in the pay extracted from a stony-hearted Government to complete immunity from whizz-bangs. In view of the desirability of both these goals, I decided to join "the cult." I regarded it as a cult; in spite of all assurances from Generals, Admirals, Pillars of the Church, and other big noises in the Pelman world, I was sure there was a catch somewhere. So I borrowed the money for the course, and started looking for the catch. I am still looking. . . .

Now, I do not propose to go into the question of how Pelmanism obtains its results. To attempt to do so would necessitate going into what Pelmanism is. If anybody wants to find that out, let him follow my example—borrow the money and see for himself. He will never regret it.

But I do propose to say something of the state of mind induced by Pelmanism in a student who takes it up *in earnest*. For on that state of mind depends entirely his judgment of the system. On the personal result in his particular case the student will say: "This thing is bad. I would prefer a bag of nuts"; or he will say: "This thing is good. Why, in Heaven's name, didn't I do it before?" Those are the two judgments to which any new thing must be prepared to submit itself; and when it is as much advertised as Pelmanism the answer is of importance.

Now, let there be no mistake about one thing; we are discussing the student who takes it up in earnest. The man who enrolls as a Pelmanist, who reads the books, and does the exercises like a parrot, and then sits down and waits for the boodle to roll in, will do a powerful lot of sitting. There is no magic word in the system; no formula which, repeated twice in the bath and once after breakfast, will produce success. There is nothing mystic about it—nothing supernatural.

Pelmanism is a system of education: nothing more, nothing less. Where it differs from other systems is that it educates. This is a very large claim, and one which great numbers of people will find incredible. They will point to all our methods of education, and say, frankly, that it is ridiculous. They will quote at length from the many books that have been written about education lately—especially the Public School system. "If such a thing," they say, "were true, our social system would be undermined." Personally, I am not sure it hasn't been. . . .

Let us consider, for a moment, this question of an education which educates compared to one which does not. So many people have written on the latter: so few on the former. It is so easy to criticise destructively. . . .

It is an undoubted fact that an intimate knowledge of the French irregular verbs, and the insensate demands of the gardener for pens, ink, and paper will not materially help the student to travel through France.

It is an undoubted fact that the sole test for which we are trained is an examination; to that end a boy is crammed and forced—and, having passed it, nothing more matters. He can forget everything, and he promptly does, naturally.

It is a far, far better thing to throw explosive bombs at the science master than to dabble in abstruse chemical formulae. The boy is not going to be a chemist—he wants to go into the Army. He is being taught what he doesn't want to learn. And so it is a failure. Thus the destructive critic fulminates; and everybody agrees that it is very dreadful. . . . But he suggests no alternative; and so, everybody, after a brief mental upheaval, relapses again into sleep. Only Pelmanism has remained awake, and has produced an answer—a constructive answer—moreover, a successful answer in the opinion of those who have tried.

It is successful because its students learn what they want to learn, and are therefore keen. A simple fundamental fact, wherein Pelmanism differs from all other systems of education: a simple fundamental fact which makes the difference between success and failure.

And so we come to the consideration of what is this thing which Pelmanism teaches, and which its students wish to be taught. It is well-nigh impossible to sum up the course in a phrase: it is altogether too big a thing. And yet—perhaps it can be done—more or less. Pelmanism, as I see it, teaches Human Nature—your own and the other man's. It deals not with Greek iambs or the differential calculus, though such is its nature that it will help the student to deal with these occult mysteries, be he so minded. It just deals with you and the other man, and life as one lives it.

There is no catch in it. It is a system developed along perfectly common-sense lines, which leads to a definite goal. That goal is Efficiency.

The system takes a man's thought-box, and proceeds to tell the owner how he can improve it. It sends the student's brain to a mental gymnasium. It gives him concise instructions as to what he is to do, and when he carries out those instructions conscientiously he finds the system is right. He begins to realise that his mind is capable of being drilled and expanded exactly the same as his body. And, moreover, he finds that just as the fitter his body becomes, the more work it can do; so the fitter his mind is, the more it can accomplish. Things come easier to him; he has no difficulty in taking on more. His brain, in fact, is being drilled, and is developing accordingly.

Thus baldly—Pelmanise. The mind and brain are subject to laws, just as is the body. The teachers of this system have taken those laws—up to now the property, so to speak, of a few abstruse thinkers and philosophers—and built round them a simple, infallible method of developing a human being's efficiency. That is all. As I say, there is no catch. The work which they ask the student to do, and which the student must do if he wishes to benefit by the course, is not long and arduous. It does not entail going back to school and poring over books. It can be done on one's way to work, when one is out for a walk, or wondering where the last one went to.

Moreover, there is another point which is worthy of note. The exercises—though only a means to an end—are in themselves interesting. There is no question of French irregular verbs or abstruse chemical formulae—to be forgotten as soon as learned. There is nothing irksome or tedious in the course; nothing that the student doesn't see the object of even in the early stages of his struggles. It is in fact a common-sense system, developed along common-sense lines, with its goal—Efficiency.

The results speak for themselves. From a financial point of view, I, personally, am not qualified to speak; except to state the axiomatic truth that a man or woman whose brain is efficient must be worth more in the world market than one whose brain is untrained. And Pelmanism trains the untrained mind; that is its *raison d'être*. But from an intellectual point of view the thing can be put in a nutshell. It is not good to go through life blind; and yet thousands do so. Their brains are blind; they see, and do not appreciate; they hear, and do not understand. Pelmanism brings that appreciation and that understanding. Therefore it would seem worth while to Pelmanise, for it is certainly worth while to understand.

*A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which, together with TRUTH'S special supplement on "Pelmanism," and form of enrolment for the complete course for one-third less than the usual fees, will be sent post free to all readers of PUNCH on application to The Pelman Institute, 1 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.*

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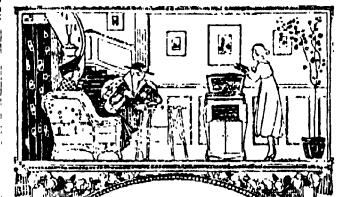
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M.O. (at sick parade on the Macedonian Front). "HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN THE BALKANS?"  
Pat. "I AM NOT IN THE BALKANS, SIR; I AM IN THE CONNEMARA FUSILIERS."

committing herself to so undesirable a tenant.

Another correspondent records the intelligence of a parrot which, if ever a conscientious objector comes within a hundred yards of his house, cries out, "Intern them all;" and another the strange behaviour of a Barbary ape, which feigns death when a copy of *The Westminster Gazette* is brought into the room, but salutes with a profound reverence the names of Mr. KENNEDY JONES or Mrs. DACRE FOX.

### THE NEW SOLITAIRE.

A TELEPHONE commutator, which is to be found in small signal offices like Richard's, is very much like a solitaire board, with plugs in place of the marbles. Having been, before the War, a solitaire professional, I can never resist making the plugs of a commutator jump over one other.

In solitaire of course the object is to clear a board full of marbles by jumping them over each other and removing each time the obstacle that you have negotiated.

The game is rendered more interesting on a commutator by the fact that (so Richard informs me) the position of the plugs decides who shall talk to whom.

Every time a plug jumps, one of the conversationalists has to start talking to someone else, and one of them is cut off altogether as his plug is removed, according to the rules.

I find that Signal Officers, like Richard and people who live at the end of telephone wires, are rarely solitaire enthusiasts. Possibly they have some excuse.

For instance, I strolled into Richard's signal office the other day; I had had a hard day's work and, finding the plugs favourably placed, I considered the hour ripe for a little well-merited relaxation, so I settled down to a quiet game.

Richard, who by the way runs the Artillery communications of his Division, happened to be talking to a Kite Balloon when I made my first move. I jumped him through to his C.O.

"Hullo, Sausage," said Richard, hearing a click and missing the heavy breathing of his friend in the balloon, "is that you, old bird?" (Richard's voice is unfortunately unmistakable). He was reassured by hearing breathing again, heavier than ever. At this moment I made another move, again with Richard's piece. Richard continued his conversation, this time with the General for his audience.

"Do try and master that breathing

of yours, Sausage, old lad. As I was saying . . ."

It was rather a pity for Richard that he couldn't jump any further at the moment, because the General hates explanations and doesn't know about my solitaire. However, after a few masterly moves I jumped over Richard and removed him from the board, thus probably saving him.

Richard argued about it afterwards. I pointed out that his view was narrow, not to say selfish. Even then he might eventually have forgiven me, had it not been for a further rebuff. It was during another short conversation that he had with the General next day.

"My communications," said the latter, "have lately not been all that could be desired. I am continually getting through to people I don't want to talk to. What do you propose to do about it?"

"I would suggest, Sir," said Richard, hoping to cheat me of my solitaire board, "that you get an exchange."

"Which Division do you recommend?" said the General on a note of bitter irony.

Of course Richard at once explained the innocence of his meaning, but, as I have already said, the General hates explanations.

## ODE TO A DUTCH CHEESE.

Not for this face! Oh, not for such as I  
 Didst ripen into beauty, radiant sphere;  
 Rather, methinks, it is thy lot to lie  
 Beneath the zone of some rich profiteer,  
 Or haply some interment-fretted Hun  
 Fed to the teeth with weekly jaunts to town  
 And being well supplied with legal tender,  
 Will hold thee cheap at fifteen and a bender,  
 And Lofthouse Parkward bear thee, beauteous one,  
 And there with the beakered bubbly wash thee down.

Not mine to indulge the grosser appetite,  
 But, being in love with beauty all my days,  
 I view thy shapeliness with sheer delight  
 And fain would crown it with a wreath of praise.  
 Let whoso will devour thee; I will keep  
 Unsullied by desire the soul of me,  
 Singing, "O ripe round rosy one! O redolent  
 Of dappled kine and sunshine and sweet meadow  
 lent

A deeper charm of greenness by the deep  
 Delft blue of sky and zephyrless Zuyder Zee."

Not in the hives of men, but in some rare  
 And aromatic dairy wast thou churned,  
 And she that wrought thee—in her aureoled hair  
 A smouldering fire of ruddy amber burned,  
 Lighting an answering flame in thy red heart;  
 And when they brought thee to the market-place  
 The wise old doppers dwelt upon thy rounded  
 Flanks and the skill with which thou wast com-  
 pounded,

Acclaiming thee a masterpiece of art,  
 A wonder-chose, the pride of the Edam race.

And many sought to buy: the pro-Hun Swede  
 Was fain to bear thee to his Northern land;  
 The blustering Teuton, mingling guile with greed,  
 Offered huge sums—in German notes-of-hand—  
 And threatened *Schrecklichkeit* should he refuse  
 Who owned thee. But he was a stalwart wight  
 And vowed that thou shouldst go to swell the  
 rations

Of those who fought to save the little nations,  
 Putting now power in honest British thaws  
 And heartening British stomachs for the fight.

Vain hope! Methinks the Hun will get thee yet,  
 Some Schweinstein guiltless of his country's *Kraut*  
 Will guzzle thee or some Home Office pet  
 Whose name was Schmidt before the War broke out,  
 Who holds up Prussia's economic ends  
 And "*Hochs*" the KAISER at his Gorman club,  
 Will wolf thee down with *Kalbsfleisch und Kar-  
 toffel*,

With *Plockwurst oder Wienerwurst* (née offal),  
 Thanking his stars and influential friends  
 For life and liberty and lots of grub.

What matter, so one patriot eye has seen,  
 One patriot bosom leaped to thy allure?  
 Thou canst not, but thy memory shall grow green  
 Shrined in the living verses that endure;  
 So, though men swallow thee, thou shalt not die,  
 But unborn generations, sitting near  
 The Winter fire, a prey to hopeless titters  
 At Mr. Punch's peerless brisket-splitters,  
 Will read of thee and pause; then, with a sigh—  
 "There was a cheese; we shall not know its peer."

ALGOL.

## "LITTLE FILL."

AT intervals of five or six years a new Minister of Education arises and resolves that education shall at last be placed upon a permanent basis. One of these efforts has, as I understand, been made quite recently by Mr. FISHER, and we are allowed to hope for wonderful things from the provisions of the new Act. I hope with the rest, but I have seen so many efforts made in this direction and have seen so many promises only half fulfilled that I hope with an enthusiasm which is perhaps more reasonable than the sanguine hopes of earnest men and women who keep the lamp of idealism alive in our midst. One thing I am sure these idealists will not be able to do: they will not succeed in reducing the spelling of the English language in our elementary schools to a dead level of conformity. Indeed, I am sure that our public schools, if they were examined in spelling, would show considerable variations from the normal. For my own part I trust that, in spite of Mr. FISHER, such examples of picturesque spelling as that which I am about to submit to Mr. Punch's readers will not be rendered utterly impossible. There is about this MS. a wild lawlessness which is extremely attractive. Mrs. Bliss, the writer, is a charwoman. She is incorrect in her spelling to a point that one would have thought almost impossible, for she gives herself great trouble to produce the most amazing results. The "Little fill" to whom she refers is her grandson, Philip, and the "Conadunt"—how felicitous is this wonderful word!—is the Commandant at the military hospital for which her services have been engaged. Here, then, is the letter, which Mrs. Bliss wrote to a lady of my acquaintance.

"DEAR MRS. — Just a line hoping this will find you in the Best of health I am sending to Let you know that Little fill have been veary Bad and he have been sufing from 5 Complants wich he as had the Dachter Eveyry day fore this theere week Friday and I have not knawn what It have been to tacke of my Close fore theer week and have not to bed night are day but thank god he has ternd fore the Best And I have had a Letter from the Conadunt to ask me when I was coming Back But the Dachter told me that I culd not think of liveing him fore a naugere week till he was a Little Stranger But I hope nest week fore serten I shall be back to work and pleased to get back thats if thay keep my place aupen fore me hopen and trusting thay will fore my sake hope Miss — and all the famly are quite well and allso your self dear Mrs. — I hoping you will not be asend at me write-ing to you but have you eny Little thing you culd send him as I shuld be veary thankfull with It as times are know eveyrythink being so Dear hoping you will Drap me a line as I shall be veary pleased to hear how you are all gawing on. "I am yours sinely "Mrs. Bliss."

"It is understood that the Attorney-General, Sir F. E. Smith, has been offered by the Lord Chancellor the post of Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, vacant on account of the death of Lord Parker. The holder becomes a life peer, and enjoys a salary of £,000 per annum." *Liverpool Echo*.

But it is only fair to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to say that his refusal of the post was not based on considerations of salary.

Letter received by a discharged soldier:—

"The Minister of Pensions . . . has decided to continue your pension (conditionally) at the rate of 22/9 a week from 31/7/18 to 28/1/19; then 19/6 a week from 29/1/19 for life, at the expiration of which you will again be medically examined with a view to the consideration of your claim to further pension."

And yet Mr. HOGGE complains that the Ministry of Pensions is not sufficiently generous.



*Alarming Aunt.* "WELL, HAVE YOU FOUND ANY WAR-WORK YET?"  
*Alarming Aunt.* "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

*Niece.* "N—NOT EXACTLY. B—BUT I'VE MADE A START."  
*Niece.* "WELL, I—I'VE C—CUT MY HAIR OFF."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is really becoming almost impossible to say anything fresh about a war-book. *Quot scriptores tot sententie* is about the only verdict, since it of course remains true that every fresh volume does provide its fresh angle of vision. Conspicuously is this the case with one that I have just been reading, *Three Anzacs in the War* (SKEFFINGTON), in which Lieut. EUSTACE A. DUNN has described the experiences of an Australian from the moment of joining up to that which sees him returning on six months' sick-leave after a wound. I found the recital very attractive for several reasons, amongst them being the care-free unforced style of the writing and a certain very unfamiliar candour in the matter of place names (even permitting the inclusion of that well-worn Tommy jest about going to eat apples). Lieut. DUNN takes his heroes through every kind of experience, nor is that cheery pen of his always particularly squeamish about shaking his readers' nerves. He has obviously no use for the dressed-up version of war's horror. On the whole, for those who are not satiated with war-writing, and especially for any having associations with the Australian forces, I can cordially recommend this engaging account of their outlook and adventures. I should add that, though his book was primarily intended, I suppose, for the Antipodean reader, the author finds life on the Western front only one of a number of strange experiences—others being Cambridge in June, or a Queen's Hall concert during an air-raid.

Mrs. VICTOR RICKARD has chosen a sad title for her novel,

*The Fire of Green Boughs* (DUCKWORTH). By this fire she typifies the creeping destruction that is consuming the young life of the world. Elsewhere she repeats the same idea: "We have been thinned out . . . not the tares but the wheat has been dragged from the earth." Rather strangely, however, the motive thus stated plays actually but a small part in the story; only one life, the intensely tragic but shadowy figure of *Archie*, is shown in the burning; for the rest we get a well-written but not strikingly original story of London in war-time, varied with a single dramatic episode in an adventure of the heroine on the coast of Ireland. *Sylvia* had gone to Ballinadree because she was poor and superfluous, and the other characters in the book hardly knew what to do with her. And into the lonely house and her life of exile there staggered one stormy night the half-drowned officer of a wrecked U-boat. Hard case problem—what should *S.* do? Her solution (which I do not propose to reveal) leads to a peek of trouble for all concerned, and effectually pulls the story out of a slight danger of stagnation, which was just becoming apparent. Mrs. RICKARD has a considerable sense of character; her people, even when they are dull, are alive and capable of being roused. I liked especially the whole conception of *Sylvia*, who is a refreshing change from the super-perfection of most heroines; a girl who begins by stealing jewels from her dead aunt is at least above suspicion of conventionality. But perhaps I was prejudiced by my delight at her quotation of an exquisite and too little appreciated poem that has long been a favourite of my own. After that, *Sylvia* might have murdered her aunt before robbing her, and been assured of my forgiveness.

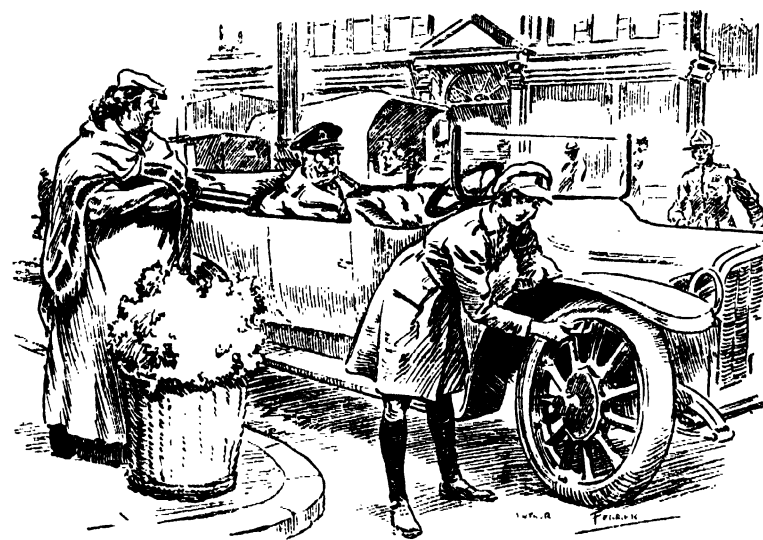
*Winged Warfare* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a thrilling account of the many air-fights that Major Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., has had with the Huns, and to a mere earth-lubber like myself it is a marvel that he should still be alive to tell the tale. In the first instance he came from Canada with a cavalry detachment of the Second Canadian Division, and the Flanders mud, which has done us so many bad turns, has, at any rate, to its credit the fact that it gave us one mighty flier. "Ordinary mud," the Major writes, "is bad enough when you have to make your home in it, but the particular brand of mud that infests a cavalry camp has a meanness all its own." So he made up his mind to get out of it into the air. When he left France he had forty-seven victories to his credit, and you must read of them to understand what such a record means. I like particularly the way in which he grieves over himself when he has missed what in his opinion was an opportunity to bring down a Hun. Apart from the adventures we have here a considerable amount of advice on flying in general and on the particular necessity for practice in shooting. Major Bishop's book breathes a fine courage, and it is written with a determined effort to be as modest as the truth would permit.

Resuscitated Pharaohs are no new thing in fiction, but in *A King in Babylon* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. BURTON E. STEVENSON has handled the theme in a convincingly original manner. We may believe that SENEKAYEN RE and his "Christian Slave"—the anachronism is HENLEY'S, not Mr. STEVENSON'S—were really reincarnated in the persons of Jimmy Allen, moving-picture actor, and his leading lady, or we may ascribe

the whole affair to excessive emotionalism begotten of the Egyptian climate and a highly exciting scenario. The author is cleverly nebulous, commits no material assaults on our credulity, and at the same time avoids an excess of mysticism. Naturally he must pay the penalty of steering this non-committal course and face as best he may the dilemma of disposing of the afflicted pair. Even allowing for the difficulty of ending all mystery stories it cannot be said that he tackles the problem in a manner which does justice to the rest of the story. By sending the young people off to a neighbouring oasis with a substantial retinue of camel-drivers, but with no money and apparently no object, he gets rid of them, it is true; but that is all that can be said of it. And the cheerful incuriosity with which their friends wave them farewell is a little hard to swallow. Mr. STEVENSON might at least have sent a sandstorm to lend some colour to their failure to reappear at Shopheard's Hotel when the charms of the oasis had begun to pall. On the whole, however, the story is an excellent one, though one is jarred by a few minor lapses, such as the introduction of a chimpanzee into an Egyptian ruin.

My theory about *Piccadilly Jim* (JENKINS) is that if ever a story was really a play disguised, this is that tale. Quite

possibly, indeed, there already exists upon the Transatlantic stage a theatrical version of the escapades of these singularly theatrical characters. If not, Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE should certainly rectify the omission at the earliest possible moment. So much I can tell you off-hand, but as for relating the plot—well, have you ever tried to recount the complications of American crook-farce to even the most sympathetic listener without regretting the venture? *Piccadilly Jim* is precisely that sort of story. The scene being laid in New York, the dialogue is naturally written in Freedom's tongue, as this medium is understood in the less realistic style of dramatic entertainment. Of the cast there are (to name but a few) a sporting young lead in the title rôle, who, being on the "other side," under an assumed name, conspires with the principal girl to pretend to be himself. And so when his father, who was pretending to be his own butler, recognized him as *Jim*, of course the girl thought—what I mean is, when the thief who was pretending to be Lord Wisbeach saw *Jerry* pretending to be himself, of course he couldn't give him away, so he stole the explosive; and after all, when the dog bit him and he dropped it, it didn't explode. And there you are! I have an idea that, if played very quickly by persons in the visible flesh, this intrigue would have a better chance than in the delaying fetters of type. Still, now I have explained it all so clearly you can form your own conclusions.



*Punctious Lady.* 'YER 'USBAND 'ERE AIN'T 'ARF ANGRY, DEARIE.'

The word "nomad," in Lady JENKINSON'S book of memoirs, *Notes of a Nomad* (HUTCHINSON), seems to be used with uncommonly little reference to that simple pastoral life of a wandering shepherd which

my dictionary, at any rate, used to associate with it. Perhaps she is thinking of the high altitudes where shepherds may be supposed to lead their flocks, for certainly the atmosphere of her book is that rare ether where royalties—mostly minor—mingle in small—mostly very small—talk with other persons of pedigree. Ordinary mortals could hardly be expected to breathe in so rarefied a heaven. To be included in the Olympus of her pages is in itself a kind of deification, for a more liberal largesse of adjectival appreciation can rarely have been lavished on any writer's fortunate friends. In just compensation they will have to endure, in reading a volume which the general public will probably decide to leave to them alone, a good many trite quotations and reiterated favourite expressions, not to speak of other minor sources of irritation. All the same, squeezed in among much dreariness, they may find a few quite vivid sketches of places as opposed to personages, and of events as contrasted with occasions. Lady JENKINSON has travelled and lingered, sketching, in places as far apart as French Canada, where she was born, and Corfu; in Burgos and in Cowes; has been honoured as a guest at a Turkish wedding and detained as a prisoner at a German spa; and at times she ceases from her hobby of collecting acquaintances among the nearly great and tells us what she saw.



# CHARIVARIA.

"The enemy," says the *Cologne Gazette*, "is still reeling from our hammer-strokes." And now Prince RUPPRECHT has just dealt us another heavy blow in the fist with his eye.

The PREMIER'S Welsh terrier, on his return to Downing Street, was overjoyed to find that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had not, as he had feared, been snatched up by some souvenir-hunter while his owner's back was turned.

At Pwllheli Bay mackerel have been selling at seventeen for a shilling. It is quite in order, therefore, to tell your profiteering fishmonger to go to Pwllheli.

"Our lowest ambition should be a life of ninety years," says Dr. T. BODLEY SCOTT. As a rule it is only expectant relatives who refer to it in just that way.

"At the National Cathedral of St. Patrick," says *The Irish Times*, "there were large congregations at all services. The music was of a lofty character." Not the trashy rag-time stuff one so often hears in cathedrals.

A Kingston woman with twenty children has been fined ten shillings for not sending them to school. It does not seem to have occurred to the Court that she might reasonably have expected that the school should be sent to the children.

It is wrong to say that the Germans lose their heads in an emergency. During the railway accident at Lundsberg, Prussia, crowds attempted to rob the dead and dying.

Since a sunbird has been stolen from the Zoo we understand that Mr. Pocock contemplates putting an extra padlock on the lions' den.

Five centenarians have died in Great Britain during one week. A dear old lady is of the opinion that it must be a very unhealthy profession because we rarely hear of centenarians unless they are dying.

A Lydd allotment-holder has grown a cabbage measuring forty-two inches in circumference. A jealous rival was heard to say that if he had grown a

cabbage that size it would have been a radish.

Small green apples, says a contemporary, are proving popular. A boy correspondent, however, desires us to say that he has a little inside information to the contrary.

Since the assassination of Field-Marshal VON FICHTHORN at Kioff it appears that the KAISER has intimated that Russia must cease these petty annoyances:

"Germany," says the Special Corre-



"HERE, LISTEN TO THIS. IT SAYS THE GOV'T HAVE BOUGHT UP ALL THE STRAWBERRIES TO MAKE JAM FOR THE TROOPS."  
"GO ON, GEORGE! HOW CAN THEY MAKE PLUM-AND-APPLE OUT O' STRAWBERRIES?"

spondent of the Press Association, "with all her weight poised for a plunge forward, has been grappled with in mid-air and slowly but inevitably forced back off her balance. Nothing approaching this feat has happened before." Except perhaps in the annals of ju-jitsu.

In view of the fact that some people have complained of losing their purses on the Tubes, it is proposed to put up a notice at the entrance of the stations, "No Pickpockets Admitted."

We learn that a conscientious objector at Dartmouth had a very exciting adventure recently. It seems that he was mistaken for a man by a young lady typist.

# APPLICATION FOR LEAVE.

Lieut. Wooster, R.A.M.C.(T.), sat in his patent partially collapsible chair in his completely collapsible tent, squared his determined shoulders, settled his chapeau of tin firmly on his head, gave a hitch to his magnum-bonum field boots and proceeded to draft his application for leave.

To apply for ordinary leave was useless; he had enjoyed two days at the beginning of his service, before embarkation, and that was only three years ago. As for "urgent affairs," everybody knew that he had made a comfortable pile years ago. There was "the troubled state of Ireland"; but, alas, he was not an Irishman. The death of a "favourite dog" had been used by others too often.

At last he hit on it: "Lieut. Wooster begs to apply for special leave on the occasion of the birth of two or three grandchildren."

"Working Man Lost, between Saturday and Sunday, £5; finder suitably rewarded."—*Provincial Paper*.

Having regard to the time of the disappearance we hazard the suggestion that the local public-houses should be dragged.

"Pte. M. — ran in the 100 yards and 440 races at the Brigade Sports, and carried off the premier honours in each case, after a tight finish. He has now been recommended for a commission."—*Sportsman*.

We don't wonder. Not many men can win 441 races in one day.

"In spite of all the tremendous events which have happened since, one carries vividly in the memory this day four years ago. It was a Sunday."

*Evening Standard, August 3rd.*

It happens to have been a Monday, but what is the use of a vivid memory if it is to be trammelled with unimportant little details like that?

# THE VOICE OF THE RIVERS.

'Twas the voice of the Marne  
That began it with "Garn!  
Full speed, Fritz, a-starn!"  
Then the Ourcq and the Crise  
Sang, "Move on, if you please."  
The Ardre and the Vesle  
Took up the glad tale,  
And cried to the Aisne,  
"Wash out the Hun stain."  
So all the way back from the Marne  
the French rivers  
Have given the Bosches in turn the  
cold shivers.



## RATS.

"Do any of you fellows happen to know a good way to get rid of rats?" I asked. "The huts in our camp are simply full of them; life's absolutely not worth living there."

"We haven't got any here," said my host.

"But you're only five minutes' walk from us," I said. "It sounds incredible."

"Nevertheless the fact remains," said he. "I was overrun with them too a month ago, and to get rid of them offered a stick of chewing-gum for every tail. I was nearly broke in a week."

"Talking about chewing-gum," I said, "do you know a couple of old reprobates called Ah Sin and Dam Li, who——"

"I should think I do," interrupted my host; "they got about a thousand sticks apiece."

"I thought they wouldn't be far away if there was any chewing-gum going," I murmured.

Later on I sought out these two gentlemen to try to discover how they had earned it.

"Lats," said Dam Li, "him velly hungly. You give um good dinner, catch um plenty much."

"They're eating me out of house and home already," I replied. "Look here," I went on, "if I give you two fellows a stick of 'Wrigley's' for every tail will you get rid of them for me?"

Ah Sin and Dam Li looked much hurt at such a mercenary suggestion.

"China boy no wantee plesent," said Ah Sin reproachfully. "'Sides, him gottee plenty too much chewing-gum allee longa now. No wantee chewing-gum."

However it appeared that they were willing to do their rat-catching for love, and the next afternoon they arrived at my camp and set to work.

"You givee China boy big ballel," said Ah Sin.

"Cut um top off," interpolated Dam Li, producing a roll of stiff parchment from a capacious pocket.

The barrel was procured and Ah Sin proceeded to pour water into it, while Dam Li came over to me.

"You givee China boy one blick," said he.

"What on earth do you want a brick for?" I asked.

"China boy puttee blick in watee for lat to sit," replied Dam Li.

Having got his brick and put it in the bottom of the barrel, Dam Li then spread his parchment all over the open top and tied it down firmly.

"How do you expect the rats to be

able to go and sit on the brick if you tie that stuff over the top?" I asked.

"Him sittee on blick plenty latee four, five days," said Ah Sin.

"To-morrow, him sittee on paper," said Dam Li. "You givee plenty good dinnee, allee samo blead and cheese—velly good lations."

At first I demurred, but in the end I agreed to let them have their way, and the two Chinamen departed with a promise to come again the next afternoon to see how things were going.

On their arrival we all went to the barrel against whose side there now lay a sloping plank for the rats to get up by.

Ah Sin inspected the barrel from afar.

"Him velly beauty ballel," he announced. "Lats eatum allee lations."

"Give um meat, biscuits, allee samo officee's dinner," said Dam Li, turning an excited eye towards me and clapping his hands together in anticipation of joys to come.

What these joys were did not appear till three days later, when, their preparations complete, Ah Sin and Dam Li carefully cut a large cross in the parchment cover of the barrel.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"Lat, him comee up allee same for dinner an' fall allee long into watee," explained Dam Li.

"Then him cleep on blick," said Ah Sin darkly.

"Then 'nother lat gettee down in watee an' go to blick allee same as first," said Dam Li with a far-away look in his eyes.

Ah Sin's eyes were by now positively sparkling.

"Then um fight," he shouted.

"Then allee lats in countly hear him selean, an' lun plenty too much quick to fight allee same as firs' lats," went on Dam Li in a frenzy of delight.

"Then there plenty big low," resumed Ah Sin.

"An' to-morrow me dlessee tin hat allee same Blitish soldiee man," prophesied Dam Li.

"An' me dlessee beauty kilt allee same Scotchee man," vaunted Ah Sin.

I couldn't get the kilt, but he allowed himself to be content with a couple of pair of "touses."

Dam Li got his tin hat.

LORD HANSLOWNE'S LETTER: There spake PETTY and not FITZMAURICE.

"After becoming a howling wilderness, a gentleman came forward and gave £1 per week for the keeping of the park in order."

Scotch Paper.

Very sporting of him, after such a painful transformation.

## LYRICAL DOPE.

[We learn from a paragraph in an evening paper that poetry is a stimulus to women in war-time.]

WHEN the Armageddon diet  
Makes Priscilla feel unquiet,  
She proscribes herself (from POPE)  
An acidulated trope.

When the lard-hunt ruffles Rose  
WORDSWORTH lulls her to repose,  
While a snippet from the "Swan"  
Stops the jam-yearn of Yvonne.

Digging in her garden, Doris  
Cantillates the *Odes* of HORACE;  
Strap-hung on a Streatham tram,  
Georgiana chants KHAYYAM.

Phyllis, when she can't get sweets,  
Sips the honeyed strains of KEATS;  
And when Gladys gasps for icos  
MATTHEW ARNOLD's muse suffices.

When the man-slump makes her fretty  
Susie takes to D. ROSSETTI,  
Though her sister Arabella  
Rather fancies WILCOX (ELLA).

When the lady Jones—who chars—  
Ventilates her views on Mars,  
SHELLEY (known to her as PERCE)  
Pacifies her with his verse.

When the milk-wench on our circuit  
Yodels till her tonsils shirk it,  
BURNS (whom she delights to quote)  
Like a gargle soothes her throat.

When Evangelina swoons  
At the sound of the maroons,  
Mrs. HEMANS comes in handy  
As a substitute for brandy.

And when Auntie heard by chance  
That the Curate was in Franco,  
BROWNING's enigmatic lyrics  
Helped to save her from hysterics.

"House to Let for August and September, with or without attendance; splendid scenery in view of the outer Isle of Skye; egg and run."—*Provincial Paper*.

In those days it sounds almost too good to be true, but we are assured, upon making inquiry in the neighbourhood, that the supply of both Egg and Rum is practically inexhaustible.

"Law.—Wanted, Cashier, Book-keeper, and Costs Clerk for West end Solicitor's office; must be able to draw cash without supervision."—*Law Times*.

We think of applying for this post.

"This great offer is made to introduce the famous—Pen to *Church Times* readers; over 100,000 have now been sold."

From an Advt. in "*Church Times*."

Well, the others can't say they haven't had fair warning.



THE RISING SUN.

## THE WATCH DOGS.

XXXV.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—The other day I was sitting in the foyer of the hotel, talking to a spy and smoking one of his cigars . . . Yes, my dear boy, a real spy and a real cigar. Does this take your breath away, unnerve you a little? Very good; we will go slow.

This was once a beautiful innocent little country, with cows yodelling at each other playfully, large honest mountains bathing their feet in nice clean lakes, and pure wholesome milk nestling snugly in its tin. Now the whole place is a mass of spies; you never saw anything like it in your life; rows of people in the street with their hats pulled down over their eyes, spying away day and night and overtime on Sundays. And so it came about that I, dropped into this country by chance, have at last found myself chatting with a spy about one thing and another.

He was spying on me and I was spying on him out of common politeness. It was satisfying to my pride to be spied upon at last. I have been in this sordid place for six months now, wearing an important look and waiting to be accosted by strangers (fair strangers hoped for) and never a soul has evinced the slightest interest in me, save Artful Annie, the Turkish Patrol. But I suspect that woman, Charles; I have always distrusted her, and now am sure that she is not a spy at all. Carried away by the atmosphere of the place, she is just trying to make-believe; she is pretending that her being here for her health is all a pretence. Besides, her boots squeak. When she smiled at me the knowing smile, practised to perfection during fifty years, I determined to test her. I followed her to the reading-room and, taking up a paper at random, sat and watched her round the corner of it. I very soon discovered that she too had taken up a paper at random and was sitting watching me round the corner of it. What gave her away, as not being really in the profession, was the fact that she was holding the paper upside down. I recognised this as the act of one not in the business, because when I got tired of watching her watching me and settled down to read my own paper I discovered that this too was upside down.

It is depressing to know all about everything and never have a sinister

soul ask one a word about anything. There was one really thrilling moment, I must confess; a matter of bedroom doors, corridors, two men pitting their wits against each other—a grim silent struggle. About 7.30 p.m. on a Saturday evening I found myself in my bedroom, contemplating a bath before dinner. The bathroom was full, so I had the more time to contemplate. Peering casually round the door of my room you may conceive my horror at catching sight of a man of German extraction, indeed official position, looking round his door at the other end of the corridor—looking at me, but ceasing to do so and withdrawing hurriedly the

getting to the bathroom first. What with this and Artful Annie being ejected from the hotel for not paying her bill, you can imagine I was just about fed up, when at last I was offered a real cigar by a real spy.

How do you tell a spy when you see one? By your *flair*. Very few persons have the gift, the peculiar instinct, but so far I have not yet met anybody who was not one of the very few. It is the undefinable something, the extraordinarily undefinable something which tells you that a man or a woman is up to no good. There is only one form of no-good in war time, and that is spying. A man may attract your suspicion by being

reluctant to fill up his hotel bulletin, pretending that he wants his dinner and is sick to death of filling in forms. A woman may blush uncomfortably under long relentless scrutiny, or your suspicions of a neutral may be aroused by his nodding to a *Militaerischer-unddiplomatischeroffizierander-spitzedesamtesfuermilitaerischeundhandelsfragen*; a sure sign, since no man would do that unless he was bribed to. Or, lastly, it may just be that you have the inhuman gift of telling a spy without any signs at all. It is generally that way. Any old how, this fellow of mine was a spy, and if you are going to argue about it you are not the patriot I have always taken you for.

Talking to enemy agents, you button up your coat firmly and feel a sort of hot feeling. Will the diabolical fellow manage, or will he not, to extract

from your breast pocket the Secret and Confidential Draft of the Allies' Peace terms? You are rather afraid he will. Incidentally you are rather annoyed with yourself, in your curiosity to know what these terms might be, for having omitted to have a look in your own breast-pocket yourself. That however is by the way. Is he going to worm your secrets out of you, or isn't he? You determine not to give yourself away; but sooner or later you have to unbutton that coat in order to assure yourself, and button it up again slightly more firmly. You then feel relieved but hurt to find there is no Secret Draft there after all.

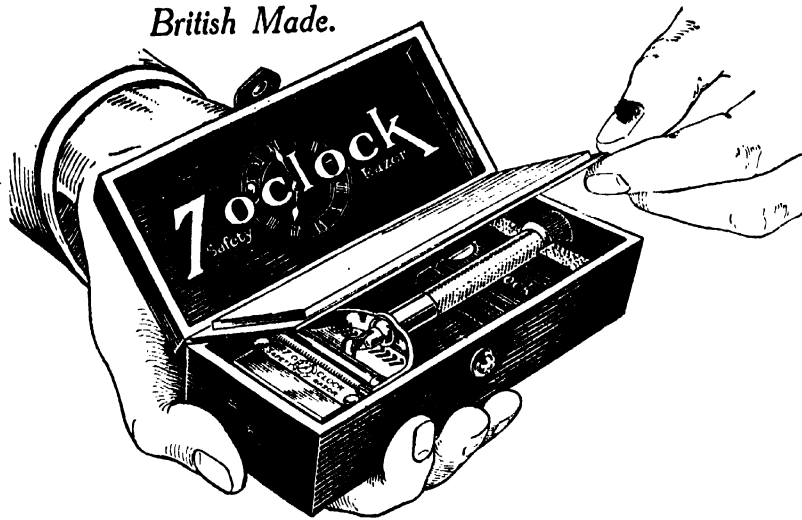
We had got into one of those chance positions in which you have got to say something to a man. When I had found there was nothing in my breast-pocket I fixed my eye on his. One must conform to the fashionable habits, must one not? As I looked at it it



NATURAL AID TO HEAT-SAVING.  
USE A MAGNIFYING-GLASS AND HARNESS THE SUN'S  
GRILL YOUR MID-DAY MEAL.

moment I looked at him. I determined to develop the affair; you know how one's instincts tell one when there is something afoot. I withdrew my head, waited a little and then had another look. There he was again looking at my door. There was no doubt about it, he was looking at me; I was looking at him; we were looking at each other. I left my door slightly ajar and waited, listening.

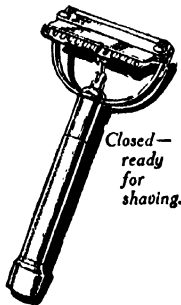
All was still. Then I heard the bathroom door open and the occupant come out with a noisy joviality entirely in contrast to our stealthy proceedings. I had forgotten about the bath; but this reminded me that it would now be consistent with perfect innocence and uprightness to saunter casually forth, a move so cunning in its sheer simplicity that it was more than likely to lead to my discovering the German doing something sinister. It did; I discovered him running like a hare and

*British Made.*

The only Safety razor costing less than One Guinea that can be Stropped without removing the blade.



Open—  
ready for  
stropping  
or  
cleaning.



Closed—  
ready  
for  
shaving.

The "7 o'clock" gives a beautifully smooth shave because you always have a perfect edge on the blade. The stropping is done in the simple old-fashioned way. As a result you obtain each time an edge of which any barber might be proud.

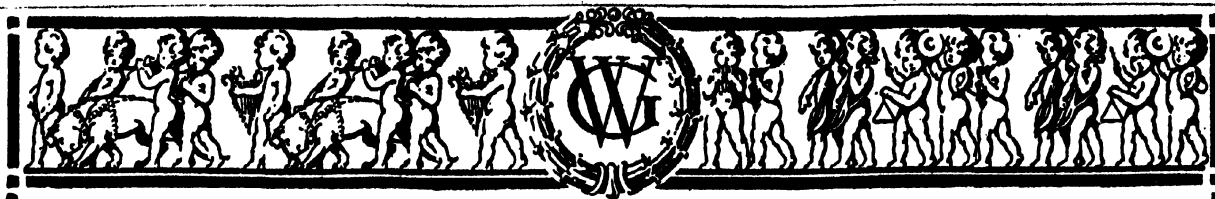
The lower illustration in margin shows the razor in position for shaving. With a single touch of the finger it springs open into position for stropping or cleaning, as shown in the upper illustration. It is so simple that nothing can go wrong. In quality, finish, accuracy of adjustment and sharpness of blades, this razor will please the most fastidious. Indeed, many men, to whom money is no object, use it in preference to the most expensive razor that money can buy. Convince yourselves of its value by asking to see one before you decide to purchase.



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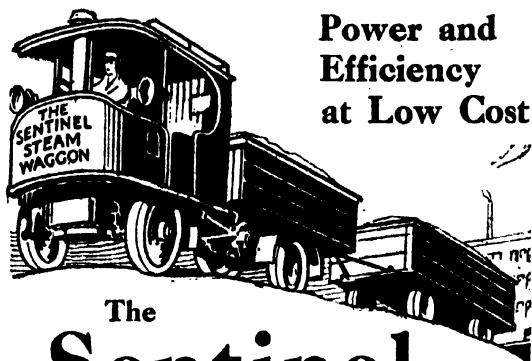
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**Shrewsbury.**

NOTE.—Only one driver is required.

2026

*Lotus*

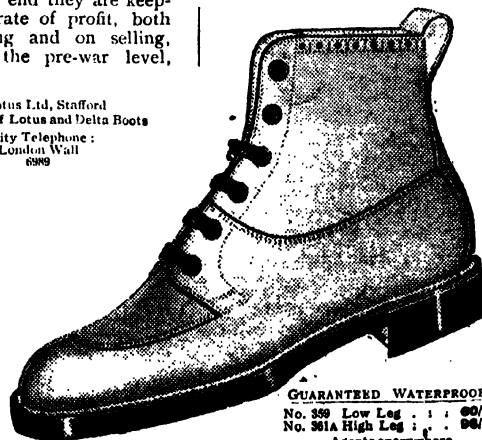
LOTUS LTD are making as many boots as they can, making them as well as they can, and supplying them to over twelve hundred shops in the United Kingdom.

Their object is to give the public not only the best value but also the best service obtainable in these times.

To this end they are keeping the rate of profit, both on making and on selling, down to the pre-war level,

and they are distributing their output fairly and squarely on fixed dates amongst the twelve hundred shops appointed to sell Lotus and Delta. In every town and district there is one, in many there are two, of these shops.

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GUARANTEED WATERPROOF  
No. 339 Low Leg : : 60/-  
No. 381A High Leg : : 60/-  
Agents everywhere

bulged; and the more I looked and it bulged the more uneasy he became. Finally he gave in; put his hand inside his vest pocket and fetched out a cigar-case.

Not a very good spy, perhaps; not a very good cigar. But not bad for a start. There was I talking to a spy; I was spying on him and out of common politeness he was spying on me. Both of us were saying what we really thought, in order to deceive the other fellow into thinking we were not really thinking what we said. Both of us knew we were. Under what words did all this pass? In the excitement of the moment it is hard to remember. Something about the weather, I fancy.

Yours ever, HENRY.

### THE FOOD OF FANCY.

THE PATRIOTIC POET TO HIS FAMILY.

THOUGH Food-Controllers inculcate

Restraint in all things edible,  
The bard, unbound by price or weight,  
Sees on his daily dinner-plate  
Comestibles incredible.

A fowl we can't afford, but you  
Won't grumble over lost riches;  
On Ariel's wing let us pursue  
Across the sands of Timbuctoo  
A flight of juicy ostriches.

Remote and visionary seem  
The cutlet, chop and *gigot*, dears;  
But while the Congo jungles teem  
With plump *okāpi* we can dream  
That there a-hunting we go, dears.

Although our hopes of veal are naught,  
Or tantamount to vanity,  
Yet on the coast of Hadramaut  
The sea-calf swims, and there in thought  
We'll revel on roast manatee.

Though I in slings and bows am weak  
And but a third-class shot am I,  
Now beef is dear we often speak  
Of journeying to Mozambique  
To feast on hippopotami.

If thence our road for many a mile  
Through virgin forest we lope hard,  
We'll tap the sources of the Nile  
And every night our table pile  
With sirloin of camelopard.

Blithe Fancy thus provides a feast  
Spiced with a genial bonhomie;  
The dusky loaf may be increased  
By tasty *plats* of bird and beast  
Consistent with economy.

"— SOAP.

THE IDEAL ANTISEPTIC."

*Advt. in Scotch Paper.*

With its aid cleanliness is not merely next to godliness, it is the same thing.



*Jealous Rival.* "LOOK 'ERE!—MUCH MORE OF IT AN' I'LL WIPE THE BLOOMIN' STREET WITH YOU!"

*Tommy.* "YOU'LL MAKE ME LAFE IN A MINUTE. I'VE BEEN KILLIN' THINGS LIKE YOU FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS."

### THE ENDORSING.

It was not without some trepidation that the War-baby approached the cage of the teller at Cox's and tendered the cheque over whose inscription he had spent such pains—"Pay to Self or Order, Three Pounds."

With a glance at the amount and a general summing up of our hero's *tout ensemble* the teller returned the slip with a laconic, "You'll have to endorse it, you know."

Why not? Nothing more natural. And with a loving flourish the newly-commissioned flying officer wrote below his signature, "I heartily endorse this cheque."

### Cœlum non animum mutant.

Notice put up in the area of the 10th (Irish) Division, Palestine: "No traffic along this road by day excepting at night."

From an official summary:—

"The Berne correspondent of the — thinks we may be placing too much reliance on hopes of a revolution in Austria. Austria-Hungary in fact is a blind alley at either end of which stands Germany in arms."

A kind of double-headed *Kultur de sac*.

"Llanthony, Sprint, and Snowden have been sold for military purposes and go to France." *Bolton Evening News.*

Why not give RAMSAY MACDONALD and TREVELYAN a chance too?

### THE INSECT PATRIOT.

ATTEND, war-workers all, to this my song,  
And, charitable patriots, give ear  
While I set forth his praise who midst the throng  
Of labourers was not the least sincere,  
Nor passed unworthy of a poet's tear—  
The insect (saving your gentility)  
Known in our village as the Red Cross Flea.

No random strain is mine; I prayed the man  
Who trained the flea to come and give his show;  
"It would," I said, "be quite a pleasant plan  
For you to charge us nothing." He said, "No;  
'E've got our bread to earn, 'ave Romeo;  
There 's times 'e finds it 'ard too - seems to fret  
For 'is pore mate wot I called Juliet."

I paid him what he asked, and oh, the mite,  
The nimble Romeo, was worth it all!  
He washed his face, he sparred in mimic fight,  
He drew a quaint coach infinitely small,  
Ho—well, he took by storm the village hall;  
From Bill the poacher to the gurgling Squire,  
They rocked with laughter to my heart's desire.

And I—I rose and took my old cloth hat;  
"No one need pay," I said, "who 's feeling bored,  
But all who 've raised the roof stump up for that."  
Pounds, shillings, pennies, ha'pence, in they poured;  
Still Romeo performed, still people roared;  
But ah! methinks we pressed too close to see  
And roused the dormant savage in the flea.

He sprang on whom he deemed a likely prey—  
On Bill; and that inept and thankless lout,  
Who must have harboured dozens in his day—  
At the first puncture William gave a shout  
And with one swipe the little life crushed out.  
O cruel fate! to labour half the night  
And then be killed for natural appetite.

Judge him not harshly; in his trainer's phrase,  
"That hinsee" were a patriot—must 'a' been,  
For never in 'is 'ole performin' days  
'Ave I known Romeo wash 'isselt so clean,  
Nor 'aul 'is coach so quick as wot you seen.  
An' now 'e 's done in, 'coz for once he thought  
'E'd draw 'is rations where 'e didn't ought."

### WITH THE AUXILIARY PATROL.

#### THE SILENT MENACE.

No one knows where the Silent Menace came from  
or why he chose our trawler for his abode. He walked  
aboard one morning in a casual manner as we were casting  
off from the quay-side and has stayed with us ever since.  
My own opinion is that the pleasures of life ashore had  
palled for him and he desired solitude and the untainted  
sea. None of us understands him in the least, and his  
nature is not of the sort that easily awakens affection,  
but I think we should all miss him if ever he were to  
desert us.

He is, we think, a dog. As he is obviously not a cat  
or any known kind of rabbit, and as the third hand, who is  
an authority on all matters connected with the Turf and  
once won a bet, declares that he is not a race-horse, he  
must, as the Second-Engineer said, be a dog or nothing.  
In breed he is a cosmopolitan. In his younger days he  
must have lived a very knockabout sort of life; one ear  
is sadly tattered, one eye is missing, and his tail, which

reminds one of a tallow dip that has been kept in a warm  
cupboard, is attached to his person obliquely as though  
stricken with a sudden paralysis in the act of wagging.  
It never wags now.

His manners are unsociable and he is utterly indifferent  
to all circumstances. Nothing seems to please or annoy  
him; he is occasionally bored, that is all. If you venture  
to pat him on the head he looks at you with his only re-  
maining orb, as much as to say, "Please don't be idiotic,"  
and edges away. You feel foolish. If he shows any par-  
tiality at all it is that he prefers as a couch the duffel coat  
of the Teddy Bear to any other garment aboard. The  
Teddy Bear, a rotund woolly-haired deck-hand, quite obvi-  
ously escaped from a nursery to join the Trawler Reserve,  
has often to borrow a watch coat because his own has been  
requisitioned by the Silent Menace.

When the ship is at sea he behaves much like the rest  
of us; he takes his regular watch on deck and watch below.  
He has a habit at times of running on to the bows, placing  
his fore-paws on the rail and sniffing the air vigorously.  
"Smellin' for submarines," the Teddy Bear says he is.

Once and once only has the Silent Menace betrayed any  
sort of feeling, and that was on the occasion of a visit from  
the Inspecting Officer of Armed Trawlers and Drifters.  
The Inspecting Officer, as befits one who holds a shore  
billet, has dignity and wears yellow gloves. I think it was  
the gloves that upset the Menace.

As the I.O. stepped aboard the Silent Menace emerged  
from behind the winch, stopped dead and then deliberately  
"pointed" at him. The I.O. was obviously confused, but he  
mastered what must have been an overwhelming impulse  
to take cover, and began to inspect. Whereupon the Silent  
Menace followed him round the ship at a distance of three  
feet, never once removing his intense gaze from the Inspect-  
ing Officer's left ankle. It was positively uncanny. The  
I.O.'s nerves were so overstrained that he forgot to register  
a single complaint, a thing unknown before in the annals of  
the Service. He also left one of his yellow gloves lying on  
the after-hatch when he finally left the ship. The mate  
was just going to pick it up when the Silent Menace anti-  
cipated him. Reaching the glove at a single bound he took  
it delicately by the thumb, walked to the rail and delib-  
erately dropped it overboard. Then, with an impressive  
glance in the direction of the Inspection Officer's retreating  
figure, he turned to the crew and solemnly winked his  
solitary eye, and sauntered away in search of the Teddy  
Bear's duffel.

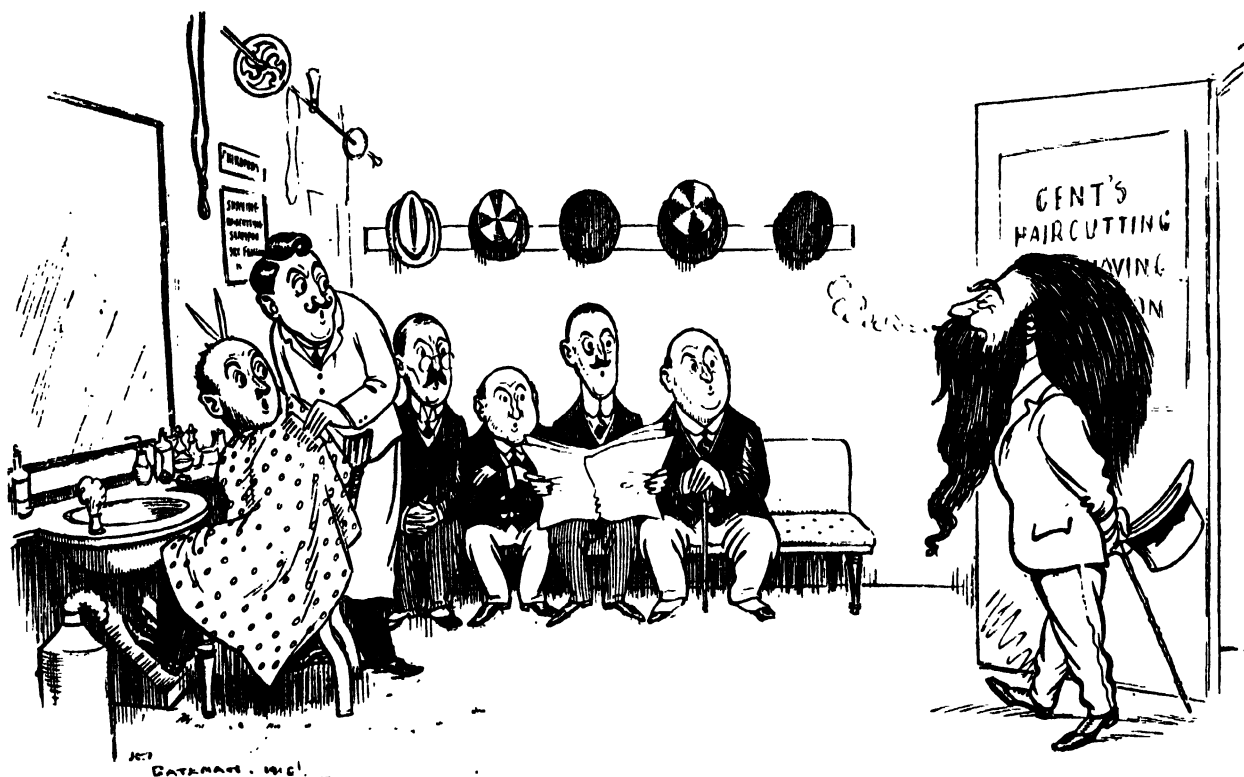
"I tell you that dog ain't human," remarked the skipper.  
He is certainly one of those that say little and think much  
—a characteristic of all great British seamen.

### FOR THE CHILDREN.

At this holiday season, when their own children are enjoy-  
ing the air of sea and country, Mr. Punch begs his kind  
readers not to forget the needs of the children of the poor.  
The Children's Country Holiday Fund finds hospitality  
for them in country homes, where their flagging health,  
which has suffered in many cases from influenza, may be  
restored. It is pitiful that any child of the town should  
miss this chance for lack of help; but subscriptions to the  
Fund have fallen off during the War, while expenses have  
unavoidably increased.

Mr. Punch knows of no cause that is more certain to appeal  
to the hearts of his readers and he very confidently prays  
that liberal cheques, made payable to the Children's Country  
Holiday Fund (of which Lord ARRAN is Hon. Treasurer),  
may be sent to the Secretary, C.C.H.F., 18, Buckingham  
Street, Strand, W.C.2.





"LAST-BUT NOT LEAST."

## THE PLURALIST WAR-WORKER.

I LEANED upon the garden fence, surprised at the spectacle of Jenkins digging in his back-yard.

"Are you," I asked, "preparing for the interment of a household pet?"

He did not condescend to answer.

"Or are you prospecting for minerals?" I hazarded; "treasure-hunting, perhaps?"

"I am," he said.

The excavation of a mouldy claret-bottle engaged his attention for a moment; but with a sideways glance he had observed my pitying smile.

"Let me tell you," he said, digging deeply for a pre-historic coffee-pot, "that you are privileged to watch a man working on behalf of four departments of His Majesty's Government—responding with a single gesture," he continued, driving his fork into the ground, "to four distinct appeals to win the War."

He exhumed what was once a kettle and added it exultingly to his other mineral treasures.

"Exhorted by the Director of National Salvage," said Jenkins, "I am recovering what was previously discarded as waste. I am conserving national resources." And he bayoneted a sardine-tin.

"These waste products," he went on, "will presently be sold and the money

will be invested in National War Bonds. I am therefore working for the Treasury. . . ."

"Splendid!" I exclaimed, leaning less heavily on the garden fence, which seemed inclined to collapse as the hole in the back-yard yawned deeper.

"You have not heard all," he went on. "This stuff will be eventually utilised as material of war. I am therefore also working for the Ministry of Munitions and," he proceeded, with a certain exaltation in his voice, "for the Admiralty. As requested by the Controller of Shipping I am saving ships—reducing the tonnage that is occupied in the importation of new raw materials. You follow me?"

"Admiralty, Munitions, Treasury—working for them all, inspired by the Director-General of National Salvage! You are marvellous, Jenkins," I said, and in my excusable enthusiasm brought down the fence.

But Jenkins, preoccupied by some new discovery, disregarded the catastrophe.

"In saying that I am working simultaneously for four Departments," he informed me, "I was, in fact, understating the case. You see before you what appears to be a useless hole, and spread about it the soil I have raised. That newly-turned soil, at the instigation of the Ministry of Food Production, will presently be planted with potatoes.

One helps to win the War in many ways. . . ."

"And the hole?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes, that too will help," said Jenkins; "indeed, what has now become the primary purpose of the task I am pursuing is to prepare the foundations of a pigsty which I have been persuaded to undertake by the new Director of Pig Production.

"It is astonishing how things work together," he went on genially. "The fence you have knocked down will supply a need I did not know how to provide for in erecting the sty, and I have here"—he produced triumphantly the object with which he had been wrestling for the last few minutes—"some wire that will take its place and which, being rusty as well as barbed, will discourage idlers from disturbing me when it requires a clear head to remember all the ways in which I am helping to win the War here in my back-yard."

## Germany's Internal Troubles.

"Admiral Von Holtzendorff, the Naval Chief of Staff, has literally thrown up the sponge."

*Manchester Guardian.*

After literally eating the loek.

"THE ARCHANGEL LANDING."—*Times*. There was a rumour of something of this kind after Mons, but this is apparently official.



*Small Child (frightened by the breakers, to her mother). "I WON'T COME IN JUST YET; I'LL WAIT TILL IT STOPS."*

## LETTERS OF A BOY SCOUT.

### III.

DEAR UNCLE,—I know that you will be glad to hear that your tent and the Cuckoo Petrol are on war-work. We are camped in an orchard to protect the fruit and are on our honour to eat nothing but windfalls; and Belfitt, our petrol-leader, says he never knew calmer weather and that the strain of this war-watching is awful. Belfitt eats all the windfalls himself, because he says it is best for young Scouts not to get the taste for apples, and leaders have got to make sacrifices. He has great courage, for he has dreadful pains. He says it is appendicitis, but he sticks to his post.

He gives us lessons in war-work in the daytime. He has been showing us how to throw a German cavalry horse over when the Ulans come. He had to practise on a donkey and he threw it beautifully only the donkey fell on the top of him. But Belfitt says that is because a donkey is a beast with a dense understanding, and that a horse being intelligent would go down different. I do hope the Ulans' horses are very intelligent. We set boy-traps every even-

ing as the common boys have a habit of coming to steal apples. One night we dug a lovely trap inside the orchard gate and left it open. It was a hole covered with brown paper and with a bell to ring if any one fell in. It hadn't been set half-an-hour before the bell rang and we charged the trap. It was an old gentleman who was staying at the farm, and he broke his spectacles and swore something awful, and said if this was the way Boy Scouts treated respectable gentlemen who came to give them an address on our war aims the Boy Scouts ought to be in blazes. But Belfitt said afterwards that he had always had his doubts about that old gentleman, and that most likely he was a German bent on eating up our food supplies.

Belfitt went out disguised as a spy in ordinary clothes and told a lot of boys what beautiful apples there were in this orchard. We caught two that night besides a lot that fell into the tar-trap we had put on the wall and their paters would lay into them if I know anything about paters. Belfitt said that the best way to treat thieves was not as criminals but as diseased and that we must make them sick of

apples. So we tied them to apple trees and put apples in their mouths so they couldn't shout and practised bomb-throwing at them with rotten apples. And I hit one on the nose first shot, and Belfitt said there was hope for England while there were Scouts like me, and that I must get my accurate aim from my brave uncle, and would I ask you if you had happened to bring a spare bugel back as a trophy from France because the petrol needs a bugel dreadful badly.

Your loving Nephew, JIM.

## SONGS OF INNOCENCE.

THERE was an old man of Cape Race  
Whose mind was a perfect disgrace.

He thought that CORELLI  
Lived long before SHELLEY,  
And imagined that WELLS was a place.

There was an old Marquis in Spain  
Who had an inquisitive brain,

So he cabled to Gosse  
To send him across  
His views on the art of HALL CAINE.

Not Quite "According to Cocker."

"Cockerel Spaniel Dog, black, Found.—  
Apply Chief Constable."—*Provincial Paper.*



## VON POT AND VON KETTLE.

GERMAN GENERAL. "WHY THE DEVIL DON'T YOU STOP THESE AMERICANS COMING ACROSS? THAT'S YOUR JOB."

GERMAN ADMIRAL. "AND WHY THE DEVIL DON'T YOU STOP 'EM WHEN THEY ARE ACROSS? THAT'S YOURS."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, August 5th.*—Lest the Peers should get a bit above themselves on the good news from France, Lord INCHCAPE thought it necessary to warn them of the gloomy financial future that awaited them. Their Lordships' depression was deepened by Lord ASHTON OF HYDE, who urged the Government to inquire into the practicability of a levy on capital. Lord EMMOTT, who a short time ago was dilating on Germany's financial difficulties, was now, with fine impartiality, almost equally eloquent about Great Britain's, and urged the importance of cutting our coat according to our cloth so soon as that cloth had ceased to be khaki-coloured. The Peers would have gone to their dinners in melancholy mood but for a few heartening words from Lord CURZON, who cheerfully declared that though we should have to spend a lot of money after the War in rebuilding a shattered world we should find it a very good investment.

The little group of Bolsheviks below the Gangway in the Commons are apparently perturbed by the prospect that Russia may be helped on to her legs again by the Allies. Mr. BALFOUR assured them that our aim was to bring about the political and economic restoration of Russia "without internal interference of any kind"; but when Mr. LEES SMITH invited him to translate this proviso into an undertaking that we would not assist anybody to overthrow the Soviets he turned a deaf ear—rather fortunately, since at that very moment the Allied forces in Archangel were engaged upon that identical enterprise.

The long-promised debate on the Ministry of Information was a little disappointing. Lords BEAVERBROOK and NORTHCLIFFE were expected to figure as the villains of the piece. But Lord NORTHCLIFFE had already publicly dissociated himself from its deeds, whether good or evil. As Chief Propagandist in Enemy Countries he reports direct to the PRIME MINISTER—or the PRIME MINISTER reports direct to him. As for the other noble Lord he only came to the Ministry in March, and therefore was not responsible for most of the crimes laid to its charge, including the expenditure of thirty-one pounds on alcoholic liquor by a party of propagandists in Dublin, an incident which

so sorely vexed the temperate soul of Mr. LEIF JONES.

*Tuesday, August 6th.*—The India Reform Report was discussed at large in both Houses. It was a pity that Mr. MONTAGU could not have been at both ends of the corridor at the same time. The Commons were quite disarmed by his account of what India had done for the Empire during the War, in money, provisions and men. If the native really wants a vote who would grudge it him? Possibly Mr. MONTAGU's delicate reminder to Members who had served in the Peninsula that conditions might have changed since their lamented

he had expected. And as Lord CURZON said that the Government had not yet made up their minds on the subject and no legislation need be expected for some time, the Peers went home with the comforting reflection that the British raj was good for a few years longer.

In spite of an earnest appeal by the HOME SECRETARY to bring the law into accordance with the facts, the House of Commons in its wisdom threw out by 81 votes to 77 the Bill which was to have enabled charitable societies to hold raffles during the War. The hostile majority was, I imagine, largely due to the compelling eloquence of Mr.

THEODORE TAYLOR. Who could neglect the warnings of a historian capable of drawing a parallel between the diamond necklace of MARIE ANTOINETTE and the pearls that Sir ARTHUR STANLEY has collected for the Red Cross, or doubt the sincerity of a Dissenter who expressly disclaimed "the Non-conformist Conscience and all that sort of rot"? What the Red Cross will do now with its pearls—and incidentally its pig—remains to be seen. Personally I should brave Mr. TAYLOR and all the other denizens of Tooley Street and hold the raffles just the same, in the confident hope that Sir GEORGE CAVE will continue to turn a blind eye on such innocent speculations.

*Wednesday, August 7th.*—The announcement that the House would adjourn until October 15th—a week later than had been anticipated—confirmed Mr. PRINGLE's hopes, or fears, of impending Dissolution and caused him to inquire, "Will the right hon. gentleman give an undertaking that we shall

over meet again?" Mr. BONAR LAW is beginning to acquire the "pawkiness" of the late Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. "I cannot give an undertaking that we shall all meet again," was his reply.

Whether the PRIME MINISTER means to go to the country—in the political sense—is a secret at present unrevealed. There was certainly no electioneering flavour about his review of the War, which was in the main a record of the achievements and the sacrifices of the British Empire by sea and land throughout the whole of the past four years—and not specially during the period since he became Premier. A warning was given to the peacemongers not to expect their efforts to succeed until the enemy knew he was beaten. But of



Mr. Punch. "GOING TO THE COUNTRY, SIR?"

Mr. Lloyd George. "WELL, WE'LL WAIT AND SEE."

departure also helped to stave off some liverish comments. Even Sir JOHN REES was mollified and gave the Report his blessing.

In the Lords, on the contrary, the official defence was postponed until after Lord SYDENHAM had delivered a heavy indictment against the Report. In his opinion Mr. MONTAGU's visit to India had been "a real misfortune," and his so-called reforms were "a concession to a denationalized *intel-ligentsia*"—which I take to be a periphrasis for Mrs. BESANT—and would if carried out end in the destruction of the Indian Civil Service. Happily other returned pro-consuls took a less melancholy view. Lord LAMINGTON admitted that, having now read the Report, he found it less dangerous than

vote-catching I saw no sign, and I was rather surprised at the querulous tone of some of Mr. SAMUEL's comments.

Fresh from America, Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR made a clever balancing speech, demonstrating to his own satisfaction that the cause of the Allies was the cause of freedom, but that *Hibernia irreidenta* could not be expected to fight for it. His elaborate compliments to Lord READING (in the Peers' gallery) would have been more grateful to the recipient, I fancy, if they had not been accompanied by a savage attack upon another eminent lawyer-politician, who, according to "men in Wall Street"—notoriously experts in ethical problems—"ought to have been shot or hanged long ago."

Thursday, August 8th.—To Lord ROBERT CECIL's complaint that a certain Question contained "implications not in accordance with facts," Mr. KING indignantly replied that he had no implication in his mind. The cerebral convolutions of that majestic intellect are unmarred by a single kink.

On the adjournment motion the Pacifists made another futile attempt to convince the House that the Germans were ready to make an honest peace if only our Government would listen to them. Their principal spokesman, Mr. ANDERSON, was well answered by Mr. J. M. ROBERTSON, who was a Pacifist himself until this War converted him; and by the FOREIGN SECRETARY, who declared that we were quite ready to talk to Germany as soon as Germany showed any indication of a change of heart. Up to the present there has been no sign of it.

The news of Sir DOUGLAS HAIG's advance on the Somme was ringing in our ears when the House adjourned.

### THE SEXAGENARIAN TO HIS NIECE.

"WHAT was it like when you were young?"—

O maid with the persuasive tongue,  
Whose wish is law, I'll do my best  
To satisfy your large request.

Know then that, in those far-off years,  
We learned to read with many tears;  
For in the era mid-Victorian  
The methods were not Montessorian,  
And, duly schooled in *Line upon Line*,  
We turned with rapture to BALLANTYNE.  
Boys were boys or whippersnappers,  
And girls were girls (there were no flappers);

They cheated at croquet and knew not hockey  
Nor said that things were "ripping" or "rocky."

The swell, the ancestor of the "knot,"  
Wore whiskers and trousers of peg-top cut,



General. "AND WHAT WERE YOU DOING, MY MAN, WHEN YOU STARTED THIS WAR?"  
Tommy. "'OO SAID I STARTED THIS BLINKIN' WAR?"

And Angelina was mostly seen  
In a pork-pie hat and a crinolino.  
We sang of Dinah and her Villikins  
And young folk played, not bridge, but spillikins;

WAGNER, the great Bayreuth colossus,  
In music had not begun to boss us,  
For *Traviata* and *Troratore*  
Still flourished in their untarnished glory,

And no one had ousted MENDELSSOHN  
From his seat on the British musical throne.

DICKENS and KINGSLEY, TROLLOPE and READE

Helped us our hours of leisure to speed.  
SWINBURNE was singing, MEREDITH writing,

BURNE-JONES and ROSSETTI Pre-Raphaeliting;

ARNOLD's work excited no scorn,  
For LYTTON STRACHEY had yet to be born;

And, though we hadn't a BEGBIE or WELLS

To lade out "uplift" or sound our knells,

CARLYLE and RUSKIN with frequent volleys

Of satire and prophecy flayed our follies.

No doubt we see our youthful days  
Through a celestial golden haze,  
But, though 'tis very much the fashion  
To view the "sixties" with compassion,  
We didn't have so dusty a time  
In good VICTORIA's golden prime.

### The Foresight of Dickens.

"I felt as though it would have been an act of perfidy against Dora to have a natural relish for my dinner."

"David Copperfield," Chapter 28.

### Consolation.

"To Officers' Lonely Wives.—Three charmingly beautiful Pekingese, perfect companions; very affectionate and sweet."—*Times*.

"General Snow has received K.C., B.K.C., M.G. and the Legion of Honour."—*Daily Mail*.  
The Machine Gun is not much of a decoration, but the first two are rare outside the legal profession; and even inside it not many men have received a B.K.C., or Bar to their K.C.



### RABBIT-KEEPING BY THE B.E.F.

*Officer (arriving at the Mess after Fritz has sent over a big one). "ANY CASUALTIES, SERGEANT?"*

*Sergeant. "MURGATROYD AND CLARENCE HAVE GONE WEST, SIR, BUT ALGY 'ASN'T EVEN GOT A BLIGHTY."*

### SHAVINGS.

"Good morning, Sir. Yes, it is showery, but we've had a week of fine weather and we can't complain. Shave you, Sir? Yes, Sir. You've got a pretty stiff beard, Sir, but we'll soon reduce him to order, just as they're reducing HINDENBURG and the other party whose name I always forgot—LUDENDORFF, yes, that's the name. It's wonderful how we seem to be walking over him. We've got them fixed up in that pocket, and they'll have to do all they know to get out of it. They tell me the CROWN PRINCE is in there along with them, and with a bit o' luck we might swab him up with the rest of the army. Forty thousand prisoners and more than four hundred guns seems a tidy haul, but they've got so accustomed to losing guns that it don't seem to matter to them. Anyhow, it's no end of a game to have got 'em on the run, as you might say. They'll be wishing they never had got into that pocket. Razor a bit rough? I'll stop you another and see how that does. Is that better, Sir? Yes, Sir, thank you. Razors sometimes go a bit sulky, and no matter what you do they won't do themselves justice. They're tricky things, as you might say, but a good razor's all right ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Did you notice that gentleman who come out of the shop as you come in? Yes, Sir, he's a regular character, Sir. He can't bear being talked to while he's being shaved. 'Shave me,' he says, 'as much as you like. That's what I come for and that's what I pay for, but don't talk to me when you've got a razor in your hand.

It always leads to my getting a cut somewhere or other.' There, Sir! If I haven't gone and taken a chip out o' your chin! It's nothing to matter, and the bleeding'll soon stop. Anyhow you're not so badly off as a man I once shaved in London, where I served my apprenticeship. This man I'm talking about was a new customer, and he sat down in a chair and called out, 'Shave!' in a very husky voice. 'You seem to be sufferin' from a cold, Sir,' I says to him. 'Cold?' he says, 'I should just think I am; and so would you if you'd had your mouth stepped on by a stonemason just as you was climbing down out of the back end of a 'bus. That's what lost me four front teeth, and not being accustomed to having such a big hole in my mouth of course I caught a cold in it, and my lips and chin are as sore as if I'd spent a happy evening in sparrin' with the raw 'uns.' He was a run customer, and I was glad to let him go without any more accidents. Any'ow I hope the good news'll continue. It seems to give you a much better appetite for breakfast to read of the Germans doing good heel and toe the same way as they come, with Prince RUPERT to show 'em how to do it.

"Thank you, Sir. Yes, Sir. Good morning, Sir."

"Detective — was in hiding on Friday night. A man armed with a hand-barrow, upon unlocking the door and entering, was arrested."—*Evening Standard*.

It is understood that he will plead that the barrow was not loaded.

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## THE TWELFTH, 1918.

*Diana.* "WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?"  
THE BARRAGE TO LIFE, AFTER THAT LAST BIRD GOT UP, DON'T YOU KNOW."

*Capt. Jones, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., etc.* "IT'S ALL RIGHT; I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR

## A CASE FOR INTERMENT

(Being an experience of last September  
and a warning for the coming one.)

*Telegram from Mrs. Prallow to  
Lady Lafferty.*

Have had gift of venison do not eat  
would you like it ENID PRALLOW

*Telegram from Lady Lafferty to  
Mrs. Prallow.*

Many thanks for offer but would  
rather not LAFFERTY

*Telegram from Mrs. Prallow to  
Mrs. Minson.*

Have had gift of venison do not eat  
would you like it ENID PRALLOW

*Telegram from Mrs. Minson to  
Mrs. Prallow.*

Please don't send venison writing  
MINSON

*Telegram from Mrs. Prallow to the Rev.  
Mordaunt Cumberlege.*

If you like venison should be so  
pleased send you haunch ENID PRALLOW

*Telegram from the Rev. M. Cumberlege  
to Mrs. Prallow.*

Exceedingly kind of you but regret  
say no one here eats it CUMBERLEGE

*Telegram from Mrs. Prallow to her  
brother, Richard Heron-Hill, K.C.*

Have haunch of venison from Sir  
Henry may I send it on to you ENID

*Telegram from Richard Heron-Hill,  
K.C., to Mrs. Prallow.*

God forbid DICK

*Telegram from Mrs. Prallow to her sister-  
in-law, Mrs. Presgrave [Reply paid]*

Should so like send you haunch  
venison ENID

*Telegram from Mrs. Presgrave to  
Mrs. Prallow.*

Very sorry but one thing nobody here  
eats should love butter or jam if any to  
spare ANNIE

*Letter from Mrs. Prallow to her  
Mother.*

DEAREST MOTHER,—A very unfor-  
tunate thing—at any rate in war-time,  
when there is such a shortage of food—  
has just happened. Sir Henry Ring-  
fence sent us a haunch of venison; and  
venison is to my mind not human food  
at all, while even Jack, who, as you  
know, devours most things, can't bear  
it. The haunch had been hanging quite  
long enough before it reached us, and  
there was nothing for it but to find  
someone who liked it and pass it on.  
I assure you I spent three or four shil-  
lings in telegrams, all to no purpose.  
I tried Lady Lafferty first and then  
Mrs. Minson. It was not to be won-  
dered at, perhaps, that they should de-  
cline, but I must confess to a feeling  
of surprise when the Vicar said No. I

had always understood that the Church  
enjoyed these mediæval delicacies.

Meanwhile the venison was getting  
higher and higher and Jack began to  
say horrid facetious things about har-  
nessing it to the lawn-mower and getting  
some work out of it, and the servants  
made great play with pocket-handker-  
chiefs. Then I thought of Dick, who  
sets up for such a gourmet that I felt  
sure of him and wondered why I hadn't  
asked him sooner; but he was quite  
rude. There was just time for Annie,  
but she actually also said No. Fancy  
being so dainty, and with all those  
children too! It's perfectly absurd.  
I couldn't decently do any more as the  
house was becoming unbearable, and  
so it was buried under the vine.

Of course it was awfully kind of  
Sir Henry, but I think he might have  
been as considerate as I was and have  
just asked me if I wanted it; although,  
of course, it would have been very  
difficult to refuse. Jack says my letter  
of thanks for it was abject in its ful-  
someness, but then Jack, as you know,  
always is so unsympathetic.

What I want to know is, Who *does*  
eat venison? because I am told by  
various people that at this time of year  
this kind of thing, followed by burial, is  
going on all over England.

Your loving ENID.

## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS."

APOPHTHEGMS are in the theatrical air just now. At the New Theatre it is *Chi Lung* who is throwing off epigrams of Oriental philosophy; and here at the Haymarket we have *Admiral Wallace*, captain of a tramp steamer, delivering a series of tropes purporting to be drawn from "the Good Book." There is a pleasant irony about this alleged derivation, for *Admiral* is a goddess rogue who has lost his certificate through drink and is now in league with two other rogues—one of them the wireless operator—to scuttle his ship, whose cargo he imagines to be a bogus one, for the sake of the insurance money.

But he is a true British rogue and innocent of the other conspirators' scheme for handing over the precious cargo to the crew of a Hun submarine. The clever device by which the enemy plot was defeated I will not divulge, but merely say that it was a great piece of luck that secured for our Navy in mid-ocean (where the tramp had picked up a few relics of a torpedoed liner) the unrehearsed services of a perfect lady who had been brought up as a telegraph clerk and could read a wireless message by ear while it was being tapped out by somebody else.

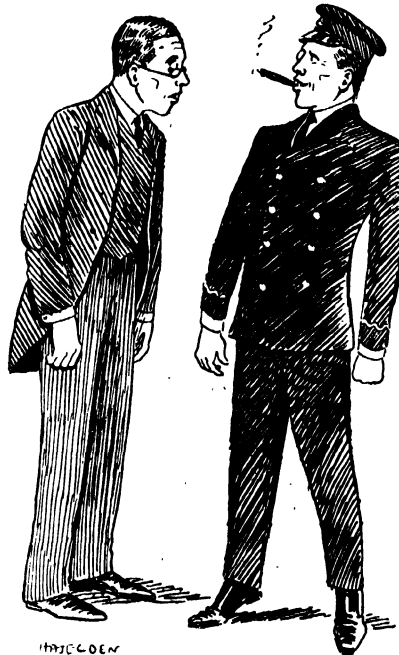
To turn to the hero, *George Smith*. Starting life as an indifferent clerk to a solicitor, he is persuaded to believe that only a strong and original initiative will enable him to achieve his ambition of marrying his employer's daughter. So he gets a commission (I don't know how) in the R.N.V.R., and ultimately finds himself placed, at a moment's notice, in charge of *Admiral*'s tramp, and incidentally in control of the fates of his late master and that gentleman's daughter, who are on board, having been rescued from the submarined liner.

The atmosphere is heavy with reminiscences of *Admirable Crichton*; but *Smith* is not much better as a sailor than he was as a solicitor's clerk, his two-and-a-half-years' experience in opening envelopes at the Admiralty having taught him very little about the handling of ships. He does nothing really nautical, and could not possibly have carried out his own instructions to alter the course of the tramp so as to avoid the attentions of a submarine. At the moment of crisis, when guns are booming, he is safe under cover, making love to the solicitor's daughter, whose rather worthless hand he eventually wins without performing a single heroic action. To an average audience, eager for the poetic justice of melodrama, this is bound to be most unsatisfactory.

I ought perhaps to give him credit for his victorious struggle with a villain twice his size; but it was done in the dark, and I think the result must have been arranged.

However, we had some pretty humour in the dialogue and several really excellent character-sketches. Notable among those was *Stanley Bolton*, a Canadian with a fine gift of worldly wisdom, who induced *George Smith* to strike out on a line of his own, explaining to him that if you want to be a first-class squirrel you mustn't stay on the ground. Mr. TOM REYNOLDS played the part most admirably.

Another entertaining study was that



AFTER THE SEA-CHANGE.

*George Smith (new style).* "YOU CAN'T GUESS WHO I AM."

*George Smith (old style).* "OH, YES, I CAN. YOU'RE MR. DENNIS EADIE."

of *Jenny Weathersbee, U.S.A.* (interpreted with a nice sense of humour by Miss MARION LORNE), whose wardrobe, on which she largely depended for her recognition as a lady, had been torpedoed. "I was a telegraph operator," she privily admits, "but people think by my manner that I come of a very good family." Mr. VINCENT STERNROYD was delightful in the too-brief part of *Horatio Gamp*, veteran clerk to *George Smith's* firm; and as the pompous head of the firm Mr. HOLMAN CLARK had the sort of part that fits him like a *maillot*.

But the outstanding figure was *Admiral Wallace*, and I cannot remember ever to have seen Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE in better form. As for Mr. DENNIS EADIE, I have known him more happily

suited. Probably it was my fault for not being better acquainted with the ways of second-rate solicitors' clerks and amateur Naval officers, but I found it hard to believe that he was anybody but just Mr. DENNIS EADIE, though that is always a very nice thing to be.

The minor characters—in particular Mr. RANDLE AYRTON's wireless operator—were well played, though I must confess that neither Miss BILLIE CARLETON nor her love affair very greatly intrigued me.

I have an apprehension (groundless, I hope) that the many excellent qualities of Mr. HACKETT's play that appealed to the quick and generous sympathies of a first-night audience are not solid enough to ensure for it a very firm residence in the general British bosom. O. S.

## THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

Colonel Tuffen, stoutish, short,  
Bald and connoisseur of port,  
Spoke in terms of ruddy tint  
Quite unsuitable for print.

Majors, Captains, Loots with fair words  
Tried to dam the stream of swear-words,  
But without avail—he swore  
More intensely than before.

When his unit went to France  
Colonel Tuffen got his chance;  
His ability to cuss  
Won a decoration, thus:

In a trench-attack one day  
Colonel Tuffen led the way,  
Stumbled in the mud and fell whole-  
Heartedly into a shell-hole.

Everybody heard the splash,  
Followed by a smothered "DASH!"  
Then arose a seething torrent  
Of expressions most abhorrent.

Second-Loots burst into tears;  
Hardened sergeants stopped their ears;  
Husky privates "took the knock"—  
EVERY GERMAN DIED OF SHOCK!

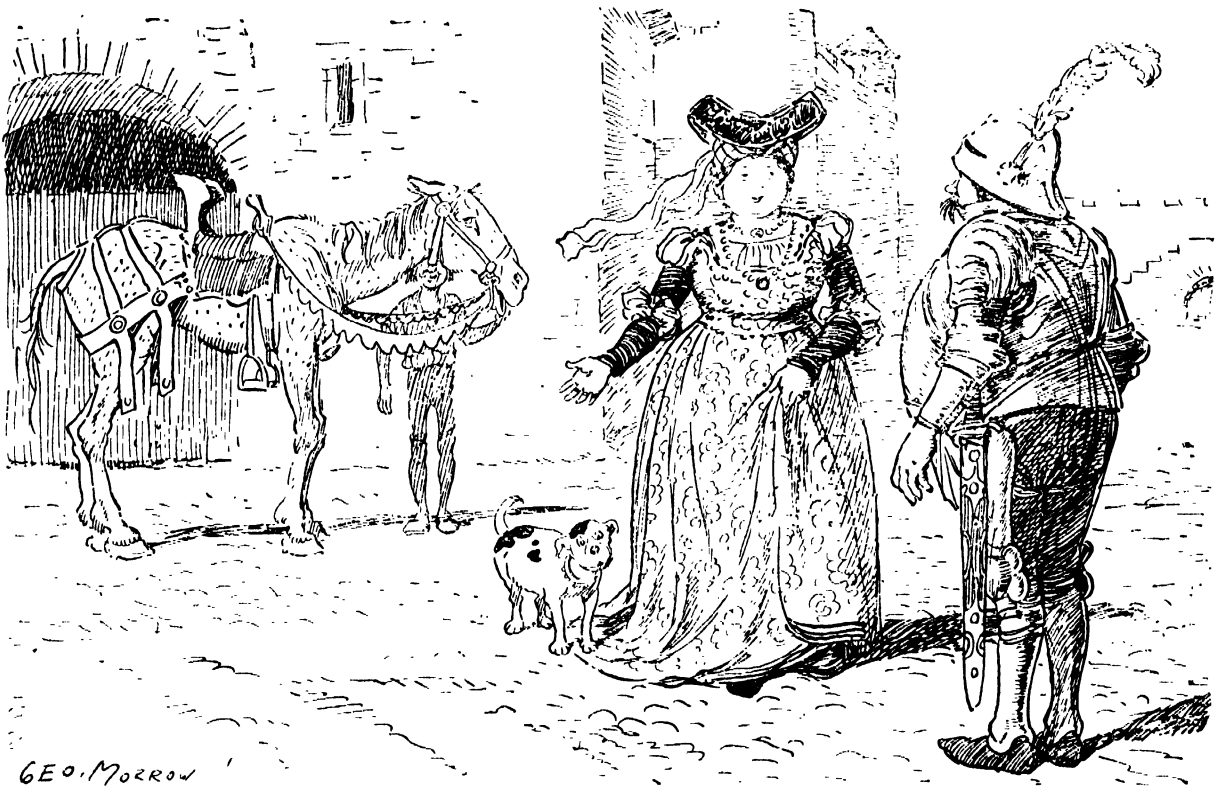
"Records are being broken weekly, and there is no harm in saying that on one single day no fewer than 100,000 left America's shores, and arrived safely at their destination."

Scotch Paper.

There is no harm in saying it, but we fear nobody will believe it.

"The question of authorizing escaped prisoners of war to wear chevrons, and the possibility of allowing them some distinctive mark, is under consideration."—Times.

We understand that, with characteristic modesty, the League of Escaped German Prisoners of War have refrained from pressing this question. If, however, any distinction is to be awarded they recommend the M.B.E. as being the least conspicuous.



GEO. MORROW

## THE SENTIMENTALIST.

"THIS IS A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU, MY PUSSANT LORD. TO DAY IS OUR SILVER WEDDING, AND I HAVE BROUGHT OUT THE FAITHFUL CHARGER WHO CARRIED US WHEN WE FLED TOGETHER FROM MY FATHER'S CASTLE. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE ROMANTIC IF WE RODE HIM TO DAY AS WE DID THAT NIGHT."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I FIND myself tempted to join issue with the publishers of *Up and Down* (HUTCHINSON) when they call it "a new book by the author of *Dodo*." Because, though it is certainly signed by Mr. E. F. BENSON, this is by no means the same Mr. BENSON whose engaging satires have moved me so often to laughter. *Up and Down* is at once more and less than these; indeed it is hardly to be called a story at all, since there are but two characters, Mr. BENSON himself and a friend, and for the most part it is a record of the mental experiences common to us all during the last four years. Such a book, dealing as it does with the most intimate emotions of a man's soul, stands or falls by one simple test, that of sincerity. No one can ever be certain of this quality in the work of another; but what Mr. BENSON finds to say of the hazardous and disquieting problems that those evil times have called up, of patriotism, friendship, survival of personality, and so on, has all of it the ring of a genuine conviction. Glancing at the volume after reading it, I see a number of pages dog-eared for quotation (a foolish habit, since there is hardly ever enough room) and find that I proposed to draw your attention to the author's views upon middle-age, the spirit of houses, Germany as a mirth-provoker, and a dozen other wise and witty comments, which now you must find out for yourselves. *Up and Down*, as its title hints, is not a very equal work; it has, to be frank, its superfluous moments; but at its best (and apart from some wholly delightful pictures of life on the delectable island of Capri) it has both charm and, to employ a detestable word that for once seems appropriate, helpfulness.

If library subscribers wish a change of fare in the direction of truth which is stranger and lovelier than fiction, let me recommend them *For Dauntless France* (HODDER AND STROUT). This is a record by Mr. LAURENCE BINYON of the work done by British men and women for the French wounded and the victims of the War in the devastated areas. It is rare that records of the kind are couched in so felicitous an idiom or ordered with so nice a sense of proportion. "Record," indeed, is too dull a name for so interesting and human a story, pointed with anecdote and charmingly documented with letters that bring forcibly before you the courage, the stress, the zeal and patience of the work—work in hospitals and ambulances in and behind the fighting areas, in canteens, refugee shelters, maternity homes; work done—and we are not so much proud as grateful to recall it—by British volunteers in the service of France and the French. Differences of language and custom, little racial prejudices, the effect of contemporary legends, *e.g.*, of the British as proud sad dogs, all had to be overcome, and you cannot read these pages without realizing how completely they have been overcome and how firm a cement for the future *entente* has been manufactured as a by-product of the contact between sufferers and healers. And you get some measure of the scale of this process by the fact that over seven thousand five hundred British workers were in the service of the French Red Cross by the end of 1917. Nor should you miss some fine lines in a dedicatory sonnet of the poet-recorder, nor a preface, the perfect pattern of such hazardous things, in the simplest, most lucid and most graceful French, by M. PAUL CAMBON.

It seems hardly decent that "Q," having become a learned professor, should have had the effrontery to turn out a book

so full of excitement and humour as *Foe-Farrell* (COLLINS). I enjoyed every word of it, from its dedication, "To any one who supposes that he has a worse enemy than himself," down to the epilogue on the demoralising factor in hate. *Farrell*, reckless Radical and successful tradesman, has ruined the life-work of *Foe*, the scientist, through a false charge of vivisection practices. That charge led to a riot and a fire which burnt *Foe's* records of an eight-years' research. The latter's revenge is to pretend to be reconciled, to win the artless man's friendship, and at the well-prepared moment to explain the intensity of the hate which impels him, and to promise that he will never desist from studying, and thereby torturing, him at close quarters. The perpetual fellowship of an enemy, bitter to the point of madness, but much too clever to do anything which would justify appeal to police protection, with the hinted possibility of a sudden death, of which the victim may be only too glad at the end of it, that is the prospect of *Farrell* at the hands of *Foe*. A fantastic thesis made plausible by the most accomplished artistry and lightened by a genuine unforced humour. Naturally, hunted and huntsman twist and turn over a wide field; shipwreck and marooning give Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-ROUSE's adventurous pen its chance, and I never hope to read a more exciting account of the horrors of long days in an open boat or meet a finer character among sailor men than *Captain Macnaughten*. . . This is indeed the Perfect Shocker—much more indeed, but that first and chiefly.

Everyone would acknowledge that the future of our disabled fighting men constitutes a problem whose gravity and importance it is impossible to over-estimate. But not everyone is aware of the precise nature of the problem or of the means that are being adopted to overcome its difficulties. This is the reason for the appearance of a new, or rather a re-earned, quarterly magazine, named *Reveille*, issued by the War Office under what seems to Mr. Punch the remarkably able editorship of Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY. Put in few words, the object of *Reveille* is to rouse and instruct popular opinion about the after-war position of the disabled sailor or soldier—what that position threatens to be. The wise measures offered by the authorities for the continued physical treatment and re-training of discharged men, and the obstacles (mostly inherent in human nature) that prevent full advantage being taken of these, are all set out in Mr. GALSWORTHY's very powerful and convincing editorial. The greatest difficulties appear to be two—the fatal facility with which, owing to the present labour shortage, any discharged man not wholly incapable can obtain a job for the time being, and the very understandable reluctance of men already weary of treatment and discipline to subject themselves to the further re-training that would fit them for the changed conditions that must follow

demobilization. It is that you may inform yourself on these facts, and possibly pass on the information to some quarter where it is needed, that Mr. Punch most warmly commends to your notice a publication that costs half-a-crown and offers (though this incidentally) many literary and artistic attractions—a cartoon by MAX, a playlet by Sir JAMES BARRIE, and so on—which, even unsupported by patriotism, would be cheap at four times the price.

I gather that Mr. T. R. ST. JOHNSTON, the author of *The Lau Islands (Fiji); and their Fairy Tales and Folk Lore* ("TIMES" Book Co.), was for some time District Commissioner in Fiji, and was lately Medical Officer to the Fijians in France. The duties of his commissionership often took him to the Lau Islands, where he made it his pleasure to collect from the very lips of the inhabitants such myths and fairy tales as were still a part of memory. These he has now put together. The result is a most fascinating book,

brightly written, and an important contribution to the study of comparative Folk Lore. Readers will there learn many strange things, amongst others how Ligadua, the one-armed god of Matokano, flew away with the spirit of the great drum of Kabana, leaving behind only the material part of it, which refused thereafter to make any sound. Or they can listen to Adi Ietila, a very old widow, while she tells the story of Adi Mailagi, "a goddess who was very fond of young men, especially if they were handsome." But she did them no good. However, it seems that when she appears as a rat all may look on her

without harm. Many other tales there are in Mr. ST. JOHNSTON's book, to which I extend a cordial welcome.

Should *The Secret of the Navy* (MURRAY) chance to fall into the hands of a Hun he will be rudely disappointed if the title leads him to look for any indiscreet disclosures within its pages. Discretion, indeed, is one of Mr. BENNET COPPLESTONE's qualities, and fair-mindedness is another. Proud as he is of our Navy, he does not hesitate to praise German sailors and seamanship when he thinks they deserve it. "Count von Spee," he writes, "though a Prussian Junker, was a gentleman and worthy to serve under the White Ensign." To belong to our Navy is to be as near heaven as is permitted on this earth, and even a German when he plays the game is considered fit to enter that charmed circle. The sea-battles of the War are here described in detail and with scrupulous impartiality, and it may be a tonic to those gloomy people who croak that we never have any good luck to find that in more than one instance the author considers that fortune has been on our side.

"Covent Garden is flooded with vegetables of all kinds, and should be cheap to-day."—*Daily Paper*.

Another chance for Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY.



Orderly Officer. "WHAT WAS THE EXCITEMENT IN NO. 1 DINING-HUT TO-DAY, SERGEANT?"

Lance-Corporal Smith. "I FOUND A PIECE OF KIDNEY IN THE STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING, SIR."

# CHARIVARIA.

THE chief War news of importance is that Marshal Foch has decided to help the Germans to retreat victoriously day by day.

"The Entente," said Prince Hohenlohe on a recent occasion, "is directing its attacks in the quarter in which it imagines the monarchy is most sensitive." HINDENBURG, he might have added, is getting it in exactly the same place.

A motoring journal refers to a certain motor car which "brings Paradise nearer." A pedestrian writes to say that the older make of cars brought it quite near enough.

"Germany," says a correspondent at the Front, "is even throwing in bandmen to stem the tide." This should simplify the after-the-war boycott question.

A youth while fishing, according to *The Times*, landed a bicycle. Several fishermen state they are annoyed at not having thought of saying this years ago.

Meanwhile, to safeguard his veracity, the lucky angler has decided to have the bicycle stuffed.

Only our innate sense of camaraderie deters us from naming the distinguished contemporary which recently published an article entitled "The Importance of Bray."

The Skibbereen *Southern Star* has been suppressed. It appears that Mr. DE VALERA had hitched his wagon to it.

A member of the Sissinghurst Mouse Club, says a news item, has killed 604 mice during two days' corn thrashing. There is talk of removing him to the Western Front.

We understand that the man who recently asked a suburban grocer for half a pound of cheese was eventually handed over to the safe custody of his friends.

The United States has loaned Cuba the sum of three million pounds for war purposes. The standard cigar may be upon us at any minute.

The British Natural History Museum

is preparing a map showing the different parts of the country where mosquitoes are raised. The public need, however, is for a map on which the mosquitoes can't land.

Last week Paris thieves broke into a building and stole six thousand pounds' worth of tools. The police have a theory that the criminals wanted a screw-driver and took the rest of the stuff to put their pursuers off the scent.

If the spy agitators fear that the Germans on the land will tamper with the harvest, what will they say about the prisoner who was found with a rick in his leg?

A woman charged last week with



THE SPEEDING UP OF SHIPBUILDING.

"OUR FIRM LAID THE KEEL OF A NEW SHIP TO-DAY. I'LL GET THE OWNERS TO GIVE YOU THE POST OF CHIEF STEWARD ABOARD HER AS SOON AS SHE'S COMPLETED."

"OH, THANK YOU, SIR. IN THAT CASE I'D BETTER GET SHAVED AT ONCE."

stealing told the magistrates that she had only taken three dozen boxes of matches. Since this announcement we understand that she has been overwhelmed with offers of marriage.

Owing to the shortage of firemen the Shochburyness Council have drafted Boy Scouts into the fire brigade. As a result the residents are to be requested only to have very small fires in future and these are to be restricted to the ground floor.

"British statesmanship has cut out the diddleman," says a Montreal paper. It would be more correct to say that we are going to duddle through in spite of him.

It now appears that the Undertakers' Trade Union has no objection to Sunday burials. Hitherto in certain parts of the country it has been considered very unlucky to be buried on a Sunday.

A letter has been delivered in Glasgow which was written by an Edinburgh tradesman over six years ago. It is supposed that the sender has been saving up to buy the stamp.

A correspondent would like to hear from any man who contemplates striking a match in South Kensington, with a view to sharing same.

## "FREEING ALBANIA."

Everything that the Near East can provide was there to greet General Ferrero here—Orthodox priests and eadi and mufti, boys in Stamboul frock-coats, and tiers of Albanians on the hillside and riverside clad in their stained white, or in torn fragments of the spectrum." *Daily Paper.*

Congratulations to this picturesque correspondent upon having at last discovered the place "where the rainbow ends."

## More Impending Apologies.

"The total number of prisoners captured by us in yesterday's successful operations in this sector is not yet available. We secured Mayoress, Mrs. Hogg, Mrs. R. Noy, Miss south of the Scarpe."

*Provincial Paper.*

Let us hope that the last-named lady is the well-known Miss who is as good as a Mile.

"Blue gentleman's serge coat and skirt, latest, just made, worn once; cost 9 gns.; 5½ gns."—*The Lady.*

Probably the blue gentleman finds that he can attract sufficient public attention without the adventitious aid of a skirt.

"One cannot refrain from regretting the passing of the scytheman, who made music with his implement, and of the crowd who came on the scene when the wheat was ripe. Now we hear a hum and a rattle—and the wheat is gathered in. That is Progress, but who shall say that more Pace is Mappines?"

*Middleland Counties Herald.*

Possibly WEBB might.

"The high price of elephants has affected the timber trade of Burma to such an extent that an official has been visiting Canada with the object of securing mechanical tractors."

*Daily Paper.*

He should be sure of a sympathetic reception at the head-quarters of the Grand Trunk.

From one of General MAURICE's articles in *The Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury*:—

"It would be absurd to suppose that anything like the million and a-quarter of Americans who, we are told, have been shipped West from the United States have taken part in this battle or are anywhere on the front."

The eminent writer needs to correct his orientation. Since the American troops came East it is their opponents who have "gone West" in considerable numbers.



## CHANGES IN AMERICA.

(By Hank Dillon, our Special Correspondent at Washington.)

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., has given a touching picture of the shrunken proportions of Members of Parliament in his "first impressions" of England on his return after a year's sojourn in America. It is not, he is careful to say, the result of any food shortage. With characteristic modesty he refrains from indicating the true cause—his own absence. I say the true cause advisedly, for precisely similar symptoms have begun to show themselves over here. Let me not, however, be misunderstood. America is all right; whole-hearted in the prosecution of the War; unrelenting in her resolve to down the KAISER. But the departure of Mr. O'CONNOR and Lord READING has left a great gap. Nothing like it has been known since the death of LINCOLN. I have endeavoured in my previous articles to adumbrate, however feebly, the colossal impact on the American mind of Mr. O'CONNOR's Gargantuan *bonhomie*, of the mammoth magnetism of Lord READING's radiant personality. Their influence remains, but life is poorer. Mr. TAFT has lost forty pounds in the last two months. HENRY FORD looks older and EDISON is deaf. Talking to the PRESIDENT yesterday I found him as keen as ever, but with an added note of seriousness. He said to me wistfully, "I miss my daily TAY PAY." It is the same with everyone, from the highest to the lowest. This morning in Central Park I saw a policeman, a splendid specimen of hefty humanity, crying like a child. I asked him what was the matter, and he replied, "Sure I'm grieving for Mr. O'CONNOR. Life isn't the same since he went back." He was a Galway man, he told me. But this feeling is not confined to Irish-Americans. The Lithuanian who operates the elevator in my hotel has grown *distrain*. In the Far West the cow-puncher punches sadly; pork is canned and packed perhaps as fast as ever in Chicago, but without the old zest; even the skyscrapers scrape the sky less. There is no failure or loss of activity, but the *joie de vivre* is abated. Mr. TUMULTY, the PRESIDENT's secretary, seems to me to have grown hollow-cheeked, and his conversation is no longer on the level of his splendidly stimulating patronymic.

As in England, there is no falling off of food supplies. The cause is purely moral. But a hopeful reaction has already set in, prompted by Mr. O'CONNOR's statement in *The Daily Chronicle* that he was homesick for America. A powerful movement is on foot, supported by influential represen-

tatives of all the leading interests, in favour of inviting Mr. O'CONNOR to take up his residence permanently in the States. It is pointed out that the habitual tension of American life demands the presence of men who are all heart, and act as perpetual lubricators of the social and political machine. It is proposed that a stately pleasure-dome should be erected and placed at his disposal in the Yellowstone Park. But the difficulties cannot be overlooked. Can Mr. SHORTT get on without him? Can Field-Marshal HAIG, or the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, or Mr. HEALY, whose devotion to him is as that of DAVID to JONATHAN? I fear not, and can only suggest as a compromise that Mr. O'CONNOR should, if possible, live henceforth in a great balloon, securely moored in mid-Atlantic, whence he could radiate wireless uplift and unction with impartial zeal to the New and Old World alike.

## THE NEW BIOGRAPHY.

A WAVE of relief is said to have passed over the country on hearing the official statement that the cinema story of the Life of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE which, in ten reels, is to be exhibited throughout the country in October, is not a piece of political propaganda, but private commercial enterprise. Taken into connection with the rumoured autumnal General Election and a certain alertness in the Prime-Ministerial character, it was feared that the film, coming just then, might have exerted undue influence. The danger is not over, but we now know that if such a consequence should occur it will be pure accident.

As to the performers in this great production we have been told nothing; but the leading part, we take it, since Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is to be followed from the cradle to Downing Street, has had many players, beginning with a baby. That should be a proud man who impersonated the protagonist in his later stages as a winner of the greatest war in history.

Meanwhile other cinema companies are displaying the customary imitative zeal, although unfortunately they have only inferior material to work upon. The rose has been plucked. Life-stories, however, are to be the fashion until the public tires—as it may do all too quickly—and we are therefore destined to share the earthly pilgrimage of—well, not exactly Tom, Dick and Harry, but assuredly of Thomas, Richard and Henry, all certainly O.B.E. and probably higher, and most of them in Parliament. Questions of local colour may, of course, enter into the final selection of heroes; for in the earlier

episodes the background is important: a baby that is being carried about among wild Welsh scenery, for example, being more attractive than another (or possibly the same child) being carried about in Battersea or New Brunswick. But public interest will be the deciding factor, and one can imagine some very deadly debates as to the fitness of this or that candidate for film honours among the managers and their staffs. That is where reputations are examined with washen eyes and summed up in unambiguous phrase. Those are the men that know. A few names will, however, win through. "From the Cradle to Printing House Square;" "From the Cradle, *via* Canada, to Horrex's Hotel;" "From the Cradle to the Woolsack": of these three we may feel fairly confident; and we have more than a suspicion that the progress of one whom we will call as a child John Calf, from extreme youth to fullest Bullhood, will not be denied us.

But whether the cinema is thereby to become a more joyous entertainment is problematical.

## TO DOCTOR MASEFIELD.

[The University of Yale has conferred an honorary Doctor's degree on Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD.]

WILL this latter-day gift  
Of a Doctor's degree  
Give his genius a lift  
That was sprung from the sea?  
Will he start a fresh cruise  
In the teeth of the gale  
With his salt-water Muse—  
Doctor MASEFIELD of Yale?

Will he write us in verse  
More Tales after CRABBE,  
In each stanza a curse  
Or a blow or a stab?  
Or will he now feel,  
When we suffer and ail,  
'Tis his duty to heal -  
Doctor MASEFIELD of Yale?

But whatever the theme  
He may happen upon  
I can't even dream  
Of his playing the don;  
For the clarion and fife  
In his music prevail,  
Strong singer of strife -  
Doctor MASEFIELD of Yale.

From a concert programme:—  
"Recit: 'I feel the Diety within'—Händel."  
We fear the printer must be a Rationalist.

From a theatre bill:—  
"COME BACK TO ERIN."  
To avoid disappointment, come early.  
Ireland's future is a little problematical.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SEPTEMBER 4, 1918.



## HARVEST HOME, 1918.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S JOYOUS CONGRATULATIONS TO THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.



*Officer.* "NOW THEN, STUBBS, WHAT ABOUT LUNCHEON?"

*Miss Servant.* "VERY SORRY, SIR. THEM FLIES ARE THAT FIERCE I CAN'T GET NEAR THE MEAT."

## TO ONE OF OUR WOUNDED

(Reading "*Handley Cross*").

OLD man, by your broad contented grin  
And the gleam in your quiet eyes,  
You are back with *Jorrocks* and *Benjamin*  
In the land where the good fun lies;  
You ride where the rifles reach you  
not

On a line both safe and sure  
From the meet at the "Cat and Custard  
Pot"

To the kill on Wandermoor.

In vain do the cannon of memory  
call

From the Flanders fields forlorn,  
When you hear by the stacks of Barley  
Hall

The twang of the "ard un's" horn;  
And little you rock of a broken thigh  
And a bandaged arm to boot,  
When the old comedian canters by  
On his "henterpriseless brute."

For back to you comes each sound and  
sight

At the touch of the magic pen,  
Till you take your place in the old first  
flight

With a lead on the grass again,

And SURTEES, the sage with the jester's  
art,

Would be proud had he lived to know  
He had brightened an hour for your  
gallant heart

With the ring of his "Tally-Ho!"

W.H.O.

## SURE THING.

I ONCE wrote (having occasionally  
induced an editor—and even a publisher  
—to accept something for print) I once  
wrote that clever women always tel  
a man that he looks overworked.

I was younger then. As years ad  
vance one grows (sometimes) in know-  
ledge, and I am now in a position to  
add another verbal weapon to the clever  
woman's armoury—should she need any  
such assistance. The solicitous phrase,  
"You are looking overworked," is unction  
perhaps more for the young than  
the middle-aged and elderly. No young  
man, however conscious of his own  
abysmal laziness, can resist it, or want  
to resist it.

But the maturer man—the man to  
whom Father Time's chief gift is an  
increase of girth—must be differently  
handled. He may or may not be over-  
worked, but to be told about it, how-

ever seducingly, does not much interest  
him. He is a little too old for any  
flattery but the kind of flattery he is  
not too old for. Therefore the clever  
woman, in dealing with him, must do  
otherwise. Taking him by the hand,  
she must look at his features with  
a close and careful scrutiny which,  
although it is all assumed, can be ex-  
tremely comforting, and then say, in  
a tone almost of triumph, "You're  
getting thinner."

"Parliament is mortally dead."—*Herald*.

It would be if it were, but it isn't.

"The difficulties of passing from rigid  
trench warfare to field warfare are gigantic  
and perhaps insurmountable."

*Evening Paper.*

Then, why add to them?

"Interest in the work of the Society for the  
Prevention of Women and Children does not  
appear to be very keen in Hamilton."

*Waikato Times (New Zealand).*

And a good thing, too.

"Mr. J. Havelock Wilson is to contest  
South Shields at the next election."

*Provincial Paper.*

He should be sure of the fishermen's  
vote.

# The Pleasures of Pelmanism

By E. V. LUCAS.

**H**OWEVER they might have striven against it, no readers of the papers have been able of late to avoid the impression that a certain number of military officers, as well as mere civilians, have obtained a certain measure of satisfaction through the use of a certain mental tonic called Pelmanism. There has been so little secret about it that at any moment one of our leading judges is liable to inquire, all bland innocence, "Who is this Mr. Pelman?"

As some contribution to the forestallment of that question, let me say that, much to my disappointment, no such person exists. There is no Mr. Pelman. Pelmanism is the product of many minds, a collective scheme which has for its purpose the invigoration and control of the faculty of observation, increased powers of concentration, and the strengthening of the memory and prolongation of its life. It is because it does these things that it appeals to me.

Probably too much emphasis could not be laid upon the value to the soldier of such mental reinvigoration. Indeed, all scouting—or all spying, if you like, for a very narrow line divides these two necessary military functions—depends on the intelligent use of the eyes, as "B.P." attractively tells in more than one of those books which have done so much to make even boyhood more exciting. There is no soldier—and particularly no officer—but must be the better, too, for an accurate memory, trained to select and retain the vital matters that have been seen and heard, and it seems to be beyond question that Pelmanism has done much in the way of fortifying Army instruction. There is a mass of evidence that commercial men also have profited by it. But not everyone is a warrior or an accumulator of wealth. There are those who have retired from both frays; there are the quiescent people, the people who are getting on in years, who, although just now they may have occupations ancillary to the great struggle, are normally in repose, and equally unconcerned with the destruction of foes or the adding of coin to coin. To me the principal attraction of any organisation with a programme such as I have outlined is the benefit which it may afford to these; to the amateurs of life; and to the young, who, if taken early in hand, will thus acquire a greater capacity to enjoy the visible world as they pass through the years. The memories of children are, as it is, amazing, and a continual source of dismay and envy to their elders; but there is no reason why their minds should not be put through exercises as well as their little limbs. It would be all to the good.

The pleasures of memory are second only to the pleasures of action; and particularly is this true of travel, the details of which one recalls in after years with so much satisfaction, even though tinged maybe with wistfulness—"Motion recollected in tranquillity," to adapt a famous definition of poetry. It is the traveller (according to Rosalind) who has "rich eyes"; and it stands to reason that the more we are trained to see the richer will our eyes become. Pelmanism is out to make them veritable millionaires. And since the pleasures of recollection are to so large an extent built upon the pleasures of observation, it follows that the enrichment of the eyes involves the enrichment of the memory too. If a round dozen of Little Grey Books can lend to such results as these they are the books for me.

An observer, I take it, is both born and made. Where one has a natural gift for observation, Pelmanism can most notably strengthen it and, if one wishes, discipline it; where one has no natural gift, but only a desire for it, Pelmanism can create one. Of this, after studying the grey library, I am certain; and it is that which to me is so peculiarly interesting.

The accomplishment of such results can, however, be achieved only by gradual processes, and these processes are exceedingly interesting, too, particularly as they are all concerned with oneself alone—so interesting, indeed, as to amount to a new

robbed of its terrors. Lonely walks become a series of excitement; wakefulness at night is no longer to be dreaded. There is a mental exercise called catenation, which, no matter how serious its purpose—even to assisting the memory to retain the names of a whole battery—can be made absurdly amusing; while another charm of Pelmanism is that it transforms every Pelmanist into his own Sherlock Holmes, and not necessarily with a Watson. For the life-blood of the system is that blend of close observation and deduction upon which the success of criminal investigators is based. The ordinary untrained man who has allowed his attention to wander uses his eyes carelessly. Pelmanism, by providing his mind with exercises and developers analogous to those which we use for the body, gets it into order. The Little Grey Books are mental dumb-bells, intellectual Indian clubs.

I am convinced that brain-girth and brain-fitness must be improved by their use.

## OPINIONS ON PELMANISM.

"The Pelman Institute, as I understand the matter, does not profess to work miracles. What it does profess to accomplish is to enable a man to make the best use of the abilities he already, consciously or unconsciously, possesses."

**Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.**

"I can think of no better method than the Pelman course either for keeping the mind fit in times of leisure or slackness, or for restoring mental vigour to a soldier whose mind has become flabby from overstrain or physical weakness, and I can recommend no better investment than a Pelman course to the soldier on convalescence leave."

**Major-Gen. Sir F. Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B.**

"True education, if it is to prove really helpful to a man or woman, and therefore to the nation, must have a moral side, something that strengthens the character as well as stores the mind with the details of various sorts of learning."

"To me it seems that Pelmanism, as I understand it, does to a considerable extent fulfil this ideal, and for that reason I recommend it to those who, in the fullest sense, really wish to learn and to become what men and women ought to be."

**Sir H. Rider Haggard.**

"The Pelman system, so far as I can judge from what I have seen of it, appeals to me because it deals with the individual, and because it offers to him in a practical form the cardinal steps to the development and strengthening of mental character which is the foundation of success in any line of life."

**Sir R. S. S. Baden Powell, K.C.B.**

"Pelmanism is based upon those great and eternal principles which underlie the art of all genuine education, and which are just as permanent as the principles which underlie the art of painting, or of architecture, or of any other art."

**Thomas Pellatt, M.A.**

"*Mind and Memory*" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of TRUTH'S famous Report on the Pelman system and a form entitling readers of PUNCH to the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee, on application to The Pelman Institute, 1 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

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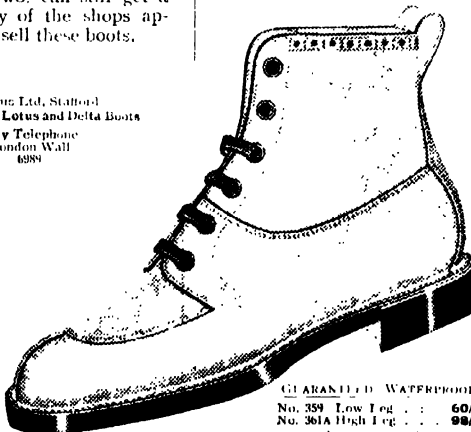


# Lotus

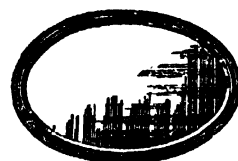
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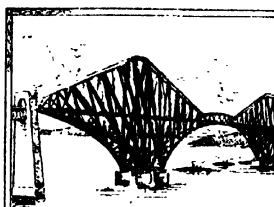
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*Detachment Cook.* "I 'EAR THE OLD GENERAL'S BIN AROUND TASTING MY PUDDENS. WHAT 'APPENED, CHARLIE?"

*Charlie.* "'E SAID THE ORDNANCE PEOPLE WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO 'EAR OF SUCH A HEXCELLENT SUBSTITOOT FOR - AH - LEATHAH!"

### CELESTIAL INNOCENTS.

EARLY one morning my servant came into my hut and told me that a Chinaman wished to speak to me. I went out and found one Ah Sin standing by the door and looking the very picture of misery.

"Why, what on earth's wrong, Ah Sin?" I asked.

"Ah Sin welly sick," replied that worthy. "Cly all-ee night."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I began.

"Dam Li him number one big luffian," he went on. "Me no speako Dam Li never no more."

"What has Dam Li been doing?" I asked.

"Him one big thiefman," announced Ah Sin, vindictively champing his chowing gum. "Him stealum my tlousers."

"But you've got them on," I said.

"These lation tlousers," replied Ah Sin pityingly. "Him stealum number one top-side tlousers."

"Do you mean the khaki ones I gave you for catching those rats for me?" I asked.

"All-ee welly same," agreed Ah Sin. "Him coolie thiefman," he added, to

show the depths to which Dam Li had fallen.

"It certainly does seem rather shabby of him," I admitted. "Have you asked him to give them back again?"

Ah Sin looked at me reproachfully.

"Ah Sin not beggar man," he told me. Then, after a pause, he took pity on my confusion and continued. "But spose you tellum Dam Li thiefman go to hell, him too muchee flighten'. Give um back plenty too quick."

"Very well, I'll try it," I said doubtfully, and Ah Sin retired with a broad smile and a profusion of thanks.

I had hardly got back into my hut when Dam Li was announced.

"Dam Li welly sick," he began: "cly all-ee night."

"I'm glad to know you're ashamed of yourself," I said severely.

Dam Li gave me a look of the most injured innocence.

"Me no shamed," he said; "me sick."

"If you're not ashamed you ought to be," I told him. "What are you sick about?"

"Ah Sin number one big luffian," he answered. "Plenty too much thiefman. Stealum my beauty tin hat."

"But he told me you had stolen his trousers," I gasped.

"Ah Sin plenty too much dam liar," said Dam Li scathingly. "First him stealum my beauty tin hat, then me fetchee tlousers."

Put thus it seemed a just retribution, but I thought I would still have a try to bring about a reconciliation.

"Well, why don't you exchange back again?" I suggested.

"Mo wantee tlousers," said Dam Li, shaking his head.

"An' me wantee tin hat," said a voice behind me—Ah Sin's.

I began to see daylight.

"And I suppose you think I'm going to give them to you, you old reprobates," I said, bursting into laughter.

"Hon'ble officer plenty good man," said the two together.

### A Light Diet.

"In the food section is explained how to make air-holes in cheese, and other problems of nourishment."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"A Young Girl should like to make acquaintance of a serious and fine gentleman, English or American. Answer to Dora, this office."

*Buenos Aires Standard.*

So D.O.R.A. has a human side after all.

## THE BIRTHDAY;

OR, FATHER V. UNCLE.

I AM blessed with a little "girl-niece" who, when she was a very little girl-niece indeed, spent some happy years at a school kept by a lady who was then very old and seemed, forgotten by Death, to be the last survivor of some fragrant older and more gracious world. There one day in grammar lesson, the class, reading "examples" aloud, declaimed the sentence, "Daphne is a good and kind little girl with soft brown hair," and at that all the small boys and girls turned as one upon the little girl-niece, whose name chanced to be Daphne, and expressed in various ways their conviction that in this sentence the person who composes grammar books had for once indited sense and truth. This by way of prologue, that you may understand what manner of little girl-niece the little girl-niece is, and why the birthday seemed such an extraordinary affair. It was the little girl-niece's birthday, and the person or persons whose business it obviously should be to arrange for her entertainment upon such an occasion having been called to the Continent of Europe upon urgent business of the King's, their duties devolved upon me.

To begin with there was lunch. That I acknowledge was a purely spectacular affair, the result being entirely disproportionate to the outlay, mental, physical and financial, by which it was achieved. The little girl-niece, instead of seeing how funny it was, which surely on her birthday was nothing more than her duty, chose to regard it from the point of view of the weary war-worker trying to obtain a cheap and nourishing mid-day meal and made it tragic. By that time the little girl-niece had apologised for wearing her second-best coat and skirt—"tighty" in the clergyman's wife's category of "highly, tighty and scrub" on the grounds that "highly" had not seemed worth while. From all this you can see how strangely she was behaving.

Then there was the *matinée*. The seats were excellent. None of that unnaturally long-backed and large-headed race of persons who inhabit theatres where successful plays are running obstructed the view, not one actor or actress mumbled, and the comedy itself was a bubble blown by a dramatist whose phrases are a part of that peculiar language of intimacy spoken

beneath the roof-tree of the little girl-niece's home. Several times when she should in more politeness to her host have laughed aloud the little girl-niece was silent. Once when she caught from behind its protective *pince-nez* that host's astonished eye she asked what "they" were laughing about. Of

if I had fallen into error with regard to the chocolates the failure of the entertainment might have been explained, but for them I had negotiated beforehand, presenting them with the flourish they deserved to the little girl-niece, who thanked me "politely," as her family phrases it, and when the play was over carried them home absently under her arm with their brown and shining rows still drawn up in close order.

As we stood upon the doorstep of her home waiting for the feet of those



Tommy (exasperated at the lavish care bestowed by barber on favourite customer). "LUMME, IF WE'D TAKEN AS LONG GOIN' OVER THE TOP AS YOU DO, SONNY, THE BLOOMIN' 'UNS WOULD BE IN PICCADILLY BY NOW."

who let you in, the little girl-niece spoke correctnesses from an unmoved heart.

"It has been awfully nice . . . thank you very much . . ." but for all her gentle breeding she was not able to carry the matter through as she should have—she did not look at the person to whom she was speaking. The door was open now and on the dark hall table lay the afternoon letters. Unmannerly did the little girl-niece pounce. For her there was only a field-postcard, and mostly crossed out at that; surely a very slight insignificant thing from the point of view of a little girl-niece with a birthday. She looked at it, then at me, then cast herself, field-card and all about my neck.

"Hasn't it been a perfectly gorgeous afternoon?" she said. "I can't remember when I've enjoyed a birthday so much."

### A Dark Horse.

"POXY, very fast, never been trotted, would win handicap if trained; dark dun colour; 13 hands; full 7 years old; price £15."

*The Field.*

## COUNTING YOUR CHICKENS.

Ethel having declared that we have ten chickens, and I holding out for twelve, we had a really exciting time last night about sunset trying to settle the matter. In the middle of the grass plot (known at tea-time as the lawn) the mother-hen had persuaded her progeny to rest beneath her wings; and I am now convinced that it would be much easier to build a fresh coop over the family after dark than to attempt to hustle them into their proper quarters as we did. We managed to get the hen inside, and immediately innumerable flying spots of yellow distributed themselves actively over the garden.

You stand by the box and shoo them in," said Ethel, "and I'll go to the end of the garden and shoo them towards you."

"Right-o," I said; "shoo

The first minute was a huge success. With spacious and impressive sweeps of my arms I directed several apparently intoxicated morsels home to bed, while the hen clucked prodigiously her approval of the show.

"Here they come, the little darlings," said Ethel.

"And there they go, the little beasts," said I, as four of them sprinted between my legs and disappeared.

"Try that big push again," I said.

A procession of fluffy balls scurried round and round the lawn, followed by Ethel. In due course they came my way, and, taking my cue, I pocketed each ball accurately. Ethel gave a sigh of relief.

"That's the lot," she exclaimed. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—Hullo, what's that?"

"A chicken," I hazarded, turning round. "One moment while I remove my coat; this is some job. There—behind the radish."

"Two," she said. In another second there were four—I can't think why.

"Now let's see how many are inside." She counted five; I prodded the hen and found two more.

"That makes eleven," I said. "Seven in and four out."

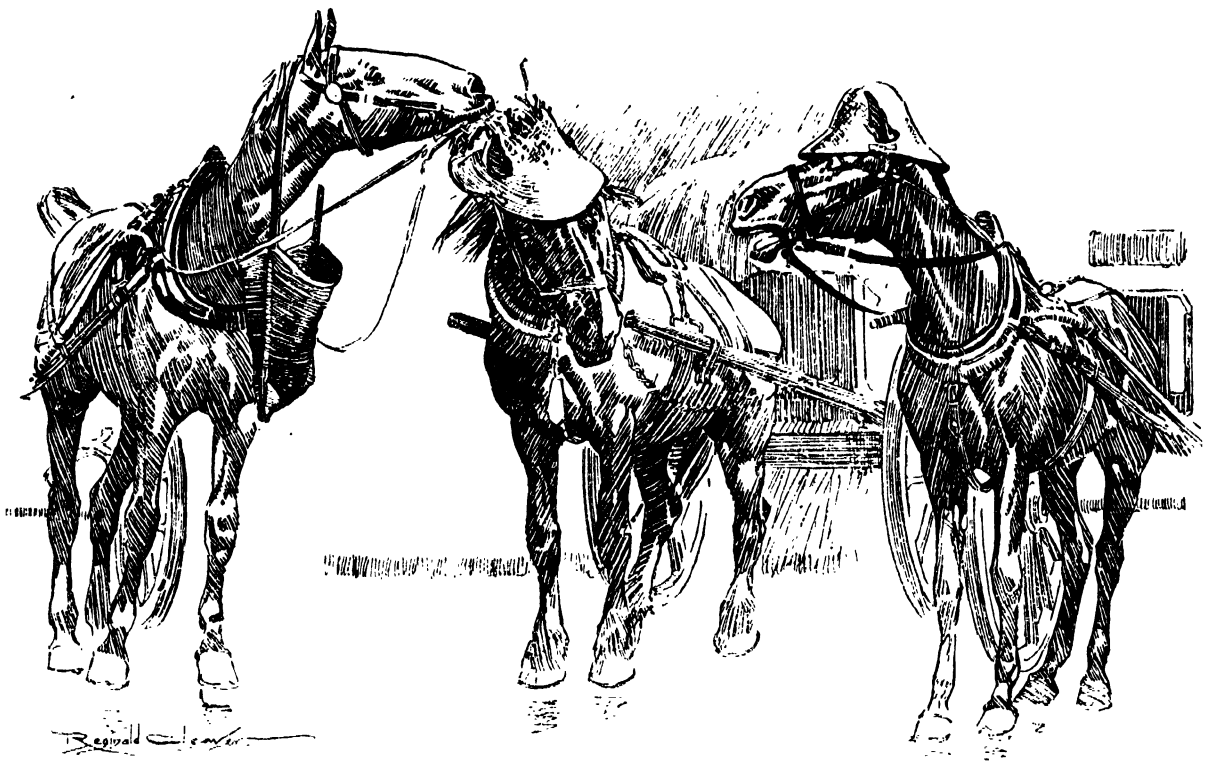
A half-hour of the best hunting followed.

"Now let's count again to make sure," said Ethel.

We bent over the coop; the hen winked at me deliberately and gave an irritating chuckle.

"There's eight," said Ethel.

"I make it ten," I said. "There's



"SORRY, OLD THING, BUT THE GUVNOR'S PUT ME ON HALF-RATIONS."

a tiny one under her eastern wing that you couldn't see."

"You've counted two of them twice," said Ethel.

"Look!" I exclaimed. "What's that under the cabbage?"

"That makes nine," said Ethel grimly.

"When we've caught it," I agreed morosely. "Sit on the coop while I wheedle the latest one homeward, or we shall have the lot out again. I believe that hen is laughing at us."

After five minutes' exertion I had the belated one in hand, and deposited it safely with the remainder of the brood, hearing as I did so a distinctly derisive noise in the hen's throat.

"I make it ten," said Ethel. "You count, will you? They won't keep still."

I counted up to twelve, and received only sarcasm for my pains. So we gave it up and started for the house and cooling drinks.

Ethel says we have ten chickens; I prefer to think that we have twelve; the probability is therefore that we possess eleven. A Third Party, with a gift for the higher mathematics, gave it as his opinion that we have seventeen and a few odd bits. I have always suspected that the higher mathematics is—or are—no use at all.

A Sweet Memory: "Think of sugar and a lump comes in your throat."

# A PRISONER OF PEACE.

LAST leave, at Brighton, all was going well

When, in a flash, this stroke of fate befell:—

In a pâtissier's (where to-day none out

Of sugary things) the soul of all things sweet

Was suddenly before me: I had seen You, sipping chocolate and saccharin,

Like Juno seated mid a crowd of Janes, Or like . . . but no, my stumbling

fancy feigns

But ineffectual similes, and none Half good enough; but when, you

luncheon done, You rose and rose until before me stood Full seventy inches of fair womanhood.

Even my imagination whispered me:—"Like Aphrodite rising from the sea!"

Your face was tinted as those murex shells

Whose snowy pink-flushed labyrinth of cells

Seems wrought of rose-leaves and the white sea-foam;

And, as but new-come from their caverned home,

Your wide eyes had the green-blue of the waves,

Your fingers seemed pale coral of the caves.

What sea-born Queen of Love, methought, is this?

Or what forsaken merman mourns our bliss?

A moment so you towered above my seat,

Then passed (whether on finny tail or feet

I was too 'mazed to see); I only know My captured, fated heart had fled with you.

But then I thought (on going over it):—Fair Aphrodite wore no khaki kit,

Nor mermaid (also it occurred to me) The envied emblem, W.A.A.C.

(Or are they A.S.C.'s who swing and stride

With little turned back caps and curls each side?);

Was she a "Wren"? But no, I think I've heard

They are a navy-bluish kind of bird. Well, anyway, "Wren," "Waac," or

"A.S.C.," Fateful you passed, and it's a case with me;

And round you still in rapt attendance danced

My exile thoughts and fancies here in France.

## "U.S. BREAK WITH BOLSHIEVKS."

Washington, Thursday.—From despatches received yesterday, it appears that the American Consul has several relations with the Bolshievks.—*Manchester Evening News*.

But very properly he did not allow family ties to interfere with duty.





*Gran'ma.* "NOW PROMISE ME, ALBERT DEAR, IF EVER YOU COME ACROSS A WAYSIDE BROOK DON'T DRINK IT, BUT GARGLE IT."

### THE Q-BOAT.

She's the plaything of the Navy, she's the nightmare of the Hun,

She's the wonder and the terror of the seas,  
She's a super censored secret that eludes the prying sun  
And the unofficial wireless of the breeze;

She can come and go unseen  
By the foredoomed submarine;

She's the Mystery-Ship, the Q-Boat, if you please.

She can weave a web of magic for the unsuspecting foe,  
She can scent the breath of Kultur leagues away,  
She can hear a U-Boat thinking in Atlantic depths below  
And disintegrate it with a Martian ray;

She can feel her way by night  
Through the minefield of the Bight;

She has all the tricks of science, grave and gay.

In the twinklo of a searchlight she can suffer a sea-change  
From a collier to a *Shamrock* under sail,  
From a Hyper-super-Dreadnought, old Leviathan at range,  
To a lightship or a whaler or a whale;

With some canvas and a spar  
She can mock the morning star

As a haystack or the flotsam of a gale.

She's the derelict you chartered North of Flores outward-bound,

She's the iceberg that you sighted coming back,  
She's the salt-rimed Biscay trawler heeling home to Plymouth Sound,

She's the phantom-ship that crossed the moon-beams' track;

She's the rock where none should be  
In the Adriatic Sea,

She's the wisp of fog that haunts the Skagerrack.

She can dive in twenty seconds, she can lie submerged for weeks,

She can burrow in the shingle or the sand,  
She can scale the rocky foreshore, she can thread the mazy creeks,

She can waddle like a Tank along the strand;

She can spread a pair of planes,

If necessity obtains,

And cruise aloft at watch o'er sea and land.

### Getting the Wind Up.

"The Lady Mayoress has asked the Chief Constable to collect a number of musical instruments for the band of one of our local battalions, which has lost its instruments. The wind instruments should be of high pitch or old philharmonic, the violins should have bows, strings, and cases, and the wind should have bows, strings, and cases, and the wind should be sent to Mr. —, at the Chief Constable's office." — *Provincial Paper.*

### From an Indian Stores Catalogue:—

"ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW, THE 'NORA.'—Black Velvet Ribbon, superior quality in shades of Cream, White, Tangerine, Gold, Sky, Pink, Silver, Grey, Mid-Grey, Torquoise, Cerise, Greens, Mauve, Purple, Brown, Nigger, Vieux-Rose, Dark-Vieux-Rose, Saxe, Natter-Blue, Emerald, Sage-Green, Navy.

Much nicer than the ordinary black black.

"The 'Duke of York' was a man of mystery. He was a great, tall man, six feet ten inches, and is still living notwithstanding his longevity." — *Daily Colonist (Victoria, B.C.).*

But we fear that it will ultimately prove fatal.



## N RESERVE.

GERM EAGLE o G. Do HERE, CARRY ON FOR A BIT, YOU FEELING ATHER RUN DOWN.

## THE MUD LARKS.

NOT long ago a notice appeared in Part II. Orders to the effect that our Army had established a Rest Home at X where invalid officers might be sent for a week's recuperation.

Now X is a very pleasant place, consisting of a crowd of doll's-house chalets set between cool pine-woods and the sea.

The chalets are labelled variously "Villa des Roses," "Les Hirondelles," "Sans Souci," and so on, and in the summertimes of happier years swarmed with comfortable bourgeois, bare-legged children and Breton nannas; but in these stern days a board above the gate of "Villa des Roses" announces that the Assistant-Director of Agriculture may be found within meditating on the mustard-and-cress crop, while "Les Hirondelles" and "Sans Souci" harbour respectively the Base Press Censor (whose tar-brush hovered over this perfectly priceless article) and a platoon of the D.L.O.L.R.R.V.R. (Duchess of Loamshire's Own Ladies' Rabbit Rearing Volunteer Reserve).

X, as I said before, is an exceedingly pleasant place; you may lean out of the window o' mornings and watch the D.L.O.L.R.R.V.R.'s Sergeant-Majores putting her platoon through Swedish monkey motions, and in the afternoons you can recline on the sands and watch them sporting in the glad sea-waves (telescopes protruding from the upper windows of "Villades Roses" and "Sans Souci" suggesting that the A.D.A. and the B.P.C. are similarly employed).

The between-whiles may be spent lapping up ozone from the sea, resin from the pine-woods, and champagne cocktails which Mario-Louise mixes so cunningly in the little café round the corner; and what with one thing and another the invalid officer goes pig-jumping back to the line fit to mimic whole brigades of Huns with his bare teeth.

X, you will understand, is a very admirable institution, and when we heard about this Rest Home we were all for it and tried to cultivate fur on the tongue, capped hocks and cerebral meningitis; but the Skipper hardened his heart against us and there was nothing doing.

Then one morning MacTavish came over all dithery-like in the lines, fell up against a post, smashed his wrist watch and would have brained himself had that been possible.

He picked himself up, apologised for making a fool of himself before the horses, patched his scalp with plaster from his respirator, borrowed my reserve watch "Pretty Polly," and carried on.

"Pretty Polly" can do two laps to any other watch's one without turning a hair-spring. Externally she looks very much like any other mechanical pup the Ordnance sells you for eleven francs net; her secret lies in her spring, which, I imagine, must have been intended for "Big Ben," but sprang into the wrong chassis by mistake.

At all events as soon as it is wound up it lashes out left and right with such violence that the whole machine leaps with the shock of its internal strife and hops about on the table after the manner of a Mexican dancing bean, clucking like an ostrich that has laid twins.

It will be gathered that my "Pretty Polly" is not the ultimate syllable in the way of accuracy, but as MacTavish seemed to want her and had been kind to me in the way of polo-sticks, I handed her over without a murmur.

The same afternoon MacTavish came over dithery again, dived into a heap of bricks and knocked himself out for the full count.

We put him to bed and signalled the Vet. The Vet reported that MacTavish's temperature was well above par and booming. He went on to state that MacTavish was suffering from P.U.D. (which is Spanish for "flu") and that he probably wouldn't weather the night.

The Skipper promptly 'phoned O.C. Burials, inviting him to dine next evening, and Albert Edward wired his tailor, asking what was being worn in headstones.

William, our Mess President, took up a position by the sick man's side in hopes he would regain consciousness for long enough to settle his mess-bill, and the rest of us spent the evening recalling memories of poor old Mac, his many sterling qualities, etc.

However, next morning a batman poked his head into the Mess and said could Mr. MacTavish have a little whisky, please, he was fancying it, and anyway you couldn't force none of that there grool down him not if you was to use a drenching bit.

At noon the batman was back to say that Mr. MacTavish was fancying a cigarette now, also a loan of the gramophone and a few cheerful records.

The Skipper promptly 'phoned post-poning O.C. Burials, and Albert Edward wired his tailor, changing his order to that of a canary waistcoat.

That evening MacTavish tottered into the Mess and managed to surround a little soup, a brace of cutlets and a bottle of white wine without coming over dithery again.

But for all that he was not looking his best; he weaved in his walk, his eye was dull, his nose hot, his ear cold

and drooping, and the Skipper, gazing upon him, remembered the passage in Part II. Orders and straightway sat down and applied that MacTavish be sent to X at once, adding such a graphic pen-picture of the invalid (most of it copied from a testimonial to somebody's back-ache pills) as to reduce us to tears and send MacTavish back to his bed badly shaken to hear how ill he'd been.

The Skipper despatched his pen-picture to H.Q. and forgot all about it, and so did H.Q. apparently, for we heard nothing further, and in due course forgot all about it ourselves, and in the meanwhile MacTavish got back into form, and MacTavish in form is no shrinking lily be it said.

He has a figure which tests every stitch in his Sam Browne, a bright blue eye and a complexion which an external application of mixed weather and an internal application of tawny port has painted the hue of the beetroot.

Then suddenly, like a bomb from the blue, an ambulance panted up to the door and presented a H.Q. clut to the effect that the body of MacTavish be delivered to it at once to bear off to X.

The Skipper at the time was out hacking and Albert Edward was in charge; he sent an orderly flying to MacTavish, who rolled in from his tent singing "My Friend John" at the top of his voice and looking more like an over-fed beetroot than ever.

"Dash it all, I don't want to go to their confounded mortuary," he shouted; "never felt fitter in my life. I can't go; I won't go!"

"You'll have to," said Albert Edward; "can't let the Skipper down after that pen-picture he wrote; the Staff would never believe another word he said. No, MacTavish, my son, you'll have to play the game and go."

"But, you ass, look at him," wailed the Babe; "look at his ruddy, ruby, tomato-ketchup, plum-and-apple complexion. What are you going to do about that?"

"I'll settle his complexion," replied Albert Edward grimly; "tell his man to toss his toothbrush into the meat-wagon; and you, Mac, come with me."

He led the violently protesting MacTavish into the kitchen. The cook tells me Albert Edward pounded two handfuls of flour into MacTavish's complexion and filled his eye-sockets up with coal-dust, and I quite believe the cook, for in five minutes' time I came on Albert Edward dragging what I at first took to be the body of a dead Pierrot down the passage towards the waiting ambulance, at the same time exhorting it to play the game and wobble for the Skipper's sake.

The wretched MacTavish, choking with flour and blinded with coal-dust, wobbled like a Clydesdale with the staggers.

I saw a scared R.A.M.C. orderly bound out of the car and assist Albert Edward to hoist MacTavish aboard, trip him up and pin him down on a stretcher. Then the ambulance coughed swiftly out of sight.

The allotted week passed but no MacTavish came bounding back to us like a giant refreshed with great draughts of resin, and we grew anxious; which anxiety did not abate when, in reply to the Skipper's inquiries, the Rest Home authorities wired denying all knowledge of him.

Goodness knows what we should have done if a letter from MacTavish himself had not arrived next morning, to say that he had lain on his back in the ambulance digging coal-dust out of his eyes and coughing up flour till the car stopped, not, to his surprise, at the Rest Home, but at a Casualty Clearing Station.

Some snuffling R.A.M.C. orderlies bore him tenderly to a tent and a doctor entered, also snuffling. MacTavish is of the opinion that the whole of the medical staff had P.U.O., and the doctor was the sickest of the lot and far from reliable.

At all events, on seeing MacTavish's face, he ejaculated a bronchial "Good Lord!" and tearing MacTavish's tunic open, stuck a trumpet against his tummy and listened for the ticks.

Apparently he heard something sensational, for he wheezed another "Good Lord!" and decorated MacTavish with a scarlet label.

Within an hour our hero found himself on board a Red Cross train *en route* for the coast.

There were a lot of cheerful wounded on the bus, getting all the soup and jelly they wanted: but MacTavish got only lukewarm milk and precious little of that. From scraps of hushed conversation he caught here and there he gathered that his life hung by a thread.

He was feeling very bewildered and depressed, he said, but, remembering his duty to the Skipper, played the game and kept body and soul together on drips of jelly surreptitiously begged from the cheerful wounded.

Next morning he found himself in hospital in England, where he still remains. He says he has been promoted from warm milk to cold slops, but is still liable to die at any moment, he understands.

He has discovered that he was sent home with "galloping heart disease," but nobody in the hospital can get even a trot out of it, and boards of learned

physicians sit on him all day long, their trumpets planted on his tummy listening for the ticks.

MacTavish says he thinks it improbable that they ever will hear any ticks now, for the excellent reason that he threw the cause thereof—my "Pretty Polly," to wit—out of the window the day he arrived.

In a postscript he adds that he considers he has played the game far enough, and that if the Skipper doesn't come and bail him out soon he'll bite the learned physicians, kiss the nurses, sing "My Friend John" and disgrace the Regiment for ever. PATLANDER.

#### An Early Start.

"Havelock Wilson . . . is 60 years old. . . Havelock Wilson has been fighting all his life, ever since he jumped out of his bedroom window in 1858 to run away to sea." *Mr. Alexander M. Thompson in "Daily Mail,"*



"IS THIS THE FIRST PHOTER YER'VE 'AD OF 'IM?"

"WELL, YUS. YER SEE 'E'S NEVER BIN IN CAMPS WHERE THINGS IS 'ANDY. THEY'VE ALWAYS SENT 'IM TO DESERTS WHERE NOTHINK AIN'T 'ANDY."

#### The Clothes Shortage.

"Will any lady with boy's left-off overcoats sell mother large family boys, age ranging 7 to 14?" *The Lady.*

She would be expected, we presume, to throw in the overcoats.

"In Aberdeen there has been a reduction in the price of eggs from 8d. to 10d. a dozen." *Scottish Paper.*

And yet there are people who still doubt the Scots sense of humour.

Second thoughts on "God Save the King":—

"It may not be a first-rate tune; the lines so rhythmical as they might be, lines so shythical as they might be."—*Local Paper.*

Notice outside provincial music-hall:

"Come in your thousands. This Hall holds five hundred."

And the remainder will probably be just as happy outside.



### IMITATIVE EVOLUTION ON THE MUNITION-WORKER'S ALLOTMENT.

#### THE CHASE OF THE STUNT.

[“Stunt-hunters are somewhat prone to ride past their proper quarry in order to be in at the death of a red herring.”—*Sunday Paper*.]

Said the Stunt unto the Herring: “I am blown;

I can hear the wild-eyed huntsman drawing near;  
I have not your elasticity of bone;  
Go and leave me, I will stay and perish here.”

Said the Herring: “If you’ve lost your silly nerve

You can creep into that mare’s-nest up along,

But I thank the Great Chimera whom I serve

That I’m personally going very strong.”

So the huntsman, splashed with ink unto the eyes,

Caught a whiff of an aroma that he knew,

And he blundered through a thicket of surmise,

And he made the welkin ring with his halloo.

In a frenzy of destruction past he spurred,

And the Stunt, emerging ashen from the nest,

Tottered East (so my communicant inferred),  
Whilst the Herring in a hamorrhage went West.

#### THE DISSEMBLER.

“August always was an unlucky month with me,” said Jimmy, extracting a cigarette and lighting it, though not without difficulty, for the fingers of his left hand are still of little use to him.

“What’s happened now?” I asked.

“Don’t you know that we’ve run out of marmalade?”

“Is that all?”

“All! Isn’t it enough? But as a fact it’s not all. There’s as bad, if not worse, to follow. I am passed for General Service.”

“You’re not,” I cried. “What about your arm?”

“I exploited it all I could, but it’s not considered sufficient excuse to keep me at home.”

“Surely there’s some mistake,” I said.

“Not a bit of it. I’m for G.S., that’s certain. As certain as that we’ve no more marmalade. There’ll be a third misfortune before the day’s out, you mark my words. The boiler will burst and there’ll be no more baths, or something frightful like that.”

“Well, it beats me how you’ve been passed fit,” I said. “But I confess that your tone shocks me, Jimmy. I don’t think you can have read my poem beginning

‘Souls of Britain, now awake,  
From the sword the scabbard take.’”

“I have,” said Jimmy, “and I should have thought it was the third misfortune, only I read it yesterday. Still, we’d better carry on, I suppose. Let’s go to some low place of amusement this evening.” . . .

That was a week ago. To-day I met an ancient medical man who sits on Boards and such.

“Did you have one Jimmy Bray, a Captain in the Wopshires, before you lately?” I asked.

“With a badly smashed-up arm?” He didn’t put it quite like that; he used several mysterious words like “sutured” and “atrophied”; but that was the general idea.

“That’s the man,” I said. “How the deuce was it you passed him G.S.?”

“It’s very irregular in you to ask me about it,” said he. “But as a matter of fact he seemed so awfully keen to get back that we hadn’t the heart to refuse him.”

I’m afraid Jimmy must have got a touch of camouflage this hot weather.



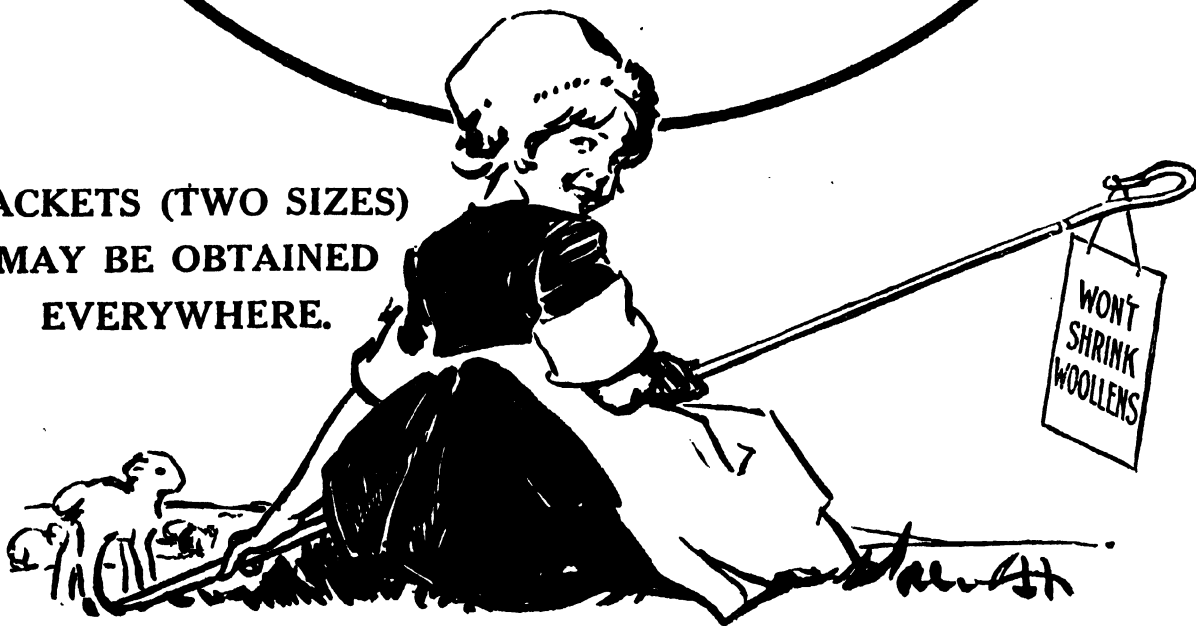
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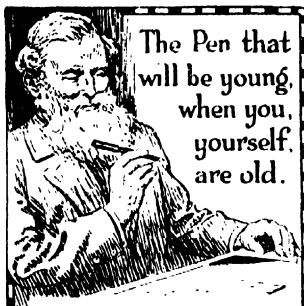
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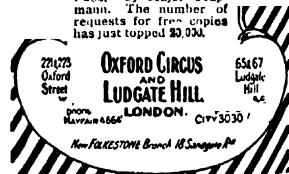


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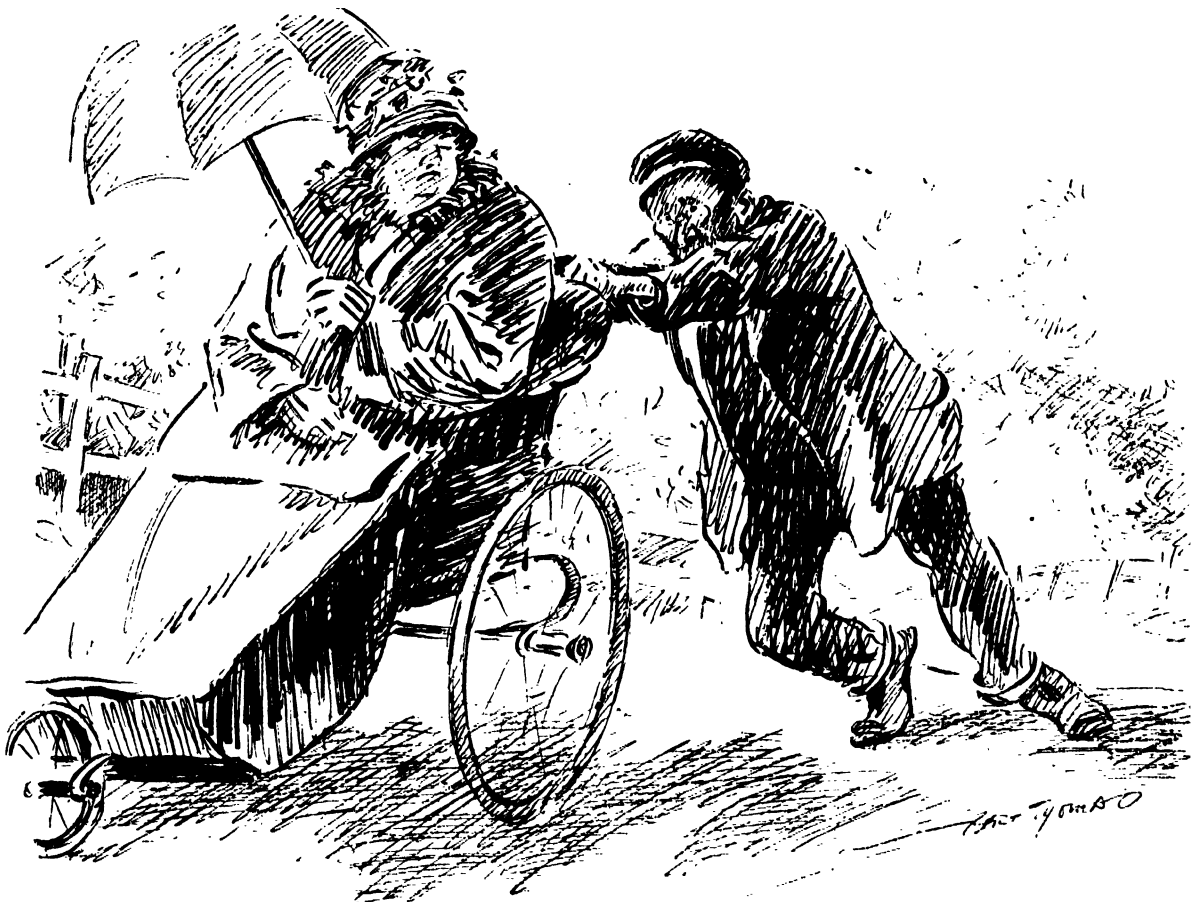
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*Bath-chairman (with his mind on benefits to come). "YES, 'M (puff), AN' WHEN I WENT ABOUT THEM (puff) SUPPLEMENTARY RATIONS THEY SAYS (puff) WE ONLY ALLOWS EXTRY (puff) RATIONS TO PEOPLE (puff) WOT DOES 'EAVY WORK."*

### THE OLD-TIMER.

'E AIN'T bin 'ung with medals, like a lot o' chaps abaht;  
'E's wore a little dingy but 'e isn't wearin' aht;  
'Is ole tin 'at is battered but it isn't battered in,  
An' if 'e ain't fergot to grouse 'e ain't fergot to grin.

I fancy that 'e's aged a bit since fust the War begun;  
'E's 'ad 'is fill o' fightin' an' 'e's 'ad 'is share o' fun;  
'Is eyes is kind o' quiet an' 'is mouth is sort o' set,  
But if I didn't know 'im well I wouldn't know 'im yet.

I recolec' the look of 'im the time o' the retreat,  
The blood was through 'is toonic an' the skin was orf 'is  
feet;  
But "Come aboard the bus," says 'e, "or you'll be lef  
bo'ind,"  
An' takes me weight upon 'is back—it 'asn't slip me mind.

It might 'ave 'appened yesterday, it comes to me so plain,  
'E's dahn an' up a dozen times. a-reeling through the  
rain;  
It might 'ave bin lars' Saturday I seem to 'ear 'im say:  
"There's plenty room a-top, me lad, an' nothin' more to  
pay."

'E ain't bin 'ung with medals like a blackamore with  
beads;  
'E doesn't figure on the screen a-doin' darin' deeds;  
But reckon I'll be lucky if I gets to Kingdom Come  
Along o' that Contemptible wot wouldn't leave a chum.

### R.A.F. PLUMAGE.

*Letter from Major Sir Fawcett Gear, R.A.F. (Deputy  
Director of Mechanical Transport Brake Linings), at the  
Ministry, to Messrs. Proffitt, Proffitt and Proffitt, Aero-  
nautical Tailors, Savile Row, W.:—*

DEAR SIRS,—With reference to my order for five tunics,  
three breeches and six slacks, will you please note that  
these garments are now required to be in pink georgette  
and no longer in ninon?

With regard to the belt on the tunic I hear the material  
and colour are shortly to be changed again, but as it will in  
this case be possible to "wear out" the existing tunics,  
would you kindly supply three extra belts—one of black  
and-white overcheck, one of green charmeuse with the lace  
insertions, and the other of white buckskin?

In this way I shall be able to utilize each pattern as occa-  
sion may necessitate.

As to the cap-badge, I have been making inquiries and  
have heard to-day that I shall have to wear a 1/100-scale  
kiwi, in full flight, of nickel; but as nothing has been de-  
cided yet, please hold the cap back until you hear further  
from me.

Yours faithfully,

FAWCETT GEAR.

P.S.—Kindly note that I need a second bar to my O.B.E.

"WANTED, Comfortable Home, by elderly gentleman, not invalid,  
in clergyman's, doctor's, or Christian family."—*Times*.

On behalf of clergymen and doctors we protest against the  
insinuation of "or."

## HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The GERMAN KAISER, the CROWN PRINCE and General von BERNHARDI.*)

*The Kaiser.* Things are looking blacker and blacker. It is most extraordinary that it should be so, but so it is. We retreat constantly and are losing all the time in immense numbers.

*The Crown Prince.* Ah, but we don't let the people know that. The Censor keeps his eyes open and allows no bad news to be published.

*The K.* Bad news does get itself known all the same. The people become anxious and rumours of all kinds fly about, and in this condition of mind one can no longer look for the same efforts. I tell you frankly I don't at all like the way things are going and I heartily wish we were well out of it.

*The C. P.* It's too late to talk like that. You should have thought it out before.

*The K.* You whipper-snapper! It is not for you to talk against war. Was it not you who made my life a burden by trying to form your own party and to oppose my Government?

*The C. P.* I protest.

*The K.* No protest of yours can alter facts, and the facts are as I have stated them.

*The C. P.* All I admit is that I have sometimes suggested a greater and more vigorous display of energy in high quarters, but there is no disloyalty in that.

*The K.* There are more ways than one of being disloyal.

*The C. P.* I declare I know none of them, and have always been animated by the most complete deference to my War Lord.

*The K.* Well, we won't argue that old question out again. Things are too serious for that and there is BERNHARDI listening to us.

*General von Bernhardt.* I thought your Majesty desired my presence, but I can go at once if your Majesty wishes it.

*The K.* No, no, I was only joking. I did want you to be here, for I wish to ask you if you still adhere to the opinions expressed in your famous book.

*Von B.* Which book does your Majesty mean?

*The K.* Oh, so you have written more than one famous book, is that it? At any rate I mean the one in which you speak of war as necessary to a nation, and all that sort of nonsense.

*Von B.* Certainly I adhere to those opinions, and I had the best reason for believing that those opinions found favour not only in your Majesty's exalted mind but also in that of his Royal Highness the Crown Prince.

*The C. P.* I was induced to read some of the stuff, but I didn't think much of it, as it was mostly composed of platitudes about the benefits that war confers upon a nation.

*Von B.* Your Royal Highness is pleased to be facetious. What I have asserted remains absolutely true, only the leadership must be strong and intelligent. Is that so in this case? Who can assert that it is? Your Hindenburgs and your Ludendorffs are mere jugglers, and are responsible with your royal solves for all the blood that is being uselessly spent. You are both hated—no, I will not stop—all over the civilized world, and that hatred falls heavy on the head of the German people. It would have required only a small amount of good will and a little intelligence to have kept America out of the war. But no, you were not satisfied until you had added America, with her inexhaustible resources in men, money and munitions, to the number of our enemies. That seals our doom in this War, unless you and your Chancellor can devise a method of obtaining an immediate peace. That will be a humiliation

to Germany, and your own arrogance will feel the wound. But it is better that there should be humiliation than that our people should be for ever ruined by the incompetence of the ruling House.

*The K.* You have allowed yourself a singular liberty of expression; and now, General, it is time for you to retire.

*Von B.* I obey, your Majesty. [*He leaves the room.*]

*The K.* A very wordy gentleman. He does not weigh his sentences.

*The C. P.* Still, there may be something in what he says—at any rate so far as you yourself are concerned.

*The K.* You too can leave the room. I alone can deal with this situation.

## HANS DANS AN' ME.

Hans Dans an' me was shipmates once an' shared the wind an' weather,  
An' many a job o' work in them old days we done together;  
I've stood my trick with Hans afloat an' drunk with him ashore,

But—never no more, Hans Dans, my lad, Lord love you,  
never no more!

Hans Dans an' me was shipmates once, we couldn't 'elp but be,

E'd shoved 'is bloomin' nose in every ship as sailed the sea;  
For Hans 'd sign for three pun' ten when union rates was four,

But—never no more, Hans Dans, my lad, you bet yer, never no more!

Hans Dans an' me was shipmates once, an' if 'e'd fought us clean

Why, shipmates still when war was done might Hans an' me 'ave been;

The truest pals a man can have are them 'e's fought before,  
But—never no more, Hans Dans, my lad, d'ye get me,  
never no more!

Hans Dans an' me was shipmates once—but long's I sail the sea

There'll be no foe's 'le big enough to 'old Hans Dans an' me,  
An' all the seas an' all the years won't wipe out Hans's score

Nor do away the dirty work he's done an' called it war;  
No, never no more, Hans Dans, my lad, so 'elp me, never no more!  
C. F. S.

## The Reunion of the Churches.

"Dr. S. T. Nevill, Bishop of Dunedin, attained his eightieth year last week."

"Dr. S. T. Nevill, Bishop of Dunedin, has received a unanimous call to the pastorate of Palmerston North Congregational Church."  
*New Zealand Paper.*

We congratulate the Bishop. This was worth living for.

"We have among other relics of a bygone age an individual in Court circles known as 'The Master of the Stag Hounds.' Good lord, how long shall we as a nation endure such effigies? The Stag hounds (if there are any in existence) would be serving a more useful purpose as venison on a butcher's counter."—*The Empire (Calcutta).*

But we fear the butcher would get into trouble.

## "THE RATIONING OF POULTRY.

Hen birds hatched since January 1, 1916, and not receiving rations under Scheme (A) will be able to obtain certificates entitling their owners to purchase up to an amount per head per day (which will be less than 4oz. per day).—*Provincial paper.*

Several correspondents write to inquire if the hens must make application in writing, and if they should use their own quills.



## THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER, 1918.

"MY BIRD, I THINK?"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I MAKE free to confess that as far as I am concerned Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM is at his best when he is leading me breathless through the capitals of Europe in pursuit of some tortuous intrigue of the *Corps demi-diplomatique*. I like it all, the diamonds and the champagne, the limousines and the Browning automatics, the waiters who are chiefs of police, and the countesses who are pick-pockets, the international conspiracies and the assassin-proof hero who appears at the psychological moment to save Europe from another conflagration. But the conflagration has arrived and is with us, and tales of diplomatic intrigue are no longer intriguing. So it is both natural and intelligent of Mr. OPPENHEIM to leave his familiar haunts and in *The Other Romilly* (HODDER AND STROUGHTON) give us a mystery story which involves no other issues than the happiness of the persons concerned. As far as construction is concerned the story is not up to the level of his previous work. Possibly because more realism is necessary for dealing with common people than with the nebulous royalties of fiction. The punctual appearance in the last chapter of everybody who is necessary to clear the hero just as he is on the point of being haled off to jail rather smacks of the cinema. But Mr. OPPENHEIM is never dull and never amateurish, and his constant readers will no doubt find the brothers *Romilly* as good candle-burners as the scheming denizens of Montmartre or the furtive minions of the Wilhelmstrasse.

*Verdun Days in Paris* (COLLINS) is not a very appropriate

title for Miss MARJORIE GRANT's delightful little book. Verdun is here only a background for what is an informing account of Paris in times of great stress. There is real value in this book, for apart from the descriptions of work among soldiers and refugees it will correct, and indeed entirely obliterate, any tendency we may still have to think of Paris as we thought of it in the days before the War. To Parisians our determination to regard it as merely a city of pleasure has always been a source of annoyance, and if Miss GRANT can ever be furiously angry (which I doubt) it is because she believes that the old British idea still persists that "France is a land of feverish gaiety, sickly sentimentality, lax morals, endless suppers, and dancers of more than Oriental mystery. How complete a misunderstanding," she adds, "of a nation inexorably logical, sternly industrious, abstemious, parsimonious, with only one real sentimental passion, that of patriotism." Eloquent advocate as she is, Miss GRANT has not mentioned the French quality of being able to laugh when tears are very near the heart, a quality that asks the finest courage. You must read *Verdun Days in Paris* not only for its information, but because the author never misses the humorous side of life, which she presents with a quiet and most attractive charm.

Pacifists, Defeatists, Bolsheviks and others who favour a patched-up peace are apt to look on the German colonies mainly as counters with which to bargain with the Hun; and to persons of that kidney any evidence bearing on the treatment of the natives by their German masters will be hardly welcome. But fortunately these types are few and may, it is hoped, be ignored. Even so the Dark Continent

is a subject about which too many Englishmen are in the dark, and any book that throws light on it is of value, especially when its style is straightforward and its evidence unquestionable. This much at least can be said of *The Prussian Lash in Africa* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), in which "AFRICANUS" briefly describes both the methods and effects of German rule. To many readers the horrors may appear exaggerated and so filthily savage as to be beyond belief in the case of any country that calls itself civilized. This would have been my own impression had I not seen something of the results both in peace and war; but most men who have taken part in any African campaign will feel that these statements of "AFRICANUS," so far from being overdone, are almost unduly mild and moderate. At first, of course, when we entered a native village in German territory the cry of "*Jumbo, Bwana!*" ("Welcome, Master!") with which we were greeted by the civilian natives was regarded merely as a polite pose and incompatible with the attitude of their Askaris. But we were not long in learning better; and if you want to know why the British were warmly welcomed and loyally served by the mass of the population, while the native troops put up such a bitter resistance, you need only read this well-informed and unpretentious little book. You will also realise how fatal it would be to British prestige throughout Africa if the colonies were handed back to the Hun.

MURIEL HINE in *The Best in Life* (LANE) is more concerned with her story than her characterisation, as you will gather when you hear little *Patty*, the shop-girl, saying to her superior friend, *Isoël* the mannequin (and heroine), *à propos* of munition work: "Once you're in the Government's hands you become an automatic machine. They certainly pour in pennies fast, but expect its equivalent in return." *Isoël's* notion of the best thing in life is to marry a gentleman (her absentee father, so her mother had told her, was one, but he went to the bad and turned up in a Paris café as a waiter and was killed by a bomb just when *Isoël* had come in from the ends of the earth to have a cup of coffee, so that she recognised him by a straw—no, a tattooed snake on his arm). A lucky windfall enables her to go to Venice, where the people say *Buon giorno* and *Subito* and *Che sarà sarà!*; and to Paris, where they say *Tiens* and *Mais oui* and *Merci, non* and even *Mais que voulez-vous? C'est la guerre!* No sort of scruples in the pursuit of her ideal for *Isoël*. Concealments and hair-raising perversions of the truth, mitigated blackmail, bold advances, coy withdrawals—all these she uses to hook her fish, a wealthy V.C.; and, having hooked him, she uses discreet confessions to land him. I don't share the author's evident affection for this artful child of nature, but I do like monoeyed *Judy Dalgleish*, the masculine reluctant lover who yields to her patient American millionaire in the end. Money and snobbishness are very prominent in this story, which thus establishes actual contacts with real life.

It happens that two books dealing with the vexed topic of education have arrived on my table simultaneously. These are *The German School as a War Nursery* (MELROSE), by V. H. FRIEDEL, and *Political Education at a Public School* (COLLINS), by VICTOR GOLLANCZ and DAVID SOMERVELL. Reading these titles you will be prepared to find that, apparently at least, the books contradict one another; only apparently, of course, as it does not in fact at all follow that because an educational system has had results in Germany its effect will be the same in civilized countries. "Education," says Professor SADLER, in his admirable brief introduction to the English translation of M. FRIEDEL's book, "is a great power. If you can canalize it you can use it hydraulically for public works." Substitute for "public works" another aim, military aggrandizement, and this is precisely what Germany has been doing with that ugly but momentous force the Teutonic educational canal. M. FRIEDEL, as Director of the Musée Pédagogique of Paris, writes with authority; his book, largely made up of extracts from German educational writings published since 1914,

should be read by anyone interested in a clear exposition of the methods of political *kultur* in the "war nurseries." The authors of the second book are clearly enthusiasts, and as such their arguments—and the report of their translation of these into experiment—are deserving of respect; though their clinching proof, which consists of quotations from the super school-magazines resulting from disinfection of modern ideas, failed to stagger me.

For those who like a placid story which never unduly ruffles the emotions and where everything ends happily—oh, so happily!—*The Desired Haven* (MELROSE) is the novel to recommend. But I warn you that

LESLIE MOORE (whether Mrs. or Miss I do not know, but certainly not Mr.) has written it mainly, I think, for the purpose of changing the religion of her heroine. I was ready to lay a small wager from almost the start that *Philippa* was ultimately to be received into the Roman Catholic Church. Personally I am not altogether in love with religious propaganda in a novel. But if you do not share this fastidiousness the career of *Philippa* is well enough. The author has a considerable sense of character and knows how to construct a novel. Best of all, she shows a real understanding of children.

#### Another Impending Apology.

"OPEN-AIR CONCERT.—The Special Constables' Male Voice Choir and the choir of the U.F. Church contributed to the programme, which was otherwise attractive."—*Scotch Paper*.

#### A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

AMERICA, whose dentist wore the wreath  
Due to the man who stopped the KAISER's teeth,  
Could you not reach the ladder's highest rung?  
Had you no linguist who could stop his tongue?



CAMOUFLAGE DEPARTMENT, B.C.

*The Little Greek.* "Daddy, what did you do in the Trojan War?"  
*Daddy (proudly).* "My child, I PAINTED THE SPOTS ON THE WOODEN

# CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER recently told the Reichstag: "The autumn is approaching and when you then reassemble the complete military victory of Germany will not only be assured, but will certainly be evident to the whole world." Part of this prophecy is coming true. Signs of the waning of summer are evident.

"The War," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "stares us in the face and stares very hard." Indeed by some Germans it is even said that the War is making rude grimaces at them.

"It is necessary for our German sword to speak," says the *Lokal Anzeiger*. Already it is learning to say "Kamerad" quite distinctly.

"Will the scientists be able to supply a substitute for tobacco?" asks the same paper. This attempt to ignore the German cigar is pathetic.

The Germans, according to the Associated Press correspondent, have practically no prepared positions behind the Wotan line. We understand, however, that rather than disappoint regular readers of *Land and Water*, Mr. BELLOC has consented to draw the positions they would have had if they had had any.

According to a Copenhagen telegram Austria is claiming that Russia shall pay her an indemnity. Russia, we understand, has replied that she is temporarily embarrassed for funds, but is willing to allow Austria a free hand in the Malay States.

We were not surprised to read of the attempt on the life of M. LENIN. For a considerable time now we have felt that one of these days he would get mixed up in some irritating bother or another.

Owing to the fact that it was their busy season it seems that the burglars were unable to come out in sympathy with the London police.

Seeing a large body of policemen strikers marching through New Bridge Street the other day a dear old lady threatened to give them in charge.

A New York journal states that CHARLIE CHAPLIN is now serving in the

American Army as a private. Influence again, we suppose.

The controlled price for vegetable marrow is six pounds ten a ton, but we understand that special arrangements have been made for marrows which fall a few pounds short of that weight.

A gossip-writer mentions that a few days ago he mistook a well-known author for Mr. P. LIP SNOWDEN . . . but happily they made it up afterwards.

The reported discovery of a pot of strawberry jam in the possession of a Devizes man now appears to have been based on a misunderstanding. The man's statement was that when a boy he had seen one in the possession of his grandfather.



ADVICE TO AN INSTRUCTOR ON ANTI-GAS COURSE.  
"WHEN MAKING JOKES DO NOT EXPECT ANY APPROPRIATE EXPRESSION FROM THE AUDIENCE."

A munition-worker charged with stealing was said to have over one hundred and thirty-eight pounds in his pockets. It seems that the unfortunate fellow was saving up to buy a pound of blackberries.

A postwoman charged before the magistrates admitted that she had swallowed a postal order and a cheque. It is extremely fortunate that the cheque was crossed.

Charged with being an absentee a Stourbridge man expressed great surprise when told that this country was at war. The theory is that he was employed in some Government department.

Under a new Defence of the Realm Regulation owners of premises may be required to kill rats. An appeal to the tribunals will be permitted in all cases when it is claimed that they are not real rats.

"A group of Filipinos in American khaki," says the *Paris Daily Mail*, "enlivened a Tuileries Garden festival with an acrobatic display in the trees, swinging from branch to branch with a more than simian abandon." There is such a thing as carrying fulsome flattery too far.

According to scientific authority the next glacial epoch will be in the year 7338. Experts however are of the opinion that even when it does come its effect on the War will be hardly noticeable.

## OUR VILLAGE.

Our baker's in the Flying Corps,  
Our butcher's in the Buffs,  
Our one policeman cares no more  
For running in the roughs,  
But carves a pathway to the stars  
As trooper in the Tenth Hussars.

The Mayor's a Dublin Fusilier,  
The Clerk's a Royal Scot,  
The bellman is a Brigadier  
And something of a pot;  
The barber, though at large, is spurned;  
The Blue Boar's waiter is interned.

The postman, now in Egypt, wears  
A medal on his coat,  
The Vet. is breeding Belgian hares,  
The Vicar keeps a goat;

The schoolma'am knits upon her stool;  
The village idiot gathers wool.

If every city in the land  
Would similarly act,  
And do its bit and take a hand,  
Berlin would soon be sacked.  
Come, pledge us now in Blue Boar beer  
From Belgian hares to Brigadier!

W. H. O.

## The Slump in German Values.

"HALF CROWN PRINCE'S ARMY TURNED OVER TO GENERAL VON BOHN."  
*Daily Paper.*

It would be interesting to know how much the Half Crown Prince thinks the German Sovereign worth?

## A Modern Pompeii.

"Owing to the holiday on Monday, the burgh carts will not make their usual round on that day for the removal of ashes, but will cover the whole town on Tuesday."  
*Peeblesshire Advertiser.*

And they talk about "Peebles for pleat-

## JAMOUFLAGE.

CASTING an early-morning and disgruntled eye upon our war-breakfast table, I remarked sadly, "No jam, no jelly, no marmalade."

"Also no muffins, and no flowers, by request," said Doris pleasantly. "On the other hand you have two kinds of margarine, some of last week's and some of this."

"Surely you could manage a little honey."

"I could manage quite a lot, if we had any. But I can't get it. You forget that the bees have now been controlled. The Apiary Commissioner has commandeered all the hives, to be set up in aircraft factories as an example. I can't afford to make marmalade with oranges uncontrolled at 5d. Besides, they are going to sell them next week without the skins. The skins are wanted for high explosives or something. As for jam—"

"Well, what about jam?"

"Fruit crops a failure; sugar short; so many more men in the Army."

"Please don't talk like a newspaper," I said plaintively. "Even if there are five million more men eating jam in France than there were last autumn, there must be five million fewer men eating jam in this country."

"But they eat more jam in the Army. They are hungrier than civilians."

"They can hardly be that," I said. "Of course I don't grudge them a single pot that they eat, but in Flanders I believe they use the best strawberry for dubbin. Why is there no jam? I ask you as man to jam—"

"You can't make it without fruit."

"Pardon me, you can make it out of turnips and a little ginger. Have the swedes been a failure?"

"They are still neutral, if that is what you mean. As for ginger, you forget that the Ginger Controller has taken up all available supplies. The Government needs it."

"It does indeed. But isn't there anything you can do? Surely your former Highland servant's old aunt in St. Kilda could lend you one pot of gooseberry to tide us over the winter."

"Silly," said Doris. "You've no memory to-day. All the gooseberry-bushes on St. Kilda were taken over by the Afforestation Board this summer. The Coal-mines Maintenance Commissioner is to get them for pit props."

"How thorough of him!"

"Yes," said Doris. "Ellen Macarthur told me at the canteen yesterday that her brother, who is 29 and Grade 1, but not really very strong, expects to get a job as a Timber Commissioner for the Outer Hebrides."

"Nonsense!—I should say 'Hoots and havers!' There are no trees in the Outer Hebrides."

"Not very many, perhaps," Doris agreed. "But I expect there is an Outer Hebrides Chief Commissioner for Timber, with so much a year, and six Assistant Commissioners with so much a year, and twelve Sub-Assistant Commissioners, and I don't know how many inspectors. They will probably stay in Oban during the summer and have quite a decent time. You see, the less timber there is in a place the more men are needed to take thorough good care of it and see that it isn't used by civilians for toothpicks."

"Quite so. But is there *nothing* sweet in the house?"

"Ah, well," said Doris coyly, "you used to say . . . but no matter . . . Try a little mustard on your second inch of toast."

She pushed a large silver mustard-pot towards me. I opened the lid apathetically. Then I grasped the nearest spoon. The pot was nearly full of strawberry jam.

"Hooray!" I cried. "More camouflage. No visitor would ever guess what was in that pot."

Doris swiftly removed the treasure untasted.

"I was afraid, even after your solemn promise, that you couldn't get through breakfast without that world-weary word. But if you don't camouflage anything in my hearing for twenty-four hours I promise you a whole teaspoonful to-morrow morning."

"Good," I said. "Jam to-morrow. Any cheese on the dinner horizon?"

"Well, the grocer hoped yesterday that he would be able to oblige me to-day with half-a-pound of a new sort of cheese, Gorgonmargo."

"I know," I said. "Breadcrumbs, rancid waggon-grease and a pinch of salt. Well, well. More cam—" I pulled up just in time.

But I know I shall never keep off the fatal word for twenty-four hours on end. The strain will be too great. No war jam is worth it.

"FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED, for six months or a year; good tenant; House must be detached, and close to tram, without being actually on tram line." *Dublin Paper.*

The police are so touchy nowadays.

"Two and one-half per cent. beer is all right, according to Ald. ———, who stated that he had recently had a drink of it to test it. If the beer had been intoxicating he would certainly and *ysre* uw eating . . ."

*Canadian Paper.*

Despite the worthy Alderman's assertion we have an uneasy feeling that it was intoxicating after all.

## VALEDICTORY: TO A V.A.D.

TAKE off, my nurse, the band of blue  
You sewed upon my sleeve;  
Repaired and patched as good as new  
I make this last request of you  
And then I take my leave.

Pathetic fancies may not grace  
My little vacant bed;  
There comes another lucky case  
To bless his "blighty" in my place,  
Your patient in my stead.

While willy-nilly I must go  
A-hunting of the Hun,  
You'll carry on—which now I know  
(Although I've helped to rag you so)  
Means great work greatly done.

And if, when you're fed up some day,  
As even you must be,  
When tumblers tumble from the tray,  
When Sister has too much to say  
(She may have, even she);

When on the quilts you've made so neat  
Some silly asses sprawl;  
When weights are on your weary feet,  
The dinner-trolley has you beat  
And nothing's right at all;

Then, if an unseen crutch you hear  
Come tapping lightly up,  
And if, by means that don't appear,  
That trolley should be taught to steer  
And caught that falling cup;

If somehow pillows are put straight  
Or wrinkly quilts are smoothed;  
If something shares the teapot's weight  
Or rolls a bandage when you're late,  
Or Sister's strangely soothed,—

Be well assured that one you knew  
(Though which you may not guess),  
Who came and went as hundreds do,  
Has sent a wish to wait on you  
In friendly thankfulness.

## An Untimely Eviction.

"At the meeting to-day of the hotel and restaurant proprietors it was decided that all visitors at present staying in hotels be notified that they must leave by midday to-morrow night." *Evening Telegraph (Dublin).*

A plea for a respite until midnight the following morning was, we understand, inexorably refused.

"A boy of sixteen, charged at Guildhall with stealing eight £1 Treasury notes, was stated to have spent the money in taking a girl to theatres and music-halls, etc. It was stated also that he had received a good education."

The Alderman: But no moral teaching. After being birched soundly in the cells, his father was bound over for his future good conduct, and he was allowed to go."

*Evening Paper.*

If the magistrate thinks that this vicarious punishment will reform the young rascal he must be a more than usually sanguine alderman.



## THE VICIOUS CIRCLE.

PROFITEER (to successful striker). "YOU GET YOUR BONUS; I MAKE EXTRA PROFIT; AND HE STANDS THE RACKET."





Soldier (who has been posing for picture entitled "Health in the Harvest Fields"). "OI 'A' BIN CALLED BACK TO ME UNIT, ZUR. BUT THIS 'ERE GRADE III. CHAP WILL COME AS ME SUBSTITOOT."

### A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

I do not mind admitting it, we have been considerably alarmed about William. William, *en passant*—though he seldom passes but just comes in and has a meal—is my wife's brother. He is far, far more than that, however, for he ranks with the elect, that chosen coterie of favoured mortals who never work. He drives in taxis and owes his tradesmen for purple and fine linen. William has frequently in my hearing spoken of work, but that is as near as he ever got to it. This was why I was swept off my feet when Mary told me what he had been chatting to her about.

"William wants a job," she said. "He thinks that perhaps you might find him something—fairly easy; he is not strong. He seemed to fancy it is time he settled down."

"Well, for a bright young fellow of forty-seven perhaps he is right," I said.

The more I dolt on the matter of this yearning on the part of William for work the more unreasonable it seemed, for he always appeared to get along very nicely, thank you, as things were—a fiver borrowed in his well-

known gracious way whenever he ran short; week-ends for the asking (William used to do the asking); and a fine and airy diplomatic touch with him which enabled him to rise superior to debts, tailors and the common ills of insolvent humanity. It was not surprising that it all caused us some little uneasiness. I told him frankly that we, his relatives, felt anxious about him.

"It is not like you, William," I said impressively. "I am afraid you are taking the times a bit too seriously. It has just struck you, perhaps, that there is a war on; but don't go and over-exert yourself. Still, I know of a berth for you. Brooks wants a man to help him in the office."

But we need not have worried ourselves. William is all right. At the last moment he said he felt he could not avail himself of my kindness. He said he had been hasty and he apologised handsomely. He had been thinking things over.

You will never guess his reasons. Even I was outwitted, and I have lent money to William for years and years.

William told me the plain truth over a glass of port—my port. He said he

should have liked nothing better than this job, but he had been thinking about the Man Power Act, and he felt that, with the chance of being called up, he would be putting his employer in a position of unfair risk.

This is very noble of him, but I wish William were not quite so high-principled. It comes very expensive for his friends.

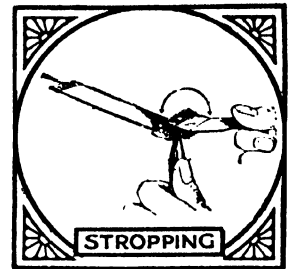
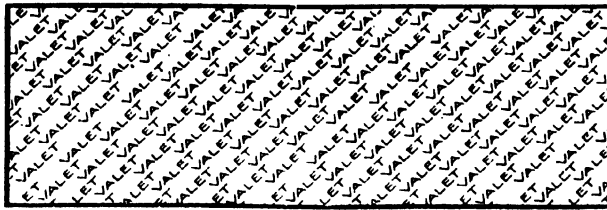
"Awfully sorry, old chap," he said regretfully, "but I can't bring myself to do it. It would not be playing the game. Brooks seemed a decent sort, and the work would have just suited me; but there is this new Act. I may be called up, you see, and that would leave the poor chap in a corner. I will come down and see you this week-end. We can talk things over. You see I am in a bit of a difficulty, not knowing what the Government may do with me."

But the Government won't do anything with William—not if it knows its business.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"He paused, and held her a little way from him, gazing into her tea-dimmed eyes."

The result, we suppose, of a slip between the cup and the lip.



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This seeming paradox is true if your valet is the "Valet" AutoStrop Safety Razor. It is the only safety razor with a self-contained automatic stropping device, enabling you to renew the edge daily by just 10 seconds' stropping.

Besides saving blades, you gain in personal comfort, for the keen stropped blade of the

## "VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor

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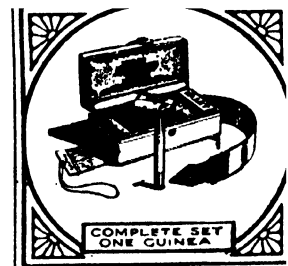
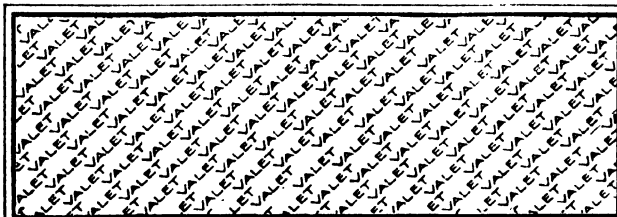
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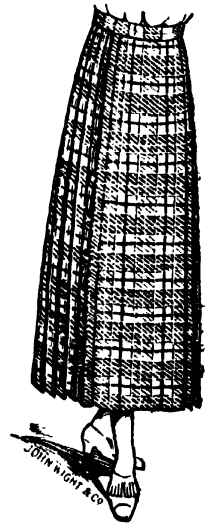


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## AUNT ALICE'S LUCK.

THE scene was our billet in the Rue de la Gare, and "Gramophone, one, how to procure with as little delay and expense as possible," was the subject under discussion.

"I have an aunt," Tony began, but with some hesitation.

"What kind of aunt?" I asked.

"A female, height about five foot six ;  
age . . ."

"Silly ass! I mean, is she the kind of one who would know where to ask for a Grade I. gramophone, and see that she got it?"

"I should say that she's thoroughly trustworthy."

"That's good," I said. "Does she know you well?"

"Yes, pretty well. Why?"

"I was thinking, would she require cash first? I take it she will."

"Not she. She won't require cash at all."

"Rich?"

"Beyond the dreams of avarice."

"I don't know quite how much that is."

"I should think Aunt Alice's income is a bit over three dreams at a thousand a dream."

"Then why hesitate?"

"Well, though Aunt Alice is, as I say, trustworthy and rich, she's unlucky. At least she's been unlucky twice. I don't know if we ought to risk her a third time."

"Tell me about it and I'll decide," I said.

"When I was at Salonika," Tony began, "we were posted on a mountain side in the most exposed position in Europe. At least I think it must have been. It was winter, and the cold at night was absolutely frightful. When I tell you——"

"Yes, never mind those details. Get on with the story."

"After the third night I wrote something like this to Aunt Alice: 'You told me to let you know if I wanted anything. Where I am now it is bitterly cold, and a British warm with a fur lining would be absolutely invaluable.'

"In April we had orders to move. I hadn't seen anything of the fur-lined coat, but I hoped that, if it hadn't gone to the bottom, some not too underserving person had got it. Then I forgot all about it. By the end of May we were on the Red Sea. There was a short spell of extra heat—the hottest for fifteen years—while we were there. People who knew said it would last eight days. On the evening of the fourth day a mail came in. There were two parcels for me. One contained

chocolate. I suppose it had been solid once, but it was now a thin soup. The other was a large important-looking parcel. I sat looking at it for a while, listlessly reading the many re-directions upon it. Then with an effort I cut the string and tore off the parched paper. It was the fur-lined coat."

I considered. "Unlucky, certainly," I said. "And now the other case?"

"We moved after a bit to a place called El Below, or something like that. Sandstorms were the speciality there, and the water supply was by camel a matter of ninety miles, so there wasn't too much water about at any time, as you can guess. At the end of a month a mail came in. Our usual meagre supply of water had to be cut down to make room for it in the transport, but we were glad enough to get the mail. There were a few letters for me, a priceless illustrated paper or so, and a parcel

from Aunt Alice. Full of curiosity I tore it open." He paused for effect. "It was a Gieve waistcoat!"

I shook my head.

"Aunt Alice's luck is dead out," I said.

"Not worth giving it another trial," said Tony. "Risk too great. You see, if the gramophone arrived and then we got so busy with battles that we couldn't turn the thing on for the next six months we should feel that we only had ourselves to blame. Better give Aunt Alice a miss."

"If this were Germany, the bells would be rung threadbare over to-day's splendid news."  
*Evening Standard.*

Evening Standard.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,  
That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
Whilst other bards will walk these  
dells

To darn *The Evening Standard* bells.



*First Blue Boy (taking a look round, to second ditto).* "WOT D' YE SAY TO 'ARF-AN-HOUR'S EMOTION, BILL?"

## VISION.

I've seen her, I've seen her  
 Beneath an apple-tree;  
 The minute that I saw her there  
 With stars and dewdrops in her hair  
 I knew it must be she.  
 She's sitting on a dragon-fly  
 All shining green and gold;  
 The dragon-fly goes circling round  
 A little way above the ground --  
 She isn't taking hold.

I've seen her, I've seen her,  
 I never, never knew  
 That anything could be so sweet;  
 She has the tiniest hands and feet,  
 Her wings are very blue.  
 She holds her little head like this  
 Because she is a queen;  
 (I can't describe it all in words)  
 She's throwing kisses to the birds  
 And laughing in between.

I've seen her, I've seen her --  
 I simply ran and ran;  
 Put down your sewing quickly, please,  
 Let's hurry to the orchard trees  
 As softly as we can.  
 I had to go and leave her there,  
 I felt I couldn't stay,  
 I wanted you to see her too --  
 But oh, whatever shall we do  
 If she has flown away? R. F.

## THE LANGUAGE DIFFICULTY.

THE servant question has reached India. I discovered it when I arrived here on leave and acquired the only available attendant, a Tamil youth who knows no English and very little of anything else. I imagine that it is only the general scarcity of everything, including servants, which has emboldened Moonuswamy to offer himself as dressing-boy even to that predestined employer of the incapable, the "Arficor Jintelman from Basra."

Leave is too short and far too precious to permit of my making any attempt to learn a language which offers for the simple obvious word "is" *i-s*, *is*, the horrible polysyllable *irrekeradu*. One lesson in Tamil decided me on that point. But the language of signs has its limitations, and things were rapidly reaching an impasse when Moonuswamy produced the *Domestics' Manual*. It was not an inviting book as it lay amid the dust and crumbs of Moonuswamy's favourite tin salver, and I gazed with a cold reluctance at first upon the lavish grease-spots which darkened its brown-paper wrapper. Then, grunting strange Tamil grunts in disapproval of my apathy, Moonuswamy laid it open and pointed proudly to the parallel columns of Tamil and English wherein were to be found just

those useful and intimate remarks which he and I were longing to exchange.

For a time mine was the joy with which *Crusoe* must first have heard *Friday* speak: but as the days go by I realise that the manual has not given me all I hoped. Its value to us is limited by Moonuswamy's lack of intellect.

The leader of the dialogues is a person of a vagrant and vacillating habit of mind, who constantly introduces a subject only to let it drop again at once in the most irritating way; still, when I do light upon what I want I am able to read the English at a glance and point to the Tamil counterpart with the severity which the occasion may demand. Moonuswamy, on the other hand, has intense difficulty in spelling out the Tamil to which I have referred him, and if it is pretty to see the triumph grow in his face as he strings his horrid sounds together and discovers that they are really making words, it is pitiful to watch it fade when he realizes that all told they represent "There is no oil in the lamp," or, if I am unable to find the appropriate words for a more definite charge, "You are not a very clever boy."

But it is over his answers that Moonuswamy gets into the most serious difficulty. Unable to read rapidly enough he notes the position of my accusation and trusts to the next consecutive sentence to furnish the fitting excuse. In this he is not often lucky, because the antiphonist of the book, like the leader, is given to a reckless irrelevance. But also Moonuswamy seldom misses the mark by less than a couple of lines: a serious miss when topics change so quickly and completely as those of the Manual—and oftener than not goes wider still.

Only yesterday, for instance, when I approached him with a buttonless shirt and pointed severely to the remark, "The handle of this thing is broken" (the most suitable reproof which I could find at the moment), the fellow missed three sentences and indicated the absurd reply: "*To have you with me will be a hindrance to my work.*"

This morning, again, I burst out of my room and found Moonuswamy squatted on his heels beside an undarned pile of socks, breathing stertorously as he bent over the Manual. I seized it, and, having hurriedly invited his attention to the inaccurate statement, "To-day I am to take physic," and then to the more truthful but equally irrelevant appeal, "You know that I am a family man," I found what I wanted and pointed indignantly to the words, "This water is not hot."

Moonuswamy mouthed laboriously over the Tamil in a guttural whisper and

two minutes later laid a black-tipped olive finger upon the comment: "*On this account he is cross and a little feverish.*"

He had lost his place again and was referring me to the matter of the baby's teething, which occurs suddenly a little farther on. I snatched the book and turned to the dog's-eared page on which is to be found the safe and almost universal appeal: "If you do not see to everything, who else will?"

This never fails to rouse in him an almost tearful anxiety to please me. He took up the jug and went in search of hotter water, pausing only to turn a page and plant his left thumb for a moment upon the unexpected sentiment: "*Nothing that is impure will enter Heaven.*"

Brooding over the precise interpretation to be put upon this I looked for the more strictly literary portion of the Manual which lies towards the end of the book, and had just discovered some entrancing proverbs when Moonuswamy returned with his little jug of lukewarm water.

"'Even a rat has five wives in harvest time,'" I murmured, my eyes on the book, wondering whether this is indeed a zoological fact; and then Moonuswamy, panting respectfully over my shoulder, pointed further down the page. I looked and read: "*Will the temple cat worship the deity?*"

I think of reverting to the language of signs.

"I spent next Saturday afternoon on the moving butts."—*Daily Mail*.

And we are looking forward to a still more strenuous time the day before yesterday.

There was an objector at Chirk  
 Who was charged with an impulse  
 To shirk;  
 But he answered, "All action  
 I love to distraction,  
 But loathe and abominate work."

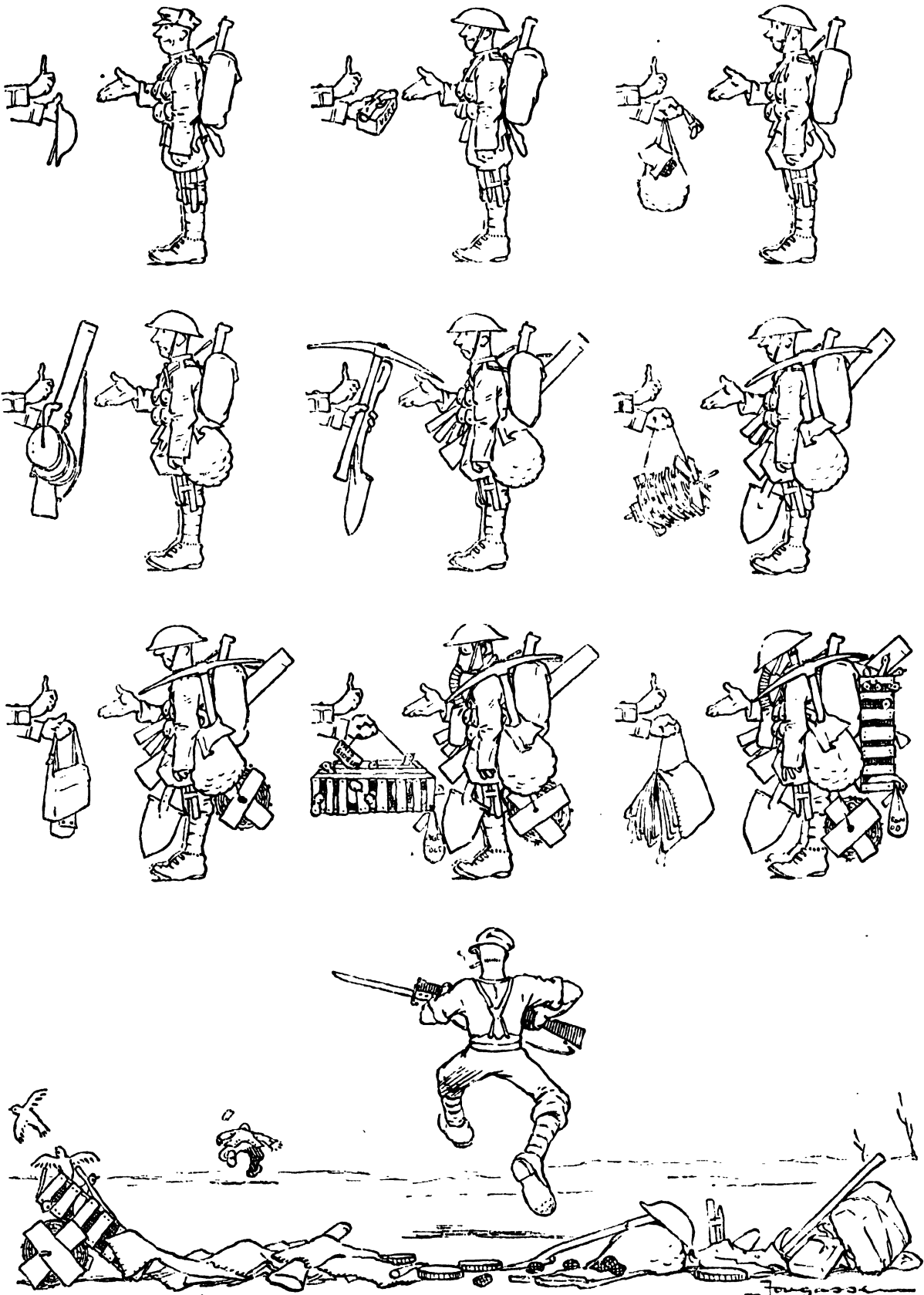
"Lord Halsbury is 95 to-day. His longevity may be ascribed to hard work, variety of occupation, regular hours, and a zest for life. Among his hobbies have been books, wood-carving, bridge, spooks, and writing the Laws of England."—*Evening News*.

It is only fair to his Lordship to say that he did not write them all.

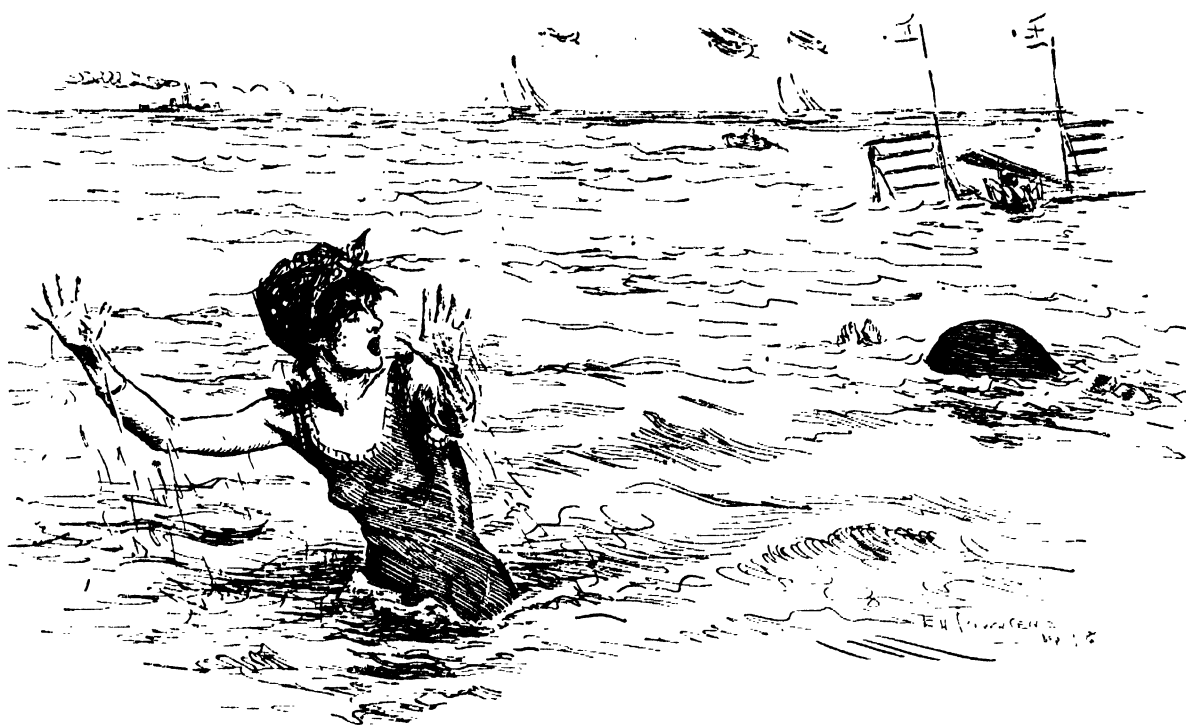
From General BERTHELOT's order of the day, as rendered by *The Egyptian Gazette*:—

"Scottish Highlanders, sons of Yorkshire, Australian and New Zealand horsemen, you one and all have added a glorious page to your history. Marfaux, Chaumazy and Montagne de Bligny; these splendid words will be written in letters of gold in the annals of your regiments."

And a very suitable medium, too. They all played the game.



'GADGETS.'



### WAR-TIME BATHING.

"HELP! MINES!! HELP!!!"

#### THE BOATS OF THE "ALBACORE."

"Five boats there was," said Bristol Tom, "in the steamship *Albacore* -

She used to sail on the Far East run, 'tween Hull an' Singapore

Four under davits an' one on cheeks; you couldn't ask no more.

"But one was smashed at the davits, an' the same shell killed 'er crew,

An' one got tangled up in the falls an' stove, an' that was two,

An' the one as was lashed went down with the ship, she couldn't 'elp but do.

"There was nine got clear in the captain's boat, but we missed 'er by-and-by,

For there wasn't a light in the whole black night nor a star in the bloomin' sky,

An' the Lord 'o knows where them chaps went, an' the sea as saw them die.

"An' seven men in the quarter-boat there was that went away—

Seven men in an open boat a-knockin' around the Bay,  
In the wind an' rain that bit to the bone, an' dollops o' freezin' spray.

"Seven men in a leaky boat with neither oars nor sail -  
We done our best with a len'th o' spar an' a rag of an old shirt-tail,

An' we took it in turns to watch an' steer, an' sleep a bit an' bale.

"Seven men in an open boat, an' the fifth day dawnin' red,  
When a drifter picked 'er up at last, due South o' Lizard 'ead—

Seven men in an open boat, two livin' an' five dead.

"An' the two that was livin' they'd signed again afore a month was through;

They'd signed an' sailed for to take their chance as a seaman's bound to do;

An' one went West when the *Runnymede* was mined with all her crew;

An' God 'elp Fritz when we meet," said Tom, "for I was one o' the two!" -

C. F. S.

#### IN THE BEST OF CAUSES.

Mr. Punch desires to appeal very strongly on behalf of our Royal Navy Prisoners of War. The Ladies' Emergency Committee of the Navy League, under the presidency of Lord BERESFORD, sends parcels of food, clothing, books and money regularly to every R.N. prisoner of war in Germany and Austria. Four guineas a month is spent on each prisoner. An added attraction is lent to these gifts where the giver "adopts," either entirely or partially, some particular prisoner and thus creates a personal relationship which is greatly appreciated. The Committee has tried to avoid public appeals, and has carried out its work as silently as the Service to whose needs it devotes itself. Mr. Punch greatly hopes that some of his kind readers will make themselves individually responsible for the assistance of these gallant men, to whose courage and endurance we owe our safety. All contributions, however small, will be welcome. Cheques should be made payable to The Ladies' Committee of the Navy League, and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. HERBERT FULLER, 56, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, W.1., who will gladly supply any further information.

#### "PARTRIDGE DAY."

"In North Yorkshire the birds were more numerous than the sportsmen."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Strange to say, the same phenomenon was occasionally noticed even in peace-time.





### STORM-DRIVEN.

THE KAISER. "I DON'T LIKE THIS WIND, MY SON. WHICH WAY IS IT?"  
THE CROWN PRINCE. "UP!"

## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE LAW DIVINE."

MR. H. V. ESMOND'S new comedy is a love-play pure and simple—a description to be qualified by the recognition of some intriguing *doubles ententes* and a rather muddled (if any) plot. Love is the only thing that matters in the wide wide world; Woman's business and glory is to hold and inspire Man. The Mohammedan hypothesis, briefly, and Mr. ESMOND'S version of the Law Divine.

*Jack La Bas*, novelist, thirty-eight, temp. captain, three wounds, is at the moment acting Controller of Potatoes at the War Office. What he doesn't control is his habit of discussing his domestic troubles and his sense of grievance that his pretty committee-ridden wife, *Eddie*, thinks the telephone the most important thing in her (separate) bedroom. We assist indeed at the crisis of *Jack's* fate. This sort of thing has been going on for a year in Hampstead.

The author affects the unities. "With the exception of a period late in the evening when *Jack La Bas* takes the boys to the theatre the action of the play is continuous." It is indeed a crowded hour and three-quarters for *Jack* when it really gets going. (1) Colloquy on love with the amazingly frank young woman, *Claudia*, which has all the air of a serious flirtation, in which the agitated *Jack*, apparently much to her disappointment, manfully keeps himself in hand. (2) Prophecy by *Claudia* that at any moment a woman may enter his life.

(3) Instantaneous entry of woman, who performs the odd evolution of turning out all the sitting-room lights and standing—a very exquisite white-furred widow—in the abnormally fierce light of the hall, for effect. This is something like coming into a man's life, and I don't wonder at (4) *Claudia's* bounding out of the room and slamming the door. (5) Tender love scene between hero and widow, ending in particularly impassioned kiss and impounding by hero, who gets a bit above himself, of key of widow's flat, restored under pressure of virtue (or prudence) triumphant in owner of key. (6) Entry of a woman into wife's life. It is the mother of the widow (she also turns out all the sitting-room lights: a family custom apparently, light-saving mania perhaps—unless, indeed, could it really have been a brainy "idea" of the actor-

author-producer? If so he can have no notion of its preposterous effect). She has come to warn the wife of her man's goings-on. (7) Visit of *Jack* (with boys) to His Majesty's Theatre, still fed-up. (8) Air-raid. (9) Return to champagne supper utterly unexpected, to find a devoted, soft, gauzily-gowned provokingly attractive woman in place of the untidy, parcel-despatching, envelope-licking automaton of the past year and afternoon. Alternative title—*Cupid's Quick Changes*.

There was a pretty scene between *Jack* (Mr. H. V. ESMOND) and the widow (Miss BARBARA HOFFE). No wonder *Jack* lost his head, and lost it so nicely. In his late re-wooing of his wife he



Ted Campton . . . . . PAT SOMERSET.  
Daphne Grey . . . . . BARBARA HOFFE.  
Jack La Bas . . . . . H. V. ESMOND.  
Bill . . . . . JOHN WILLIAMS.

A little clumsy masculine conjuring with a latch-key UN-MASKELINE and easily spotted by our watchful Navy.

was less effective (with no excuse provided by Miss JESSIE WINTER, who looked charming), he attitudinised too much, and I may say that in this connection the pose of the Discobolus is not appropriate.

Particularly good was a little scene between the widow's mother (Miss MARIE ILLINGTON—easily distinguished from the widow's mite) and *Jack's* wife, well written and excellently played. And the very amusing turns of the two boys, *Ted* of the senior service (Mr. PAT SOMERSET), and *Bill*, surely the very youngest private in the British army (Mr., or perhaps Master, WILLIAMS), in the main a sort of Humpsti-Bumsti-Two-Macs affair, was very generally appreciated. And it was jolly to see Miss DORIS LYTTON pathetically protesting that nobody loved her because she was so plain!

## "EYES OF YOUTH."

We should all have been glad to welcome Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT at the St. James's in a play of more conspicuous interest than *Eyes of Youth*. One understands perfectly the temptation to a leading lady of a part which enables her to appear as (in the present drama) a young girl hesitating between three suitors—poor *Peter*, rich *Robert* and dubious *Louis*; her dull duty to a duller father; a great career as a singer. She is also offered (in glimpses of alternative futures with the aid of the crystal of a mysterious and accommodating *Yogi*) existence as a jaded school-marm (this through waiting for *Louis*), as an unnecessarily naughty opera-singer (this for choosing the stage "career"), and as an innocent *divorcée* reduced to beggary with a dash of *Ophelia's* witlessness (this owing to a marriage with the opulent *Robert*). But it is a temptation which I could wish had been resisted, for it seems to me that the kinema-inspired authors, MESSRS. MAX MARCIN and CHARLES GUERNON, were restrained by no laws of plausibility or sense of character, and were masters rather of mechanical than dramatic contrivance. Why should the faithful *Peter*, for instance, have died in South America because *Gina*, the heroine, selected *Louis*, and why should she have become a prosperous haunter of smart restaurants if she married *Robert*? While the school-mistress, the star, the injured wife were not one woman after five years of three differing environments but three frankly and fundamentally different women.

Had *Gina* had more than three guesses we might have been there yet. I rather wished she could have seen herself after five years with *Peter*; or five years after poisoning her father, which really seemed the most urgent business, for I have rarely seen a stage-father of such unplumbable futility. He had just failed in business (even this is unpalatable: he would have failed years ago); but let no one say that he was not a man of a receptive mind, for when *Gina* pointed out that, instead of closing down the business, he had only to look at the matter with *Eyes of Youth* and let his son *Kenneth* build it all up again, he received the suggestion with enthusiasm, though it simply hadn't occurred to him before.

It remained to one to enjoy the good patches. Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT was at her best in the dressing-room scene



Young Lady from Town. "WHAT DO YOU USE FOR FRECKLES, MISS GILES?"

in the Paris Opera House in fact as a detached effect the whole scene was excellent of its kind, with a sudden death from one of those fatal bullet wounds in the foreleg which are so common in stage murders. Mr. DAGNALL's study of the impresario, *Salvo*, was not only a quite admirable piece of impersonation, but, by appearing throughout in the same character, he contrived to create the illusion that one was sitting in one place at one play rather than visiting a succession of kinomas in a nightmare.

Certainly the team of school-children, trained by Miss ITALIA CONTI, did great credit to their coach. They were the perfect little beasts they were meant to be. I am curious to know whether little American girls in real life are called (for example) "Sunday," "Dinka" and "Pippyn," or only when they become little actresses. None of the other players had long enough innings to get well set and show their form, but the kind-hearted detective of Mr. ALEC ALVES, the Opera House manager of Mr. HERMAN DE LANGE and the Russian Tenor of Mr. ARTHUR VIRoux seemed to be meritorious short studies. I couldn't believe in the *Yogi*, because he was so obviously a property, like the

crystal, not through any particular fault of Mr. IAN ROBERTSON. T.

#### THE SERGEANT-MAJOR.

Sergeant-Major Caleb Hawker  
Is a most prolific talker.  
Could he wear a tighter dress  
P'raps he'd talk a little less;  
But I cannot think—can you, Sir?—  
What would happen were it looser.

Always talking to a crowd  
Makes his voice a trifle loud.  
It, in fact, is like the full  
Mellow bellow of a bull,  
And the cows in fields hard by  
Quite instinctively reply.

When he comes upon parade  
Brigadiers and Colonels fade;  
Gilded hats grow very pale,  
Rookies' knees begin to fail;  
Roaring Sergeants cease to rant,  
Puny is the Adjutant.

Once I saw some young recruits  
Make a mess of their salutes;  
Hawker didn't say a lot,  
But he said it loud. 'Twas not  
What he said that scared the boys,  
Not the substance, but the noise.

After merely two short hours  
Those recruits resembled flowers

Plucked at noon in summer's heat—  
Prono they lay at Hawker's feet.  
Novermore they made reply  
(Doctors call it "G.P.I.")

Should an order come my way  
Never could I disobey;  
I would sooner place my head  
In the cavernous and red  
Alimentary canal  
Of a hungry cannibal.

Should he speak a word to me,  
Sooner far than disagree  
I would perish where I stood,  
I would almost—yes, I would—  
Ask the General his age or  
Play at pills and pot the Major.

#### "BEAUTY SHOW.

Class B, ladies over 20.—1, Pauline G., 192 votes; 2, Dora R. W., 108 votes; 3, Gwendoline K., 912 votes. Special prize for highest number of votes, Pauline G.

*Provincial Paper.*

If we were GWENDOLINE K. we should enter a protest.

At a College for Farming, the staff  
Were recently prompted to laugh  
By a girl who said, "How  
Can I milk this huge cow?  
Please may I begin with a calf?"



*Fifteenth-Century Tramp (to inquisitive stranger). "OW DID I COME BY THIS SUIT OF ARMOUR? WY, VARLET, DON'T YER RECKER-NISE YER LIEGE LORD, 'UGH FITZ-WALTER, JUST COME BACK FROM THE WARS IN FRANCE?"*

### THE LITTLE MORE.

"No," said Mr. Brown, tapping his second egg, "it is not a mistake. Jones is a man of business and men of business don't make mistakes of that kind. He knows that the additional stamp may be affixed by the payee, and he is not the only person who has served me in the same way. I shall send back the cheque and remind him of the new regulation," he added with a frown, and on sitting down to write to Jones the same evening satire seemed to be indicated as the most satisfactory method.

"But you told me," Mrs. Brown expostulated when he read the letter aloud with not unnatural pride, "that you felt certain Mr. Jones had not made a mistake."

"He can't have forgotten that since the first of September every cheque requires an extra penny stamp," was the answer.

"Then why do you say you know that he has?"

"That," said Mr. Brown, "is irony."

"What is the difference between irony and a falsehood?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"The one seeks to hide a fact and

the other to show it more plainly," he replied.

When three days had passed without an answer, Mr. Brown wrote again, and towards the end of a week he began to show symptoms of irritability, coming down to breakfast a few minutes earlier than usual to examine the post, and remarking emphatically that he "couldn't understand Jones."

"Perhaps your letters have miscarried," Mrs. Brown suggested. "You know how very irregular the posts are just now."

"The best way will be for you to go and call on Mrs. Jones and introduce the subject casually in the course of conversation. Not too plainly. Just a hint," said Mr. Brown; and his wife dutifully set out the following afternoon in the rain. "Did you hear anything about the cheque?" he asked on her return, whereupon Mrs. Brown opened her handbag and laid the draft on the table. "Ah, that's better," he said, regarding the additional penny stamp with approval. "I should like to know why he didn't send it back before."

"He said you told him on no account to hurry, but to take his own time about it."

"Jones obviously doesn't know the

meaning of satire," said Mr. Brown, rubbing his palms together.

"Still," was the answer, "he did say there was something ironical in the situation."

"How's that?" demanded Mr. Brown.

"You were so anxious to save a penny that you didn't mind spending five shillings: in addition to the two three-half-penny stamps you used on your letters to Mr. Jones."

"Five shillings!" exclaimed Mr. Brown.

"He was thinking of my taxi," said Mrs. Brown. "It was raining so fast that I felt bound to keep it waiting."

"That's the worst of a man like Jones," Mr. Brown retorted. "He can never understand that it is the principle of the thing that matters, and there's nothing I dislike so much as procrastination."

"If you give me a ten-shilling note," said Mrs. Brown, opening her bag again, "and I give you five shillings, that will be right."

"After an excellent dinner the heart of Lady Ardayre began to beat with wonderment and excitement."—*Nash's Magazine*.

Or was it a touch of indigestion?

# Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky



I AM the famous HAIG & HAIG Decanter Bottle Famous because of the superb contents that I carry to thousands of distinguished persons in Great Britain

Doctors are still calling for me  
Judges are still calling for me  
Merchant Princes are still calling for me

But for Government restrictions I would be found on the table of most discerning users of pure, health-giving stimulants

In the Home Market no new accounts can be opened at present

I AM the Export Dump Bottle, but sometimes you will find me in the Home Market because of unusual conditions arising out of the War

My contents are of the same *recherché* quality as are carried by the Decanter Bottle

I am the bottle that carries the famed FIVE STARS WHISKY to the B.E.F.

Some Export Markets are not yet obtaining supplies

The markets that are getting supplies are asking for more than can be sent them

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AND HASTEN VICTORY

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Arrange with your tobacconist to send a regular supply to your Naval or Military Friend. Quantities of 200 are duty free and carriage paid. Ariston No. 10 - 17/-, Ariston Gold Tipped - 17/-, or Neb Ka No. 2 - 15/-.

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Ariston No. 10, Large, Duber.  
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# Gillette Safety Razor



*Jock.* "COULD YE NO GIE ME A PHOTOGRAPH O' YERSEL', SISTER?"

*Sister.* "WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH

*Jock.* "I'D PUT IT IN A NICE COLLECTION O' CURIOS I'VE BEEN MACKIN' OOT HERE."

### BACK AGAIN.

We are back again and we know it, having spent three weeks of mixed weather close to the coast. Even if all memory of our departure and our three weeks' stay were wiped out of our minds, we should still be sure by several infallible signs that we have been away from home, because (1) the dogs have come to the verge of the garden to meet us. They have been brushed and made tidy within an inch of their lives. As soon as they see us they make an unrebuked rush and all begin to scream at the tops of their voices. Having upset most of us they run ahead towards the house, where we find them occupying all the best chairs in the best room. Because (2) we have the feeling that having packed nothing that we want, we have lost all our luggage, and because (3) we have as a matter of fact lost two pieces containing everything we need. Because (4) the gardener has come to the station to meet us. When we step out of the train he smiles his annual smile, but is promptly recalled to gloom by a mention of the weather, which seems to have played him the worst imaginable tricks. Because (5) the library has been cleaned and reduced to order. All the books have been taken out, presumably dusted and certainly put back again, the housemaid's idea being that they should number from right to left and not, in accordance with a stupid prejudice, from left to right. Because (6) everything at home looks so comfortable, so bright and so delightful. Muriel's napkin ring still rolls off the table if placed in a certain position; Anna's salt-sifter surrenders three pinches of salt and then goes on strike; Beatrix's silver mug loses its balance but by a miracle of ingenuity on her part is not upset; while Frederick's coat-sleeve

performs its stunt of catching up and concealing his knife. All the old familiar things in fact do the old familiar business as usual. Yes, we have been away at the seaside and are now, thank Heaven, back again.

### THE WISHING-WELL.

THERE comes a quiet spirit to this cool green place,  
A little White Lady with a wildflower face.  
Among the ragged-robin, so the old wives tell,  
Where nod the knowing crane's-bill and the Canterbury-bell,  
You sometimes see her walking by the little wishing-well.

A-wishing at the wishing well, as wise folk should,  
I saw a sudden brightness in the green-gold wood,  
And Something drifted by me where the lad's-love blows  
As softly as the petals of a white wild-rose  
Or mist along the water when the water-lilies close.

Oh! LAWRENCE might have painted her, the sweet-faced shade;

I seem to see her sitting in her glimmering trocade,  
Her lips a little parted and her soft hands pressed  
To the daintiest of posies at her pretty white breast  
(And if her heart were heavy, why, the painter never guessed).

I think she had a lover, though I scarce know who;  
Perhaps he led his regiment at famous Waterloo;  
Perhaps his bones are lying there, where brave men fell;  
But still she never wearies, so the old wives tell,  
A-wishing and a-wishing at the little wishing-well.



**REVENONS-NOUS À NOTRE CHEVREUIL.**

"I CAN'T think"—the Colonel was talking—"what some fellow in *Punch* means by suggesting that people don't like venison. Of course they do—if they've got any sense and so long as it's been hanging long enough."

"And the plate is hot," said the Doctor.

"And so long as there's some fat with it," said the Commander (with wavy stripes).

"Of course," the Colonel agreed. "But all that's understood."

"I didn't read the article," said the Commander. "What did it say?"

"Oh," the Colonel replied, "it was all about everyone passing on their gifts of venison until they had to be buried—I mean until the venison had to be buried. The usual joke. I suppose," he added thoughtfully, "it's pretty difficult having to be funny every week."

We were all silent for a while, pondering upon this reflection.

"I can't think," the Colonel continued, "where the joke began. It can't be a very old one, because in the middle-ages venison was a standing dish. Deer-stealing wouldn't have been so popular if people hadn't liked venison. You don't steal things you don't like."

"Wasn't there some poet fellow who stole deer?" the Commander inquired.

"Yes, of course," said the Doctor: "SHAKESPEARE. SHAKESPEARE knew a good thing when he saw it, I'll be bound."

"Then," asked the Colonel, "when did this foolish objection to venison come in?"

"It must be largely fancy, of course," said the Doctor. "In fact I can prove it. I know of a case where the same people both vilified venison and loved it."

"But how?" we began.

"I'll tell you. There's a hospital I'm interested in which belongs to Lord Blank. About forty beds and full up ever since the War really began. At first we had very little difficulty about food, but last year the shortage set in and Blank, who has a herd of deer in his park, thought it would be a good plan to substitute venison for butcher's meat. So he had some deer killed, and when they were ready the matron broke what she thought was the glad news to the patients. Big, comfortable, jolly woman. 'There's a treat for you to day,' she said; 'something we don't often get . . .' and she went on working the thing up to make them excited and then sprang the wonderful fact upon them. But when

she dropped her shell it was a dud. The very word 'venison' seemed to disgust them. How that was I know no more than you do; but there you are."

"What I always say," the Colonel interrupted. "It's one of the mysteries."

"It was too late," the Doctor continued, "to get anything else for dinner even if the matron was weak enough to give way. So the venison was served, but hardly a man would touch it; and when Blank called the next morning to look round and put his usual questions about the men's comfort and so on, one of them asked if his lordship would be so kind as to instruct the matron not to give them venison again. They would rather go without meat at all, and so on."

"Blank was thunderstruck, as it came as a surprise. Somehow he hadn't seen the matron that morning and therefore knew nothing. But he didn't commit himself and came to the matron and me and told us about it. He was very cross. 'It's a pack of nonsense,' he said. 'Some of the best bucks in England.'"

"Of course, it is nonsense," said the Colonel.

"The matron," the Doctor continued, "told him that some of them wouldn't even taste it."

"It's just a superstition," the Colonel said. "Dislike of the unfamiliar, unwillingness to make any experiment."

"Exactly so," the Doctor agreed, and continued his story. "'Well,' said his lordship, 'they've got to learn sense. Go on giving it to them, matron, but cook it in some other way and call it mutton. Tell them I shan't trouble them with any more deer; tell them I'm giving them the very best of my Southdowns instead.'"

"That was at the beginning of the season," the Doctor concluded. "At the end of it the patients thanked his lordship for his great kindness and consideration in letting them off the venison and substituting mutton instead. They had never, they said, had mutton that could compare with it."

**The Decline in German Man-Power.**

**THE SUPREME GERMAN ATTACK.**

Probably sixty Germans are engaged. If so, it suggests this is undoubtedly their main offensive."—*New Zealand Paper*.

"Owing to the serious shortage of coal the people of the . . . area may be without gas to-morrow (Sunday)."

Canon — will preach at — Parish Church to-morrow (Sunday) evening."—*Provincial Paper*.

Canon — considers that it was not quite tactful of the editor to place these two items in juxtaposition.

**EXPLOSIVE BULLETINS.**

*Amsterdam, Tuesday.*—The Helsingfors correspondent of the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* learns that sixteen explosive bullets have been extracted from Tchitchikoff's pericardium, but that for the moment the patient is not in danger. Pulse 250, temperature 154.5 Centigrade, respiration normal.

*Copenhagen, Tuesday.*—A Moscow telegram says that M. Tchitchikoff's condition continues to be very serious, as he expired on Monday at 9 p.m. A crisis is expected hourly. The official Bolshevik telegram is as follows:—"Monday, 10 p.m. The patient feels much better. Pulse 50 Centigrade, temperature 206 Réaumur, respiration 64 Fahrenheit. His general condition is very satisfactory. No change is observable in the metatarsal ganglion."

*Honolulu, Tuesday.*—A cable from Vladivostok announces the arrival of M. Tchitchikoff at Tomsk in a Sikhorsky triplane, accompanied by three German doctors. His condition is reported to be serious, and it is feared that in two or three days sclerosis of the pituitary gland may supervene, unless thoracokentesis is resorted to.

Pulse  $\frac{10}{\theta} \times 110$ , temperature 45 Plantigrade, respiration subnormal. He slept during the flight, and since his arrival has been eating with a good appetite.

*Rotterdam, Tuesday.*—A Petrograd telegram to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* asserts that M. Tchitchikoff is in robust health, the bullets discharged at him having been stopped by a coat of mail, rebounding on to the assassin, whose condition is serious. No further bulletins will be issued.

"A City constable said that the City police would undoubtedly follow the lead of the Metropolitan police. He stated to a *Star* man that he saw hundreds singing the union ticket yesterday."—*Star*.

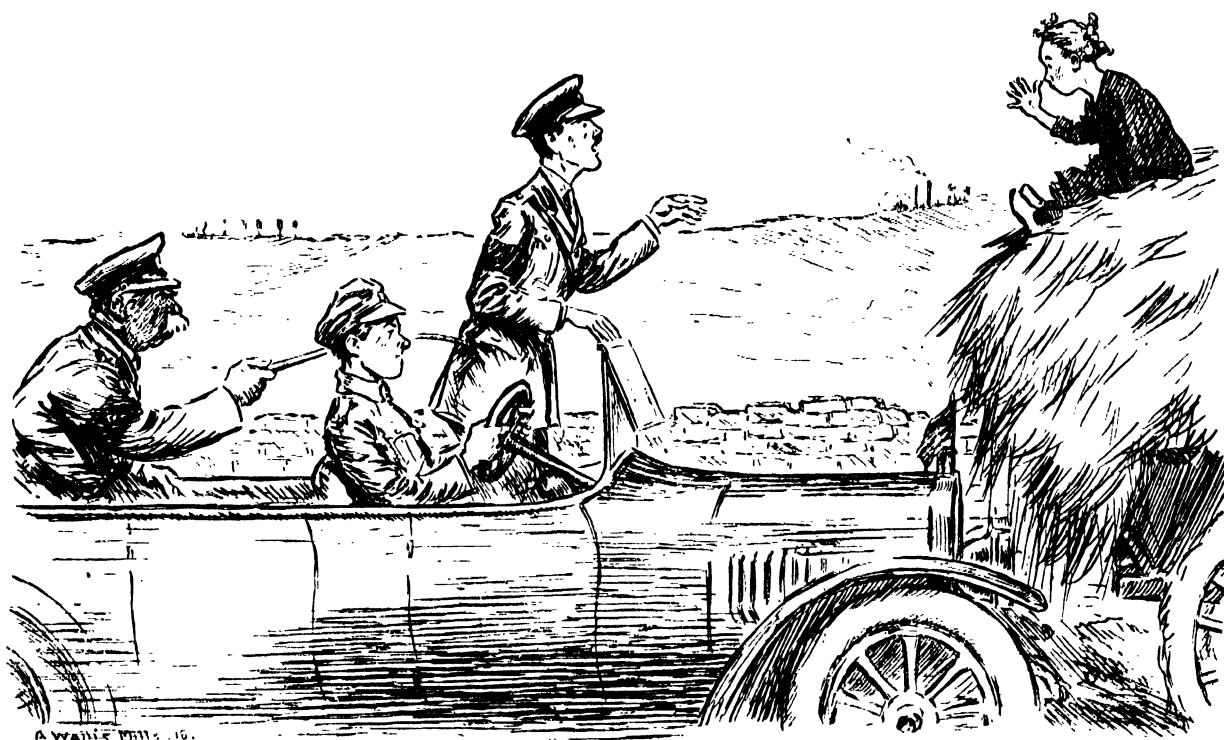
Nevertheless there was some lack of harmony in the proceedings, for few of them paid any attention to the beat.

"The Kaiser's proclamation to the German army and navy yesterday showed he is beginning *hrlu infwyp shrdlu infwy* becoming frightened."—*Toronto Daily Star*.

You can almost hear his teeth chattering.

"For the first time, we are to realize our utter dependence on coal. It is the veriest commonplace of domestic usage, for which we are never sufficiently grateful."—*Times*.

And if the COAL CONTROLLER has his way this winter we shan't be grateful at all.



LÈSE MAJESTÉ.

### WOTAN'S WAY.

OLD Wotan was a deity adored by ancient Huns,  
Who as the god of thunder controlled the heavenly guns,  
And in our age he held the stage in places where they sing  
And play the great Tetralogy we briefly call the *Ring*.

In figure he was ursine, extremely broad and fat,  
His beard was long and shaggy and he wore a wondrous hat;  
He was the heaviest father that ever took the floor,  
And the world's long-distance champion-belt for monologue  
he wore.

So, wishing to pay honour to this ancient Teuton god,  
Who tried to rule his daughters with a Rhadamanthine rod,  
The High Command conferred his name upon the vital  
"switch"

That links Droocourt and Quéant with tunnel, wire and ditch.

Old Wotan was a German, so you couldn't shift his line;  
Besides it would be sacrilege, for Wotan was divine;  
And so for twice a twelvemonth the Hunnish hosts relied  
On Wotan's indestructible impenetrable hide.

But even super-Germans are wont at times to nod,  
And to borrow Wotan's ægis was indubitably odd;  
For dark decline o'erwhelmed his line; he saw his godhead  
wane

And his stately palace vanish in a red and ruinous rain.

The sequel shows that legend may foreshadow solid fact,  
For the vaunted line of Wotan has at last completely cracked;  
And as his kingdom crumbled with its Pagan creed outworn,  
His wall and trench have yielded to the blows of BYNG and  
HORNE.

"WANTED.—Two Large Cheerful Oil Paintings for £100 or less."  
Times.

Was this what the Psalmist had in mind when he wrote  
of "oil to make him a cheerful countenance"?

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*The Early Life and Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett* (SECKER) breaks a silence that had already lasted too long for those (including myself) who regard Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE as the most important of our modern novelists. Now that I have read it and attempt to consolidate my impressions, I think I am safe in predicting that the book will give its author's admirers no disappointment certainly (in several respects it is the best thing Mr. MACKENZIE has yet done), but perhaps surprise; chiefly because its treatment is not in the least that of the earlier volumes. You remember *Sylvia*, no doubt, as the enigmatic young woman in whose ambiguous protection *Michael* found *Lily* during the second book of *Sinister Street*. Here we have her own story, and incidentally that of *Michael* and *Lily* and other of Mr. MACKENZIE'S people, brought down to a point some time later than this meeting. The difference in style of which I have spoken is largely one of pace and results naturally from the individuality of the central figure. *Sylvia* is a person of such varied and even violent activity that the tale must hurry to keep abreast of her. There is no time here for the exquisite and melodious beauty of *Carnival* or the delicate sadness that haunted the introspections of *Sinister Street*. It is all movement, ranging the habitable globe, intentionally a little restless in effect, but so vigorously alive as to leave the reader out of breath perhaps, but never out of interest. For swiftness of action and development and the growth of character the book emphatically marks a further advance in Mr. MACKENZIE'S art—even if now and again I found myself regretting the prose-poetry of his more leisured moods. Certainly however these early adventures of *Sylvia* have sharpened my curiosity for the volume promised shortly, in which (I gather from the title) her fortunes are to be definitely mingled with those of *Michael*. This should be at least an interesting conjunction.

I heartily welcome the approach of Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, bringing with him another of his delightful novels of country-life as it was in England before the War. Mr. MARSHALL is indeed the prose laureate of the English countryside, with its houses and its inhabitants. He has already told the story of the Clintons in a series of volumes, and now he breaks new ground in *Abington Abbey* (STANLEY PAUL). In this he tells the story of the Graftons, a fascinating family, consisting of *George Grafton*, banker and Briton, and his three daughters, not forgetting young *George*, the son, who is an admirable creation and a provider of much fun. Having found a house which is exactly the one for them, money being no object, they abandon London and settle in the country. Mr. MARSHALL, in his calm and persuasive style, develops the various situations in which the members of the family find themselves. The story is told with perfect skill and good taste, and in the judgment of at least one reader it calls loudly for a sequel.

Dr. MUEHLON was a director of KRUPPS and in receipt of a salary which is variously stated as £10,000 or £20,000. He disapproved so violently of the attitude of the German Government and their determination to enter upon war, no matter at what cost, that he first of all resigned his post, and later (in 1917) secured the publication of a memorandum in which he denounced the violent and brutal action of his countrymen and charged the official classes with having provoked the War. Having done this, he retired for safety to Berne, and has now published a translation of his *Diary* (CASSELL). The *Diary* covers only the first four months of the War, but it is a formidably reasoned document and leaves no loophole for escape to the guilty ruffians who have plunged Europe and America into bloodshed. The *Diary* is well worth reading, even though the writer shows no special liking for our own people. As a shrewd forecast I may quote the following, written on August 22nd, 1914: "However important yesterday's battle may have been, it cannot be more than the first scene in the first act of a long tragedy. In all probability, as the war proceeds, our victories over France will recede further and further into the background, bringing us no profit."

The rush of War-literature continues, and to keep pace with it is an impossibility, but in many ways it will be a pity if *Round About Bar-le-Duc* (SKEFFINGTON) is overwhelmed by the flood. Miss SUZANNE DAY worked for many months among the refugees at Bar-le-Duc, and she writes of them with fine understanding. Occasionally too she reveals genuine powers of observation, and I cannot help thinking that her book would have been improved if she had given a freer rein to them. As it is she has been a little over-anxious to amuse, which is all the greater pity because she can be amusing without any effort whatsoever. Her wail over the costume she

was compelled to wear while working among the refugees will be received with many sympathetic smiles.

*The Savignys* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a work of art, which is more than can be said for most of the hasty novels which come my way these days. I am still baffled as to the exact sex of the author, G. B. LANCASTER, for this book shows an equivocal sympathy with both the feminine and the masculine points of view. To all who take an interest in county life of modern England and have an appetite for a carefully-constructed story I commend its theme—the pride of an ancient house culminating in a battle-royal between the imperious mother, determined to maintain traditions before all else, and the headstrong son, determined to develop himself according to himself. This collision between the irresistible force and

the immovable body makes excellent drama, the election at *Coombe*, practically a contest between mother and son, being most effective. But the several incidents which go to make up the action lack novelty and appear to be culled from other books rather than from first-hand study of life. This applies notably to the other son's literary career, drug-taking habits, shallow wife and dying child. A good style is a little spoilt by excess of startling and alliterative epithets. As for the dialogue, so long as *Old Podley* and *Lady Rolls* handle it, it is delightful in its point and humour; when, however, the two brothers get talking about their souls it is at times most tediously drawn out and solemn. But it is *Old Podley* who opens the book and *Lady Rolls* who concludes it, and all that is in between is far and away too good to miss on account of a flaw or two.



THE SINEWS OF WAR.

*Patriotic Sister.* "YOU'VE BEEN EATIN' YER BLACKBERRIES. DON'T YOU KNOW AT EVERY TIME YOU EAT A BLACKBERRY YOU'RE EATIN' A BULLET?"

fective story, meaning by that that the detectives involved are no super-sleuths but the patient and not too subtle operators who make Scotland Yard a synonym for perseverance rather than inspiration. But if Mr. J. S. FLETCHER's sleuths are not super-sleuths the most hardened fiction-fiend will hesitate to suggest that *Joseph Chestermarke* is not a supervillain. One cannot help feeling that the interesting skein of mystery could have been finally unravelled to everybody's satisfaction without showing up *Joseph* as such a monster in the last chapter and spoiling the almost sleepy realism of the story by introducing effects that savour more of the *Monte Criso* than an English market-town. But it is perhaps ungracious to criticise the conclusion of a mystery story. The inevitable explanation of how it all happened—that is, all the things that had to happen in order to distract our attention from what really did happen—is the least important part of such tales as these. Mr. FLETCHER has already won a substantial reputation as a writer of sensational and dramatic fiction; *The Chestermarke Instinct* will sustain it.

*The Chestermarke Instinct* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) may best be described as a realistic de-

# CHARIVARIA.

If we are to believe the *Cologne Gazette*, the German High Command have decided upon a forward movement—that is, of course, if the Allies will only retreat.

"The German people," said the KAISER in his latest speech, "is resolved to defend its treasures of Kultur acquired in tenacious labour against the enemy onslaught." The German people may do the defending, but it's LITTLE WILLIE who really got away with most of the stuff.

According to the *Berliner Tageblatt* the Reichstag will shortly consider a proposal to grant much higher old-age pensions, to begin at the age of sixty. Several people in Germany complain that this is merely a plot to encourage them to live much longer.

KING FERDINAND is reported to have returned to Sofia completely cured. It turns out to have been nothing but a touch of the "flew."

"Immediate developments on the long line of bubble are a little obscure," says *The Cork Constitution*. From German sources, however, we gather that it is rapidly developing into a line of bubble and squeak.

The Association of Gramophone and Musical Instrument Manufacturers urge an embargo on all musical instruments, including mouth-organs, from enemy countries for five years after the War. We have always maintained that complete victory could never be had without paying the price.

"Six hundred Britons interned in Holland have married Dutch girls," says *The Daily Mail*, and asks what is to be done about it. The Bishop of London is said to favour a course of instruction in cheese-making for the idle rich.

Sir HORACE PLUNKETT authorises the statement that he has no knowledge of the Irish Progressive Party. The name, it is suggested, can have no reference to any of the recognised Irish Parties.

In view of the unrest prevailing

among the firemen persons contemplating having fires on their premises are requested to postpone them until the trouble is over.

In this connection a reported statement by the COAL CONTROLLER, that there will be no more fires if he can help it, has aroused widespread consternation.

Can it be that the Government is losing its dash? The police trouble in London has been practically settled and the Cabinet has missed another exceptionally fine opportunity of setting up a Special Committee.

This strike, by the way, is already bearing evil fruit. Only yesterday an

American Army. We understand that he will be shipped to Europe as soon as they have a vessel to fit him.

An applicant for a transfer of licence at Rhyd was described in testimonials as being "honourable, temperate, affable, adaptable, reliable, straightforward, upright, good and steady." Nothing was said about his being Welsh.

An *Evening News* paragraph tells us that a non-alcoholic "beer-house" has been opened in Acton. Several men in the district are said to be much obliged to our contemporary for this little friendly warning.

A man has been charged at the Thames Police Court with stealing a quantity of cloth value seven hundred and fifteen pounds. Almost enough, in fact, to have made a suit of clothes in pre-war days.

A Chicago boy only four months old is said to have one of the most powerful tenor voices yet heard. This is not all. As soon as the father was told this it appears he left home, and it is feared that he has made away with himself.

A Tyneside munition-worker has been fined ten pounds for taking matches into a munition works. No information was forthcoming, however, as to where he obtained the matches.

An applicant to the Sunningdale tribunal discovered on producing his birth-certificate that he was ten years younger than he supposed. His only regret, he declares, is that he has wasted the best years of the War.

Under the heading, "A Surfeit of Blackberries," *The Weekly Dispatch* says, "Three youngsters from a village in Sussex gathered over a hundred-weight. The crop is the heaviest on record." All four crops, we should imagine.

From a Parish Magazine:—

"Mr. — had what might have proved a most serious bicycle accident on August 20th. Coming from — the front fork of his bicycle parted company with him and the other wheel, and went off on its own. Fortunately it happened on a level place and he came off with a bad cut and a stiff neck, for which we are very thankful."

Callous, we call it.



Imaginative Little Girl. "FANCY, MOTHER, ONLY YESTERDAY I MAY HAVE BEEN BATHING WITH THIS BLOATER!"

errand-boy was heard to say "Yah!" to a special constable in the Edgware Road.

Prison officers are now demanding wage increases. It is rumoured that several old lags now undergoing sentence have in the event of a strike offered to come out in sympathy.

So far as can at present be ascertained, at Acton there are only five prospective Candidates for the next General Election. It is felt locally that this palpable breakdown of the voluntary system will inevitably result in conscription.

A few days ago £4,725 was paid for a Friesland cow. The smallness of the sum is attributed to the fact that the animal had already been milked that morning.

It is announced that a man 7 feet 3 inches in height has just joined the

## PLAYING THE GAME.

I TELL this, the true version of the story, that justice may be done. The reputation of my regiment for sportsman-like behaviour has suffered grievously and quite unjustly. This then is what actually occurred.

When we were in Rest Camp at Villeneuve St. Julien, we (the 6th K.R.L.I.) challenged the Staff of the F.M.D. to a cricket-match. It was only after they had accepted the challenge that we learned that Frystop was attached to them. Still, in face of this terrific news I think we may flatter ourselves that we never seriously got the wind up. "We may foolze him out somehow," we said; "and as for his bowling, all bowling's more or less alike on a pitch full of shell-holes like this one." But we were sorry we had been a bit patronising to the F.M.D. about the match.

We went in first and made 125, and they had compiled 95 for 5 wickets, with Frystop in and well set, when the other batsman skied a ball over the bowler's head. While it was still in the air and the batsmen were running on the chance that long-on, who had some distance to go, would miss the catch, we became aware that a pair of mules were advancing rapidly from the north, little retarded by the efforts of a rider who uneasily bestrode one of them.

We watched in some anxiety, measuring the distance with our eyes. Would long-on reach the ball before the mules got there?

I do not wish to boast, but I may say that from the first I never doubted that they would all arrive together. And so it was. At the exact moment when the ball fell into the hands of long-on the off mule caught him in the back, and he thereafter became but part of a confusion of man and mule-heels.

Now a mule is least dangerous when most aggressive, and *vice-versa*. The mule somnolent, thinking, with half-closed eyes, gently of its mother, will suddenly reach out five yards with its heels and break your leg or your collar-bone or both. But the mule rampant will jump all over you and pass on without doing any damage at all. All who have learnt to know (if not to love) the mule will bear me out, but Frystop, nurtured in the sheltered offices of the F.M.D., knew less than nothing of mules. Horrified at the sight, or rather at the disappearance, of long-on, he left the batsman's wicket, at which he had by this time arrived, and hastened towards the scene of the disaster, further encouraged to do so by the fact

that the bowler was running in that direction also. The bowler, however, was moved by quite other motives. He had seen too many men under mules to be disturbed by such a trifle, and was running to gather the ball, which had at the moment of impact with the mule been shot from long-on's hands in his direction. He picked it up, and, naturally concluding that Frystop was starting for a second run, flung it to the wicket-keeper. The wicket-keeper, under the same impression, whipped off the bails, and, as the other batsman was still at the bowler's wicket gazing, fascinated, at the mule "mix-up," Frystop was out.

I must say for Frystop himself that he took it in good part and never questioned that the whole affair was the result of a mistake. But unfortunately the conduct of the other members of the F.M.D., especially the five remaining batsmen, who only compiled about ten between them, leaving us winners by twenty runs, was not so creditable. It was in vain that we pointed out that the catch would undoubtedly have been held had the mules not joined unbidden in the game. They replied that this would only have resulted in the loss of a batsman, who was nothing compared with Frystop; indeed, they repeated this so loudly and so often that I thought it must be a little painful for the batsman concerned. It was in vain that we called their attention to the subsequent indifferent fielding of the somewhat shaken long-on; in vain that the bowler and the wicket-keeper protested their good faith, and pointed out that the root of the trouble lay in Frystop's regrettable ignorance of the habits of the mule. While accusing us of frightfulness they themselves were guilty of a most venomous form of hate, and when, three days later, we played the Machine Gunners they came down to the ground, and, when we were having rather a leather-hunting, shouted, "Why don't you send for your performing mules?" I have been glad therefore to tell the true version of the story. Some doubtless will still continue to think the worst of us; that is inevitable, and we can afford to ignore them. The great body of fair-minded people will see that we were entirely innocent of evil intent.

"Mrs. Nancy —, of Silverdale, Carnforth, this week attained her 1000th birthday. She received many congratulations and a letter from the King expressing the hope that the remainder of her days would be blessed with good health and prosperity."

*North-Western Daily News.*

It is rumoured that the dear old lady contemplates setting up a millenary business.

## "THE SWALLOWS ARE MAKING THEM READY TO FLY."

O SWALLOW, swallow, swallow,  
I would I could fly like you,  
And speed afar  
To Zanzibar  
Or China or Peru—  
Or "any old" land  
With a "silver strand,"

Where the skies are always blue;  
For then would I seek with a flight  
impassioned

Some spot where light and heat weren't  
rationed,

(As they're probably not  
Where the sun shines hot

And searches you through and  
through);

But at flying you always beat me hollow,  
O swallow, swallow, swallow, swallow!

O swallow, swallow, swallow,  
Now Summer is on the wane,  
Of course I *might*

Take a long lone flight

In a modern aeroplane,

And visit the Nile

Where the crocodile

Smiles ever through tears of pain;

But I fear that I'm getting a bit old-  
fashioned,

So I'll wait where heat and light are  
rationed;

But don't you stay

For a single day;

Be off, with your brood in train!

I'm only sorry I cannot follow  
You in your flight, O swallow, swallow!

O swallow, swallow, swallow,  
I shall sit at home and freeze  
In the night-lit gloom

Of a fireless room,

And shiver and shake and sneeze,

And croak and cough;

But you get off

To your warm Antipodes!

I too would fly, if aptly-fashioned,  
To a land where light and heat weren't  
rationed;

But don't you worry;

Hurry, bird, hurry!

You've only yourself to please.

Leave me behind in the mud to wallow,  
Our yellow fog to swallow—swallow!

## The Strike Epidemic.

"Foch strikes to-day at new front."

*Evening News.*

"There is always a swarm of soldiers at Euston, fully accoutred, some spick and span, and others mud-splashed and dishevelled, according to whether the men are back from or going back to the Western front."

*Birmingham Post.*

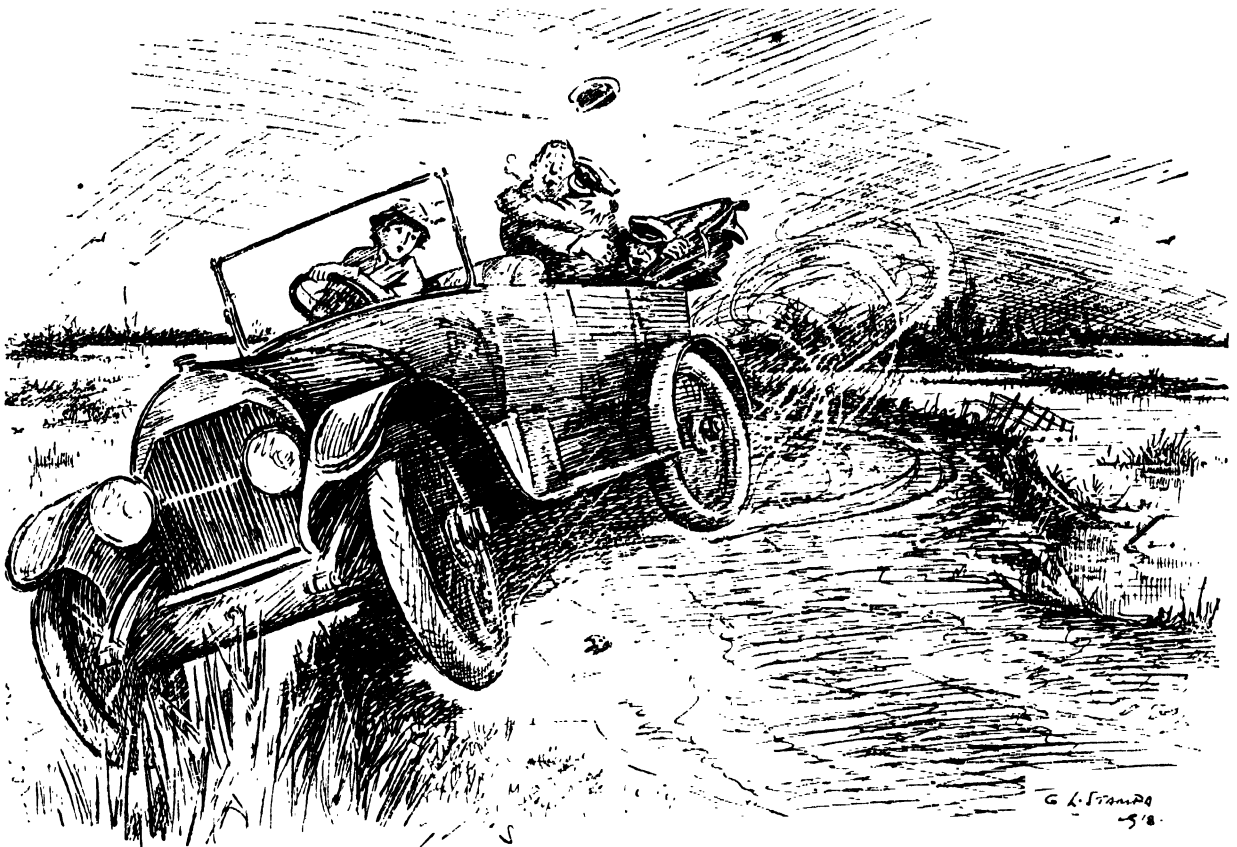
Some of the descriptions of trench life which we have heard must have been grossly exaggerated.



AND SO SAY ALL OF US.

THE LANCASHIRE LASS. "WHAT LANCASHIRE GIVES YOU TO-DAY SHE LOOKS TO YOU  
TO GIVE EUROPE TO-MORROW."





MISS X. (ON WAR-WORK AGAINST THE HUNS) SUCCEEDS IN HER HUMANE DESIRE TO AVOID KILLING AN ENGLISH SPARROW.

## LETTERS OF A BOY SCOUT.

### IV.

DEAR UNCLE,—I am working very hard for an amberlance badge and I wish you were out of hospital so I could practice on your leg. Belfitt, our petrol leader, says it is a good idea to keep an eye on stout old gentlemen who may have fits for he knew a boy scout who got five pounds for helping an old gentleman to have a stroke comfortable, and if any of us gets five pounds it is to go to the petrol funds. So I follow old gentlemen who seem likely, but up to now they have been very disappointing, not going into fits at all but into public-houses, which is unpatriotic in wartime. So please come out of hospital as soon as you can for the petrol wants your leg. It is no use bandaging well legs because it doesn't hurt if it isn't done proper. Now you could tell us just when we hurt your leg.

Belfitt is very troubled about the War for he says if we go slugging the Huns like this what will become of the Invashun and the scouts will stand no chance of a show, and he had set his heart on the Cuckoo Petrol capturing the Crown Prince. He says we never do get a show and that the Government ought to have called out

the Scouts directly the police struck. And Belfitt says that if he could sit in Scotland Yard finding out murders he would be in his proper spear.

Belfitt says that scouts should be the sole of honour and truthfulness in all cires. He says always tell the truth even to schoolmasters—only his schoolmaster being a beest is an excepshun which proves the rule.

We helped at a War Concert the other night giving out programs and showing people their seats, and the Lady Sekketary said afterwards, "Do you Scouts expect refreshment?"

So Belfitt, being always truthful, said, "We do our work for the honour of old England, but as scouts have to speak the truth I must say we did expect something." Only the singers had eat everything up and Belfitt says that the Lady Sekketary had no tack, because tackful people never offer things they haven't got.

We put up an air-rifle shooting range in our garden because Belfitt's pater has a green-house and raises Cane. But the pater has stopped it because the old lady next door got a pellet in her false teeth which is imposible unless she climbed the wall and put her head in front of the target. And she said her hens was shot at so much that

they wouldn't lay. Now no scout would be crooil enough to shoot at a hen only when a hen crosses the range. When he is aiming he has to think of his country first and not any old hen. I hope that when you come you will explain to the pater that unless we are crack shots like Dead Eye Dick there will be no hope for the country when we go to the War. Do you think the War will last till I am eighteen for the Pater says he is going to make me an analitical chemist and that the wars of the future will be won in the laboratories. But if it's as slow as at our Labb at school we might just as well have peace at once. So do come and argue with him for I want to be a professional bomber going to Berlin reglar.

Your loving nephew JIM.

"It is stated that Major — intends to sell his ancestral estates in Mull. The estates cover 34,000 acres, and comprise deer forests, grouse moors, and salmon hives."—*Observer*.

Before purchasing we should like to know if there is a bee river.

"Mr. — wishes to highly recommend his Protestant Steward; married, but would go single."—*Irish Paper*.

Ah, how many we know who are married but would gladly go single if they could.



# Pelmanism and the Silver Badge

By GEORGE HENRY

IF IT were within my power I would so order it that every Silver Badge issued to a discharged soldier would be accompanied by a free enrolment for a course of Pelmanism.

For Pelmanism is of the greatest importance to the discharged soldier, and I am putting my views in regard to it upon record because I believe that the lessons to be learned from my own case may be of some service to many thousands of my comrades in the great Brotherhood of the Silver Badge.

It is just a year since the day when I cast aside khaki, consigned my tin of "Soldier's Friend" to oblivion, and feverishly arrayed myself in the most flamboyant clothes that my tailor and hosier could provide.

It is twelve months since the day I realised that, after nearly three years' service, I had become a free man—free to order my comings and goings as I listed—free from the tyranny of the bugle-call—free to follow the dictates of my own will in everything, unhedged by restriction or prohibition.

And I was eager to burst upon a civilian world with all the theatrical *flair* of a newly discovered prima donna. In my innocence, I thought that this same civilian world was waiting to lay bare its rewards before the sword of my wits.

But I was sorry to discover that this view-point savoured of the unsophisticated. It had not occurred to me that the battle for a living was quite as strenuous as ever—indeed, had intensified during war time—and that in going "over the top" in business or professional life one must still be equipped with the most effective mental munitions.

In my pre-war days I had gained a comfortable income in the practice of my profession. My mind had enjoyed ample exercise and was always (if I may be forgiven the simile) at "concert pitch." And so I thought that, with a world full of splendid topics of general interest, I could not fail to produce of my best, and rebuild my shattered fortunes.

I took a holiday, and, returning, came to my desk, filled with a resolve to work as never I had worked before.

It was just there that I came down to earth, and the bubbles of my childlike faith bespattered themselves on the stones of reality.

One morning of fruitless, futile scribbling showed me that nearly three years' service as a soldier had had its inevitable effect on my mental processes.

That nimble wit I had been so proud to possess positively would not be stimulated; that ability to analyse a subject and classify its components that had made my previous work clear and forceful had fled; that ease in the choice of the right word that had made work a recreation had taken a fancy for aviation and winged away.

There I was, with a comfortable desk and chair, quires of good pre-war paper, an efficient fountain pen, nebulous ideas in abundance—and I could not express myself for the life of me.

And it was not just a matter of mood, for this inability to work persisted. In a week or two there came the realisation that it was a chronic state. The reason was not far to seek. For nearly three years my every day's activities had been planned ahead for me. Almost had my every action been governed by the decisions of my superior officers. Day and night, week in, week out, I had, and rightly so, surrendered myself to the mechanical will of the military machine. My thinking had been done for me. I had no reason to think for myself. Indeed, I soon learned that "thinking for oneself" was a short path to the pleasures of "pack drill."

All of which resulted in a brain lying fallow. Its functions had not been properly exercised—it was a great obese brain, over-fed with facts and impressions, suffering from a species of mental indigestion, torpid and unresponsive to my will.

I had, indeed, come to a pretty pass! It was necessary for me to earn at least double as much as in pre-war days merely to provide the bread and butter of respectability. How was I to make provision for this—much less for the occasional jam

that makes life livable—with my mind rusted, faculties blunted, and thinking-power to a great extent atrophied by disuse?

Obsessed by this sort of query, little wonder that I gave way to depression and doubt, and feared for my future. I began to think that I was going to be one of life's "wash-outs," and in the light of later learning I really think I did for a time belong to that peculiar species of humanity—until Pelmanism came to me!

Until Pelmanism came to me—by the prosaic path of a daily paper announcement, and the subsequent clipping of a coupon. Many thousands of Silver Badge men have hesitated over that same coupon. I wish I could make them realise to the full the import of it. For Pelmanism gave me what it has given many a thousand men and women. It gave me courage, first of all. The first "little Grey Book" refreshed and stung my mind into activity, just as a plunge into a cold bath reinvigorates a tired body. My mind steeped itself in that little text-book and came forth permeated with confidence, and as the fascinating exercises of Pelmanism unfolded their wonderful interest and charm, my mind began to bestir itself and throw off the shackles of its hibernation.

Pelmanism changed my whole outlook on life, gave me new interests, and made me THINK.

My mind began to function more speedily and easily. I found that I could collect my thoughts, concentrate on a subject, analyse and classify possibilities, and, finally, express myself without the hair-tearing and other temperamental performances which are popularly supposed to be the accompaniment of creative work. The upshot is that to-day my work is accomplished with ease, and I am never tired of reiterating the fact that Pelmanism pays for itself a thousandfold.

So much for my personal experiences of Pelmanism. I have dealt with my own case at length because it is typical of thousands of others. I have lately had an opportunity of investigating the work of Pelmanism, and found that the register of the Pelman Institute teems with cases of students who at their introduction to the Course had suffered from the same mental "dry-rot" that was once my portion. I found, too, that among my brothers of the Silver Badge there is a great army of Pelmanists equipping itself for the stern struggle for a living that follows the laying down of the weapons of war. In many cases, officers who have appreciated the qualities of the men who served under them have paid for a course of Pelmanism for such men on their discharge from the service.

And no person who can read can escape the wonderful tributes which are being paid to Pelmanism by distinguished men in every section of the Press.

Yes, Pelmanism is, without a doubt, a vital necessity for the discharged soldier. For it is the men of the "Silver Badge" and their comrades who will return when peace comes—the youth of the world—upon whom the duty of rebuilding a new social order on the ashes of the old will devolve. It is the youth of the world who, when the peace comes, must so order things that the peace shall be kept and the earth cleansed of the corruption and loose thinking that played a great part in bringing about the mud-and-blood welter of the last four years. And to equip them for their labours in this respect, as well as for their own individual welfare, I think that Pelmanism is of inestimable value.

*"Mind and Memory," in which Pelmanism is fully explained and illustrated; and a supplement treating of "Pelmanism as an Intellectual and Social Factor," together with a reprint of TRUTH'S Report on the Pelman Institute and its work, will be sent gratis and post free to any reader of PUNCH who addresses a post card to the Pelman Institute, 1 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1. All correspondence is confidential.*

*Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.*



# What MILTON is and does

MILTON is new. You have nothing to-day with which to compare it. It is not a "cure-all," yet in one bottle of MILTON you obtain an article which will perform more than 50 everyday services—services for which you to-day buy a dozen or more different preparations.

MILTON does every one of these thoroughly, reliably, quickly.

To be able to perform so many widely varying services, MILTON must, of course, be a powerful fluid. It is powerful. But (and this is perhaps its most astonishing feature) it is absolutely harmless, perfectly safe. It can be used freely, or the bottle may be left standing about without the least anxiety. For MILTON, although it is so powerful and effective, is non-poisonous; it will not burn or stain the hands or skin; it will not take fire or explode; it is clear and clean, and what little smell it has disappears almost immediately after use.

Among its many uses are --

- For avoiding the danger from flies
- For mosquito and gnat bites and all irritations
- For removing stains without injury even to the most delicate fabrics
- For removing and preventing the smell of perspiration
- For use as a mouth wash, dentifrice, and nasal douche
- For freshening the air after tobacco smoke
- For destroying bad smells
- For preserving fish, meat, poultry from becoming tainted

This sounds almost unbelievable, but a trial very quickly convinces. And isn't it worth trying? If in one bottle you can have a safe, harmless but powerful fluid which can be of service to you in so many different ways, can you afford to be without it? It costs only a shilling to become convinced. And a bottle lasts a long time—it is economical. Get a bottle to-day. You will be astonished at the results.

There is an ample supply of MILTON. Your Chemist, your Grocer or Ironmonger can obtain it. If he says he cannot obtain it tell him our address and we will see that he is promptly supplied.

**MILTON is sold in 1/- & 2/- bottles by all dealers**

*The 2/- Bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 1/- Bottle*

Milton Manufacturing Co. Ltd. 125 Bunhill Row, London, E.C. 1, and 64 Wellington St. Glasgow

# Yardley's Eau de Cologne

Is one of the most indispensable of Toilet Requisites.

There is no other make possessing the genuine quality and the clean delicate fragrance which distinguishes YARDLEY'S, and makes this famous brand so valuable in sickness and so delightful in health.

## Prices.

|                     |     |      |
|---------------------|-----|------|
| 4 oz. bottles       | ... | 4/6  |
| Original Package of |     |      |
| ½ doz. bottles      | ... | 26/6 |
| Wickered Bottles:—  |     |      |
| ½ pint              | ... | 7/6  |
| 1 pint              | ... | 14/6 |
| 1 quart             | ... | 28/6 |
| Magnum              | ... | 56/6 |

**Yardley**  
8, New Bond Street  
London, W  
and of all high-class  
Chemists and Stores



A  
Charmingly  
Warm  
Cardigan

Light and Cosy,  
a real boon  
for Autumn  
wear

**JAEGER**  
SHIRTS

LONDON DEPOTS:  
126, Regent Street, W. 1  
456, Strand, W.C. 2  
30, Sloane Street, S.W. 1  
102, Kensington High St., W. 8  
115, Victoria Street, S.W. 1  
85-86, Cheapside, E.C. 2

*Jaeger Agents in every town and  
throughout the British Empire.*



873

Undyed Camelhair and Wool  
Mixture

39/6



### THE UNINVITED MASCOT.

#### MILESTONES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I wonder whether you noticed how very appropriately Sir FRANCIS LLOYD's rescinding of the old order about the attendance of officers at subscription hops fitted in with the smashing of the Switch Line? The evening papers had the news of Jerry's collapse; next morning's contained an official announcement that officers might now appear at dances "in public places" (though I hope none of them will hastily conclude that this sanctions the practice of two-stepping down Shaftesbury Avenue or any indiscretions of that kind). What a very admirable and appropriate recognition of our victory! And what a contrast to the curmudgeonly attitude of the Fuel and Light autocrat, who straight-away weighed in with an explanation that even if we'd recaptured all the French pit-heads it wouldn't mean a ha'porth more coal on the kitchen fire this winter! But what I want to say is this: Why not apply Sir FRANCIS LLOYD's principle all round henceforward? Every time we give Jerry something more to be going on with, why not give ourselves something too, in the shape of the restitution of another of our pre-war privileges? When Cambrai goes we might all be allowed an extra ounce with afternoon tea, and perhaps just one sugary thing in the

way of cakes. Lille might be the signal for releasing an extra tank or two of Scotch from bond, thereby conveying our thanks to the renowned 51st Division by rescuing its country from the terrible drought that I am told has overtaken it. Back on the Meuse would be good enough for something really dramatic permission to have supper after a theatre, say, or a whole tin of petrol to every holder of a motor licence. The system could be worked on an ascending scale, which included such amazing things as lots of real butter and beef-steaks, because the farther back we hustled them the nearer the end must be and the less need for husbanding our resources.

Don't you think it's a bon idea, Sir, and worthy your distinguished support? We're not a particularly demonstrative people, and bells and bunting don't mean very much after all. But here you would have every stage in the receding tide of German fortunes indelibly plotted out on the sands of individual memory. Besides we don't want to leave everything of this kind until Peace is actually declared, otherwise we shall be as helpless as prisoners staggering into daylight after half a lifetime in the cells. Far better regain our liberty by easy stages, chipping bits off our fetters as we go along. And then, when we really are marching down Unter den Linden, the only

thing left to do will be for both Houses to assemble in Palace Yard and solemnly commit to the flames the last remaining fragments of an emaciated Dora.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your obedient Servant,  
TAILS UP.

#### TO THE LAND WORKERS.

STILL and warm and close together  
Slept the seeds of ripening grain,  
Whispering through the wintry weather  
Of the grave where they had lain.  
Spring came calling through the meadows

Where the little blades pierced through;  
God brought sunshine to the shadows,  
But the rest He left to you.

So you served the hidden treasure  
With an unaccustomed hand,  
Watching till in fullest measure  
Beauty clothed the empty land;  
Through the summer, as a token,  
God sent sunshine, rain and dew,  
Kept His promise still unbroken,  
But the rest He left to you.

Where you drove the lonely furrow  
With the sleeping seeds below,  
Now across a world of sorrow  
Golden sheaves of harvest show.  
God's glad sunshine lies upon her,  
Fed with wind and rain and dew,  
And He knows you did with honour  
All the work He left to you.

## HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*Frau Professor KRUMMBEIN and Frau General von STUMM.*)

*Frau Krummbain.* Well, then, how goes it, Frau General? Is the news from the Herr General good?

*Frau von Stumm.* He is alive at least, and in these days one must be thankful for that. How goes it with the Herr Professor?

[*Sounds of deep groaning from another part of the house are heard.*]

*Frau K.* There you have your answer. Those groans are the Professor.

*Frau von S.* But you are making fun with me. How can a groan, even if it is a good groan, be a Professor?

*Frau K.* I will tell you that. This is the hour when the Professor practises his will to victory, after first practising his will to cheerfulness. Are we not told by the ALL-HIGHEST and his HINDENBURG that we who are left in the homeland must do what we can to keep up the spirits of the people?

*Frau von S.* Now I begin to understand.

*Frau K.* The poor Professor does not find, I am afraid, that he does much good, though his attempts at cheerfulness are as strong as he can make them. They cause the perspiration to run from the forehead, and those groans that you hear are the proof that he is not working altogether in vain.

*Frau von S.* The Professor is certainly a most patriotic man, and if all were like him we should soon, I think, win the War and teach the English and the French not to interfere with us any more. But does the Professor only groan, or does he do other things as well?

*Frau K.* Oh, he does other things too. For instance, he will not show other people that he is pale and unhappy, but when he goes out for a walk he puts a red colour on his cheeks and smiles all the time, so that people may say, "That is the Herr Professor Krummbain. He has certainly got some good news, for his face is red with rejoicing and he keeps on smiling all the time. Certainly he has the will to cheerfulness." And then they try to smile too, but they do not always succeed.

*Frau von S.* No, they are not all so patriotic or so well educated as the Professor. It is for him to set an example, and that he does magnificently. But have you heard the latest trick of our enemies?

*Frau K.* Which do you mean? They have so many tricks with gas and other things that it is difficult to keep pace with them.

*Frau von S.* Well, it seems that when they go up in their horrible aeroplanes they take with them tons and tons of little printed papers, and these they scatter all over Belgium and those parts of France in which we are fighting, and the soldiers pick them up and read them, and when they have read them they pass them from hand to hand and send them home.

*Frau K.* But what is printed on these papers?

*Frau von S.* Oh, lies about Belgium, and who began the war, and false things about the ALL-HIGHEST. It is shocking to think that men can imagine such tales, and it is wicked that our HINDENBURG, who has hard enough work to keep the enemy from overwhelming us, should have to deal with such papers at a time when he wants all his strength for fighting.

*Frau K.* Yes, and it is whispered that the fighting is not going well. Everywhere our armies have been retreating. Have you heard anything about it from your Herr General?

*Frau von S.* No, he says nothing to me. But my second cousin, Heinrich, who is on my husband's Staff, wrote to me that all was not going too well.

*Frau K.* It is almost unbelievable that we should be beaten, and after all the brilliant things that they have told us.

[*At this moment the Professor in the back room breaks out with a series of groans louder than any that have preceded them.*]

Excuse me for the moment, I think I must go and see the Professor. His will to victory seems not to be going so smoothly as usual this morning, or perhaps it is his will to cheerfulness that has gone wrong.

## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF BINGO OUR TRENCH DOG.

WEEP, weep, ye dwellers in the delv'd earth,  
Ah, weep, ye watchers by the dismal shore  
Of No Man's Land, for Bingo is no more;  
He is no more, and well ye knew his worth,  
For whom on bully-beefless days were kept  
Rare bones by each according to his means,  
And, while the Quartermaster-Sergeant slept,  
The elusive pork was rescued from the beans.  
He is no more and, impudently brave,  
The loathly rats sit grinning on his grave.

Him mourn the grimy cooks and bombers ten,  
The sentinels in lonely posts forlorn,  
The fierce patrols with hands and tunics torn,  
The furtive band of sanitary men.  
The murmuring sound of grief along the length  
Of traversed trench the startled Hun could hear;  
The Captain, as he struck him off the strength,  
Let fall a sad and solitary tear;  
'Tis even said a batman passing by  
Had seen the Sergeant-Major wipe his eye.

The fearful fervour of the feline chase  
He never knew, poor dog, he never knew;  
Content with optimistic zeal to woo  
Reluctant rodents in this murky place,  
He never played with children on clean grass,  
Nor dozed at ease beside the glowing embers,  
Nor watched with hopeful eye the tea-cakes pass,  
Nor smelt the heather-smell of Scotch Septembers,  
For he was born amid a world at war  
Although unrecking what we struggled for.

Yet who shall say that Bingo was unblest  
Though all his Sprattless life was passed beneath  
The roar of mortars and the whistling breath  
Of grim nocturnal heavies going West?  
Unmoved he heard the evening hymn of hate,  
Unmoved would gaze into his master's eyes,  
For all the sorrows men for men create  
In search of happiness wise dogs despise,  
Finding ecstatic joy in every rag  
And every smile of friendship worth a wag.

## The Pessimist.

From an Admiralty advertisement:—

"It is to be particularly noted that entries are only being made for 12 years' service, and NOT FOR DURATION OF WAR."—*Daily Paper.*

"A lady and gentleman wish to be received into a country house in a bracing locality as paying guests. Preferably where shooting is to be had. Could bring young cock."—*The Vote.*

We have often felt like this after a bad dinner.

"STILL WANTING CYCLE, girl 15. Father ditto. Passable condition."—*Parish Magazine.*

We are glad father is no worse.



*Truculent Hun (to Scot). "AH, HINDENBURG WILL BE HERE SOON!"*

*Scot. "EH, MON, HE WULL. AN' HE'LL BE CAIRTIN' WOOD, SAME AS YERSELF."*

### CHEQUES.

THIS new demand for an additional stamp on cheques brought them under discussion.

"Personally," said the Poet, "I think cheques the greatest invention of modern times."

"So long as you have a balance," said the Doctor.

"Or can overdraw," said the Poet. "But I admit," he added, "that that's a horrid moment when the Bank says, 'Hold, enough.'"

"Or returns a cheque marked 'N.E.," said the Actor.

"What does 'N.E.' mean?" we all asked.

"No earthly."

"In my opinion," said the General, "the cheque is the greatest of all foes to economy. If one had to pay everything in money—actual notes or coins—one would really consider one's expenditure carefully. But if a few strokes of the pen can do the business, why, then you hardly think at all."

"Quite true," said the K.C. "But, on the other hand, the cheque saves you from robbery. If we all carried large lumps of money about with us there would be ten times more pocket-picking and assaults than there are now, and with police-strikes in the air that would be very serious. It's no use

stealing a cheque-book unless you are a forger as well as a thief."

"Ah!" said the Doctor, "you're talking of those little pocket cheque-books. They're the devil! A man who keeps his cheque-book at home and writes his cheques there has a chance a faint chance—of controlling his affairs. But to carry a cheque-book—that is the end of all caution."

"Absolutely," said the Poet. "And the cheque-writing habit grows on you. You find yourself paying for your meals in that way, and that means a more expensive wine than you would dream of if you had to produce good honest money for it. I hate paying out money—at least I hate paying more than seven-and-six—but I'll write a cheque with any man."

"I always thought," said the General, "that that shop in Bond Street where a block of cheques and a pen are placed on every counter is much the cleverest place in London. No doubt they lose a little now and then through swindlers, but they must make a large fortune simply through the lure to extravagance which is set up. Of course, not to have to part with actual money is the thing."

We all sighed in agreement.

"I'll tell you an odd thing about cheques," said the Doctor. "I can't bear to cross them according to in-

structions. I'm not a testy man, but for some reason or other it makes me furious to have to write a lot of directions—'a/c so and so,' don't you know—between the lines. Why?"

"I don't know why," said the General, "but I have the same reluctance." And we found that we all had.

"It's worse than copying out another man's verses," said the Poet, or, in fact, copying out anything."

"What are you discussing?" the Club bore inquired as he joined the dissolving group.

"Cheques," I said.

"Oh!" he said. "They're out of date, surely. I haven't seen a pair of cheek trousers for months. Why discuss the obsolete?"

"The damage will total easily \$50,000 and the sufferers are mainly Greek restaurant proprietors.

In some of them scarcely one pane of glass remains whole."

*Vancouver World (British Columbia).*

They have the satisfaction of knowing, however, that after this shattering experience it will be harder than ever to see through them.

"Assuming that his public engagements in Auckland made it difficult for His Excellency to be in two places at once . . ."

*New Zealand Paper.*

It seems a fair assumption.

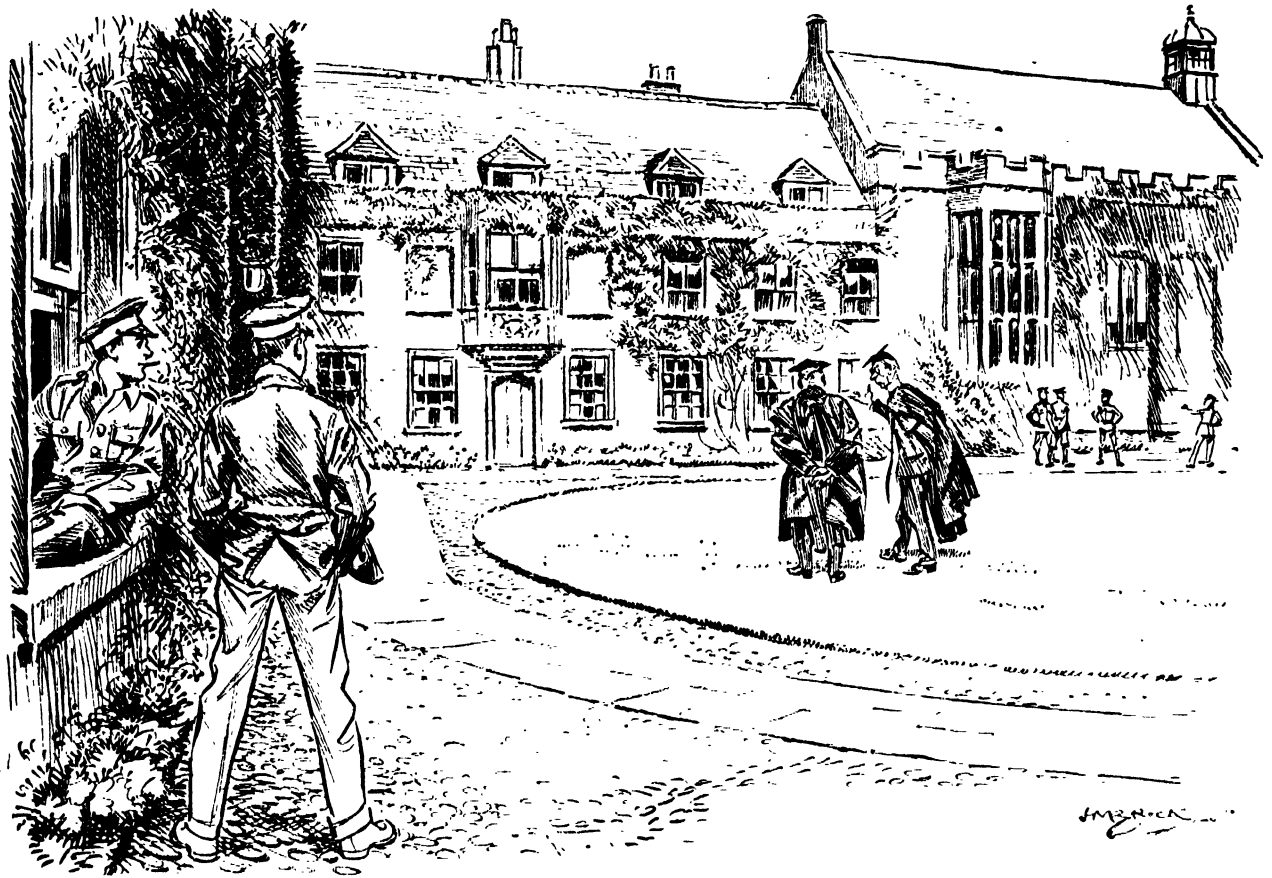




## ITALY'S DAY.

[September 25th has been set apart for the celebration in Great Britain of Italy's noble efforts as our Ally, and for the support of the Italian Red Cross.]





*Cadet.* "REALLY, FROM THE WAY THESE COLLEGE AUTHORITIES MAKE THEMSELVES AT HOME YOU'D THINK THE PLACE BELONGED TO THEM."

### LIGHT AND HEAT.

ONE of the compensations for the discomfort of fuel shortage in the coming winter will be the return of the weather as a subject of conversation, and the retirement of food and allotments into the background.

The Esquimaux, it is said, maintain physical heat by a generous diet of whale-blubber. There is little hope of this commodity figuring to any extent upon the British breakfast-table, however, for on enquiry at Billingsgate and SELFRIDGE'S we learn that there is hardly a drop in the country.

We can thoroughly recommend the common paraffin lamp as giving a pleasant and adequate light. We could recommend it still more strongly if paraffin were not so difficult to obtain.

Householders whose gardens abut on the railway line are busy preparing well-displayed insults to the engine-drivers, hoping to be pelted with coal in retaliation.

At least one of the railway companies has been requested to have the coal in the tenders of the engines covered up, to prevent annoyance to the passengers.

It is not generally known that the landlords of Hampstead are preparing a generous prize offer for the garden fence found to be in the best state of repair on May 1, 1919.

Following upon the announcement that certain Government offices are to be deprived of fires, a number of civil servants have inquired of the commissionaire at the main entrance of the building in which they are employed, "Is there a bed on the premises?"

Business men travelling from Brighton who carry their

own office coal with them are requested not to convey it in their side pockets, owing to the crowded state of the railway compartments.

Colonel Bluster and the office staff under his control are to be envied this winter. The Colonel possesses a natural inability to keep cool, and he will certainly make it hot for his clerks, whatever the weather.

### FAIRY MUSIC.

WHEN the fiddlers play their tunes you may sometimes hear,  
Very softly chiming in, magically clear,  
Magically high and sweet, the tiny crystal notes  
Of fairy voices bubbling free from tiny fairy throats.

When the birds at break of day chant their morning prayers  
Or on sunny afternoons pipe ecstatic airs,  
Comes an added rush of sound to the silver din—  
Songs of fairy troubadours gaily joining in.

When athwart the drowsy fields summer twilight falls,  
Through the tranquil air there float elfin madrigals;  
And in wild November nights, on the winds astride,  
Fairy hosts go rushing by, singing as they ride.

Every dream that mortals dream, sleeping or awake,  
Every lovely fragile hope—these the fairies take,  
Delicately fashion them and give them back again  
In tender limpid melodies that charm the hearts of men.

R. F.

"One might take him, at a guess, for a Methodist minister—except, perhaps, for the genial and kindly expression in his eyes."

Shade of JOHN WESLEY!

*Daily Paper.*

# THE NEW POST-OFFICE GAME.

"LIFE," said a cynic, "would be endurable if it were not for its amusements," but as there are no Piers, Piorrots or Picture-palaces at Bronwen we can take comfort from our comparative isolation. It is only comparative. If we lack these three P.'s we get a fourth, the Papers, soon after 8 A.M. on most mornings, and we do not lack other amenities. There are golf-links of excellent quality patronised by elderly and very youthful players. We have a massive and monumental policeman, and a miner who cuts hair in the evening. And we have concerts, with London celebrities and fuzzy-haired foreigners, at which professionals fraternize with amateurs. But if a vote of the visitors were to be taken I think that the chief attraction of Bronwen would prove to be the Postmaster. Not that he is highly efficient and invariably cheerful and obliging, or that dogs—generally suspicious of postmen—congregate round the post office. Rather that young people adore him; and no wonder. For this amazing Postmaster has applied the principle of diluting skilled labour in a revolutionary but wholly successful manner. All young people love to play at keeping shop, and he has given a limited number of the children of visitors a taste of the real thing, without hampering the efficiency of the office. Do they monkey with the telephone? Perhaps; but for the most part they stand behind the counter and serve customers, serving out stamps and performing other minor duties with beaming faces, but passing on more important requests about "cowpons," declaration forms, savings-bank deposits, etc., to the regular staff. For it is a busy office and efficient: equal to anything. The other day, for example, we sent a telegram to Tokio.

It is all highly irregular and most charming, for Mr. Jenkins has been judicious in his selection, and the manners of his amateur helpers are as good as his own, which are perfect. It probably gives him more work in the long run, but he gets a handsome bonus in the affection of his youthful assistants and the gratitude of their parents. On wet days the post-office is a godsend. My only regret is that I can't give his real name, because on formal grounds the P.M.G. might not approve of his action, and besides, like most benefactors, Mr. Jenkins is a modest man. But as the inventor of a new and delightful game for the holidays he deserves recognition, imperfect and oblique though it necessarily must be.



"MY DEAR CHILD, HOW CAN YOU EXPECT TO MAKE A SUCCESS OF IT IF YOU ONLY CHARGE FIVE SHILLINGS FOR A SIXPENNY BOTTLE OF LEMONADE?"

## COMPOSERS IN PURGATORY.

A HOLIDAY REMINISCENCE.  
 "O THAT melody in F!  
 How I wish that I were deaf!  
 Once I thought it rather fine"—  
 Said the ghost of RUBINSTEIN.  
 "Cease your dolorous self-pity  
 For your cheap and tawdry ditty;  
 'Twas for groundlings only made"—  
 Quick responded CHOPIN's shade.  
 "But it is the worst of crimes  
 When each day a dozen times  
 My C minor Prelude's mangled  
 And its lovely chords are jangled."  
 Thus the ghosts with futile wailing  
 Went on impotently railing,  
 While the player, quite at ease,  
 Pounded the unhappy keys.

## The Nelson Touch.

Four reports of Mr. HLOYD GEORGE'S Manchester speech:—

"He is one of those rare men who have got a telescope at the back of his eyes."

*Evening News.*

"He is one of those rare men who have a telescope at the back of their eye."

*Daily Mail.*

"He is one of those rare men who has a telescope at the back of his eye."

*Daily News.*

"He was one of those rare men who had got a telescope at the back of his eyes."

*Daily Chronicle.*

From a "Wanted" column:—

"REALLY good man's bicycle."  
*Ladies' Paper.*

But suppose the "really good man" wants to keep it?

## WARRIORS' WEAR.

ONLY those who have had the experience know how terrible it is to be wounded and sent to England in advance of your kit. Sympathisers are so concerned with the thought of the damage done to your person that they forget the awful dilemma with which the hero is faced when the stern day comes for him to cast aside pyjamas and the Oriental languor of soul appropriate to them, and to clothe himself. Hospital authorities hate their guests to appear in the streets in pyjamas, no matter how artistic or becoming—a queer prejudice. "Other Ranks" may stroll about in their blue lounge suits, but gentlemen holding His Majesty's commission can be decorative only by stealth.

Yet think how our towns would be brightened if convalescent officers were encouraged to walk abroad in pyjamas of their own choosing; the streets would glow with colour like a brilliant flower-bed bewitched into animation. As it is, you rise from bed enfeebled by leisure, enervated by dependence, your spirit cowed by weeks of unquestioning submission to V.A.D.'s, your old talent for acquisition benumbed by disuse, to tackle the problem of dressing properly in portions of a tunic or half a pair of trousers. Shell-fire, it must be borne in mind, is fatal to good clothes, and the punctures in your uniform do not mend spontaneously while your person is under repair.

The obvious plan is to mark down the garments you like best amongst those worn by your fellow-inmates, and while the owners are in the bathroom bribe the Sister-in-charge to extract them from the lockers. But convalescents are often irritable, and Sisters-in-charge are seldom susceptible, and in practice you are reduced to wearing what people will lend you. The most obliging ones, you will discover, are always those most unlike you in shape and with views as to clothes which you can only regard as anarchic. All this accounts for the street scenes which bewilder civilians and are so painful to A.P.M.'s. Perhaps you were once one of those who like their dress to be worthy of the regiment, and it cuts you to the quick to hear the companion of your first walk abroad asked by acquaintances the old,

old question (with a new intonation), "What have you salvaged to-day?"

Unless the authorities will send you to a hospital within reach of your tailor you are likely to be subjected to cruel practical jokes if you determine to have some clothes made locally. I have seen a poor fellow's recovery seriously retarded by a pair of slacks supplied by some village wag with head-quarters and a tailor's signboard near the hospital. They appeared to be built of some kind of pasteboard which kept every wrinkle as a fixture. He put them on, smiling happily, sat down in them and then stood up, as is the way of one with new trousers; but the legs of these—which were not even tubular, but square or squarish—retained the sedentary posture regardless of the altered disposition of the limbs



Artful Boatman (to pomp Officer). "JEST THE DAY FOR A COOLER ON THE WATER, SIR—THE BEST PLACE TO DODGE THE SALOOTS!"

beneath. . . . The orderlies put screens round him at once, but it was some minutes before he could be extricated from his horrible position. He returned to bed at once with a high temperature, and the Matron—a woman of great experience, with a brother in the R.A.F.—took so serious a view of his state that she wired for his London tailor.

This instance should be a warning. It is better to appear in public in clothes so ridiculously misfitting that people think you are winning a bet, and laugh with you, than in garments in which you try to look at home, knowing yourself to be an object of derision to every educated passer-by.

But pyjamas are best of all.

"This message is so complete a vindication of all the claims that have been made as to the seaworthiness of ferro-concrete ships that cement would be quite superfluous."

*Provincial Paper.*

Comment would also appear to be unnecessary.

## A MATTER OF FORM.

*Twesbury, 3/5/15.*

DEAR SIRS,—With reference to my tender of August, 1914, for the supply of horse-shoes, I should esteem it a favour to have your reply.

Yours truly, WILLEMIT GASS.

*A.O.C., 9/10/15.*

SIR,—Tenders for shoes, horses of, pairs double, should be submitted on Army Form II. 4586 and returned at once. JOSEPH FERGUSON, Major.

SIR,—I beg to state that my tender was made out on the proscribed form and submitted in August of 1914. I shall be pleased to hear from you next year without delay.

Yours, WILLEMIT GASS.

*A.O.C., 6/8/16.*

SIR,—Tender submitted must have been sent to "Forage" instead of "Equipment." Please forward another on Army Form 194 D, marking in the corner the words "Horse Shoes, for the supply of."

JOSEPH FERGUSON, Major.

SIR,—I enclose tender as suggested.

WILLEMIT GASS.

*A.O.C., 12/8/17.*

DEAR SIR,—Army Form 194 D to hand with tender. The words

"Horse Shoes, for the supply of" should be written in red ink. Please make correction and return again.

JOSEPH FERGUSON, Major.

*Twesbury, 14/8/17.*

SIR,—Go to . . . Yours, etc., WILLEMIT GASS.

*A.O.C., 16/8/17.*

DEAR SIR,—Orders for the transportation of troops to a foreign base should be made on Army Form F S 87498 B and marked "Troops, for the transportation of . . ."

Yours, JOSEPH FERGUSON, Major.

"At the theatre the other night I had a big surprise . . . the sight of stands containing wax vests on all the tables in the saloon, simply asking to be taken. Mere males looked blankly at those lights of other days, feeling there must be something wrong, but a practical woman speedily annexed a few and popped them in her bag."—*Evening Paper.*

Lucky for her they were vests and not vestas or the men would not have given her an earthly chance.

# Vibration

IT is appropriate that Wireless Telegraphy should have come from Italy. Italy is the mother of stringed instruments of music. Stradivarius made his violins there. Marconi has made the world a great violin.

Vibration is the idea that Italy has discovered for the benefit of mankind.

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## WHERE FLYING MEN ARE FITTED OUT

### Service Dress in Khaki

is still allowed. In matters sartorial the R.A.F. is in a transitional state, and opinions are divided on the merits of the new blue. There may be further changes before the final decision. Meantime it is well to be on the safe side by adhering to the old pattern. For one thing there need be no waiting, as supplies are ample.

Dunhill kit bears witness in fabric, fit and fastenings to the unique experience and skill of the house of its origin. Its reputation among the men who man Britain's air-fleet is established.

The prices run as follows:

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| Khaki Service Tunic (badges extra)                   | 5½ Gns. |
| Khaki Slacks to match                                | £2 10 0 |
| Khaki Service Tunic, in finest heavy-weight material | 6 Gns.  |
| Khaki Slacks to match                                | £2 15 0 |
| Bedford Cord Breeches                                | 3½ Gns. |
| Bedford Cord Breeches (with buckskin straps)         | 4 Gns.  |
| Cap and Badge, with one pair of Rank Bars            | £1 17 6 |

We can supply the new pattern Blue at special prices.

Call in, if you can, at our well-known "base" in Conduit Street and inspect the full kit. Or drop a line for patterns and full details, which will be sent gladly on request.

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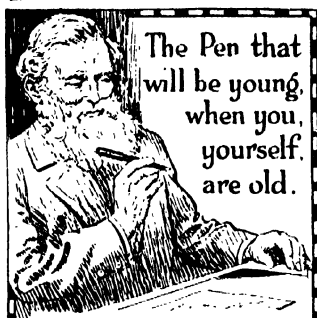
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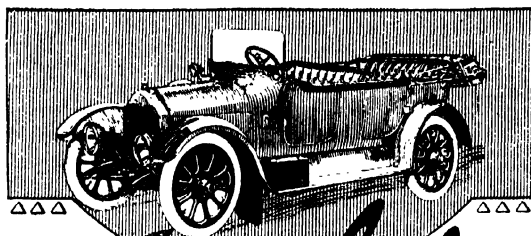
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will be young  
when you,  
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YEAR after year, with undiminishing efficiency and zeal, Waterman's Ideal speeds and makes pleasant the task of the writer. Thus it proves the greatest economy and a permanent source of satisfaction. Whatever else goes wrong, you can rely on your Waterman's Ideal—the pen with the smooth nib and the steady even flow.

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OFTEN, before the dawn, many women workers are out and doing. The air is often cold and raw, but they can defy the weather if they use Oatine. 1/1½ and 2/3 of all Chemists, Stores, &c.—Ask for

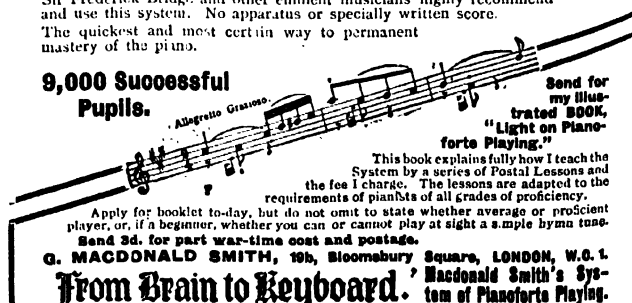
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My System has abolished all necessity for key-board drudgery. It is now possible to obtain in a few months a mastery of the piano often unobtainable even after years of laborious practising for several hours daily. Sir Frederick Bridge and other eminent musicians highly recommend and use this system. No apparatus or specially written score. The quickest and most certain way to permanent mastery of the piano.

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This book explains fully how I teach the System by a series of Postal Lessons and the fee I charge. The lessons are adapted to the requirements of pianists of all grades of proficiency.

Apply for booklet to-day, but do not omit to state whether average or proficient player, or, if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn tune. Send 3d. for part war-time cost and postage.

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**From Brain to Keyboard.** Macdonald Smith's System of Pianoforte Playing.



### FASHION NOTE.

"HOW D'YOU LIKE MY NEW HAT, DEAREST?"  
"I'VE GOT IT ON, IDIOT."

"PUT IT ON, DARLING, AND LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT."

### THE "SOFT" WORD.

Private Smithers (spare a sob)  
Has, according to a rumour,  
Lost a very cushy job  
Through a lively sense of humour.  
At a cross-roads out in France  
He controlled unruly traffic  
With a hand-wave or a glance  
And vocabulary graphic.  
But the Fates, devoid of tact,  
Having caught him slightly bending,  
Took advantage of the fact—  
Private Smithers' case is pending.  
To be frank, he "bought a pup,"  
When a lorry ripe for trouble  
(Captain Beauchamp Tompkins "up")  
Tried to ram him at the double.  
Smithers, every muscle taut,  
But incomparably bland still,  
Raised a horny hand and brought  
The transgressor to a standstill.  
To the officer in charge,  
Who was madder than a hatter,  
He proceeded to enlarge  
On the merits of the matter.

Pointing out to Beauchamp T.  
How disturbing and unsightly  
Goings-on like this must be,  
Smithers asked his name politely.  
Captain Tompkins, full of bile,  
Spluttered, "Dammit!" (unofficial);  
Smithers camouflaged a smile,  
Wrote it down and said, "Initial?"  
"The contest was brilliant throughout, and  
both boxers put up a good clean fight.  
The decision, a draw, met with a mixed  
reception. Winner and loser were loudly cheered  
on leaving the ring."—*Egyptian Paper*.  
Evidently the reporter did not agree  
with the referee.

There was a young man in the States  
Who so greatly admired Mr. YEATS  
That he sent him some books—  
An *édition de luxe*  
Of WILCOX, with portrait and plates.

A dealer one day in a Ghetto,  
In search of a lost Canaletto,  
Bought a portrait by CUPP  
Of a man with a pipe—  
'Twas a *cornio* (in fact) *di bassetto*.

### HINTS TO YOUNG SUBS.

- (1) Don't whistle at table. It cools the vegetables.
- (2) Don't puff your cigar in the Mess President's face. He may not be able to afford your brand.
- (3) Don't tell the C.O. how to run the unit. He's doing his best and it may only make him depressed.
- (4) Don't pay your Mess bills. It looks ostentatious.
- (5) Don't take all the newspapers. If they think you can read they may make you Adjutant.

"PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 7.—The Government thermometer this afternoon recorded 106.0 00d0eg0r00c0e00s0, Obreaking all local heat records."—*New York Times*.  
We should think so.

"Two armies had harvested 16,278 hectares. There now remained 2,360 hectares (about 40,600 acres). There now remained 2,360 hectares (about 5,900 acres) yet to be gathered."—*Star*.  
Second thoughts are often best.

## A HOLIDAY PROBLEM.

I AM going on a holiday. I have a cat. I do not wish to take the cat with me on the holiday. Neither has pussy any desire to be taken. All his felinity rises up in outrage at the prospect of a four hours' journey in a bass bag secured at the top by two skewers, merely leaving an outlet for his head; all my knowledge of the present difficulties of transport warns me against such an unwelcome addition to my luggage; so I decide to ask a friend to take Pussy for a fortnight. I think of Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker, pleasant hospitable people who I know will be only too glad to do me a small favour like that.

I call on the Whitakers and venture, like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, to proffer my request.

"I shall be awfully obliged," I remark quite easily, "if you could take my cat for a fortnight. I can arrange to have its milk left every day——" I pause, struck by the significance of the look exchanged between Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker. There is a silence; then they both begin to talk at once.

"We should have been only too delighted but for Peter——"

I haven't heard of Peter before. I inquire if he is a relative.

"Why, he's our Persian," says Mrs. Whitaker; "and the darling is of such a jealous nature——"

"He can't bear other cats," puts in Mr. Whitaker.

"He might kill your pussy," wails Mrs. Whitaker.

"And we should feel the responsibility," murmurs Mr. Whitaker.

"Otherwise we should have been perfectly delighted," they say in unison, "but as it is——"

"That's all right," I say quite cheerfully, for I have other friends. "I must ask someone who hasn't got a cat already."

I remember Mrs. Flitterly. She adores animals, I know, because she often says so. The last time she dined at our house I remember how she sat on the rug with Pussy in her lap, and with her fluffy head bent over him she made a very pretty picture in the fire-light.

I approach Mrs. Flitterly, therefore, without qualms.

"I shall be awfully obliged," I say, "if you could take my cat for a fortnight. I can arrange to have its milk——"

The expression on Mrs. Flitterly's face changes. When I want to continue Mrs. Flitterly is talking very quickly.

"My dear, I should have loved to have had the darling thing—I just

adore animals—if only it wasn't for John——"

"What, have you a cat too?" I inquire.

"I am speaking of my husband," she says, a trifle coldly. "He detests cats. I daren't have one in the house, my dear. He would *absolutely storm* if I suggested such a thing."

I thought of the extremely mild and self-effacing Mr. Flitterly and, after remarking that I shouldn't like to bring down his unbridled wrath on me for a thing like that, I depart, still cheerful. I have suddenly remembered Mrs. Barker, that jolly motherly soul, to whom everyone seems to turn naturally when in a difficulty. She hasn't a cat and her husband is at the Front.

With renewed hope I call on Mrs. Barker. "I have come to ask a favour," I say, grown a little diffident. Mrs. Barker beams. "I should be awfully obliged if you would take my cat for a fortnight. I can arrange . . ." Again I pause. Mrs. Barker's face has taken on an aspect akin to dismay.

"Oh, my dear," she says with genuine regret, "I wish you had asked me something else. I would have taken Pussy with the greatest of pleasure if it hadn't been for baby."

Ah, I had forgotten. She has a baby.

"Doesn't he like cats?" I inquire.

"It isn't that; but think how dangerous it would be. How often one reads of children being suffocated when they're asleep by cats lying on their faces."

"But *ours* isn't a cat of that sort," I say earnestly; "there are five faces in our household and he has never shown the slightest desire to lie on any one of them."

But Mrs. Barker is inexorable and says you never know.

I depart more thoughtful than cheerful and decide to ask one of the tradespeople to take pussy, paying for his keep in base coin of the realm. I tackle the milkman, a nice ruddy-faced pleasant-spoken man, whom I have always liked. I explain the situation to him and offer two-and-sixpence a week for Pussy's board.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," he says, and suddenly I notice that he is not so pleasant-looking as I thought. "If I had a cat about my place," he goes on, "it would be pretty serious for me with all my chicks."

"But do people—do hens—have chicks in September?" I ask falteringly (I am town-bred and uncertain on the point). "I always thought——"

But whatever I think he is ready for me. "I got a sitting hatched out last week," he says defiantly, and goes on to speak of the tremendous importance

of chicken-rearing in war-time, its necessity to the nation and so on, until he leaves me with a dazed conviction that if Pussy were lodged with him for the duration of my holiday the War would be lost to the Allies.

As a last resort I appeal to the gardener. He is a very deaf old man, blunt of speech, of uncertain temper and openly hostile to any feminine interference. Frankly, I am afraid of him.

"Oh, by the way, Lumpkin," I begin, "I should be awfully obliged if you could take my cat——"

"What's that, mum? Take yer cat? Want to get rid on it, hey?"

"Only for a *fortnight*," I explain, cheering up at his unexpected show of interest.

"*Wot night*, d'ye say?" he asks, being hard of hearing, which infirmity I forgot in my eagerness to have Pussy provided for.

"And I'll give you five shillings, Lumpkin," I continue with palpitating haste.

His face beams. "I'll do 't, mum. I've got a big tub in my backyard, an' I'll drown the little beast *to-night*."

I have just been in the store-room in search of a bass bag. I have attached two skewers to the bag and an addressed label. To-morrow Pussy will accompany me on my holiday.

## POMONA'S LEVITY.

BENEATH the trees Sir ISAAC sat

And saw the red-cheeked apple fall,  
And pondered, "Why did it do *that*?  
It might have landed on my hat;  
It might have frolicked like a bat,  
Or flown across and hit the cat  
Upon the garden wall."

But if Sir ISAAC lived to-day

He would have seen the apple rise  
As if it were a ball at play,

Aspiring to the very skies.  
When it will fall I cannot say,  
For factory-girls have lots of pay,  
And farmers, fruiterers, all are gay;

Only the small boy sighs.

## Journalistic Candour.

"I saw the trade show of the pictures of the Com-Wilde fight yesterday, and I hope you will all do the same when they are released. They are just great, and show us many things we missed. The only disappointment as far as I was concerned was that they make me look as old as sin, which I represent."

Morning Advertiser.

"SPREAD OF INFLUENZA.—Doctors and chemists have been made extremely busy supplying cures and preventatives."

Provincial Paper.

To ward off such a plague one must resort to any shift.





Physical Training Instructor (to dilatory squad). "CALL THAT FALLIN' IN? WHEN I SAYS, 'IN TWO RANKS—FALL IN,' I WANTS TO SEE A CLOUD O' DUST AN' A LIVING STATUE."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SINCE *The Years for Rachel* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a story entirely about being engaged, I suppose it is hardly to be wondered at if it should be somewhat sentimental. Really it is an elaborate sermon against being engaged too long, which Miss BERTA RUCK preaches in her light and very feminine style. *Gwen*, the heroine, is betrothed on the first page; but, as the whole scheme of the tale leaves it an open question which of the various male characters will finally secure her, some entertainment may be derived from the problem of spotting the bridegroom. For a time my money hovered dubiously about an elderly and oh so sympathetic admirer, with a grave smile and well-cut gray suits (I told you this was a feminine book); but just in time I detected another, one who, introduced first as a sulky-looking schoolboy, was always so promptly hustled into obscure corners, and generally camouflaged by the author, that my suspicion became increasingly on the lookout for his eventual triumph. I have said that the thing is sentimental; now and then indeed its general sweetness is such that, taken with afternoon tea as a sugar substitute, it might almost be regarded as a war-economy. But Miss RUCK's sugar is wholesome crisp stuff, with just enough flavour in it to prevent cloying. Also I have a conviction approaching certainty that, even if her men are a trifle mechanical, every one of the many women who accept, or reject, or mother, or only discuss them, is quite strikingly true to life. This is one of the reasons for my prediction that the tale will add greatly to its author's popularity; though I feel bound to add a warning that the happiness or otherwise of the dénouement will greatly depend upon the side of (say) forty from which the reader is able to regard it.

MR. PHILIPS PRICE'S *War and Revolution in Asiatic Russia* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is a good deal more than the tourist war-correspondent's record of passing events. Indeed in the period under his review—June 1915 to the Revolution in the March of 1917—he had ceased to be a war correspondent and wandered, a political observer and gallant odd-job man, behind and about the South-Eastern front. He is, like his former colleague of *The Manchester Guardian*, Mr. SIDEBOTHAM, a professed Easterner, has a nice appreciation of the *Drang nach Osten*, and with his developed historical and political sense has been able to make an analysis of events and a survey of tendencies which is of real value to the student of an appallingly complex problem. Readers who can tolerate opinions which they are unlikely to share (our author has a "minority mind" and is essentially an internationalist and bourgeois-hater) are assured an interesting adventure in too little known areas. I take from the book a wholesome sense of the provincialism of such unreflecting "Westernism" amongst us as comes of mere geographical circumstance, and a realisation that every other valley and hill of Transcaucasia is a pressing problem for constructive statesmanship. Mr. PRICE dates his preface May 1917. He had seen the first transports of the Revolution and shared its ambitions and worthy hopes. It would be interesting to know if he retains undiminished his faith in the idealist-revolutionary solution of the war-problem and his sense of the propaganda value in Germany of Bolshevism in action.

*Rotorua Rex* (SKEFFINGTON) is truly enough described on its cover as "a rattling good story of love and romance in the South Seas." When the tale opens the Commissioner of *Rotorua's* island kingdom had just died, and no one was left to uphold British prestige except the Commissioner's daughter, her prim but determined aunt, and an old



# CHARIVARIA.

"We Germans," says the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, "are rightly proud of the superiority of our Military General Staff." Their pride in its superior re-treating power becomes daily more marked.

The GERMAN CHANCELLOR declares that Germany is opposed to annexations in any form. Indeed it is said that she is most indignant at the way in which the Russians are actually annexing Russia.

In view of a General Election in the near future and the slender chances of some Members of being returned, it appears that many of them contemplate taking up work of national importance.

"Members of the University of Wales," says a news item, "are required to pay five shillings to be registered as voters." Several have written to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, stating that in their opinion he is worth the sacrifice entailed.

A single gentleman who has been bequeathed a large lump of coal (nearly new) desires to get into communication with the owner of a turkey, with the view of arranging Christmas festivities.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has been exempted from military service to make propaganda films for the United States Government. We are unofficially informed that the first of these, "The Decline and Fall of General HINDENBURG," with CHARLIE in the title-rôle, is full of silent power.

"Nuneaton's future mayor," says a news item, "is a coal-miner." Busy, we trust.

Owing to the reduced lighting in London an alarming accident happened in Gray's Inn Road. It seems that in the dark a workman mistook a picture-palace for a public-house. As a result of this we understand he has since refused to venture out in the evening.

A baby has been called Grierson Plumer Haig French Smith-Dorrien, as its father served under these generals. The idea is to prevent the child

when older asking, "What did you do in the Great War, Daddy?"

At CHRISTIES' yesterday there was a crowded assembly of collectors and antique dealers. Some choice pieces were offered, including a pot of strawberry jam of the 1915 vintage.

A deaf mute has been called up for examination before one of the tribunals. Doubtless the Ministry of National Service thought he was admirably adapted to fill the place of a telephone operator.

The police records of Chicago prove that very few stout men are guilty of

"A whale forty feet long," says a news item, "has been towed into the docks at Silloth, Cumberland. The Customs officer has claimed the carcass." We trust he will be required to surrender at least one coupon for it.

A strange incident is reported from the eating world. It seems that a swarthy gentleman, who was attired in Spanish dress tastefully decorated with a brace of revolvers and a stiletto, walked into a restaurant and asked the waiter what he could have for dinner without a meat coupon. The waiter, a meek looking man, replied that he could have everything on the menu except the printer's name and the music which the band was playing.

It is reported that the champion blackberry-gatherer of Sussex is now completely out of danger.

## Commercial Candour.

"Don't wait until the weather looks threatening and then wish you had a Barometer. Be prepared for the worst by buying one of our instruments.

We also undertake the repairs of the above if they are worth doing."

*West Indian Paper.*

"But that will not do. We had some of it in 1890, you may remember—when, under the pretext of being elected for the sole purpose of putting the finishing touches to the Boer War, Mr. Balfour and his friends obtained a long lease of office."—*John Bull.*

Both the Boer War of 1890 and the General Election of that year have faded from our memory. Still, if *John Bull* says it is so—

Extract from an American soldier's letter to his mother:—

"Outside, the rain comes down in buckets and the street cars comes down in buckets and the streets are deserted save for the street cars." *Egyptian Gazette.*

— and, of course, the buckets.

## Economy ad Insaniam.

A thrifty old lady of Hull,  
Whose intellect seemed rather dull,  
When reading at night,  
To economise light,  
Put luminous paint on her skull.

A fanciful curate who read  
That leather was scarce at once said,  
"To save wear and tear  
On my shoes, I declare,  
When I preach I will stand on my head."



ALARMING SPREAD OF BOBBING.

serious crime. Burglars with double chins and chests that have slipped down say that this statement cannot be too widely circulated.

"Imagine an ocean liner," says a weekly paper, "of more than 10,000 tons deadweight suspended on the hairs of her passengers." This sort of imagination might have been all right in the days before Government ale was let loose.

What might have been a most unfortunate accident was only just avoided the other night in a London restaurant. It appears that the waitress quite by accident placed plum-and-apple jam on the table for a soldier.

According to Professor HENRY C. COULSEN, of New York, the world is now 387,000,000 years of age. We understand that when it reaches its 400,000,000th year the event will be celebrated by a Flag Day.

## PRIVATE CUTHBERT.

AN intimacy extending over nearly seven years leads me to the regrettable conclusion than Joan Minor's faults are many. Want of fidelity to her old friends, however, is not among them, and this is especially noticeable in her relationship with her dolls. The subject of this story is a case in point. During his early career he was known to us as Gussie, later he became Gilbert the Filbert, and finally, during the great Cuthbert boom in the doll market, he adopted the popular appellation. Whatever his name, however, he retained Joan Minor's unwavering devotion. Other more orthodox Cuthberts, complete with exemption badges and attaché cases, retired battered and dissipated wrecks to the ignominious shelter of the ash-bucket and the rag-bag. He seemed to have drunk the elixir of perpetual youth. The same immaculate frock-coat and grey trousers, the same white spats and patent leather boots, the same sleek fair hair and irritating simper. Save for the little matter of the name, to which I have referred, it seemed that the greatest war in history was to leave him unaffected. He disdained even the exemption badge of his discomfited rivals. Yet the blow has fallen at last, the more sure and effective for being so long withheld.

Much as I admire Joan Minor's official attitude in the matter, I cannot acquit her of a certain personal responsibility. Only a week ago I heard her address the principal culprit in these words: "You shan't have to be a soldier, Cuthie darling, no matter if all the others are gone to fight. You shall stay at home to mind the babies." Even after the arrival of her cousin, aged four, and his appointment to the responsible position of regimental sergeant-major, Cuthbert enjoyed several days of inglorious immunity. Obviously, however, the vital interests of the nation could not for ever be trifled with. Yesterday he received his calling-up papers, and Joan Minor laboured all the morning to produce a suit of regimentals to replace his modish but obsolete civilian attire. Here again I have a certain sympathy with Cuthbert. I am not, I hope, a vain man, yet even I should hesitate to appear in clothes of such remarkable originality, and Cuthbert, as I mentioned, has always been the very pink of sartorial perfection.

It must have been about five o'clock in the evening when I observed from my study window Joan Minor settling herself with an awful dignity upon the seat in the summer-house. A pair of

my puttees, deplorably wound, trailed from her legs, and a red opera-cloak of her mother's was draped heavily about her shoulders, allowing an occasional glimpse of my best tunic beneath. Aided by my recollection of the fact that my daughter had once been present at a case upon which I was engaged, I was able to recognise a daring attempt to combine the atmospheres of the civil and military courts of justice. Presently the Sergeant-Major appeared from the laurel bush, which has been commandeered as barracks for the troops, dragging a limp and dejected-looking Cuthbert in his train. He came to a halt before his commanding officer, saluted unconventionally and, after an interval of embarrassed silence, fell to sucking his thumb. Cuthbert in the meantime revolved slowly, suspended by one arm, and I noticed with horror that he was in a state of nature.

"Well, Sergeant-Major," said his Colonel, "what is this man crimed with?"

"With refusin'——" The Sergeant-Major paused doubtfully.

"With refusing to put on military uniform and using——" prompted the O.C.

"An' usin' insultin' an' insuborginit language in the execution of his duty towards his sperior officer," gabbled the R.S.M., evidently fearful lest his carefully acquired part should again escape him. Even I, securely hidden behind the curtain, trembled at the frown which gathered on the Colonel's brow.

"This is very serious, Sergeant-Major. You say he insulted you. What did he say?"

"He called me a horrid pig."

"Indeed. And he refused to put on his uniform?"

"He wouldn't put on his twowsies." There was a gleeful, almost a sympathetic note in the R.S.M.'s voice, and involuntarily my mind went back to the evening when I had come upon him still wet and rosy from his bath and, attired like Cuthbert, hotly pursued down the passage by a flushed and scandalised Gwendolen. Gwendolen is Joan Minor's nurse, and I have reason to believe that it is from her various admirers that Joan Minor gets her astonishing acquaintance with military terminology both official and otherwise.

"When I tried to put them on he went like this." The R.S.M. flung himself on his back and extended his legs heavenwards in the form of a broad V. I was conscious that he was merely rehearsing a well-tried manœuvre the strategic value of which was immediately apparent even to my inexperienced eye. Then, feeling that he had acquitted himself of his part in the proceedings,

he made off in pursuit of a passing butterfly, leaving Cuthbert where he had fallen.

"Private Cuthbert," said the O.C. sternly, "you have heard the evidonce of the Sergeant-Major. Have you anything to say?"

There was no reply.

"Cuthie dear, won't you put on your nice new clothes? If you put them on now for me I won't punish you."

Still the offender, prone upon the grass, maintained a sullen silence.

"Very well, Private Cuthbert, if you won't wear them you won't. But you will be surprised to hear that you are on guard to-night under the gooseberry bush to keep away the slugs from my peas just the same."

The sentence was carried out in all its merciless severity. Joan Minor herself, the Lucius Junius Brutus of her sex, affixed the naked and defiant Cuthbert to the stem of the gooseberry bush with an odd length of raffia. A September night under such conditions must, I imagine, be exceedingly cold.

This morning I observed Cuthbert present on parade decently attired in the uniform of his rank.

## MICK.

I HAVE a friend, a perfect lunatic; He wipes his feet upon me—feet all thick With viscid mud—to show he loves me well, And roars his greetings in a joyful yell, "How glad you are to see me, aren't you, dear? Rejoice! Exult! you may—I'm really here!" And I rejoice. The fool has points, you see; And chiefest is his blind belief in ME. He looks upon me as a thing sublime, A culminating long result of time. And, though it may be folly on his part (I say it *may* be), still it warms the heart; And when he fawns upon me with a smile As wide as that of any crocodile, And wags ecstatically, I—so wise!— Would fain be worth the worship of his eyes.

## Marriage à la Mode.

"The bride, who was given away by her eldest brother, left later for the South Coast." *Morning Post.*

Where did the bridegroom go?

"COLLAPSIBLE child's go-carriage, nickle-plated, good condition, cost £3; exchange good Rabbits, Dutch preferred."

*Fur and Feather.*

We gather that the unfortunate infant has finally collapsed.



## THE RANGE-FINDERS.

A VISION OF THE COMING WINTER UNDER COAL CONTROL RESTRICTIONS.



*Allotment Holder.* "OW MANY BEETROOTS DID YOU WANT, MUM? ABOUT THREEPENNORTH?"

*Lady.* "YES, THREEPENNORTH WILL DO NICELY."

*Allotment Holder.* "RIGHT, MUM. THINGS IS VERY DEAR JUST NOW, SO THEY'LL BE FOURPENCE."

## THE SYCAMORE-TREE.

*From Tenant to Landlord.*

DEAR SIR,—I beg to direct your attention to the condition of the old sycamore-tree at the end of the back-garden. It sways in the most dangerous manner in the slightest wind and threatens to fall to the ground. Out of regard for the safety of my wife and children I shall be greatly obliged if you will give instructions to have it cut down at the earliest possible moment.

*From Landlord to Tenant.*

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your note I will send a man to examine the sycamore-tree and report on its condition, though I am inclined to think you are alarming yourself unnecessarily.

*From Tenant to Landlord.*

DEAR SIR,—Re sycamore-tree. I am surprised and disappointed that no steps have as yet been taken in this matter, about which I wrote to you a week ago. In consequence of the critical condition of the sycamore-tree my wife and children are afraid to avail themselves of the garden, and, as the

usual summer holiday has been lost this year, the effect upon their health is quite serious. Although it is true that I, personally, ventured out on Sunday last, I was immediately compelled to return by the alarming creaking of the tree. As Sunday affords my sole opportunity for obtaining a modicum of fresh air this is extremely annoying, and I hope you will attend to the matter without further delay.

*From Landlord to Tenant.*

DEAR SIR,—Although my man reports, as I anticipated, that the sycamore-tree is perfectly safe, I am willing to meet your wishes as to its removal and will send some workmen for the purpose at the beginning of next week.

*From Tenant to Landlord.*

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your kind favour, which is a great relief to my mind. On thinking the matter over I am afraid there may be considerable difficulty in the removal of the sycamore-tree after it is cut down, as the house has no side entrance. It has occurred to me that the simplest and least expensive method would be to

instruct your workmen to saw the tree into moderate-sized blocks and stack them as neatly as possible against the garden wall. Although this will be somewhat unsightly we must be prepared to put up with a little inconvenience for the sake of safety.

*From Landlord to Tenant.*

DEAR SIR,—I had already instructed the men to saw the trunk and branches into moderate-sized blocks as you suggest, and also, to save you inconvenience, to remove them from your premises to my own, where they can be utilized for heating the glass-houses during the approaching winter.

*From Tenant to Landlord.*

DEAR SIR,—On further consideration I have come to the conclusion that it will not be necessary to remove the old sycamore-tree, so please counteract the instructions to your workmen. I am afraid the absence of shade might prove a serious drawback next summer, and my wife and children are becoming more accustomed to the creaking, which I am now inclined to think may proceed from our neighbour's pear-tree.





**The only safety razor costing less than a guinea that can be stropped without removing the blade.**



A really dependable razor at a popular price. It opens flat, and can be stropped without removing the blade. This construction also overcomes the difficulty of cleaning, which is the bugbear of so many safety razors.



Strongly made, heavily silvered, and with blades that cannot be surpassed, it is used by many men who could afford a far more expensive razor, but prefer the simple efficiency of the "7 o'clock."

Heavily silver-plated razor, complete in handsome case, with strop in hinged partition, and 6 finest lancet steel blades (as illustrated) - - - **10/6**

*Of all high-class dealers throughout the world.*

Sole Manufacturers:  
The Proprietors of the "7 o'clock" Safety Razor,  
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*Cigarettes.*

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Neb-Ka No. 2 Large Turkish.

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# "AZA"

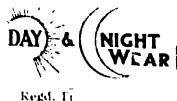
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ACTIVE SERVICE CONDITIONS have proved more conclusively than ever the all-round good qualities of "AZA" Khaki Shirts. They are healthful and non-irritant, durable, soft and unshrinkable—the essential qualities to satisfaction in wear. They are obtainable ready-to-wear or made-to-measure in regulation shade, and in standard and heavy weights

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Relieve  
HEADACHE,  
NEURALGIA,  
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Why have the Sales of  
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TABLETS

increased **23,000** per cent.  
in two years?

Because they are made by one of the oldest, largest and most experienced firms manufacturing Fine Chemicals in the world.

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Because they completely replace the pre-war German article.

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Manufactured by **HOWARDS & SONS, Ltd. (Est. 1797), L.FORD.**

# THE YARN OF THE BLUE STAR LINE.

WHEN I was a lad and went to sea  
In soventy-seven or six maybe,  
There was ten tall ships on Merseyside  
Did sail or berth with every tide;  
There was "Hills" and "Halls" and  
"Dales" and "Bens,"  
"Counties" and "Cities" and "Lochs"  
and "Glens,"  
And none was there so fast and fine  
As them that sailed in the Blue Star  
Line.

They had tough-nut skippers as hard  
as nails  
To crack 'em along in the Cape Horn  
gales,  
And hard-case shellbacks thirty-two  
There used to be in a Blue Star crew  
To man the capstan and raise the shout  
At tacks and sheets when she went  
about,  
And brass-bound reefers eight or nine  
In them tall ships o' the Blue Star Line.

But Lord! the names them good ships  
had -

Enough to drive a plain man mad!  
The way them names was spelled or  
said

'Ud crack your jaw like Liverpool  
bread;

There was *Parthen-ope* and *Thucy-dides*,  
And a whole lot more and worse besides,  
And *Melpo-mene* and *Euphro-syne*  
Was the sort o' names in the Blue Star  
Line.

But the steam come up and the sail  
went down,

And them tall ships of high renown  
Was scrapped or wrecked or sold away  
To the Dutch or the Dagoes, day by  
day;

They went the way o' the songs we  
sung,

And the girls we kissed when we all  
were young,

And most o' the chaps as used to sign  
Along with me in the Blue Star Line.

The *Parthen-ope* she met her fate,  
Run down in a fog off the Golden Gate;  
And the *Thucy-dides* kept knocking  
around

'Tween the Cape and Cardiff and Puget  
Sound,

Till a fire in her main hold burned her  
down

To the water's edge at Simonstown;  
And none was left but the *Euphro-syne*,  
The blooming last o' the Blue Star Line.

There isn't a cargo great or small  
But that old hooker's carried 'em all,  
For whether it's rubber or whether it's  
rice,

Coal or copra or salt or spice,  
Teak or whale-oil or bone manure,  
Smelly guano or copper ore,



## FOUND!

*The Drifter (to mate, who has gone ahead to "pick out" the road). "DON'T FORGET TO SHOUT WHEN YOU FIND A SHELL-HOLE, BILL."*

Gulf ports cotton or B.C. pine—  
All's one to the last o' the Blue Star  
Line.

There isn't a tugboat far or near  
But's took her to sea with a parting  
cheer,

Or picked her up off o' Lizard Head  
With the nine months' rust in her  
hawse pipes red;

There isn't a pilot near or far  
From Gravesend Reach to Astoria Bar,  
On Hudson or Hooghly, or Thames or  
Tyne,

But's known the last o' the Blue Star  
Line.

She's been up and down and here and  
there.

But there ain't no time for to tell you  
where;

She's been sunk and raised and drove  
ashore,

A wreck and a hulk and a prize o'  
war . . .

But she's gone at the last, as I've  
heard tell,

In the Channel chops as she knowed  
so well,

Off St. Agnes Light, where a drifting  
mine

Done in the last o' the Blue Star Line.

And it's good to know as she took her  
bones,

When it come to the end, to Davy  
Jones

With the old Red Duster flying the  
same

As it did in the days when she earned  
her fame

When ten tall ships on Merseyside  
Did sail or berth with every tide,

And none o' them all so fast and fine  
As them tall ships o' the Blue Star  
Line.

C.F.S.

"MUSICAL GLASS BLOWER WANTED imme-  
diately." - *Sunday Paper*.

To help the Harmonious Blacksmith?

## THE WATCH DOGS.

LXXXVI.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—For my sins, which must have been many and grievous, I have just had to make a tour of duty among the German colony in this more peaceful part of Europe. I support the criticism of the old gentleman who came with me and who also was new to the sight. As he noted the female element with his still youthful eye he said, "If these be typical of the women in Germany I can quite understand the German men trying to get into France."

It has always been my experience, in the judicial affairs of peace time, that one's case loses much, if not most, of its virtue and rectitude when it comes before the tribunal together with the other fellow's version. Neutrality, as represented by any Bensch, has always appeared to me to be a senseless thing, with no true perceptions, no appreciation of righteousness when confronted with it, no sympathy with purity and perfection as explained to it by myself in the quality of counsel. Juries also, supposedly neutral, I have found impervious to the burning justice of my client's cause and too credulous and attentive to the specious mendacity of the other side. It was with some anxiety, therefore, that I first mixed with the people of one of the few neutral States remaining at this time. Apart from the fear of seeing on the natives' faces that expression, so familiar with the Common Jury, of indifference to the gross instance of justice trampled under foot, I was afraid of a general doubt as to whether our affairs were progressing so nicely as we made out. My experience has been most consoling; we have some very good friends abroad, Charles.

I pass over the indiscretions of porters and ticket-collectors, who have so far forgotten the obligations of neutrality as to declare to me in public, "*Vive l'Angleterre! vive la France! vive l'Italie! vivent les États Unis!*" and a similar wish for all other nations, states and powers, which, from the largest to the smallest, have associated themselves with our cause; I confine myself to the local Press, which, with all respect to their Lordships at home, is as well-conducted as any I have ever read.

There are two papers in particular which I mean to take in for the rest of my life, in gratitude for the comfort I have derived from their convictions. The one has all the reputation for solemnity of our own leading journal. Not infrequently it takes us to task for our misconceptions and mistakes, and

tells us off for our faults of constitution or character; this done, it is in a position rather to assume than to say that of course we are right and as such are going to prevail. Certain developments of a few months back on the Western Front it reviewed as regrettable incidents inevitably producing tiresome results; addressing itself to the more intelligent and educated, it refrained from stating the obvious, that these tiresome results were naturally about to be rectified; it confined itself to enumerating a few simple reasons for accepting any delay there might be in the rectification.

The other paper is a bright little affair which says he bowed to the Bensch about six times a day, but with such happy variety of expression and phrase as to do away with any sense of iteration. I feel that even the Hun himself, if he has any better sense of journalism, must read it regularly, though secretly, and, in spite of himself and his fatherland, enjoy the mere vitality of it. To this paper there just were no events on the Western Front a few months back worth worrying about. Facts and figures were duly quoted in full, but only as leading up to a thorough relishing of the good things they were bringing to the Allies, unity of command and a completely developed determination to annihilate utterly and for ever all Central Powers. In those dark days our sporting and irrepressible little friend, setting out the whole news at length, washed away the whole effects of it with some bright and daring headlines, calculated to convince anyone that this was all merely preparing the stage for the real business about to begin next week. It was at this time that the humourist who contributes the daily column of merriment in italics on the right-hand side of the front page reached his zenith with a fanciful description of the KAISER, now owner of the civilised world but offering to exchange the lot for half-a-loaf of bread.

From the whole of this Press two personalities stand out—Agence Havas and Commentaire Wolff. Agence Havas I put down as a cheerful, business-like fellow, thirty-five to forty years old, only son of an extremely happy marriage. I see him, in an old tweed suit and cap, with a pipe between his teeth, always out and about with the fighting soldiers of the Entente. Politics and offices are no affair of his; whatever the directorates may think or say or do, he takes his atmosphere from the trench line, and the spirit of his records is accordingly brisk and buoyant.

Commentaire Wolff I fancy is well past his first and second youth, neither

of which was very happy. Born with a grievance of some sort, which he has always had to suppress, he has made his way to the top of his tree by ruthless determination and undue influence. The former has put him out of sympathy with the best of humanity, and his time has been so much spent at an office desk that he has lost the fresh-air habit. The latter has got him into the inveterate custom of taking his cue from above, and he is too used to writing up what is given him officially to think of going and having a look for himself. When the times gave him something really to rejoice about, he wasn't able really to rejoice. I see him always in his well-appointed office, with no notes at all save the official communiqué; I see him writing and re-writing and re-re-writing his report for the Press, preening himself on the choice of epithets in the final edition, but inwardly cursing himself for not being able to write up a good thing with half the cheerfulness which Agence Havas manages to extract from a bad one.

I foresee old Commentaire Wolff retired from business in disgust, having handed over to his anæmic son, who can think of no better way of dealing with the day's news than by dishing up his father's past writings and applying them to the present, without caring whether they fit the facts or not.

Yours ever, HENRY.

## FERDINAND THE FOX

(The eminent Botanist, Tsar of BULGARIA, and great-grandson of PHILIPPE ÉGALITÉ).

WHAT is faithless FERDY doing?  
What new mischief is he brewing?  
What sly stratagems pursuing?

Rumour, not above suspicion,  
Represented his condition  
As approaching inanition;

But reports of his arriving  
At Vienna, well and thriving,  
Point at least to his reviving.

Is he only botanizing,  
Or intent upon devising  
Counter-checks to thwart a rising?

Is he optimist and perky,  
Or, when skies are drear and murky,  
Does he curse his friends in Turkey?

Does he, Tsar of all Bulgaria,  
Dread the Bolshevik malaria  
Spreading to his special area?

Does he at the dead of night  
Ever see with deep affright  
STAMBOULOFF's indignant sprite?

Is his nerve impaired by shocks?  
Is he Roman, Orthodox,  
Musulman, or simply Fox?



*Loquacious Barber.* "WE WAS DISCUSSING NATIONAL SERVICE, WASN'T WE, LAST TIME I SHAVED YOU? HAVE YOU JOINED UP YET?"  
*Customer.* "I DON'T KNOW TILL I TAKE THE PLASTER OFF."

Is he anxious to outshine  
 The arch-traitor of his line?  
 Will he "stick it" or resign?  
 What a fund of introspection  
 Must he find in home defection,  
 Weariness and insurrection!  
 On his palace wall the writing  
 Luminously glows, reciting  
 Its invincible indicting—  
 Tells him, isolated, shaken,  
 By his German friends forsaken,  
 "Serbia's martyrs reawaken."

#### ALL STORIES.

Now that the dramatic and tumultuous Birmingham episode in the career of the PRIME MINISTER has been reproduced for film purposes, the cinematograph industry claims that there is no incident in the life of any public character that need baffle its operators.

The direct result is that a number of enthralling life-stories are on the stocks. Renowned authors and journalists have been commissioned to prepare the "books" of these romances.

There is little doubt that crowds will flock to see *Harold*; or, *On and On*, the true story of the journalistic activi-

ties of Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE. It is no secret to those who believe it to be true that Sir OLIVER LODGE has had a hand in preparing this photo-play. The story shows a large number of interesting interiors of the actual houses of the celebrities whom the hero has interviewed, from that of the Bishop of London to that of the Costermonger King of Camberwell, each containing the eminent journalist and his notebook. Occasionally a page from the notebook itself will be flashed upon the screen, ample time being allowed for the spectators to spell out the noble sentiments there written. It is said (by the producers) that few will come away with dry eyes from witnessing this very moving picture.

But the "scream" of the season will be the film depicting Mr. ARTHUR N. DAVIS, the vivacious American dentist, extracting the teeth of the KAISER. Picture-goers must exercise a little patience, however, for up to the time of writing there has been a singular difficulty in persuading any competent actor to volunteer for the rôle of the Imperial patient. The producers are sanguine enough to hope that, with the assistance of Marshal FOCH and

HARG, the KAISER himself may be available before very long.

Admirers of Miss MARIE CORELLI should not evade *The Sword-like Pen*. For this film has been engaged an actress of natural modesty and ability whose histrionic powers nevertheless enable her to represent with a wonderful simulation of truth the many stirring episodes in a pictorial career.

Another life-story in preparation is that of Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON. It will be found that in this film one of the most entertaining scenes will be of the future *littérateur* on the playing-fields of St. Paul's School, persistently kicking the football towards the goal of his own side. His reasons for so doing—and they are wonderfully convincing—will be made clear to the audience between the pictures. By an ingenious adaptation this life-story can be shown on a sheet of ordinary size.

"Rachel ——— has been fined 20s. by the Douglas Stipendiary for attempting to remove a leg of lamb from the Isle of Man."

*Macclesfield Courier.*

But for this timely punishment she might have cherished similar designs upon the Calf of Man.



*First Irrepressible (from the other platform). "WHAT HO, CHAULEY? GOT A BIT O' LEAVE?"*

*Second ditto (from this). "YUS."*

*First ditto. "WHEN YER GOING BACK?"*

*Second ditto. "TUESDAY MIDNIGHT—IF IT'S FINE!"*

### THE EXPLANATION.

"I'm certain there are fairies in this house," I said, as I sat down at the breakfast-table.

My hostess looked a little alarmed.

"My dear," she said, "you have fairies on the brain. Where did you see them?"

"I didn't see them," I said. "I heard them."

Joan looked up again from the elegantly-decorated pages of Bond Street catalogue.

She is a person who combines a rather matter-of-fact temperament with an attractively wistful manner; she also has wide blue eyes and an appearance of youthfulness so convincing that one finds it quite difficult to associate her with the multifarious responsibilities of a large country-house, to say nothing of a four-years-old Pamela in the nursery.

"Tell me what it was like," she said; "this house is so old; it is full of noises."

"What it was like?" I repeated. "Well, it's not very easy to describe. It was like starlings in the early morning, and like fountains playing in the sun, and like those tiny white clouds when the sky is very blue."

"Clouds don't make a noise," said Joan; "at least, not the tiny ones."

"And like cowbells far away on the mountain-slopes," I continued, "and like very, very good French chocolate, and wild-rose buds."

"Well, of all the extraordinary mixtures," said Joan; "I'd like to know what next."

"And like snow scrunching under your shoes," I went on, becoming more and more fascinated by the possibilities of my subject, "and like sweet-peas and —" I hesitated for a moment, and my host, who had finished his breakfast some time ago and had apparently been deeply absorbed in his paper, suddenly chimed in —

"And like water round the prow of a boat," he said, "and the smell of a wood-fire and apples and good leather, and like little bits of HERRICK, and old French dancing tunes, and" — he glanced across at his wife — "blue ribbons."

I looked at Joan; she didn't appear to be wearing any blue ribbons, but she smiled a little self-consciously.

"I think you're both very silly," she said; "and Dickie doesn't even know what you're talking about."

A dark form crossed the window.

"Hullo, there's Jordan," said Dickie. "You'll excuse me, won't you? I want

to tell him about those new rose-trees."

He walked across to the door, feeling in his pocket for his tobacco-pouch as he went, and presently we heard the slight clatter of the sticks as he drew one from the hall-stand.

"It's perfectly ridiculous the way Dickie fusses over that rose-garden," said Joan. "How does he think we manage when he is in France?"

There was a moment's pause. Then suddenly — "There it is again," I said. "Didn't you hear it?"

Joan listened.

"That," she said, gazing at me with astonished half-credulous eyes, "why, that's Pamela laughing."

R. F.

"OLD-ESTABLISHED country Newsagency on Sale, with capital horse and oat; illness cause for selling." — *Provincial Paper*.

It looks like a case of the last straw.

"An intelligent prisoner of the 61st Regiment said

The weather has somewhat improved, and has turned distinctly fresh." — *Scotsman*.

We infer that the "surrender-drill" to which German soldiers are now subjected includes the maxim, "When asked an awkward question talk about the weather."



## MRS. PARTINGTON OF POTSDAM.

["In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood . . . ; the tide rose to an incredible height; the waves rushed in upon the houses; and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house . . . trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean . . . The Atlantic was roused; Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic beat Mrs. Partington."—*SYDNEY SMITH.*]



## THE FAMILY.

It was pouring hard and the dining-room was dark and cold.

"Only September," remarked the daughter bitterly, and snapped on the electric light.

They were mostly late that morning, but finally collected round the table. Five persons, the father, the mother, the uncle, the aunt and the daughter.

The father, opening letters, broke the hungry silence. "How much coal do you think we're allowed?" he asked.

The uncle settled comfortably to his porridge; his coal allowance wasn't in yet.

The mother eyed the father, kettle in hand. "I know we shouldn't get that coal," she said decidedly, "I knew they'd never allow it. If they'd sent what you put in that paper you had, we'd have had more than we'd ever had in our lives!"

The kettle clicked into its place and the father prepared his defence. "I never said how much coal we should have. Of course if you put statements——"

"My dear," said the mother, "I never put any statements anywhere. You wrote it. You ought to know. Of course it was ridiculous even to have supposed."

"I never did," retorted the father.

Here the daughter remarked with acerbity, "A nice family with all this when it really is cold."

The mother placed her heavy guns. "Well, suppose you tell us how much coal we are allowed," she suggested.

The father shot off a tonnage so minute as to silence effectually any argument.

It was then that one discovered that the aunt had been speaking for several minutes. She was repeating something to herself in a low tone. It might have been the Catechism. "What we must do," she murmured, "is to light the study fire and put out the kitchen after lunch. No more gas fires to dress by; and we must wear warm clothes. It doesn't matter if you wear warm clothes, but we shan't be able to have all the fires we've had. I never have had a fire in my bedroom, except when I was ill. And then under protest," she added and bent over her bread-and-marmalade.

The daughter set her cup down decidedly. "It's perfectly simple," she remarked. "We must bring the servants

in here, or go in there and all eat together."

There was a pause. No one thought the daughter worth arguing with.

Then the aunt murmured to herself, "How they would hate it!"

The uncle was a democrat, but he couldn't resist saying, "Well, I believe she's right," referring to the daughter, not because he thought so, but because the aunt had said that they would hate it.

The mother took an edging of butter. "I shall begin economy from to-day," she announced. "Elizabeth must do with one scuttle instead of three." She glanced scornfully round the table. "It's well enough for you all to have your little ideas," she remarked, "I shall have the dealing with it."

"If you're going to begin economy



THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

"Y' SEE, MUM, I JUST PUTS ONE OF 'EM IN SOAK WHILE I GETS ON WIV THE OTHER."

to-day," retorted the father, "why not turn off the electric light?" He rose and did so, and the tablecloth became a shade paler.

"We must use wood," continued the mother, "and besides I already have a plan——"

But the aunt was again speaking. "Gas fires," she observed, "will be impossible, but hay-boxes——"

The uncle interrupted her. "What we shall have to do," he observed kindly but firmly, "is to read our gas-meter every day."

The aunt took a piece of bread. "Yes, I suppose so," she said, and added, "if you can read a gas-meter. I never could. I suppose they count the heating and lighting in one."

The uncle cleared his throat authoritatively, "I wish you would try and get it into your head, my dear," he observed, "that they are *not* counted as one."

But the aunt was not listening. "Anyhow it's better than having the

Germans here," she said and folded up her table-napkin; "I shall get a warm golf jersey."

And then the mother and the daughter began discussing golf jerseys with the aunt in a most amiable manner.

And the father and the uncle, warmed with porridge, argued joyfully over the war news.

Meanwhile, in the garden, the rain had stopped, and suddenly the lawns were bright. The sun had stepped out and flooded the morning.

"Well, if the sun will shine," murmured the father to himself; and the whole party rose and went into the garden.

## "TO ASTTONISH THE WORLD."

Mr. —, speaking at the Cairn Line meeting at Newcastle to-day, said the result of America's colossal shipbuilding programme was likely to astonish the world. — *Evening Paper*.

MR. CLYNES' attention is hereby called to the unequal distribution of "t."

"Several of the Germans dropped, but the remainder rushed on until they were within fifteen years of the little English force." — *Daily Paper*. This must have been in the early days of the War.

"Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., who headed the ballet for a new parliamentary committee of the Trade Union Congress . . ."

*Daily Express*.

Is expected to lead them a pretty danco.

There once was a Madame called TUSSAUD

Who loved the grand folk in *Who's Who* so

That she made them in wax,

Both their fronts and their backs,

And asked no permission to do so.

"Although Germany is suffering, she will doubtless suffer a great deal more than many of her enemies suppose before the demon which impelled her to this insane adventure is exercised." — *Times*.

Well, he is getting a good deal of exercise just now—walking backwards.

An adventurous youngster of Crediton Took some *pâté de fois gras* and spread it on

A chocolate biscuit,

And said, "Yes, I'll risk it;"

On his tomb is the date that he said it on.

Telegram from Mr. DAVIS to the ALH-HIGHEST: "Hear you are gnashing and grinding your teeth. Will my work stand?—*DAVIS*."





SCENE. -Damaged Château in France.

Englishman. "BUT, HANG IT ALL, M'SIEU, HOW D'YOU MANAGE TO PLAY WITH THESE BALES? ALL THE SAME COLOUR AND NO SPOT."  
Frenchman. "OH, ZAT EES ALL RIGHT, YES. YOU GET TO KNOW ZEM BY ZE SHAPE."

# PHILOSOPHY FOR ADVERTISERS.

I.

"BEAUTY is Truth, Truth Beauty," sings  
the poet,  
"And that is all we need to know."  
We know it.  
Keep beautiful and lovers true you'll  
find;  
Use Pogglo's Powder and deceive man-  
kind.

II.

"How low, how little are the proud,  
How indigent the great,"  
Whom chronic lack of cash has bowed  
Down from their high estate.  
But let Fitzclarence bring content,  
For he can ease their moan  
By lending cash at five per cent.  
On note of hand alone.

III.

"Ever let the fancy roan;  
Pleasure never is at home."  
Do not sit and mope with Alice;  
Come and see our Picture Palace.

IV.

Doubt not, O Man, the hand of Provi-  
dence  
Because thou art not able to explain

The evils of the world, nor wonder  
whence

We draw our sad inheritance of pain.  
Consider rather how the gods provide  
A natural relief for every ill;  
The nettle and the dock-leaf side by side,  
The Christmas dinner and the Pink-  
ney Pill.

V.

In opposites attraction lies, 'tis said:  
Since He is dark a blonde He'll want  
to wed;  
Then try Nobell's Peroxide for Thine  
hair;  
For ever will He love and Thou be fair.

VI.

'Tis not for youthful bloods to quaff  
Our "very special" Port,  
A brand that makes the butler laugh  
And connoisseurs to snort.  
But for your wealthy aunt 'twill make  
A drink to suit her age;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
It for a "Hermitage."

VII.

Achievement's never equal to  
The pleasure of pursuit;  
We long because it's something new  
To taste exotic fruit.

A subtle joy in life and art  
From mysteries we gain;  
We worship with a joyful heart  
That which we can't explain.

Enough. Where ignorance is bliss  
'Tis folly to be wise;  
So come and try our Sausages,  
Explore our Rabbit-pies.

"Captain and corporal of the same corps  
(New Zealanders) standing together in the  
pulpit and sharing the same hymn-book in  
the singing, were noticed at Hershaw, near  
Walton-on-Thames." *Evening News*.  
Rather a noticeable position.

"Scotland Yard states it is proposed to  
apply for order for internment of Litvinoff and  
his staff."—*Liverpool Echo*.

But we are glad to learn that this  
drastic proposal was not carried out.  
It would have been a grave mistake.

An Irish Sinn Fein paper is greatly  
annoyed at the recruiting activities of  
Captain STEPHEN GWYNX, M.P. Ad-  
mitting that he is a grandson of  
WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, the Irish  
patriot, it finds consolation in the fact  
that he is only "a grandson by  
marriage."



ARTHUR FARROW

"OH, YES, MAT ER, WE HAD A POSH TIME OF IT DOWN THERE."  
 "WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN BY 'POSH,' GERALD?"  
 "DON'T KNOW? IT'S SLANG FOR 'SWISH!'"

### WHO WROTE DICKENS?

From "The Daily Meteor," April 1, 2218.

THE large number of aeroplanes parked on the roof of the Charles Chaplin Literary Institute last evening testified to the widespread popular interest in the Gladstonian theory. For more than two hours the audience listened with unabated attention to Professor Theophilus Linkhorn, whose latest discoveries have shed so much light on the Dickens-Gladstone controversy. "For many years," he said, "students of DICKENS had felt that the famous novels could not have sprung from the mind of the humble, uneducated employee of a blacking factory, but the question was, Who did write them? Then came the President of Bryan University with his theory of Gladstonian authorship. GLADSTONE, he was able to show, was a contemporary of DICKENS, who flourished in the reign of QUEEN VICTORIA, some years before the world war which resulted in the obliteration of Germany. He was a statesman, a scholar and a

writer of serious philosophical works. His office of Prime Minister imposed on him the necessity of a consistently dignified demeanour, with which the rôle of a writer of sensational fiction would scarcely accord. So he devised the plan of writing the novels and persuading the rising young reporter, CHARLES DICKENS, to stand sponsor for his efforts.

"It was a fascinating theory," continued Professor Linkhorn, "but something more than speculation seemed to be required. This was supplied most fortunately by the original research undertaken recently by the faculty of the Charles Chaplin Literary Institute, founded by the celebrated twentieth-century actor and savant who bequeathed an immense fund for historico-literary investigation. Thus we have the solution of the mysterious 'Murdstone letter' written to CHAPMAN AND HALL, the publishers, concerning the use of the name for one of the characters in *David Copperfield*. This letter had been carefully preserved in the St. Andrew Carnegie Library. GLAD-

STONE's first intention, evidently, had been to call this character 'Mirthstone,' or glad stone, but his publishers objected to the device as too transparent, and so we find him replying in these words: 'Very well; then Murdstone let it be.' But the most ingenious device of GLADSTONE's, perhaps, was his use of his initials in the case of 'the literary man with a wooden leg,' *Silas Wegg*. Here boldly we have the initials in full in their regular order, W.E.G., with an extra G for good measure."

The Professor then alluded to the subject of the Ivy Green cipher, which he had the honour of discovering in the *Pickwick Papers*. "Scholars had long been puzzled by the insertion of a poem of three stanzas in this book. The ostensible excuse for its introduction was its recitation at an evening party at Manor Farm, Dingley Dell, by the aged clergyman of the place, name not given, who posed as its author. But the poem has no connection with the story. Why, then, students formerly wondered, was it interpolated in this first long story of DICKENS?" By way of answer Professor Linkhorn wrote the first five lines on the blackboard:

"Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,  
 That creepeth o'er ruins old!  
 Of right choice food are his meals I ween,  
 In his cell so lone and cold.  
 The wall must be crumbled, the stone  
 decayed . . ."

The Professor then requested his auditors to take their pencils and write down the first letter of the first line's last word, the second letter of the second line's last word, the third letter of the third line's third word from the last (a not uncommon variant in ciphers of this character), and the fourth letter of the fourth line's last word. These four letters spell "Glad." Then he invited his hearers to glance along the next line for the word to form the second syllable of a proper name. The next to the last word is "stone."

The noise from the electric applause machine, operated by thought waves from the audience, demonstrated virtually unanimous acceptance of the Professor's theory, and not a few persons resolved to perform a tardy act of justice by having their editions of DICKENS rebound and the name GLADSTONE substituted as author letters of gold.

### The Irreducible Minimum.

"The wages payable for employment in summer of male workmen in agriculture shall be not less than wages at the following minimum rates, that is to say: For male workmen of 14 and under 15 years of age, 14s. for 54 years."—*Cambrian News*.

Just over three-pence per annum; it can't be called excessive.

**"The eyes of the men in the B.E.F. are upon you"**  
**"Our soldiers are building their hopes star-high"**

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# ORGANIZE

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Our soldiers are building their hopes star-high; but they are intensely aware that their future happiness and prosperity, as well as their country's good, depend upon the will with which the commercial and industrial leaders, employers and business men in every craft and trade, organize for the future

It has taken four years of war to realize two palpable essentials of success—Organized Preparation and Co-ordinate Effort. Is it conceivable that in the economic field these two living, determining factors are being treated carelessly, handled with numb fingers, by British Business men? Is it conceivable that this country will get four years of economic stalemate—in which to discover the true way out?

The German is a persevering, relentless, methodical foe, tirelessly and feverishly preparing to rise from even the ashes of military defeat to rule the world

But it is not what Germany is preparing to do; it is what Britain is doing and means to do that matters now. See what the Empire has to make good—treasure of unthinkable dimensions, the wreckage of homes and careers, the wastage of commercial power and industrial productiveness. How hopelessly futile to assail such great new problems

like these with out-of-date ideas and fumbling methods or to think that by working harder and at less profit the leeway will be made up. Time, energy and material can only be utilized with maximum effect by systematic means of direction and control. There must be in every business house a strong plan in which every detail is clearly mapped out and co-related.

And, as the Empire is first in the sum total of all its citizens, their work, their commerce, their economics, thus it is that the duty of regeneration and efficient organization devolves alike on the great commercial corporation and the small trading house, and on all that lies in between.

No business man and no firm is exempt: none may escape this duty with impunity.

Prepare—Organize—Co-Ordinate! While the Empire's guns are blazing the way to victory, while her Soldier Citizens are "standing to," your thoughts and your hours should be filled with these three supreme imperatives. It is up to you to justify the Empire's trust in you to make Peace victorious, to realize the inherent power that is in your business, to cut new channels for the tributaries of its strength, so that it flows irresistibly like a river."

**Therefore Prepare—Organize—Co-ordinate your business systems to make for efficiency, for efficiency will rule the world in commerce**



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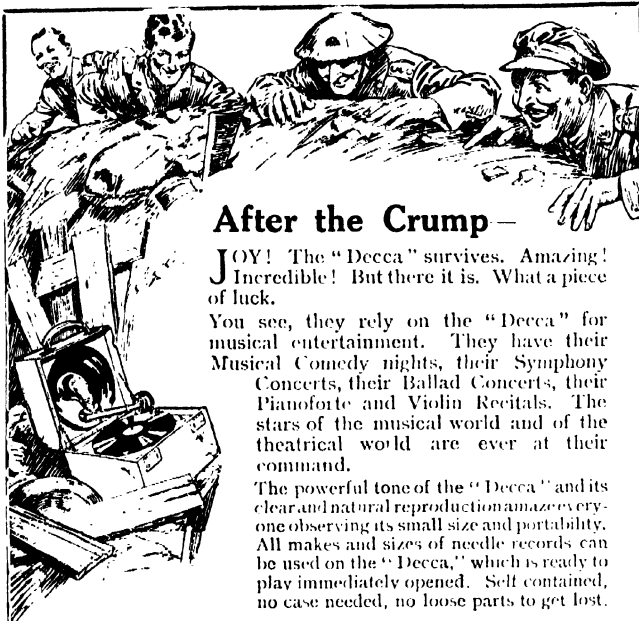
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# TRAGEDY IN MILITARY LIFE.

## DISAPPEARANCE OF TWO FAMOUS SISTERS.

"I DON'T like it a bit," he said, "after all these years." And his great honest round face seemed to dwindle.

"Why not?" I inquired. "There's no indignity in it. Other nations have done it for years—our ally France, for example."

"No," said my grandfather's clock—for it was he with whom I was talking—"I don't like it. I like the old ways. I hate novelty. And I tell you there are others who are furious about it as well."

"Who?" I asked.

"The two Emmas," he replied. "They're rabid."

"The two Emmas!" I repeated—thinking naturally first of VIOLET LORRAINE of Binghampton and wondering who the other could be. Not NELSON'S Lady HAMILTON? Not the Emma who years ago was told to "whoa"?

"Who are these ladies?" I asked again.

"The two Emmas," replied my grandfather's clock, "are 'Ack Emma' (also known as 'Auntie Meridian') and 'Pip Emma,' the slang for which is 'Post Meridian,' who, if this twenty-four hour system becomes universal, will simply be done in. Their occupation will be gone. Like other old soldiers they'll fade away. Isn't that a disaster? We never like it, you know, when we're superannuated, shelved, lidded; and that's what's happening to those poor girls!"

"Well," was all I could say, "if needs be they must. These are changeable times."

"Exactly what I complain of," retorted my grandfather's clock. "But why make innovations gratuitously? For centuries we have had A.M. and P.M., twelve o'clock noon and twelve o'clock midnight. Why suddenly abolish the old sensible rule? It isn't as if Dora was concerned."

"You never know," I replied, "where Dora is concerned. Maybe it's her doing entirely."

"If so," said the clock, "it's sheer unreasonableness. Pure feminine jealousy of the two Emmas. No, there's no sense in it. And look how it will upset life. Five-o'clock tea--what meaning will that have now? You will have to talk about seventeen o'clock tea. Invitations to lunch at half-past one, old style, will now run, 'Meet me at the Fritz at double-0-thirty,' like a telephone number. It's a hard thing when the time of day resembles telephone numbers!"

He was very cross, as I could tell by his quivering hands.

# THE FARMER AND THE NEW FARM-LABOURER.



FIRST WEEK.



SECOND WEEK.



THIRD WEEK.



FOURTH WEEK.

"And think of the good seasoned phrases that will go," he pursued. "'Like one o'clock' vanishes for ever. There's no one o'clock now; there's only double-0-one-0 or one-three double-0."

"You take it too seriously," I said. "You'll be no worse off personally. You'll simply go on ticking away just as usual. It's we who will have to learn the new way."

"And it's the absolute death of midnight," my grandfather's clock went on. "Midnight, strictly speaking, under this new and absurd rule is 0-double-0-0. But no one is to use it. They have got to say either 2359, which is one minute before, or 0-double-0-one, which is one minute after. Just think of a world

without a midnight—the old witching hour when one day died and another day was born, and things happened. What will ghosts do?"

Again his hands shook.

"And those two poor desolate sisters," he resumed—"these homeless Emmas—I can't bear to think of them turned out into the cold."

I did all I could to cheer him but in vain.

"I've heard all you've urged," he remarked, "and I come back to what I said at first: I don't like it. I shall join the fashion and go on strike."

And he did. It was six o'clock in the afternoon, and he struck eighteen steady implacable strokes beyond the power even of Mr. GOMPERS to conciliate.

## BUNNY'S BURDEN.

HARVEST, 1918.

Of all the rude rustic's detestable habits

There is none that I know more deserving of scorn  
Than his barbarous custom of chasing us rabbits  
Who hide in that last little strip of the corn.

Ah! many 's the mix-up and many the *mêlée*  
In which I have played an invidious part,  
With farmer and ploughman and sheaf and shillelagh  
All adding a beat to the beat of my heart:

Though in those days, I own, with a *soupeçon* of cunning  
And a flavour of luck one might often get clear,  
For a farmer's a fool to a rabbit at running,  
And a ploughman's as slow as a barrel of beer.

But to-day we must face a more ominous question  
In solving the problem of how to get out,  
For the whole harvest field is a scething congestion  
Of brains academic and tricks of the scout.

All the talent is here—all the great and the lesser,  
The proud and the humble, the stout and the slim,  
The Second Form boy and the aged professor,  
Grade Three and the hero in want of a limb.

From all sides they gather, the saint and the sinner,  
The child from his cradle, the grandfather grey,  
And none but would gladly have rabbit for dinner,  
That is, if it happened to fall in his way.

And each new arrival has brought a new terror;  
You move, and a constable holds up his hand;  
Those boys out of school, they can run, and no error,  
And who has an eye like the girl on the land?

The art of pursuit is reduced to a science  
When coolness and culture combine to pursue;  
Schoolmaster and scout in unholy alliance  
Are banded to beat us—so what can we do?

Instead of dull yokels with crossings and wrangles  
And ruminant rustics on faltering feet,  
We've mathematicians appraising the angles  
And telling where runner and rabbit should meet.

With a staff so adroit and an army so thorough  
I fear we are fighting a losing campaign,  
Believe me if ever I get to my burrow  
There's nought will induce me to leave it again.

W. H. O.

## "BIRTHS."

Box—September 8, at 5, Aubrey Street, the wife of Rifleman W. A. Box (Nellie Lloyd), of a son (both well).

Cox—September 13, at 42, Nicander Road, to the wife of Edgar G. Cox (of Sierra Leone, West Africa), a son (Flossie Ackerley)."

*Liverpool Post and Mercury.*

When a similar concatenation appeared in an Antipodean paper a few months ago we remarked, "And Box and Cox are satisfied." But apparently they weren't.

*A propos* of the engagement of Prince RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA to Princess ANTONIA OF LUXEMBURG:—

"But when one reflects that the bride does not number 19 summers and that her betrothed is about 50, and a widower with a son to boot, one must assume that love itself cannot serve as an excuse for this alliance."—*Daily Mail*.

Possibly the bride-elect calculates that as the PRINCE has a son to boot she may escape kicking.

## A COCOA MYSTERY.

"At five minutes to eleven," said Lisbeth dramatically, "I put Sister's cup of cocoa on that table and went back to the kitchen to get her a couple of biscuits. I returned at two minutes to the hour to find the cup empty. Who stole Sister's cocoa?"

News of the theft spread through our V.A.D. hospital rapidly, for hitherto Sister's eleven-o'clock cocoa had been sacred. The staff pleaded not guilty, and Lisbeth, who is a major or something similarly gigantic in the Girl Guides, announced her intention of discovering the culprit no matter what the cost in time, and as Lisbeth has three badges for Observation, Penetration and Perseverance, we admitted that she must be our Sherlock Holmes whilst we acted as her Watsons.

"If the staff is innocent then it is obvious that the thief is one of the patients," she said, rolling her eyes in order to impress upon her audience the fact that she was thinking deeply. "I will make inquiries amongst the men."

Who stole Sister's cocoa? Lisbeth's slogan echoed through the hospital until we began to repeat it ourselves mechanically. As I had to do the detective's hospital work as well as my own I was anxious for her speedy triumph, but it was only five minutes before we were due to stop work for the day that Lisbeth, bubbling over with excitement, whispered to me that the stout little man whose bed was nearest the door was the thief.

"I'm sure there's a cocoa stain on his sleeve," she said; "I want you to come with me when I denounce him to his face. He only arrived this morning and we must be firm."

The suspect was sitting alone in the somewhat attenuated conservatory when Lisbeth and I entered, and he rose to his feet uneasily when he saw us. Emboldened by his confusion Lisbeth came to the point with embarrassing promptness and candour.

"I believe you stole Sister's cocoa," she said severely.

He looked down at his boots and then up at us.

"Well, wot if I did?" he asked defiantly. "You shouldn't have left it where 'd I'd be sure to see it."

"But you get plenty to eat and drink," said Lisbeth, "and——"

"Drink?" he said scornfully, "D'ye mean that you think I'd drink cocoa?" His face became purple. "I hate cocoa—I've hated it all my life. The sight of it drives me crazy. It was bad enough afore I joined the army, but since then——" He pressed his hands to his face and groaned. "When I see a cup of cocoa I lose me head. I want to dance on it with both feet."

"But why?"

"Haven't I got the best of reasons?" he cried, and I really thought his wounds must have affected his head. "You don't know what I've suffered through cocoa. Wot with chaps tryin' to borrow money and callin' me stingy when I 'adn't the price of a fag for meself; wot with cheap jokes and invitations to temperance meetin's, I tell ye, Miss, the moment I comes upon that cup of cocoa I empties it out of the window. I would have sent the cup and saucer after it but I felt that they hadn't done me no harm."

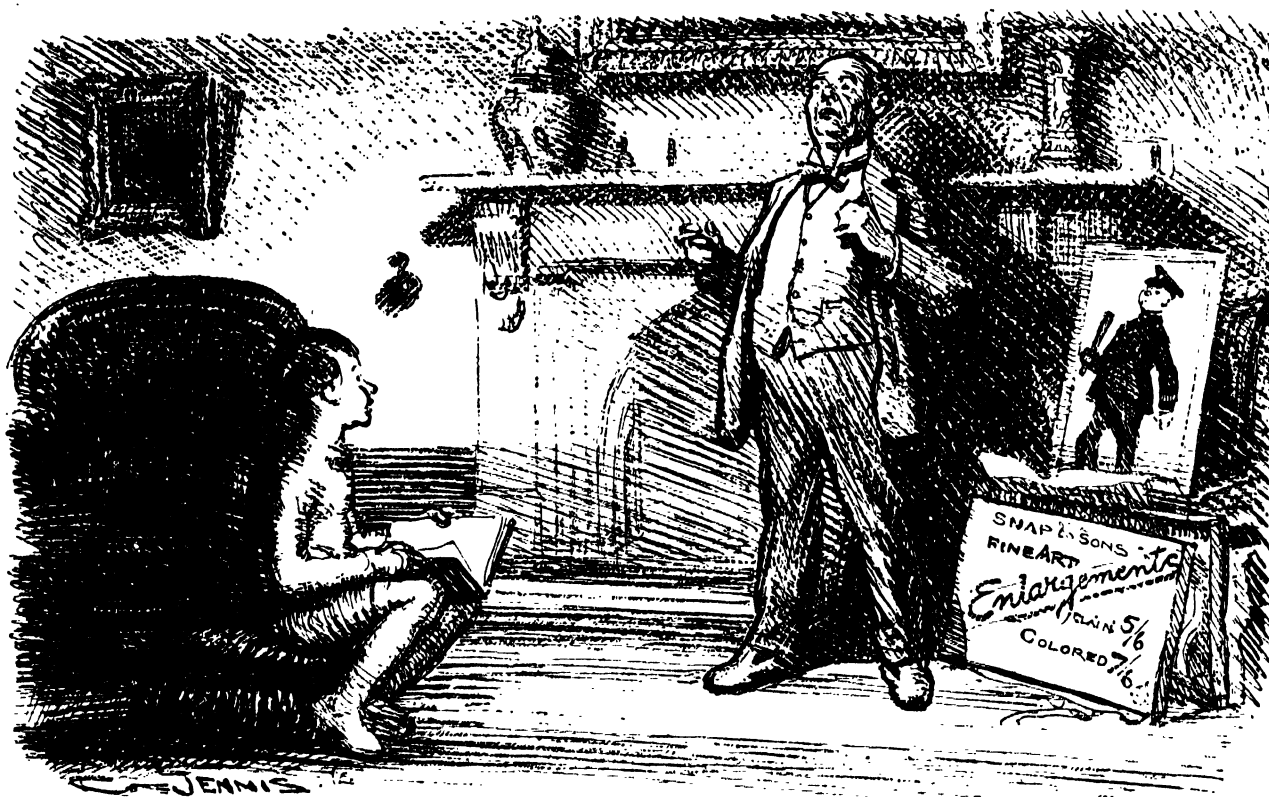
"I'm sorry, but I must report you," said Lisbeth magisterially. "It is a very serious offence to tamper with Sister's cocoa. What is your name?"

The culprit's eyes blazed defiance.

"Cadbury, Miss," he answered.

## An Easy Place.

"HOUSE-PARLOURMAID Wanted. Small house and family. Out every Sunday and week-day."—*Bucks Free Press*.



Harold (to Special, who has resigned). "SHALL WE HAVE ANY MORE AIR-RAIDS, FATHER?"  
 Father. "MY BOY, NOW I'VE RESIGNED ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. JEFFERY FARNOL still treads the broad highway of popular success. It has now brought him inevitably to the pleasant domain of costume-comedy, where dwells, amid every circumstance of the aptly picturesque, that type and pattern of all such heroines, *Our Admirable Betty* (SAMPSON Low). Really, I rather wonder if I need give you any more of her story than its title. We find the fair dame in act to rejuvenate by flirtation one *Major John D'Arcy*, her neighbour, a retired soldier, who, having renounced the sex in favour of literary composition, very naturally finds the leading lady looking over his garden wall in the second chapter. Shall I add that, for purposes of broad-comedy relief, the Major has a soldier servant, so that while the master is courting in the parlour . . . ? Mr. FARNOL has even been so complete as to endow his heroine with a fugitive brother, of striking family resemblance to herself, who (fulfilling thereby his almost painfully obvious duty) first embraces his sister in such clandestine style as to persuade the eavesdropping hero that he is supplanted, and then, falling back upon the family likeness—but no, I refuse to imagine that there exists any reader so dull as not to have anticipated the purpose of that. You will by now have gathered that the admirability of *Betty* urges her nowhere beyond the confines of the expected; but since this was (I suppose) her author's intention I have only to felicitate him upon a heroine whose profoundly trustworthy character should, and doubtless will, endear her to a thousand libraries.

Mr. Stanley G. Fulton is an American millionaire. He is sick and tired of his money and appears to have

exhausted all the usual methods of spending it. Moreover he is fifty-two years old and a bachelor and does not know to whom he can leave his riches, having only three relations (cousins) in the world, and knowing nothing of them beyond the mere fact of their existence in the township of Hillerton. The matter presses, for the millionaire's digestion is so far gone that he is reduced to one dietetic biscuit a day. What is he to do? Happy thought! He will arrange to convey to each of the cousins one hundred thousand dollars and will himself go and live at Hillerton in disguise—beard, blue spectacles and name of John Smith—in order to watch how the cousins behave when the golden shower descends upon them. His ostensible reason for being in Hillerton is the compilation of a history of the *Blaisdell* family, to which the millionaire and the cousins belong. Mr. Fulton himself disappears into the South American jungle, and in due time the money gets to work. This is the scheme of *Oh, Money! Money!* (CONSTABLE), and in working it out ELEANOR H. PORTER shows considerable skill in placing her characters and a nice sense of fun. Indeed she creates quite a DICKENS atmosphere, and in particular introduces her readers to *Poor Maggie*, who has to devote herself to an extraordinarily disagreeable father. In fact she is an American replica of *Little Dorrit*. Eventually *Poor Maggie*, though she is no relative of the *Blaisdells*, wins the *gros lot*, the millionaire himself. I can truthfully add that this story is thoroughly wholesome and ingenuous, and in saying this my strong intention is not to depreciate but to praise.

It would be interesting to know at what date in the world's history the comedy of mistaken identity first made its appearance. Probably, I fancy, as soon as there were sufficient inhabitants to provide two confusably alike. And



As the same old situation has ever since been pursuing its triumphant course down the ages, my respect is the greater for Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE, who has shown how fresh and entertaining a plot it can furnish even now in artistic hands. Briefly, I hail *The Man Who Lost Himself* (HUTCHINSON) as one of the best resemblance-books I have met. I know exactly what I personally want in a tale of this kind. A poor but ingenious hero (Mr. STACPOOLE gives me an American stranded at the Savoy Hotel with an unpayable bill) mistaken for a twin image of small ability but unlimited wealth and social prestige (here we get an Earl; good enough, perhaps; though I should have preferred Royalty, if *Zenda* had not, I suppose, rendered this impossible). Anyhow, what I most admired about the present version was its air of convincing logic, even now and then its dash of serious psychology, which lifted the whole thing so high that it became almost credible. Perhaps Mr. STACPOOLE'S hero succeeds a shade too easily; but his triumphs, in reversing the follies of the man whose place he has taken, are excellent fun. As you know, however, there are always two great tests for this particular intrigue—what to do with the heroine, and how to end it. Without spoiling your enjoyment by any premature revelation I can assure you that it is precisely in his treatment of these two problems that Mr. STACPOOLE has consolidated a very notable success.

*The Remembered Kiss* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), by RUBY AYRES, is the feuilletonic history of Lorna Peterson, a sentimental little idiot (I may have got this wrong) who meets her Patrick (a very handsome spendthrift Irish gentleman and something of a Sinn Féiner in the matter of love) in her aunt's house during a thunderstorm. He came in the *Raffles* manner, but less well dressed and more furtively, to steal her aunt's diamonds. He remained to steal only a kiss from Lorna. This I think was the remembered kiss. There were others. For Lorna's aunt made a will whereby she was to have half a fortune if she married a certain Mr. Loughland, and he the other half. Naturally, Mr. Loughland turned out to be the amateur burglar, and naturally he didn't remember her or the kiss either, being a hasty kisser, and naturally each assumed the other to be after the money in a marriage of great convenience. Lorna having unwittingly betrayed the secret of her heart under the influence of a blow on the head from some falling stage scenery, Patrick falls really in love. And all is well until Lorna discovers that she has made the unpardonable betrayal and assumes that Patrick is play-acting, and behaves like a perfect little cat. Do people in real life and love mind so very much when they unwittingly betray the secrets of their hearts? But then this doesn't pretend to be real life.

Some of our sailors still remember, it seems, the good old days when the Captain of a man-of-war could have all the ship's boys caned daily on general principles and was not

thought remarkable in wearing a black frock-coat in heavy weather at sea. Admiral Sir CYPRIAN BRIDGE is one of them—not that he ever did such things himself—and in the earlier pages of *Some Recollections* (MURRAY) he has brought together stories of the Navy sixty years ago that make one expect at every turn to meet again our immortal *Midshipman Easy*. Indeed who else can the unknown officer have been who at a masked ball tied the devil's tail to the bannisters with such dire results, or who taught an Australian native his only English speech—"It's wrong to swear"—full in the face of an irate second mate? By a most modest autobiographical thread Admiral BRIDGE leads to later chapters full of the romance and glamour of the Pacific. He claims to hold a record by reason of the number of islands on which he has landed, and he has seized every chance of new experience, from mountaineering with Dr. CHALMERS to dancing—or did he only witness?—a native corroboree. Through the whole book, disconnected and unequal though it may be, there is a dash of the salt—perhaps it is the quiet tallness of some of the yarns that

does it—that makes it sure of a welcome from every boy, young or old, who would like to be a sailor.

Mr. W. J. DAWSON, in *The Father of a Soldier* (LANE), lays his heart upon the table, and to dissect it is not altogether a pleasant operation. Quite frankly he tells us how in 1914 he fought vigorously to persuade himself that the War was no concern of his sons. In England such a fight would have ended almost as soon as it began, but the DAWSONS were living in America, and in those days America was far from

war. Nevertheless Mr. DAWSON knew that his was a losing battle, and the value of this book lies largely in the way in which he describes the change in his feelings from opposition to acquiescence, and from acquiescence to whole-hearted agreement. It was, in short, a just war, and it was the duty of his sons to take part in it. It is unnecessary to tell those who know Mr. DAWSON'S work that both in style and psychology this confession (if so I may call it) is blameless. Where I feel a little inclined to fall foul of him is in publishing such an extremely intimate book. But, at any rate, it is a fine tribute to his sons, and especially to Mr. CONINGSBY DAWSON.

#### "NEW BRITISH OBSERVATION BALLOON."

... The observers operate from a car suspended by ropes from the balloon, and communicate with the ground by telephone, flags, or heliotropes."—*Canadian Paper*.  
So now you know how messages are sent.

#### A Prima-Facie Excuse.

Letter received by a School Attendance Officer:—

"DEAR SIR,—The Reason Rosie didn't come to school on Friday Rosie was very Bad with faceache do not Punish her as it was quite by accident Rosie was at home with her face."



Professor (surprised while bathing by a picnic party, suddenly inspired). "Go away! I'm a Dryad."

## CHARIVARIA.

"In what particular manner," writes Colonel REFINCTION, "the War Cabinet should meet the vital need of armies in France is their business and not mine." Our mistake, of course.

"ACRE OCCUPIED." A dear old lady, after reading this headline, writes to say that in such a sweeping victory she had expected more ground to be captured from the Turks.

Dr. CATTERY, of New York, is of the opinion that we should all live much longer if we ate one meal a day instead of three. As a young man of twenty he adopted this plan and has lived ever since.

The important secret treaty between the KAISER and Allah which was found in General LIMAN VON SANDERS' baggage is now declared to be a forgery.

Smart society, writes a correspondent, is busy trying to probe the identity of the anonymous nobleman who has instructed Messrs. CHRISTIE to sell by auction a superb set of six perfectly matched Cox's Oranges.

"There is little likelihood," says a Dublin paper, "of the business of the Irish party being disposed of in one day." In some quarters it is thought that election-day (if, and when, it comes) will dispose of it nicely.

While motoring in Constantinople ENVER BEY collided with an electric tram. Soon after, by a strange coincidence, something bumped into his friend DJEMIL PASHA.

A Turkish soldier, it is reported, has been sighted on the road to Damascus. He was disguised as a gazelle.

Wine-drinkers in the Upper Rhine valley, according to the German Press, have struck against the high prices charged for their favourite beverage. Simultaneously we are informed that Count REVENTLOW has abandoned his daily draught of blood on the ground of expense.

Twenty-five thousand butterflies have been destroyed by Dover school-children. Many more were driven down out of control.

Mr. JOHN McCORMACK, the famous

tenor, is now a cook in the U.S. Army, says *The Daily Chronicle*. His interpretation of "Dixieland" is said to be peculiarly pathetic.

An escaped German arrested in the early hours of the morning at Wandsworth is said to have given the game away by saying that he was a burglar going off duty.

"A supply of excellent fuel," writes somebody in *The Daily Mail*, "could be obtained by grubbing up the stumps of trees which have been cut down." For full directions see the FUEL CON-



"I TELL YER, CHUM, THERE AIN'T NEVER BEEN A WAR LIKE THIS ONE—NOT EVEN IN HISTORY."

TROLLER's pamphlet, *Half-Hours with the Trowel*.

A Dublin woman has been sent to prison for pouring paraffin oil over her husband. We are pleased to note that the authorities take a very serious view of the matter, especially with paraffin at such a price.

Writing in the *Tägliche Rundschau* a correspondent points out that Admiral SCHEER is personally acquainted with the Fleet. We have always maintained that this is an advantage for any admiral.

"Varnished wall-paper," says a home journal, "can be cleaned by washing it with soap-and-water." This is much better than peeling it off and sending it to the laundry.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, we are told, is in Ireland studying local conditions. There is a rumour that *The Daily Mirror* has secured the exclusive rights to all photographs showing Mr. CHESTERTON riding in a jaunting-car.

The Director of the Paris Opera House announces that he has secured the world's greatest actor. Several of the world's greatest actors now in London have written to say that they know nothing of this engagement.

"It is the young men—holers, stone-heads, rippers—who must be sent back if you want more coal," writes "Colliery Manager." He seems to want the whole army.

With reference to the statement that the wedding of Mr. GEORGE GRAVES was a quiet affair, it now appears that Mr. GRAVES had offered to go quietly.

The authorities are warning the public against the bogus coal-inspector, while several railway-strikers are said to be masquerading as decent Englishmen.

A bargee is reported to have earned over £700 last year. It works out at nearly 1½d. a swear.

A chicken with four legs has just been killed at Aylsham. But surely it wasn't the chicken's fault.

A rumour was current in the City last week to the effect that a man living at Stoke Newington had just completed the filling-in of his coal-rationing form.

## Quis Custodiet — ?

From an L.C.C. Education Office circular:—

"A stamped addressed envelope to whom tickets are to be sent should be attached to this form."

There was a young man from Porthcawl

Who appeared to know nothing at all;

He was weak in his wits,

And was subject to fits—

He's a Minister now in Whitehall.

"In answer to a judyman, witness said the dog was in the other sitting-room fastened to the furniture."—*Daily Dispatch*.

Every punchman who has been asked denies having lashed Toby to the furniture.

## WILLIAM'S JUNIOR PARTNERS.

## THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

(to FERDIE, who is on a visit from Vienna to his own capital).

I CANNOT say how pleased I am to think  
That you will soon be once more in the pink.  
Believe me, I was absolutely stunned  
By the report that you were moribund.  
What will the Holy Compact do, I said,  
If one so brave should join the Mighty Dead?  
How will Vienna bear the awful drought  
If such a fount of joy should peter out?  
But, when I heard that you were out of pain  
And taking nourishment, I breathed again.  
Allah revives the gaiety of nations,  
For which accept, my true felicitations!

## FERDIE.

I thank you. I am still among the quick,  
But, as regards my soul, am deadly sick.  
It is indeed a cruel blow of fate  
That lack of strength (I've lost a lot of weight)  
Precludes my being on the spot to curb  
The rude ambitions of the rampant Serb:  
That, should the British foe extend the area  
Of their intrusion into my Bulgaria,  
I must regretfully curtail my visit—  
Not very pleasant for a monarch, is it?  
I curse the chance that will not let me wield  
The sword of CÆSAR on the stricken field,  
And through my convalescent nose I neigh,  
Like to a wounded war-horse, for the fray.

## SULTAN.

You have my sympathy. I too would fain  
Have done a tilt on Armageddon's plain,  
And spurred my camel on to cut the cordon  
That gives my men the jumps each side the Jordan  
But, as a Sultan, here I have to stick,  
Being, by tradition, permanently "sick."  
Yet there are consolations for a crock  
In seeing ENVER take this nasty knock—  
ENVER, the loathed, who did the dirty deal  
That put my Faithful under WILLIAM'S heel.

## FERDIE.

You shock me. Junior Partners can't afford  
To speak so loosely of the All-High Lord.  
Have you considered what he's like to say  
About my troops and yours who run away?

## SULTAN.

A fig for WILLIAM! We who run may read  
How fast he also lately ran at need;  
May read between the lines how hard he's pressed—  
*Siegfried and Wotan, Kriemhild* and the rest,  
The whole damned catalogue of WAGNER'S *Ring*,  
Waiting the final curtain's fall next Spring.  
Don't let the Prussian Eagle scare you, FERD;  
I laugh inside at that decrepit bird;  
His tail is docked; his eye is waxing dim;  
He can't think worse of me than I of him. O. S

From an official advertisement:—

"WHEREAS the Governor-General in Council is of opinion that Yellow Bar Soap can be utilised in connection with the prosecution of the present war . . ."—*Times of India*.

We cannot imagine how his Excellency finds time to think out these things.

## MISTAKES OF THE WAR.

Rapperley had been home but a fortnight before, and it was with some surprise therefore that, as I moved along the towpath, I became aware of his khaki-clad figure in its accustomed place upon a fallen tree. The butt of his rod rested upon the river-bank at his feet; his float lay peacefully upon the bosom of the stream; while Rapperley, gazing contemplatively across the grey waters, pulled at an ancient and very foul pipe. I sat myself beside him, for the risk of frightening away a fish was inconsiderable, and awaited his comments. I had not long to wait.

"There's been a lot o' big mistakes in this war," he said.

"There have," said I.

"Big mistakes," he repeated. "On both sides, mind you; not only on our side. The Huns have made big mistakes too. The War itself was their biggest one, of course. And, second to that, this here frightfulness. If they hadn't been frightful they'd like as not have won before now." He shook his head wisely. "These Pacifist blokes might have succeeded in kidding the people that the Hun was a perfect little gentleman, and we'd have had a peace—them to keep Antwerp in exchange for returning all the Gorman waiters to us, or something o' that sort. 'Stead o' which," he laughed quietly, his eye on the float, "you wait, Fritzzy, old man; you shall have a peace all right, don't you worry.

"But we've made big mistakes, of course," he resumed after a minute. "Not so big as that, but big. If we hadn't made one only yesterday I shouldn't be sitting here at this very minute. You see, Sir, I went sick yesterday morning with a slight indisposition. Pains in the insido; sort o' cold. 'M. and D,' says the Doctor—medicine and duty; pops it down on his sheet, and out I goes. About an hour afterwards, when my insido was feeling comfortable and I was just wondering how I could get out of the medicine, I was sent for to the Orderly Room.

"You've leave for three weeks, and here's your pass," says the Sergeant-Major.

"I didn't say a word; just looked at him stupid-like and came over all of a perspiration. Then he turns round to look at something and I sees the M.O.'s sheet lying on the desk. The top name was that of a bloke what was just out of hospital and was marked for three weeks' leave. Then came my name, and I sees that my 'M. and D.' looked as if it had slipped down the paper, and there was a bit of a flourish which might have been took for a bracket joining me in with the three weeks' leave.

"This is a very peculiar affair," thinks I; and then the Sergeant-Major says, 'The train goes at 11.15,' and I was outside and making for my quarters at the double."

Rapperley took up his rod and had re-baited his hook before he spoke again.

"As soon as we were in the train I sees clearly that I must stay out my three weeks' pass. As I says to this hospital bloke, 'If I go back before my time it'll show up the Sergeant-Major or the M.O. and get 'em into trouble.'"

"Yes," I said. "But if you had pointed it out at the time. . . ."

A slow smile spread itself over Rapperley's features.

"There's been some big mistakes made in this war, as I was saying, Sir," he said; "but me pointing it out at the time ain't one of them."

"Some evil disposed person, recently, illegally entered the dwelling house of Mr. — during his absence and stole from thence One Hundred Pounds sterling (which he had secreted in his bed-mattress) and other articles of value. To date, the thief is unknown. What a loss! He has our sympathy."—*West African Paper*.

This condonation of crime distresses us.

# YOUR MONEY CAN HELP TO VICTORY

By investing  
every pound  
you have on  
deposit  
in

# NATIONAL WAR BONDS

NATIONAL War Bonds pay 5 per cent. interest each year (£5 on every £100), and after 5, 7, or 10 years (whichever you select when buying them) you will get all your capital back, with an added bonus at the rate of £2, £3, or £5 respectively for every £100 invested. If you buy registered Bonds no Income Tax is deducted. You enter the amount of your dividend on your annual return of interest and pay tax on it only at the appropriate rate.

## YOU CAN BUY 5 PER CENT. NATIONAL WAR BONDS

—from any Bank in values of £5 or any multiple of £5 up to £50, and afterwards in multiples of £50 up to any amount.

—from any Stockbroker in values of £50 and multiples of £50 up to any amount.

—from any Money Order Post Office in values of £5 and multiples of £5 up to any amount.

You can sell your Bonds at any time. Your Banker will supply you with further particulars.

*Your Bank Balance*

**Whether you have £5  
or £5,000 available  
your duty is to lend your  
Country all you can.**

It is undoubtedly the right and patriotic thing to do at this critical hour.

**BUY**

**NATIONAL WAR BONDS**

Send your Banker or Stockbroker  
**THIS FORM TO-DAY.**



**APPLICATION FORM FOR NATIONAL WAR BONDS**

To ..... (Bank)

or Messrs. .... (Stockbroker)

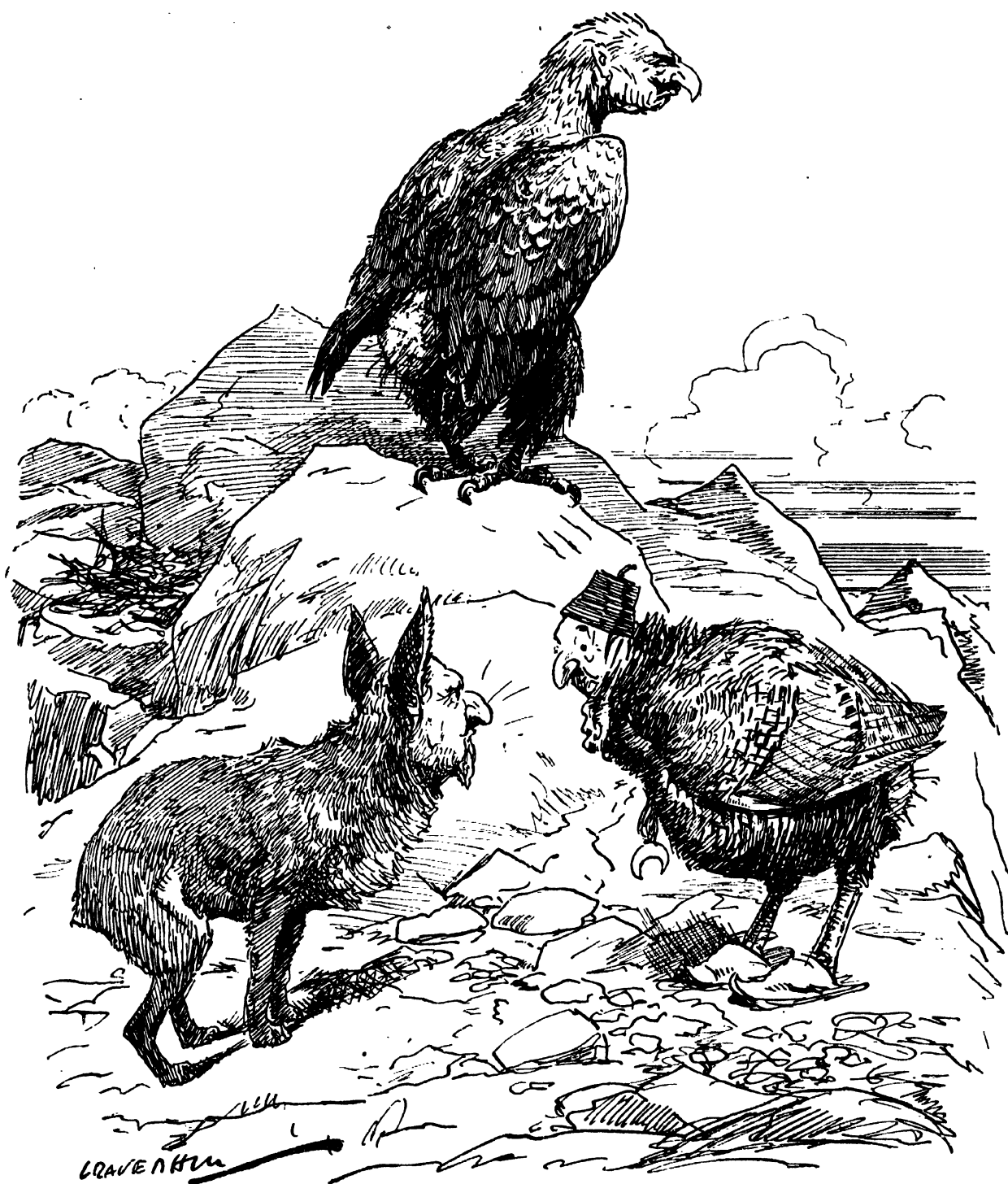
I hereby request you to apply for £ ..... 5 per cent. ten year National War Bonds.

(Strike out one of these) and to charge my account accordingly  
for which sum I enclose cheque.

Name .....

Address .....

Date .....



### AUTUMN FASHIONS.

THE TURKEY (*to the Bulgar Fox, as they enter the Presence*). "IT'S ALL RIGHT—HE'S NOT WEARING ONE HIMSELF."



THE ABSENT-MINDED OFFICER AND THE COWS THAT "EYES LEFTED."

#### LETTERS OF A BOY SCOUT.

v.

DEAR UNCLE,—I wish you could come here as I am at present under a cloud with no pocket money. You see the pater had seen in the paper about rolling clay and coal dust into balls about the size of a baby's head and saving coal, which is silly because baby's heads are all sizes. Our garden is all clay which is good for roses, and our coal is all dust, which the pater says is good for the coal merchant. So he asked if our petrol could come round and do war work by making clay and coal dust balls, and if we made enough he would buy a second-hand bugel for the petrol.

So Belfitt said we must take it on, as his motto is "Get money for the petrol honestly if you can but by working if you can't." We made hundreds of clay balls about the size of a fat baby's head, and Belfitt was sitting on the wall and saw an erand boy idoling in wartime which made him so angry that he throw three balls at him. And the erand boy lost his temper and got more idol boys and they threw stones and in self-defense we had to use all

the clay balls. It was a great fight, but the pater says it will take my pocket money for two years to pay for windows broken at present prices, besides the top hat which belonged to an old gentleman who saw the fight and ran up saying "Is there not enough blood-shed on the battlefield?" and misteriously got four clay balls on his hat and used awful language like a conshentious objector.

Belfitt has an idea about mobberlising us all in a hurry. One of us runs to all our houses, rings the bell three times, and without waiting for an answer goes off. And last night Unwin's pater met me in their garden and said that he had been looking for bell runaways for weeks, and without listening boxed my ears which was an insult to Scout uniform. Belfitt says that out of consideration for Unwin's feelings he will do nothing at present, but when the invasion comes Unwin's pater will be left to be massacred. Only we don't tell Unwin this because of family afection though he hasn't much for he said to me "Our old man's a holy terror."

I went back to school on Monday but I cannot fix my mind on work because I am trubbled about pocket

money, not being able to give to hospitals for wounded heros like yourself, or missions. What would you do under the cires? Belfitt says that you ought to register your reply because so many valuable letters get lost in the post.

Belfitt says that the horrid shadow of peace is storking over the land, but I have not seen it myself. I hope not for your sake for if the war goes on and you got a wound in your other leg it might shorten both the same and keep you from getting lame.

Your loving Nephew, JIM.

#### A Strong Combination.

"The sugar shortage and the shortage of sugar have combined to bring about an increased interest in bee-keeping."

Kirkintilloch Herald.

"I am not thinking now of such gallant, though costly, operations as were recently carried out at Zeebrugge and Ostend. They were very spectacular, but you remember that saying of Napoleon's—'*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*'"

Mr. BOTTOMLEY in "The Sunday Pictorial."

Followed, as you remember equally well, by his notorious epigram, "*Veni, vidi, vici.*"



# MENTAL INDIGESTION.

By GEORGE HENRY

I GOT into a railway carriage the other morning just in time to hear the commencement of one of those rip-snorting arguments that do so much to liven up an otherwise somnolent line.

The subject—well, I don't think one need draw the reader into it. It really doesn't matter. What concerned one at this time, and still concerns one now, was the intellectual aspect of this warfare of words.

Brown started off with a long tirade. He spilled facts and figures that did not seem to me to bear mature consideration. He eloquently voiced some epigrammatic phrases that somehow seemed to have a ring of familiarity.

Jones responded in like manner and, curiously enough, his alleged facts and figures, as also his epigrammatic phrases, also gave one the impression of being old familiar friends.

The argument waxed fast and furious, now and again fading out to mere ineptitude as each man got out of his depth. . . .

Afterwards, when I had time to think it all over, I came to the startling realisation that neither Brown nor Jones was voicing his own thoughts. Now I came to think of it, I remembered that Brown was carrying a copy of the "Daily Snort," while Jones was a reader of the "Morning Rumble." Little wonder that some of those epigrammatic slogans sounded well-worn. It also explained why the argument had occasionally degenerated in futile spluttering when the two men got into realms of thought which had not been explored for them by their favourite journalists.

I have coined a term for their mental state—"Mental Indigestion."

There is a close analogy between the mind and the body in this respect. If you overload the stomach and neglect to take sufficient exercise, sooner or later you will find that the stomach does its work inefficiently. You feel torpid and "heavy" and quite a number of unpleasant symptoms are the final result. It is just the same with the mind. Fill your mind with facts and neglect to exercise it and you will get mental indigestion. And then, like the chronic dyspeptic, you fly for succour to artificial aid.

The dyspeptic pours stuff out of bottles into his stomach—stuff that artificially digests his food for him.

The sufferer from "mental indigestion" gets ready-made intellectual digestion by letting somebody else form his opinions for him. His daily paper performs the same function as the dyspeptics' "dope."

Now, if there is one thing above all others that the experience of the last four years has taught us, it is the necessity for every individual to think for himself—to consider every aspect of every question, individual or national, that crops up; and to form a mature, unbiassed opinion upon it.

I venture to assert that if every man and woman of the nation formed his or her opinion on these lines, we should be within measurable distance of a real Utopia.

Further, if every man read one-quarter of the amount he usually reads and thoroughly digested that quarter the individual and the nation would be the better for it.

Over and over again the nation has been stampeded into chaotic action merely by the constant repetition of some superficially ingenious parrot-cry which, if it had been the subject of careful reflection, would have received the contempt of indifference.

*Right thinking means right action.* I would like to see that sound, sane axiom blazoned in heavy type beneath the title of every newspaper, magazine and journal in the country as a reminder to all men that every individual is free to blaze his own trail in the vast empire of the mind.

As it is, mental indigestion is a very prevalent disorder. It does not confine itself to any one class—there's quite as much evidence of mental indigestion at Westminster as there is in Wigan.

But, thank goodness, every man is not so afflicted. Within the last three years a silent but overwhelming revolution of thought has been going on in our midst. There is a vast army of men and women in existence to-day who have learned the laws of thought, have realised the powers that were in them, have been taught that every individual is capable of efficient intellectual effort on his or her own behalf.

And saying this I have reached the point where this article is elevated to the dignity of advertisement; for these men and women are Pelmanists.

To me it seems that the greatest value of Pelmanism is in its ability to show all men how to throw off the intellectual torpidity and brain sloth that comes of mental indigestion.

I know men who before Pelmanism came to them would have been utterly at a loss to express their opinions on any subject. They had never sufficiently considered a subject to form an opinion and, consequently, lacked the confidence to try. Now, because they have been led to examine into their own thought processes they find it a matter of ease to take any subject, separate and classify its components or deduct an opinion from a set of circumstances. Instead of taking for granted all that they are told, they go about the world with eyes and ears alert and, from their observations, they create ideas for themselves. And in this wise are they nearer the truth than the "mental dyspeptic" can ever hope to be.

I have just been privileged to read an essay on Pelmanism written by a well-known lady of title, who is a student of the system. She says:—

*"Next to absence of thought, slipshod and confused thought is rampant among us. People take their opinions from newspapers, from rumour, from their neighbours, anywhere except from the informed recesses of their own minds. Pelmanism strikes at the root of two great national defects—mental sloth and fear of efficiency. It reveals to every student that he has in him the power to think for himself, to control and govern his life. . . ."*

If this were all that Pelmanism did—and in point of fact it is but a tithe of the benefit that results from its study—if it were all, I repeat, Pelmanism would yet be the greatest educational force—the most powerful influence for good—that this generation has seen.

The time is coming when, even more than in the present, right thinking will be a vital necessity if we are to rebuild a stately social order from the ruins that now confront us, and in that time the Pelmanists—now adding to their numbers by thousands every week—will play a great part in the great efforts which must be made to arrive at the fruition of great ideals.

What Truth says:—

"The first point which emerges in a survey of the present position of the Pelman Institute is . . . that recognition is being more and more accorded to its educational activities by men and women interested in the improvement of the intellectual fibre of the nation and the resultant increase in national efficiency. The judgment passed by Truth has been upheld by every judge who has examined the facts for himself, and, be it added, by a jury of unexampled magnitude, which has come to the same conclusion through personal experience."

*"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman course is fully described, with a Synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of TRUTH'S famous Report on the Pelman System and a form entitling readers of PUNCH to the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fees, on application to the Pelman Institute, 1 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.*

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### THE ROMANCE OF PLACE-NAMES.

[“Many of the names now given to places in the battle-area will survive the war” (*Daily Paper*). This should give a great chance to the Picardy Poet of the future.]

THE leafy glades of “Maida Vale”

Are bright with bursting may,

And daffodils and violets pale

Bedew “The Milky Way;”

There’s perfect peace in “Regent Street,”

In “Holborn” rural charm,

But nowhere smells the Spring so sweet

As down by “Stinking Farm.”

And as I rode through “Dead Cow Lane,”

Beneath the dungeon keep

Of “Wobbly House” that tops the plain,

I saw a maiden peep;

Her glance was like the dappled doe’s;

She blushed with shy alarm,

As pink as any Rambler-rose

That climbs at “Stinking Farm.”

O maiden, if it be my fate

To win so great a boon,

At “Hell-fire Corner” I will wait

Beneath the silver moon;

I’ll swear no maid but thee I know

As softly arm-in-arm

Along the “Blarney Road” we go

That leads to “Stinking Farm.”

And we will wander, O my Queen,

By many a mossy nook,

Where limpid waters flow between

The banks of “Beery Brook”;

In “Purgatory” we will roam

Where blow the breezes warm,

If thou wilt come and make thy home,

O sweet, at “Stinking Farm.”



Taxi driver (who has received bare legal fare, to Lady Maud, on munitions). “ERE, IT’S THIS? CALLS YERSELF A GENTLEMAN, DO YER?”

### IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

#### SCENE I.

*The departure platform of the Universe Aerial Omnibus Company, Unlimited.*

*Porter.* Any more for Cairo, Cape of Good Hope or Australia?

*Fussy Gentleman.* Here, I say, is this right for Archangel?

*Porter.* Archangel, Nova Zembla, Spitzbergen—No. 5 platform.

*Fussy Gent. (to his Wife).* There now, didn’t I tell you? [*They hurry off.*]

*Lady Passenger.* Where do I book for Timbuctoo?

*Porter.* Marseilles, Algiers, Timbuctoo, Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle, No. 7 platform. Start at 5 P.M.

#### SCENE II.

*Interior of the U.A. Omnibus “Hurricane.”*

*Small Boy (to his Father).* Papa, what country is that which we are passing over?

*Papa.* Oh, Holland or Austria or

Bulgaria or one of those places; don’t bother.

*Conductor.* Fares, please.

*Doubtful Gentleman.* I hope this is right for South America?

*Conductor.* Wrong bus, Sir. This is the Africa and Australia bus.

*Doubtful Gentleman.* Dear, dear, and my wife and family are expecting me at Rio Janeiro.

*Conductor.* Sorry, Sir. Better change at Cairo. Take the first “Stars and Stripes” to New York, then change into a “Brazil Nut” for Rio Janeiro. The “Stars and Stripes” start every four hours from Shephard’s Hotel.

*Stout Gentleman.* Where do we lunch?

*Conductor.* First lunch served at Cairo, second at Khartoum.

*Lady.* Where do I change for Yokohama?

*Conductor.* Change at Cairo, Lady. Take a “Cyclone” to Hong Kong, then change into a “Typhoon” for Japan.

*Commercial Gent.* How do I get to Tasmania? I want Hobart.

*Conductor.* Change at Melbourne into a “South Pole.” Takes an hour or so.

*Commercial Gent.* What—a whole hour to do three hundred and fifty miles! I call it shameful. I shall write to the papers.

#### Our Great Minds.

Mr. LOWTH, at Unity House:—

“Speaking personally, I cannot hazard a guess at what may occur. It seems to me that the only thing that can end the strike is the return of the men to work.”

*Evening Standard.*

“In a South London draper’s shop every bargain day the proprietor advertises his prices in cash. Shoes that sell for 20s. or 30s. have notes to the amount protruding from the top of his show window shoes. Then shilling blouses flaunt a 10s. note.”

*New Zealand Paper.*

We seem to have heard something like this before.

## THE MUD LARKS.

THE Bosch having lately done a retreat—"strategic retirement," "tactical adjustment," "elastic evasion," or whatever LUDENDORFF is calling it this week—in plain words the Bosch, having gloriously trotted backwards off a certain slice of France, Albert Edward and I found ourselves attached to a Corps H.Q. operating in a wilderness of grass-grown fields, ruined villages and smoking châteaux.

One evening Albert Edward loitered up to the hen-house I was occupying at the time and chatted to me through the wires as I shaved.

"Put up seventeen hares and ten covey of partridges visiting outpost to-day—take my advice and scrap that moustache while you're about it, it must be a heavy drain on your system—and twenty hares and four covey riding home. Do you find lathering the ears improves their growth, or what?"

"The country is crawling with game," said I, ignoring his personalities, "and here we are hanging body and soul together on bully and dog biscuit."

"Exactly," said Albert Edward, "and in the meanwhile the festive *lapin* breeds and breeds. Has it ever occurred to you that, if something isn't done soon, we'll have Australia's sad story over again here in Picardy? Give the rabbits a chance and in no time they'll have eaten off all the crops in France. Why, on the Burra I've seen—"

"One moment," said I; "if I listen to your South Australian rabbit story again you've got to listen to my South African locust yarn; it's only fair."

"Oh, shut up," Albert Edward growled; "can't you understand this question is deadly serious?"

"Best put the Tanks on to 'em then," I suggested; "they'd enjoy themselves, and the Waterloo Cup wouldn't be in it—Captain Monkey-Wrench's brindled whippet, 'Sardine Tin,' 6 to 4; Major Spanner's 'Pig Iron,' 7 to 2; even money the field."

"Your humour is a trifle strained," said Albert Edward; "if you're not careful you'll crack a joke at the expense of a tendon one of these days."

"Look here," said I, wiping the blood off my safety-razor, "you're evidently struggling to give expression to some heavy brain wave; out with it."

"What about a pack of harriers?" said Albert Edward. "There must be swarms of sportive tykes about, faithful Fidos that have stuck to the dear old homestead through thick and thin, also refugee animals that follow the sweet-scented infantry cookers. I've got my old hunting-horn; you've got your old crop; between the two we ought to be

able to mobilize 'em a bit and put the wind up these darn hares. I'm going to try anyway. I may say I look on it as a duty."

"I looked on in that light it's a sacred duty," said I; "and—er—incidentally we might reap a haunch of hare out of it now and again, mightn't we?"

"Incidentally, yes," said Albert Edward, "and a trifle of sport into the bargain—incidentally."

So we set about collecting a pack there and then by offering our servants five francs per likely dog and no questions asked.

No questions were asked, but I have a strong suspicion that our gentlemen were up all night and that there were dark deeds done in the dead of it, for the very next evening my groom and countryman presented us with a bill for forty-five francs.

The dogs, he informed us, were kennelled "in a little shmall place the like of an ice-house" at the northern extremity of the château grounds, and that "annyway a blind man himself couldn't miss them wid the screechin' an' hollerin' they are afther raisin' be dint of the confinement."

I had an appointment with the Q. Staff (to explain why I had indented for sixty-four horse rations while only possessing thirty-two horses, the excuse that they all enjoyed very healthy appetites apparently not sufficing), so Albert Edward went forth to inspect the pack alone.

He came into Mess very late, looking hot and dishevelled.

"My word, they've looted a blooming menagerie," he panted in my ear; "still, couldn't expect to pick Pytelley puppies off every bush, I suppose."

"What have they got, actually?" I inquired.

"Two couple of Belgian light-draught dogs—you know, the kind they hitch on to any load too heavy for a horse—an asthmatic beagle, an anæmic bloodhound, a domesticated wolf, an unfrocked poodle, and a sort of drop-sical pug."

"What on earth is the pug for?" I asked.

"Luck," said Albert Edward. "Your henchman says 'them kind of little dogs do be bringing yo luck,' and backs it up with a very convincing yarn of an uncle of his in Bally-something who had a lucky dog—as like this wan here as two spits, except maybe for the least little curliness of the tail—which provided complete immunity from ghosts, witches' evil and ingrowing toe-nails. I thought it cheap at five francs."

"But, good Lord, that lot'll never hunt hares," I protested.

"Won't they?" said Albert Edward grimly. "With the only meal they'll ever see prancing along in front of them, and you and me prancing along behind scourging 'em with scorpions, I rather fancy they will. By the way, I know you won't mind, but I've had to shift your bed out under the chestnut-tree; it's really quite a good tree as trees go."

"But why can't I stop in my hen-house?" I objected.

"Because I've just moved the pack there," said he.

"But why?" I went on. "What's the matter with the ice-house?"

"That's just it," he hissed in my ear; "it isn't an ice-house—never was; it's the De Valcourt family vault."

The next day being propitious, we decided to hold our first meet that evening, and issued a few invitations. The Veterinary Bloke and the Field Cashier promised to show up, likewise the Padre, once the sacredness of our cause had been explained to him.

At noon "stables" Albert Edward reported the pack in fine fettle. "Kicking up a fearful din and look desperate enough to hunt a holy angel," said he. "At five o'clock, me lad, Hark forward! Tally-ho! and Oddsboodkins!"

However at 4.45 p.m., just as I was mounting, he appeared in my lines wearing slacks and a very downcast expression.

"Wash-out," he growled; "they've been fed and are now lying about, blown up and dead to the world."

"But who the devil fed them?" I thundered.

"They fed themselves," said Albert Edward. "They ate the blooming lucky dog at half-past four."

We therefore postponed the hunt until the morrow; but cannibalism (so cannibals assure me), once indulged in, becomes as absorbing as morphia or jig-saws, and at two-fifteen the next afternoon my groom reported the beagle to have gone the way of the pug, and the pack once more dead to the world.

There was nothing for it but to postpone the show yet again, and tie up each hound separately as a precaution against further orgies.

However it seemed to have become a habit with them, for the moment they were unleashed on the evening of the third day they turned as one dog upon the poodle.

I wiped the bloodhound's nose for him with a deft swipe of my whip lash, and Albert Edward's charger anchored the domesticated wolf by treading firmly on its tail, all of which served to give the fugitive a few seconds' start; and then a wave of mad dog dashed



ART THOMAS

Boy. "HERE'S MY SCOUT-MASTER COMING, DAD. I'LL INTRODUCE YOU. IF YOU TALK ABOUT MILITARY SUBJECTS BE CAREFUL, WON'T YOU?—BECAUSE HE'S AWFULLY CLEVER."

between our horses' legs and was on his trail screaming for gore.

The poodle heard the scream and did not dally, but got him hence with promptitude and agility. He streaked across the orchard, leading by five lengths; but the good going across the park reduced his advantage. He dived through the fence hard pressed and, with the bloodhound's hot breath singeing his tail feathers, leaped into the back of a large farm-cart which happened, providentially for him, to be meandering down the broad highway.

In the shafts of the cart was a sleepy fat Percheron mare. On the seat was a ponderous farmeress, upholstered in respectable black and crowned with a bead bonnet. They were probably making a sentimental excursion to the ruins of their farm. I know not; but I do know that the fat mare was suddenly shocked out of a pleasant drowse to find herself the centre of a frenzied pack of wolves, bloodhounds and other dog-hooligans, and, not liking the look of things, promptly bolted.

Albert Edward and I dropped over the low hedge to see the cart disappearing down the road in a whirl of dust pursued by our vociferous harriers.

The fat farmeress, her bonnet wobbling over one ear, was tugging manfully at the reins and howling to Saint Lazarus of Artois to put on the brakes. Over the tail-board protruded the head of the poodle, yelping derision at his baffled enemies.

People will tell you Percherons cannot gallop; can't they? Believe me that grey mare flitted like a startled gazelle. At all events she was too good for our pack, whom we came upon a mile distant, lying on their backs in a ditch, too exhausted to do anything but put their tongues out at us, while far away we could see a small cloud of dust careering on towards the horizon.

"God help the Traffic Controlman at the next corner," Albert Edward mused; "he'll never know what struck him. Well, that was pretty cheery while it lasted, what? To see that purler the Padre took over the garden-wall was alone worth the money."

"Oh, well, I suppose we'd best herd these perishers home to kennels while they're still too weak to protest. Come on."

"And in the meanwhile the festive lapin breeds and breeds," said Albert Edward.

PATLANDER.

## THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

(After "Snappy Bits.")

If all the matches in the world were placed one on top of the other in Hyde Park they would be very useful.

Striped grey trousers will never bag at the knees till they have been worn.

Cabbages can be kept free from caterpillars if the caterpillars are first of all well soaked in coal-tar.

To remove freckles on the face when pressed for time use a safety razor. It is much quicker than sandpaper.

A piece of camphor placed in a box with furs will keep burglars from biting them.

The annoyance caused by the habit of blushing can be almost entirely prevented by smearing the face with burnt cork.

Racing men are now generally agreed that the vacuum cleaner is practically useless for picking up winners.

"GENTLEPEOPLE taking house. Vicar's aunt will housekeep and furnish same moderately; or widow's daughter teaches."—*Irish Paper*. It sounds a little like OLLENDORFF.



Doctor. "AND CONTINUE THE MILK DIET FOR AH—SHALL WE SAY—AH—YES, EMPHATICALLY FOR ANOTHER FORTNIGHT AT LEAST. AND—AH—BY THE WAY, YOU MIGHT LET ME HAVE YOUR AH—MEAT COUPONS."

### REJECTED ADDRESSES.

OF all the suggestions which have been made from time to time by people for the increase of the Revenue at the expense of other people, not one would have more far-reaching effects than the proposed tax upon all houses which are known by a name. At first sight this may appear, especially to those whose houses have always been known by a number, a defensible, even a justifiable imposition. But on further consideration it will be realised that the scheme is doomed to failure from the start, for every owner of a house known by a name will drop the name and substitute a number at the first note of warning.

The case where No. 21, Gladstone Road, has taken to itself the title "The Polyanthus," to which No. 22 has replied with "The Sanguinarias," is simple enough; they will revert to their original numbers and soon forget their short-lived glory. But other cases will be more complex, and we may anticipate something like the following:—

H.M. the King held an Investiture at No. 1, Constitution Hill, this morning, afterwards proceeding by train to No. 75A, The Hill, Windsor. We understand that the terminus from which the Royal train started will in future

be known as No. 145, Praed Street, the directors of the G.W.R. having decided against paying the new tax.

The Post Office authorities state that the building formerly known as St. James's Palace will now be No. 66, Pall Mall, and not 90, St. James's Street, as originally stated.

The Duke of PORTLAND is expected to return to-morrow from Scotland to No. 2, Welbeck Drive, Dukeries. (No. 1 is the lodge).

The Patagonian Ambassador is spending the week-end with Sir Norman and Lady Bloodstone at their beautiful country seat, No. 17, Bottle Lane, Littlebury, Beds.

Messrs. Giddier and Giddier will sell by auction, on Monday next, the handsome Tudor Mansion, No. 184, The Towpath, Henley-on-Thames, containing 34 bedrooms, 2 billiard-rooms, 3 dining-rooms, 12 bath-rooms (h & c), etc., etc.

"To Field-Marshal Sir DOUGLAS HAIG, from General Pershing.

Please extend to all ranks of that splendid Army the affectionate regards of the young American Army, and assure them that we shall battle on by their side until permanent peace is assured to the w-ild-ends."

Daily Telegraph.

Certainly any settlement to be final must include the Poles.

### A MATTER OF COURSE.

I HAD a motor-car in Angleterro Before the War—such joyful days of bliss; One could drive then (the roads were perfect there)

In  
a  
dead  
straight  
line  
like  
this.

But when I came out here, down at the Base,

The English paths and lanes I used to miss;

O'er bumpy roads my motor-bike would race

In  
a  
wobbly  
like  
course  
this.

Then we went up the line, my bike and I

(The road in parts like unto some abyss),

Until a German shell came hurtling by And mixed

sn  
up  
like  
this.



THE TRAITOR.





*Prosperous Irish Farmer. "AND WHAT ABOUT THE WAR, YOUR RIVERENCE? DO YE THINK IT WILL HOULD?"*

### THE HOME CODE.

I WAS talking with an American on the subject of initials.

It is, by the way, very easy to talk with Americans just now. You find yourself sitting next to them in all kinds of places, and probably they want to know something about London, and you inform them, or misinform them, as the case may be, and some kind of companionship springs up.

I met one of these strangers at Stamford Bridge not long ago—a tall grave man in khaki—and he told me all about baseball and its mysteries, looking at me the while through great round yellow spectacles with horn or tortoise-shell rims. But for him I should have been utterly perplexed; but his deep level tones gradually converted chaos into order and I came away with something like admiration for the possibilities of a game which until then I had been inclined to suspect. Next summer, when he has won the War, he is going to Lord's with me, and I am to embark upon the perilous enterprise of trying to prove to him the merits of cricket.

The funny thing about these Americans is that they are not funny. They don't make jokes or want jokes made to them. They don't talk as they talk in books. They don't say "waal" or "stranger." They never "guess." They display no excitement—not even when you praise their amazing and glorious writer, O. HENRY. Everything is taken as matter of course. Whether all Americans are like this, or only those who are now with us, intent on winning the War, I cannot say.

But to return to my other American, who talked about initials. He began by asking me what those mysterious letters outside Claridge's mean: T.F.H. I told him. Then—(oh, you don't know either? They mean 'Taxi, Four-wheeler, Hansom, and are illuminated according to requirement')—then he wanted to know what the word "Mica" after an engineer's name meant, and I told him, Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers; and "Ram" after a singer's—Royal Academy of Music; and all kinds of other combinations of initials which had struck his eye in programmes, newspapers and so forth, most of which I could explicate.

And then he offered a poser of his own, from the other side of the Atlantic.

"What," he asked, "would you say that M.I.K. and F.H.B. stand for?"

I gave it up instantly, or even sooner. "They're our home code," he said, "and I'll give you a little help by saying that they're used only when we have company—folks to dinner and so on."

But still I couldn't see any light.

"Well," he continued, "when there's a party going on and the supplies run a bit short, mother whispers to the others, or lets them know, so as the visitors don't hear, the letters F.H.B. That means 'Family holds back,' and we behave accordingly. But if a new dish comes in and, while we're all wondering if we dare have a go at it, she says, 'M.I.K.' we let ourselves loose, because that means 'More in kitchen.'"

"It's a great country!" I said.

He agreed with me.

"Dead Turks caught in the retreat tell of the harassing effect of the guns near the coast."—*Observer*.

So dead men do tell tales after all.

## THE CONVERTED EPICURE.

WHEN I recall the ancient days of quiet,  
Of plenty and of unrestricted diet,  
I think with shame of all the whole-  
some food  
I blindly and fastidiously eschewed.

Viands that once I squeamishly ab-  
horred  
Now find a cordial welcome at my board;  
And vegetables, once condemned as  
hateful,  
Now furnish me with many a well-  
heaped plateful.

Schooled by adversity in broader views  
No more I delicately pick and choose,  
But gladly take with a submissive hand  
All that is offered, whether fresh or  
canned.

Lapped in luxurious sybaritic habits  
Of old I used to draw the line at rabbits;  
Against all kinds of pork I once rebelled,  
And liver (help!) in high abhorrence  
held.

Rabbits! O scarce but palatable bunny  
You have become as sweet as heather  
honey;  
And pork, in almost any shape or guise,  
Finds favour in my educated eyes.

Without the vestige of a qualm or  
quiver  
I view the coming of a plate of liver;  
With nerve unflinching on my fork I  
spike it,  
And what is more, I positively like it.

So in the humbler and the coarser fishes  
I find material for salubrious dishes,  
No longer out of prejudice refraining  
From the gay mackerel, oily but sus-  
taining.

No longer my reluctant palate feels  
An ill-advised antipathy to eels,  
Since DESBOROUGH's electrifying plea  
From foolish delicacy set me free.

Again, I deemed it once a sacrilege  
To see some homely vulgar sorts of  
veg.—

Parsnips and turnips, swedes and butter  
beans—  
Served as a substitute for nobler greens.

But this intolerance I have abjured,  
Converted, though not absolutely cured;  
The parsnip still I cordially detest,  
But gladly "give it" as a stodger  
"best."

And anyhow it were a crying sin  
To grouse, when we reflect upon Berlin,  
Depicted in its grinding hunger-pangs  
By him who drew or crowned the  
KAISER's fangs.

American valour altogeth not; it is  
the law of the MEADES and PERSHINGs.



Orderly Officer (to cook). "GOOD LORD, MAN, YOU MUST KEEP YOUR POTS AND PANS CLEANER—THE FLIES ARE ALL OVER THEM. DO YOU KNOW THAT ONE FLY COULD KILL A GENERAL?"

## AT CROSS-PURPOSES.

Scene: PADDINGTON STATION.

Prim Lady (who has been making purchases at a goat-show, to booking-office clerk). I've got two kids with me. Do I buy tickets for them here?

Clerk (surprised at slang proceeding from such austere lips). Yes; half-price if they're under twelve.

Prim Lady. Oh, they're under twelve all right. Please give me one ticket and two halves for Slough.

[Clerk does so.]  
Prim Lady. How will the kids travel?  
Not with me, I hope.

Clerk (astonished at such a want of maternal solicitude). That is just as you wish, so long as there's someone to look after them.

Prim Lady. I was thinking the guard's van would be the best place.

Clerk (revising all his views as to womanly tenderness). No children are allowed in the guard's van.

Prim Lady. Children! I've no children. I mean kids little gouts.

Clerk (after a few moments for silent prayer, with reflections on the diversity and scope of the English language). Then why didn't you say so?

[Refunds money and directs her to another guichet, where kids are exempted from any ambiguity.]

"Sir Douglas Haig had long been asking for those reserves in order that he might train them at the front."—Daily Paper.  
No doubt with a view to their baptism of fire.

## BEHIND THE SCENES.

WHEN I read in these columns the other week of the tragic end of Romeo, the Red Cross Flea, my thoughts went back at once to Harold and William—not the 1066 gentlemen, but two members of a troupe of educated fleas with whose proprietor and his good lady I had the pleasure of an interview before the War had become permanently established. It was after watching "The Miniature Thespians," a talented company including "Harold, the most highly gifted and perfectly trained flea in the world" (I quote the advertisement), that I got into conversation with Professor and Mrs. Hopper as they cleared away the stage properties.

Mrs. Hopper was a thin soulful woman with yellow hair and a hoarse voice; the Professor was stout and volatile; now on the heights, now in the depths. His present air of dejection—for he had dropped his mask of animation as the audience drifted away—I at first put down to reaction after the show; but the cause lay deeper. Harold, the star flea, was out of the bill. A fit of whimsies the Professor would have thought little about (he was too familiar with the artistic temperament), but here was something more serious. The doctor had hinted at appendicitis.

Lacking Harold the show had fallen short of the Professor's ideals, and even when his wife, phrasing her remark, I thought, rather happily, assured him that the whole performance had "gone off without a 'itch,'" he refused to be comforted.

"If anything happens to Harold," said the Professor gloomily, "it will be a calamity to the Stage. It will be felt wherever dramatic genius is appreciated."

Mrs. Hopper somewhat deprecated her husband's enthusiasm over Harold, but admitted the latter's strong hold over the public. Practically unknown but a short year ago he had then, it seems, "jumped into fame at a bound," his subsequent career proving an almost unbroken succession of triumphs.

"He is one in a thousand—a million," said the Professor. "With Harold's name in the bill we play to capacity," and narrowing his eyes he peered about for the stage-coach. Suddenly a dark thought crossed his mind.

"I hope there's been no foul play," he muttered. "William's mortal jealous of Harold."

"Some bad blood between them?" I asked.

"Only the best blood," he replied absently as he picked up the moated castle. "Harold's all right, but the rank and file—they need very careful handling. Tact? You want tons of it in the profession. How ARTHUR COLLINS and DE COURVILLE and these people keep their reason I don't know."

"Well," said Mrs. Hopper, "I knew when you put 'Arold on the box and William between the shafts there'd be unpleasantness."

"We could hardly have reversed the rôles," said the Professor. "Harold pulling the coach impossible!"



Alarmist Neighbour. "IF I WERE YOU, MATE, I'D BUILD LITTLE COOP ROUND IT. YOU CAN GUESS WOT'D HAPPEN THE OLD JAM CONTROLLER CLAPPED EYES ON IT."

"A super could have pulled the coach."

"I don't know. It wants strength and William's very strong. All muscle and no brains."

He turned to me with sudden elation. "You ought to see Harold drive," he said; "he handles the ribbons superbly, he does indeed. Upon my soul, it calls to mind the old coaching days."

"You're lost in 'Arold," said Mrs. Hopper.

"He's the draw, my dear, and you know it," and, polishing his magnifier, the Professor hunted about for Harold's astrakhan coat, which the understudy had been wearing.

I turned to Mrs. Hopper and asked if she helped with the training; but her husband said No, adding with pardonable pride, however, that she painted

all the scenery and designed and made all the dresses.

"By the way, 'Enery, 'ad to make Violet's frock all over again. She wouldn't wear it."

The Professor clicked his tongue. "What a life!" he said wearily, and scanned the table for a pair of foils and a windmill. Then, beginning to brood over Harold again—"I hope it won't mean an operation," he said.

You remember Cecil's case, Miriam?" "The victim of his own vaulting ambition," observed Mrs. Hopper.

"Jumped off the stage?" I queried. Oh, no," said the Professor. "No, it was when appendicitis was so

fashionable. All the best people were having it, and Cecil—he was playing heavy lead with us at the time—had it for an advert. Of course you can imagine the extreme delicacy of the operation, and just when it had been performed the magnifier got mislaid and—most distressing!—we, or saved the appendix and threw away Cecil."

A young man interrupted here, and I caught a whispered reference to some photos for *The Daily Scratch*.

"Oh, those! We sent them back," said the Professor. "Not the right expression." And he turned again to myself.

"Prossmon worry the life out of us, but we mustn't complain," he said; "we get some capital notices. The critics, though, never see Harold at his best. First night in a fresh town he goes all to pieces. The artistic temperament, you know—all nerves! Fell off the gondola in Manchester and was nearly drowned in the Grand Canal. William looked awfully sulky

when we fished him out."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," protested Mrs. Hopper.

"Oh, but he did. You always stick up for William, but he did. Now William—he's never nervous. Great bull-necked, glowering, lethargic—"

"'Enery!"

"Well, I see him at rehearsals, my dear; you don't know him. Harold ears on the other side. Too sensitive; too highly strung. And yet, when he gets the house with him! By Jove! when he's at the top of his form there's no one to touch him. No one! That back-fall—what? That flying leap to the heroine's assistance, eh, my dear? That masterly wrist-stroke in the duel! And then his bow when he takes a call!"

The Professor gazed ecstatically into space

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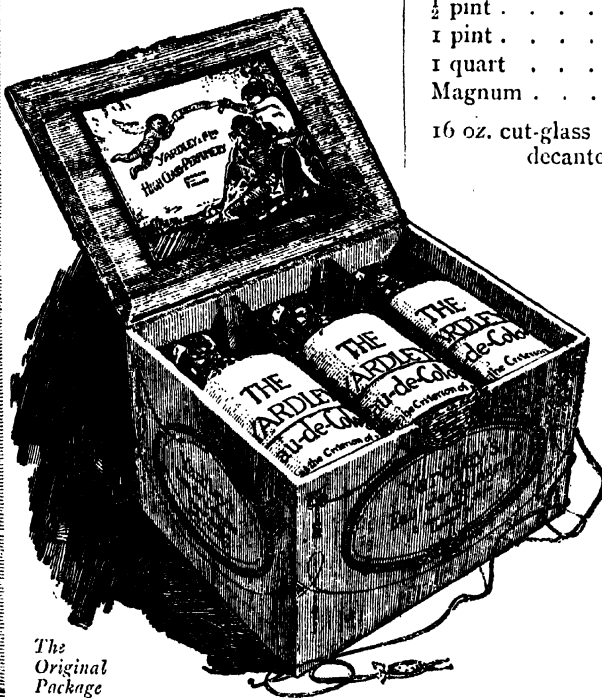
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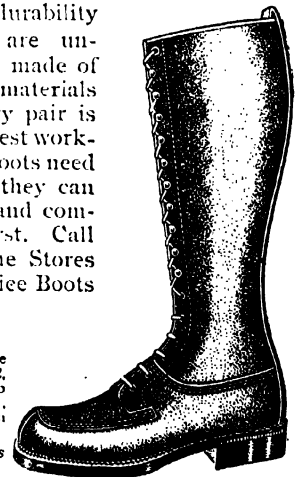
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*Corporal of Sanitary Section (looking after departing General Officer). "IT'S A' VERRA WEEEL TO SAY WE'VE SPENT A HEAP O' TIME AN' USED A LOT O' ILE AN' THAT WE HAVENA EXTAIRMINATED THE MOSQUITOES YET; BUT I'M THENKIN' HE'S USED A HEAP O' AMMU-NEETION HIMSELF AN' HE'S NO KILT A' THE ENEMY YET."*

"You're lost in 'Arold," said Mrs. Hopper. "You just talk as if he was Martin 'Arvey."

The Professor put a couple of property-cases into his waistcoat-pocket. "Harold," he said with quiet satisfaction, "can do things that Harvey can't."

I ventured the opinion that Harold's understudy had acquitted himself well, and Mrs. Hopper seemed pleased. "He's a very quick study," she said. "I always think he's more—oh, what's that word?—more *absorbent* than even 'Arold 'imself."

"Bigger flea," said the Professor. "Oh, Claude did very well. He'd have done even better if Constance had played up to him properly. I expect her thoughts were elsewhere, poor thing."

"I was mad over the drama as a young girl," said Mrs. Hopper. "The glamour of the footlights 'as turned many a young 'ead."

"It never turned Harold's," said the Professor. "He knows his worth, of course—be a fool if he didn't—but there's no bounce about him. Not in that way." He sighed. "I know I wish he was back. He lifts the whole show along with him. What's that trial scene without Harold's dominating

personality? And his pose on the gondola—what? Where's he got that Venetian touch from? *I've* no Italian blood in my veins. Remarkable! A gentleman told me only last week how vividly the whole scene revived memories of foreign travel in his mind. And yet—marvellous, isn't it?—just fleas—nothing but fleas!"

"Do landladies," I asked, "object to your company—to your company's company at all?"

"Not as a rule; very orderly troupe, ours. Also I may say that hero and there in our globe-trottings we have picked up one or two rather promising recruits."

"That's what I tell my 'usband," said Mrs. Hopper. "There's plenty more where 'Arold came from."

"Untrained," said the Professor. "Harold has the technique of the stage at his finger—at his—er— And then, my dear, his presence! his deportment! his physiquo! I do *hope* they won't have to cut any of him away."

He drummed the table despondently, but cheered up as another aspect of Harold's genius flashed before his mind. "He's had some tempting offers for the films," he said. "I may release

him for a picture or two some day; he would be at home on the sheet—on the—er—what d'you call it?—screen."

"Good in comedy?" I asked.

"Oh, fine—fine! Tickles the people immensely." He looked anxiously at his watch. "I'm expecting the doctor's diagnosis any time now," he went on. "He took Harold away with him. I didn't go. I should only have worked myself into a state and possibly upset the patient."

I was sorry to leave before news of the distinguished invalid arrived, but, shaking hands with Professor and Mrs. Hopper, I expressed my sincere hope that the stage would not be deprived of such an ornament. At the door a breathless messenger hastened past me to the Professor's side. I turned and watched anxiously the effect of his report. The Professor was transfigured with joy.

"It's all right! It's all right!" he called after me. "Not appendicitis at all. Indigestion. Back on the boards to-morrow."

I went away distinctly cheered by the news, but I could not help wondering how William would take it. Good news is seldom good news for everybody.



## THE OUTLAW.

WHEN the first warship wakened to feel the life-blood stir,  
The seas, of age-long wisdom, laid this command on her  
And on her kind for ever: "Be whatsoe'er her might,  
A ship shall fight with others as she would have them  
fight;  
And, guarding thus our honour, when the stern fight is  
past  
That brings her to the haven which all must make at last,  
We pledge her way and welcome when she comes her soul  
to yield,  
And foes shall meet in friendship and all their wounds be  
healed."

So year by year thereafter, from battle, storm and shoal,  
Safe to the promised haven the sea sent in her toll,  
Aged and worn with service, gallant in youth and fame,  
But all with names untarnished—and last a U-boat came.  
But the tides that sweep the fairway to speed them or  
delay

Demand for each a sponsor to prove her right of way;  
So she waited without in anger and peered through the  
golden mists  
At the taper masts uprising from the old sea-duellists.

And the message came to the *Lieutenant* that lies by the  
*Cordelière*,  
"Does any speak for a U-boat to prove that the fight was  
fair?"

But they spoke of an old-time conflict, from a fight off  
Brest they came,  
When the battle stayed in wonder as the two went up in  
flame;  
And since they fought with honour, as each was a knightly  
foe,

So came they home together four hundred years ago.  
And the waters paused for answer, listening North and  
South,  
But no one spoke for the U-boat that lay at the harbour  
mouth.

And the call sped up the haven, borne in on the flowing tide,  
Till the echo reached the *Vengeur* that is moored at the  
*Brunswick's* side,  
For so they had fought together with never an inch  
between—

"Does any speak for a U-boat to show that her hands are  
clean?"  
But they spoke of a fight from morning hard fought till  
afternoon

With tattered flags, but stainless, on a bygone First of June.  
And the tide swept on in silence to the creek where the  
frigates are,  
For no one spoke for the U-boat that lay at the harbour bar.

And the challenge came to the inlet where the *Bonhomme*  
*Richard* waits

At peace with the old *Scrapis* that she fought for the new-  
born States,  
When the captains called the boarders and the decks were  
red and swept—

"Does any speak for a U-boat to say that the Law was  
kept?"  
But they spoke of nought but freedom, and, speaking, told  
the tide

The story of their colours that floated side by side,  
And the herald tide was answered, slackened and turned  
about

To carry word to the U-boat that lay unseen without.

And the ebb stream came to the offing, crying, "My task is  
done;

There is no way or welcome;" and bare her forth alone  
Far and away to seaward, no gleam of hope ahead,  
Doomed to sail as an outlaw till the sea gives up her dead;  
To make no light or landfall, with never a sail in sight,  
Where the days but dawn to darken as the days she turned  
to night,

And never a sound to silence the cry that haunts her there,  
"Does any speak for a U-boat to prove that the fight was  
fair?"

## K. W. H. S. D.

I HAD supposed that I was dozing in my favourite arm-  
chair in the library at home, but I think I must have been  
mistaken. At any rate there I was, standing in a square  
of houses, eight of them all told, and each of them lit with  
a great light. Outside of these houses, but within the  
radiance of the light, stood some who appeared to be  
priests and priestesses of a cult which was, I thought, so  
old as to be almost new again. And each one was intoning  
words which sounded clear to me as I listened with ears  
intent to catch their meaning. "Here," they said, "is  
noble work for all who care to join us. Merchandise we  
buy and deal with according to the needs of brave and  
gallant men. Our wares are a tribute of gratitude to the  
glory that has spent itself on our behalf, and the heroism  
that has accomplished its task and now lies stricken and  
waiting to be succoured. Good wages too we give in pay-  
ment, for they who work here shall take from us a slice of  
their own forgotten youth as payment for their help."

"These be strange words," I said to one who stood at  
my side, "and easy in the saying. Yet how can man or  
woman receive back what has perished and gone?"

"Ay," he answered me, "it does sound strange, but it is  
true all the same. Those who spend their time and labour  
with us take no payment in coin of the realm, but are made  
happier, and so younger, by the tasks they achieve."

"Can I enter in," I asked, "and see what is going for-  
ward within these eight houses?"

"Enter in," he said, "and be right welcome, and you will see  
how suffering can be alleviated and wounds made bearable."

And so I entered, or thought I entered, for at that mo-  
ment a gong gave a brazen sound, and I found myself back  
in the armchair in which I started.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Now I don't want my readers to be under any misappre-  
hension. This is frankly an appeal on behalf of the  
Kensington War Hospital Supply Depot, which is, fortu-  
nately, a solid fact, but which suffers, like many another  
association, from a desire to enlarge its usefulness, and for  
that purpose to increase the funds at its disposal. This  
work is so good that merely to state it is, I am sure, to  
open purses and to draw pens to cheque-books. In one  
or other of its numerous departments it manufactures  
surgical appliances of all sorts, such as splints, crutches,  
bandages and hundreds of other things of the same nature.

The appeals for help from hospitals in France, Belgium,  
Italy, East Africa, Mesopotamia, Roumania, Greece, and  
from homes for the wounded in this country, are constant  
and urgent, and in order to comply with even the most  
pressing requests money is urgently needed.

Readers of *Punch*, I am sure, would not willingly suffer  
any diminution in these splendid efforts. All are cordially  
invited to see the work for themselves, and the Secretary of  
the K.W.H.S.D., whose address is at Kensington Square, W.,  
will gladly furnish all information to those who may ask  
for it. You are invited to give twice by giving quickly. Thus  
you too will earn a slice of youth.

R. C. L.





*Hysterical Storekeeper.* "DIRECKTERLY I SEE 'IM DRIVIN' 'IS MOTOR THROUGH MY SHOP-WINDER I COULD TELL 'E WAS ONE O' THESE 'ERE JOY-RIDERS."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF from its title you have supposed that *Joan and Peter* (CASSELL) would restore to you Mr. H. G. WELLS, the incomparable tale-teller, rather than the pedagogue of recent years, you may experience some disappointment to find him again in cap and gown, with, moreover, a very serviceable cane for use on any occasion that appears to call for it. In other words, *Joan and Peter* is one more example of the romance hortatory which Mr. WELLS has chosen as the medium for impressing his philosophy upon a world that must still be cajoled with some pretence of a story. His theme this time is education, as illustrated by the diverse and experimental upbringing of two young people during the last one-and-twenty years. At first, indeed, I fancied that the mere human interest of *Joan and Peter*, as engagingly real children, and the fun of laughing at their futile (and in one case farcical) aunts, were going to cause Mr. WELLS to forget his mission. Those were the chapters of the christening, when *Joan*, confusing the ceremony with the fate of certain kittens, loudly proclaimed her wish to be "kep'"; and of the abduction. Later however Mr. WELLS got talking . . . and to this extent tended to neglect my roused interest in his protagonists. Still he contrives to give, as it were incidentally, some admirable pictures of English social life from the Diamond Jubilee to the Match Famine. And once, towards the end, the story recovers itself with a love-scene that is as direct and vital as anything Mr. WELLS, or indeed anyone else, has written

in this kind. Certainly *Joan and Peter*, didactic, emotional, sentimental (below the surface) and occasionally inspired by too obvious an avoidance of the trammels of good taste, remains a book that must be read.

*The Village Wife's Lament* (SECKER), by Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, is impressive rather for its theme than for any particular power or beauty in the telling. The plan of it is simple, a story of country love and happiness ruined by the world tragedy; the passionate question with which so many thousands of bewildered minds have been tormented: Why should these things be? Mr. HEWLETT seems disturbed by a fear lest he shall be thought to have put ideas into the mouth of his peasant for which she could never actually have found expression. In a rather superfluous note he defends himself from this suggestion. "If I know anything of village people I know that they shape their lives according to Nature, and are outraged to the root of their being by the frustration of Nature's laws." The justification was hardly needed. No one objects to the heroine of a poem thinking and talking poetry—so long as it is good. There are passages of dignity and rhythmic charm in the *Lament*, but there are also not a few that strike me as monstrously unworthy. "Where you see *nil*," for example, is a line that surely no poet should have given either to a village wife or anyone else. I would have rather found Mr. HEWLETT apologizing for such lapses than for excess of thought in a work whose manner falls here considerably below the demands of the matter and of his own art.

If you want to get at once at the heart of certain reminiscences of the trenches, entitled *Private Peat* (HUTCHINSON), I give you page 156, line 27 and on: "We had seen atrocities on the Belgians the day before. We had seen young girls who were mutilated and horribly maltreated. We had been gassed. We had seen our comrades die in awful horror. We had seen our sergeants crucified and we were outnumbered ten to one. . . . We remained the victors of Ypres. Canadians—Canadians—that's all!" Yes, I suppose that is what they were and are—Canadians, just that and nothing more. But that's good enough. I remember standing at the time referred to in another trench, a mile or two to the right of them, observing at night the curious, even picturesque reflection in the sky, and trusting that this sort of thing gave pleasure to those who were in the midst of it. And, indeed, it appears to have done if Mr. HAROLD R. PEAT is anything to go by. You might suppose, on reading his modest account of it, that it was a rare privilege and a barely deserved pleasure to go through hell and tarry long on the journey for the Old Country. Mr. PEAT pats himself and his fellow-Canadians happily on the back and as much as says "I think, after all, that we deserved that honour." But mark you, he only thinks; he never seems quite sure. For my part I heartily welcomed the last chapter, written by the lady who afterwards became his wife, which went straight to the point. I like Mr. PEAT's breezy style; I like his opinions, attitude, advice, descriptions, anecdotes; and I very much like Mr. PEAT. I see no need whatever for all that buck-stick business on the outside cover, and I trust that nobody will allow himself to be put off by it.

While *Guy was in France* (STANLEY PAUL) is another of those gentle romances of which Mr. THOMAS COBB has already produced a list that one might call formidable, if the term were not so out of keeping with this writer's well-mannered art. I dare say I need hardly explain that while *Guy* was in France the other characters stayed in or about London, took tea with each other and talked enough to fill every chapter with a sufficiency of easy-to-read dialogue. The chief talkers were *Cynthia* (engaged to *Guy*) and *Oliver*, and their theme was for the most part the infant whom *Cynthia's* dead brother was supposed to have left unprovided for. Whereas really both the child and its unmarried mother were the concerns of *Oliver*; upon hearing which *Cynthia* (not unnaturally) talked more than ever. By this time *Guy* had been so fortunate as to get out of France, with a wound that healed just in time for the happy ending of which I never remember Mr. COBB to have disappointed his many admirers. I'm afraid that I have been guilty of telling you the plot, but if you have, in common with a very large public, what I may call the COBB habit you will certainly wish to know not only the bare facts of what happened while *Guy* was in France, but the comments of the author and everyone concerned. As I indi-

cated above, Mr. COBB's personages find a considerable deal to say, and say it with a convincing and thoroughly human effect; with, in fact, just that pleasant rapidity which in real life is so characteristic of the conversation of other people. And this of course is precisely the reason for their popularity.

What a thing it must be for schoolboys to live in these spacious days and have such books of adventure to read as the happily-named *Plane Tales from the Skies* (CASSILL), by "WING ADJUTANT." Was there ever a knight from ROLAND to BAYARD who had such honour in the lists as several score of youngsters who as like as not were in the sixth a couple or so of years ago? "WING ADJUTANT" puts on no literary airs (so challenges no captious critic); he tells his plain true tales in length appropriate for the articles of which this book is a selection, and diddles the Censor by giving no names or dates. I like the yarn of the bored Squadron Commander who visited a reluctant enemy aerodrome and dropped a bomb which didn't explode; because

in fact it was a pair of infantry boots to which was attached this poignant message: "If you won't come up here and fight herewith one pair of boots for work on the ground. Pilots—for the use of." But the book is filled with sterner stuff than that, and guaranteed to make anyone feel giddy—and very humble and proud.

*The Law of the Gun* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is concerned with the not altogether pleasant subject of revenge. But when I tell you that the author is Mr. RIDGWEIL CULLUM you will know that among the many hard cases to

which he introduces us are also one or two white men and a girl of beauty and courage beyond reproach. That is Mr. CULLUM's way, and I have not a word to say against it. Here in the first chapter we meet a young cattleman, with just two dollars between him and starvation, who undertakes, at the instigation of a half-breed and one *Ironsides*, "to run a bunch of beeves" (stolen) to the slaughter-yards at Fort Rodney. He is arrested by the Canadian police, tried and sentenced, and, after spending eight years in a penitentiary, manages to escape. His sole idea is to get level with *Ironsides*, and very cleverly he sets to work to square accounts. The picture of the mining town of *Sunrise* is excellently drawn, and once more Mr. CULLUM shows that in his own field he has no rivals to fear.

"Events convinced these tried friends of the Fatherland that the game was up, and that they had pinned their colours to the wrong horse."—*Times*.

"Lover of Animals" writes to ask whether the cruel practice alluded to prevails in English racing circles, and begs Mr. Punch to throw his powerful influence into the scale and so give the quietus to such a method of barbarism. Surely, he says, the colours could equally well be tied to, or indeed painted on, the horse—right or wrong.



ON THE SHORE OF THE HELLESPONT.

Hero. "TRANDER DEAR, I WISH YOU HADN'T BROUGHT FIDO. HE IS SIMPLY RUINING MY NEW FROCK."

**CHARIVARIA.**

No indication that Bulgaria would surrender unconditionally appeared in the papers the week before. A great scoop this for Bulgaria.

It is unofficially reported that the Berlin-Sofia railway was cut by Serbian cavalry only six hours south of **Ferdie**.

"The whereabouts of King **Ferdinand**," says a morning paper, "is still a great secret." Our information is that he is in a bit of a hole.

A German paper refers to Bulgaria as "a pail of iniquity." The trouble is, of course, that Germany is now outside the pail.

We are informed that Turkey is about to point out that if the Allies persist in capturing any more of her armies it will not be her fault if there is no more war left in the East.

The German Metals Confiscation Department has removed the brass boot-scrapers from the Reichstag building. Government officials will continue to wipe their boots on the Members as heretofore.

"I have many friends in the Entente countries," said the Crown Prince recently. As a matter of fact we seem to be getting them at the rate of about twenty-five thousand a week.

The boy that fell from the gallery of a Scottish theatre to the pit happily sustained only slight injuries, and there is no truth in the report that the manager charged him another shilling.

Red Guards at Moscow have passed a resolution in favour of an armed revolt. They will have only themselves to blame if this continual bickering leads to bloodshed.

Sir **Ernest Shackleton** has been appointed a Major, with special duties. A sinister rumour is abroad to the effect that these include a lecture on "How to sustain life in low temperatures."

The Cork Corporation has changed the name of one of its streets from

"Great George Street" to "Washington Street." On the suggestion that this might arouse international jealousy the Councillors agreed to give the name "Robey Avenue" to an adjoining thoroughfare.

A Newcastle youth was sent to prison last week for stealing alcoholic liquor worth one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. His defence was that he thought the bottle was empty.

Priority certificates for feeding-stuffs for calves have been extended until Nov. 17. Great satisfaction is expressed by those West End restaurateurs who make a speciality of catering for this class of customer.



*Puzzled Income-Tax Official. AND IS THE SEPARATION FROM YOUR HUSBAND AN OFFICIAL ONE?*

*Munition Kate. "I DUNNO ABOUT 'OFFICIAL.' ALL I KNOWS IS AS WHEN 'E COMES TO OUR 'OUSE WE CALLS T HE POLICE AND THEY CHUCKS 'IM OUT."*

The Actors' Association has protested against the designation of chorus-girls as actresses. Technically they should come under the heading of supernumeraries.

Dublin grave-diggers have gone strike for more pay. Pending a settlement the remains of the Nationalist Party may have to be embalmed.

Vulcanised footwear is on exhibition at the Holborn Town Hall. A concurrent report alleges that a distinguished Berlin professor has designed a ferro-concrete trouser.

No credit is given to the rumour that the recent firing of a haystack in Surrey was due to the careless use of an automatic pipe-lighter. The theory, of course, is absurd.

With reference to the fire-engine

which dashed into a draper's shop-window the other day it is denied that the shopkeeper remarked, "Thank you, but we have not yet started fires."

Pressure is being brought to bear on the Government to control candles and soap. In some quarters it is urged that once the Irish cheese industry is well established the situation will right itself automatically.

It is rumoured that a Conscientious Objector in Ireland has just been arrested for illegal drilling.

A Chicago man who was supposed to have been executed for murder in 1889 has just turned up at his home.

His friends are sanguine that his return will render the execution null and void.

Evidence was given in a police court last week that a Norwegian told a London policeman to mind his own business. It is only fair to the policeman to say that our visitor was not on strike at the time.

A contemporary reports that a Manchester boy was recently taken seriously ill through eating too much cake. Smith Minor declares that this is ridiculous. The real reason was that there was not enough boy.

All scientists are agreed, says a contemporary, that there is something wrong with a red-headed man. Of course. It is the colour of his hair.

"Should We Hang People?" asks a weekly paper headline. Certainly not unless they have committed murder.

A lady's dress caught fire the other day through a lighted match thrown from a tramcar in Blackfriars Road. It is not known where the man obtained the match.

**Commercial Candour.**

"FOR SALE, 50 year-old White Leghorns, through moults."—*Lancashire Post*.

"Dr. G. Campbell Morgan has, it is stated, accepted an invitation to occupy the pulpit at Highbury Quadrant Church for at least a year."—*Overseas Daily Mail*.

We fear the strain will be too great. Nothing is said about an evening off.

## LOYAL FERDIE.

*A further communication from the SULTAN.*

["Full of the greatest loyalty towards our Allies, my Government has no other aim than to discharge our duty to the country and give it and our brave troops an opportunity of attaining an honourable peace."—*Extract from speech reported (in a telegram from Sofia) to have been read in King FERDINAND's name at the opening of an extraordinary session of the Sobranje.*]

FERDIE, how fast events have moved of late—  
As fast, in fact, as your battalions sprinted!  
Almost my last week's lines were out of date  
Before the stuff was printed.

And now this farewell poem which I sing—  
I've no idea to which of your addresses,  
Home or away, I ought to send the thing,  
So rash are rumour's guesses.

Sofia sounds unlikely. 'Tis a spot  
Where local sentiment is apt to vary;  
For autocrats it sounds a shade too hot  
And most unsanitary.

Rather I judge that where your money is,  
Safe for the time from imminent Gehenna,  
There too Your Nosiness has followed—viz.  
The purlieus of Vienna.

Unless you've joined, beneath a neutral sky,  
And on some eligible Alp located,  
That Home for Exiled Kings which our ally,  
Tiso, inaugurated.

Well, you have chucked the Holy War, and we,  
We must fight on without your kind assistance,  
While from your fox's earth right loyally  
You cheer us, in the distance.

For to that tale no ear of mine I'll lend—  
That you, with colours changing like the opal,  
For tuppence would attack your poor old friend  
And go for Adrianople.

'Tis falso. Our FERDIE's heart is true as steel.  
Have you not sworn that, though compelled to sever  
Your War-engagements (for your country's weal),  
Your word's as good as over.

Myself I can't keep up a faith so fair;  
These tyrants of Potsdam—too much they task us;  
Clearly the limit must be drawn somewhere;  
I draw it at Damascus.

So don't be much surprised if some fine day,  
To save my skin and partly too to spite 'em,  
I talk of Peace, prepared to give away  
One very useful item,

The Dardanelles, with WILLIAM'S Orient route,  
Waiving my old monopoly of transit,  
And risk the wrath of his All-heaviest boot.  
FERDIE, I think I'll chance it. O. S.

## REPRISALS.

Ellis is a bit of an ass. Chance threw me across his path, and he kicked me as I lay. You shall hear about it. He would probably never have had the chance but for a certain Competent Authority, who decided that we had formed fours long enough in the chrysalis stage of our respective O.T.C.'s. In the sunshine of that Competent Authority's smile we emerged one day together as the

perfect insect and were attached as Second-Lieutenants to the Officers' Squad at —, never mind where.

The Officers' Squad was two strong, Ellis and I. We had a Sergeant all to ourselves to train us in the mystery which the initiated call "detail." Sometimes I was the O.C. Squad; sometimes I was just Squad without the O.C.

Ellis didn't play the game. When he was O.C. Squad he didn't give a thought to my feelings, but used to make me mark time for hours on end. I said, "Ellis, I will make you pay for this by-and-by." I didn't say it out loud, of course, because when you are Squad you can't say things like that to O.C. anything. But I knew my time would come.

It did; the day arrived when we were told to give the detail for "forming fours."

Have you ever formed fours? Yes? Then you won't have to be told that the place to make for when falling in is an odd number place, because all the complicated parts of the figure are reserved for the even numbers. To quote from that monument of English literature, "Infantry Training, 1914": "Odd numbers are called Right Files." That's because they stand still and can't go wrong.

I was O.C. squad; Ellis wasn't. Ellis fell in with the suspicion of a smile on his ugly face.

I explained in the grand old words of "Infantry Training" what is expected of a British soldier when called upon to form fours. When I had recovered from the pardonable emotion that my words aroused I thundered out, "Squad! For-r-m—four-rs!"

Ellis stood like a statue, except that a smile of triumph lurked at the corners of his cruel mouth.

"'Alf a mo', Sir," interrupted the Sergeant. "You 'aven't numbered your squad yet."

I ground my teeth as I gave the required order: "Squad! Number!"

"One," said Ellis.

"For-r-m—four-rs!" I shrieked.

Ellis stood still and grinned.

Then the idea struck me.

"Number One," I said kindly, "change places with Number Two. Squad! Form—fours! Right! Left—turn! Form—fours! Form—two-deep! Form—fours! About—turn!"

You should have seen that ass Ellis' face after a quarter-of-an-hour's forming fours.

Then we proceeded to "Jerks"—Physical Training some people call it. It begins with a selection of tortures known as "Livening-up" exercises. Our P.T. instructor selected one at random, just to show us how to do it.

"Class! 'Tehun! Livening-up exercise! Double over and touch those beeches and fall in here. Go!"

Off we went and touched the beech-trees in question. When we got back the Sergeant said, "Mr. Ellis, Sir. Fall out in front."

Ellis obeyed. There was murder in his eye. I could see he was devising some devilish trick. Just then I caught sight of something red which bobbed slowly along the road beyond the trees. It was the dear old Brigadier out for a walk.

Then the awful thing happened. A voice which I knew to be Ellis's said, "Livening-up exercise. Double over and touch those beeches and fall in here. Go!"

I am a conscientious man. The British officer must learn to obey before he can command. I was longing for my turn to command. I obeyed.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The Brigadier took it very well considering. Ellis and I are now in a Labour Battalion. I said he was an ass, didn't I?



BRITANNIA'S FLAG-YEAR.



*Yank (after much thought, to Jock, whose pals have just given a spirited rendering of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"). "SAY, BUD, JUST PUT ME WISE. WHO IS THIS GUY, 'WHIA HAY'?"*

### BOOBY-TRAPS.

THE line that the Bosch had held for many months was reported as evacuated. Like buds upon the trees at the advent of spring, patrols burst forth from all along our line, propelled by a fusillade of paper from behind. "Touch" must be maintained.

The Hun had gone. Yes, all those vague and shadowy districts known to us merely as targets or map references, the sight of which had only been vouchsafed us by the use of telescopes and air photographs, were ours again to roam at will.

Corps Headquarters de-patched a platoon of Staff Officers representing goodness knows how many thousands of pounds a year. Ruthlessly they flung aside the task of sitting in offices and correcting one another's mistakes; this was the time for action. All means of conveyance—Rolls-Royces, side-cars, box-cars, bicycles, French carts and, I was almost going to add, bath-chairs—were impressed to speed them. Everybody was delighted. Only the Sappers grained. To them would fall the task of searching for Hun booby-traps and reporting "O.K." (to be followed shortly

by a loud explosion and the message, "Cancel O.K.").

"Come on," said Pongo, the strong silent man of the Intelligence who only stops talking when he has a catch in his breath—on, G. 3; don't waste your time in the office wiring to Army Headquarters, 'Ref. G. 506, for L/Cpl. J. Topham read L/Cpl. J. Pop-ham.' Come and see the War."

"Joy-riding?"

"Joy-riding? I'm going to find out if those really were Bosch ammunition dumps at G. 36 B. 08 or only flaws on the photograph. Orderly! Order-lee! Go round to my billet and fetch my attle-bowler, and get a move on."

"I can't go," I said, "there's nobody left in the whole Corps Headquarters; I'm Corps Commander at present without pay or allowances."

"Nonsense. Put the Agricultural Officer in charge; the Staff should be interchangeable—it is written so in the Staff Manual."

And what a sight the country was when we arrived! Like peppies blooming in the stricken cornfield, Staffs of all kinds went bobbing hither and thither, stepping high over loose wires in case these should be attached to

things which go up in a puff of blue smoke.

We met the Corps Commander in the square of a famous town, reconquered but a few hours before. "Look at the wreck they've made of my old château," he said.

The famous square had been laid in ruins, and everybody from the whole countryside seemed to have collected there to tell one another so. Different branches of the same Staff who had not met for years foregathered and pointed out their old billets amongst the *débris*. A party of Sappers began to dig.

"Ah, and what are you doing, Corporal?" asked the Staff with their never ending cheeriness.

"Suspected delay-action mine here, Sir; one went up down the road not long ago."

"Quite so, quite so." The Staff moved on busily, and presently found themselves taking a cross-country cut to save time.

"Look!" cried Pongo, "do you see? They *were* ammunition dumps after all," and he planted himself triumphantly at G. 36 B. 08. "And look at those flares—Bosch flares. I wonder

# Poor Russia!

**S**Ocialism is a great promiser, but a very poor performer. There is nothing new in this statement, but what is new (and it is noteworthy as well as new) is that an example in very concrete form is before us

Russia had a very bad type of autocracy. A kind of autocracy that could not have endured much longer. But even the bad kind of autocracy would have saved Russia until the War was won, then democracy could have gradually impressed itself through the Duma. Instead Socialism reared its ugly head.

The damnable doctrine of equality was promulgated with the inevitable result that a mighty empire is in the melting-pot and millions of decent Russian peasants are starving and their condition is being exploited by the Socialistic brutes who fatten on their misery.

LET THE WORKERS IN ALL DEMOCRATIC NATIONS  
PROFIT BY THE AWFUL EXAMPLE OF RUSSIA!

The flaw in Socialism is that it levels *down* and tends to eliminate the best.

Under War conditions this may be unavoidable. For example HAIG & HAIG Whisky is "controlled in price" down to the level of other whiskies.

If the HAIG & HAIG Management believed in Socialistic ideas they would bring down their quality to the common level.

But they do not believe in the doctrine of false equality so they will maintain true quality and wait for results after the War.



**I** AM only a bottle. My Managers are not asking for more Home business. They are advertising to keep me in my proper place on the market, namely ON TOP.

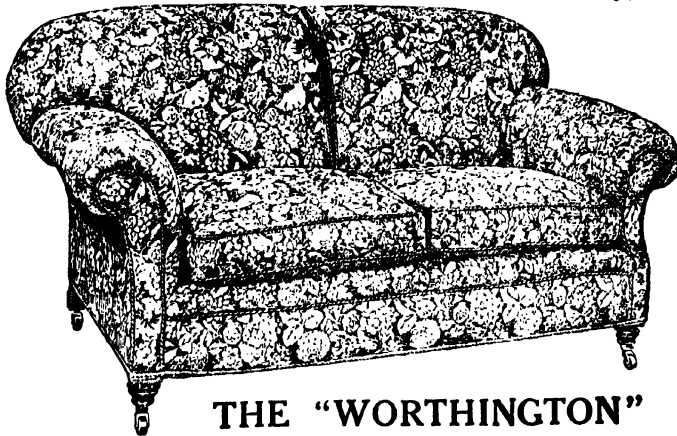
**I** AM exported in this bottle. Some export markets are yet without Agents. Correspondence is invited with high-class merchants abroad where I am not now on sale.



**Haig & Haig Five Stars  
Scots Whisky**

Head Office, 57 Southwark Street, London S.E. 1





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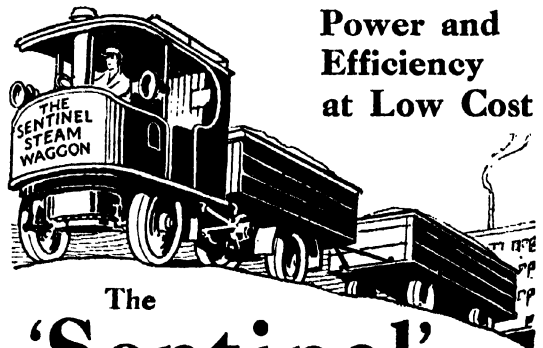
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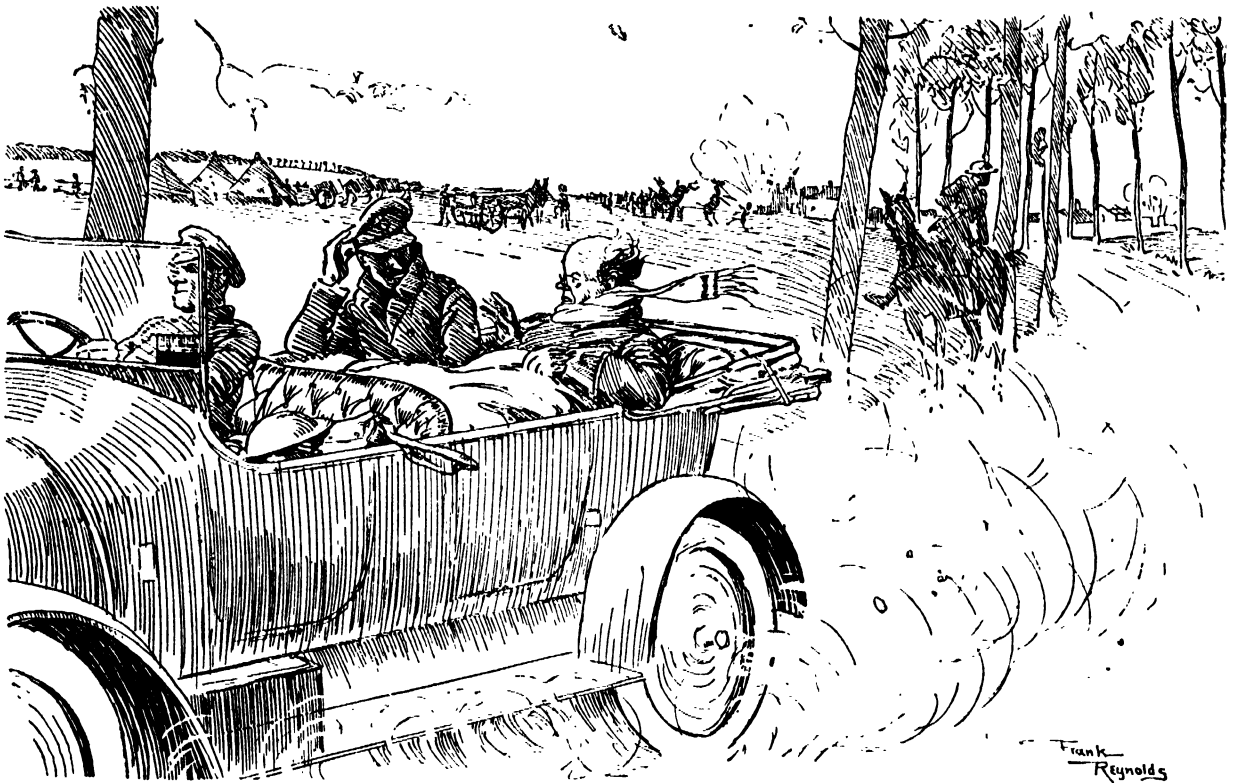
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NOTE.—Only one driver is required.



*Conducting Officer (to visitor, having come successfully through town which is being shelled). "BY JOVE, I DIDN'T NOTICE YOUR HAT WAS GONE. I'M VERY SORRY. WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME? WE'LL TURN BACK."*

*Visitor. "NOT AT ALL. I WOULDN'T THINK OF GIVING YOU THE TROUBLE. I'VE GOT PLENTY OF HATS—MORE, IN FACT, THAN I CAN DO WITH."*

if they 're as good as ours. Better, by Jove," he went on as he lit one; "no smoke at all. Here's another. I wonder what this is? What the devil's the matter with it, it won't light"—bang!—"OO!"

Curiosity was satisfied. Luckily nobody was hurt, but I borrowed his matches and forgot to give them back.

Further on we got another reminder of the Great War. "Quite all right," we heard one machine-gunner say to the officer to whom he was handing over his three-walled billet, "not at all a bad place. Don't touch that old tin bath, by the way, there seems to be a bit of wire attached to the bottom; and, while I think of it, we don't quite like the look of that vase on the mantelpiece."

"Oh, otherwise all right?" asked the tenant, and took possession without another word.

"That's a fine dug-out," said Pongo as we rounded a corner of a sunken road; "I wonder if that's been searched for documents." He tried the door. It was shut fast. He was about to tug at it when I yelled out sharply and pulled him back. There was something about the place which aroused my suspicions. I remembered what had happened to my sergeant when he

had pulled at a door like that during the Bosch retreat on the Somme. Very gingerly we peeped through a small hole in the door and our blood really did run cold. There was a wire running from the latch into the dug-out below. The wire was taut.

For a long time we looked at it so hard that it's a wonder it didn't go off.

"What are we going to do about it?" said Pongo at last. "We can't leave it like that for some poor unsuspecting blighter. Better chalk up a warning on the door and leave it for the Sappers."

"Chalk?" We snarved the chalkless waste. It was a silly suggestion.

"I wonder how the thing works," said Pongo, sniffing at it. "By Jove, it opens inwards. I see, as soon as the wire is relaxed up goes the whole caboodle. Better leave it—what?"

Of course we didn't leave it. It fascinated us. We threw small stones at it, then lumps of earth, then larger lumps, bricks, duds. Really we worked like Trojans, but the door remained shut fast.

"Idiots we are!" cried Pongo. "Haven't we got revolvers? Let's shoot the lock off!"

*How easy.* Why hadn't we thought of it before? Taking up our stand at

about twenty paces distant, Broncho Bill and Cowboy Pete blazed away. We tried shooting with the right hand, with the left hand, both hands, crooked arm, straight arm, standing, kneeling and in the prone position over a sand-bag rest. Oh, it wasn't that we didn't hit it; we hit it often—the door, I mean, but the latch part of it was the difficulty.

As the last round ricocheted off a stone we reluctantly gave it up as a bad job, and after a moment's survey of our handiwork turned away in disgust.

Suddenly an old rugged Scotsman, carrying his kilt over his arm, came out of the dug out and saluted us smartly.

"I hear-r-d a knocking," said he. "Will ye be wanting somebody, Sir?"

We would not. We had just called, in passing, to see if the family was at home. And we passed. L.

#### Between the Lights.

A dear and conscientious old lady who is strictly obeying the following instructions in the paper: "Blinds must be drawn at 6 P.M. Lighting up time, 6.11 P.M.," writes to ask us to advise her as to the best way of spending this brief interval of darkness.

### THE INSTANTANEOUS RANK-ADJUSTER.

THE other day, on my arrival from France, my relatives decided that I must have a new tunic and sell the old one in aid of local charities. Having realised my remaining securities and taken Mr. Cox into my confidence, I approached my tailor and put myself in his hands. My tailor isn't the man he used to be, but only his grandfather; the autocrat who designed my outfit in pre-war days being now a Temporary Second Lieutenant Acting Colonel of the 6/7th Tweedshires. To this fact we owe, as will be seen, one of the greatest military inventions of the age.

The old gentleman, now a little decrepit, shook his head when he saw my clothes, while at the same time a glow of more than usual interest illumined his ancient eyes. He inclines to be talkative, but never foolishly.

"Yes," he said, "you're a little stouter than when we last had the pleasure of fitting you, Sir—doubtless the feeding at the Front. You'll require one or two more wound-stripes and chevrons, no doubt? Medal ribbons? We have some very nice V.C. ribbon in just now, Sir; but most gentlemen prefer this variegated effect in purple and white. What about badges of rank? You're not quite sure what to wear? I expected as much. Now, Sir, you've come to us most opportunely. Do you realise what has done most injury to the garment you very rightly propose to discard? Not mere wear and tear; not enemy action; not even batmen. Where has it suffered most? Not at the elbows; not in the pockets. No, Sir—the sleeves have gone. And why have the sleeves gone, leaving the bust and torso comparatively sound? The trained eye can see; it is because of the constant changes of the insignia of rank. I note here traces of incessant variation—a history of promotions and reversions as distressing to the sartorial eye as it is, I doubt not, distressing to the straight-forward military mind.

"Now, Sir, Mr. George, my grandson, who, when he wrote on Monday, was commanding his Battalion and wearing the badges of a Lieutenant-Colonel, has for long wrestled with the same problems as yourself, spoiling tunic after tunic in his efforts always to carry the correct badges of rank. He has now, however, during a brief rest, evolved the Instantaneous Rank-Adjuster. It necessitates, I must explain, the wearing of badges on the shoulders and not the sleeves. Here is a specimen. Very simple, as you see, consisting of an endless strap for both shoulders, each strap bearing, in correct succession, badges of all com-

missioned ranks from Second-Lieutenant to Field-Marshal. The strap runs round this inconspicuous aluminium roller which is inserted in the deltoid hem—where the top of the sleeve joins the shoulder—and round a similar roller beneath the superior lapel. From there it is led by a clever arrangement behind the clavicular panel—or, speaking as a layman, the back of the coat—and round a third roller secured diagonally to the dorsal gusset, which you probably know as the seam running down the spine, Sir.

"Let us presume that you are once again a happy innocent lad, a Second Lieutenant, proud of the King's commission and of the gentlemanly yet serviceable outfit provided by us at moderate terms. One morning your Battalion unfortunately suffers casualties and you find yourself an Acting Captain. No unpicking; no sewing; no boring holes in your shoulder-strap with a bayonet. You apply this tiny key (supplied in duplicate with every Adjuster) to the dorsal roller and revolve it until the necessary arrangement of constellations appears on the exposed portion of the shoulder-strap. Next day you are wounded and sent home; you recover and return to France. Again no unpicking; no sewing. A few turns of the key make you once more a Second Lieutenant, your tunic none the worse for these vicissitudes.

"Again, let us say you are going on leave—such things do happen—and for personal reasons do not desire to be detailed as O.C. Storm Pans, or for any other duty. You adjust the key, revolve the roller until the shoulder-strap displays whatever badge observation has taught you ensures immunity from R.T.O.'s, and go aboard unjostled and unmolested.

"Many other occasions will arise in military life on which the Instantaneous Adjuster will be invaluable. My grandson the Colonel goes so far as to suggest that busy officers in doubt as to their standing may avail themselves of its adjustability to wear the badge of a different rank on each shoulder.

"If the War Office decide to authorise badges showing whether rank is substantive, temporary, acting, honorary, presumptive, executive or passive, and, if coming under several of these headings, which, and in each case whether with or without pay, allowances, overtime, bonuses and free insurance, we shall put on the market an elaborator attachment to the Adjuster. In the meantime may I fit your new tunic with one of the simpler type?"

Wouldn't you have said "Yes"?  
I did.

### RUMINATIONS.

[Reflections of a soldier on hearing that certain of our more fanatical politicians advocate the abolition of the Army rum ration.]

THE Power that, bringing man to birth,  
Ordained for each his proper place,  
Fixed for each one his weight and girth,  
His wealth, his rank, his club, his  
race,

Religion, way of thinking,

Confirmed in all men from the first

A frequently recurrent thirst,

With means and will for drinking.

Barley was made for those who brew

The beer that slakes the Briton's  
meal;

The apple's rose and russet hue

Was fashioned mainly to conceal

The cider juice within it;

Beer, cider—both will cool the throat,

But if we had to take a vote

We think the beer would win it.

Here's to the luscious wines that foam

Around the feet of laughing girls,

Palernian loved of ancient Rome,

The crusted ports of belted earls,

Sweet wines of Samarcand,

The sherry steeped in Spanish sun,

The hock that swells the swollen Hun,  
Tokay and Ems brand.

There are strange drinks for those who  
choose

To suck their liquor through a straw,  
Such potions as the Sammies use

And lesser breeds without the law—  
Peers, Publicans and Sheenies—

Dopes that the Colonels at the Ritz

Seek when on leave from strafing

Fritz,

Manhattans and Martinis.

And we who, keeping nightly watch

'n Flanders' living grave abide,

Toast him who deals us out the Scotch,

And, at the fall of eventide,

Look shrewdly for the beaker;

But most of all we gladly come

To thank the man who makes the

rum,

And never makes it weaker.

And when at last the bugle blows

In Potsdam for that great parade

When WILHELM sees our ranks reclose

And all his hopes of empire fade,

Himself without a billet,

VON KLUCK will see the water hot,

REPPECK will issue out a tot,

And HINDENBURG refill it.

There is a lull in the war news to-day,  
which gives an lranney feeling to the speculative interest with which the next move in the great drama on the Western Front is being anticipated."—*Irish Paper*.

A lull always gives us just that lranney feeling.

### THE DEMONSTRATION PLATOON.

I AM in disgrace. Bronker, who commands No. 11 Platoon, is in disgrace. I am in despair. Bronker is not. He is always in trouble of some sort, while I had been made Assistant Adjutant and was very much in favour with the C.O. until yesterday, when the awful thing happened.

I was sitting in the orderly-room when the C.O. came in with a letter in his hand.

"Brown," he said, after a smiling acknowledgment of my salute, "do you know anything about Demonstration Platoons?"

"Not very much, I'm afraid, Sir," I replied. (Our C.O. appreciates a judicious display of ignorance on the part of his junior officers.)

"Well, you'll have an opportunity of adding to your knowledge this afternoon. I have a note here from the Commandant of the Corps School" (we are out at rest a good way back from the line), "inviting me to a demonstration to be given this afternoon by his Demonstration Platoon, which is supposed to be a very good one."

"Yes, Sir," I said, as he paused there. "They are going to give a demonstration of march discipline."

"Yes, Sir," I said.

"And they are going to start by giving examples of *bad* march discipline."

"Yes, Sir," I said.

"I am going to take you with me."

"Yes, Sir, thank you," I said.

Yesterday afternoon, shortly before the appointed hour of 3 P.M., I was standing with the C.O. on a bank at the cross roads at P. 24 B. 35-67 (Sheet 159b) in accordance with the directions given. Almost as we looked round for the first time we saw a body of men, in numbers apparently about the strength of a platoon, in appearance somewhat resembling a party of beanfeasters walking home after upsetting their char-à-banc in a ditch. They were already near enough for the eye to ascertain that the leading figure wore the dress of an Officer in His Majesty's Army.

"Look at those men," said the C.O. I looked. "Look at them straggling all over the road and the Platoon Commander stalking on without showing the slightest interest. Look at the officer's servant walking in the ditch with a chicken in one hand and a teapot in the other. Look at that man with a blanket bundle slung over his shoulder; I suppose his equipment's in that; he's certainly not wearing any. And the step—I've never seen so many steps among so few men. I tell



Lieut. Brommell (after his first night "Somewhere in France"). "SHEETS NOT OVER-CLEAN IN MY BED, ORDERLY."

Orderly. "CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, SIR. THE LAST MAN THAT SLEPT IN THEM WAS A MAJOR."

you what, Brown, I've always admired the British soldier, but I've never realised before that he has the makings of a first-class actor in him. I congratulate you, Colonel," he said, turning to the Commandant of the School, who had just come up, "on the best show I've ever seen. Your platoon is wonderful, and the man who trained it must be a genius."

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you," said the Commandant; "I was just going to apologise for keeping you waiting because there was some mistake in sending out the orders, and my Demonstration Platoon won't be here before 3.30."

By this time the men we had been watching were coming very near, and just as I thought I recognised the officer I suddenly remembered that No. 11 Platoon had been ordered to change their billet that day, and that their route lay along the road we were watching.

"But what on earth——" the C.O. started, but, before he could finish, a

veritable, an indubitable, Bronker turned his head and eyes towards the C.O. and executed his best and most ponderous salute.

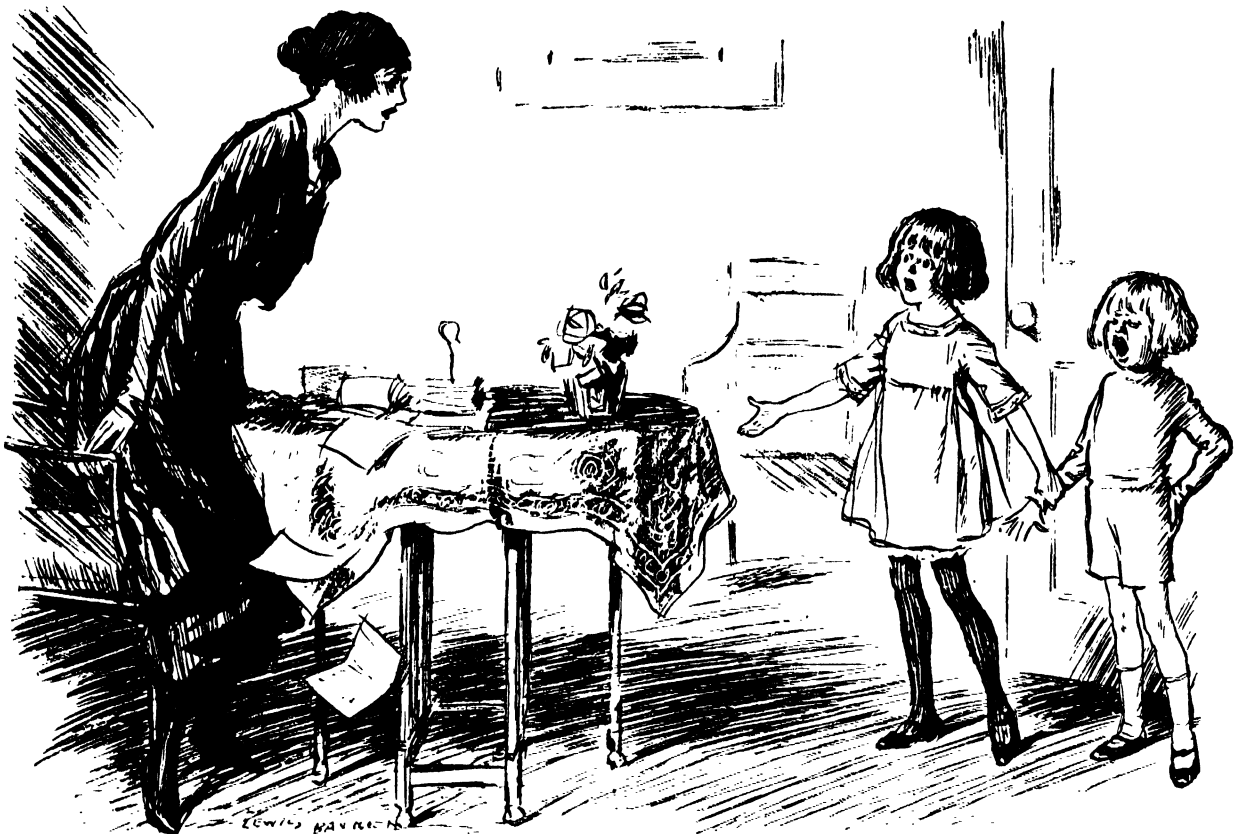
I did try to keep back that laugh—my lips are still sore where I bit them—but laugh I did right under the eyes of the C.O. He is a fine soldier, our C.O., but a little lacking in the sense of humour. And now, though my haversack may be lighter without the Field-Marshal's baton which, I fear, will never repose in it again, my heart is heavy.

### Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P., Minister for Labour, said the happenings of the last six weeks justified them in the belief that peace was much nearer than it was during the earlier part of the year."—*Evening Paper*.

"Brassworkers and Metal Mechanics, Coventry Branch, held their annual floral night on Saturday. Estimating the weight of a large bumpkin caused much amusement and profit."—*Midland Paper*.

It was sporting of the stout bucolic to lend himself to the general enjoyment.



"GOODNESS GRACIOUS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"BILLY'S BEEN AND STUNG HIMSELF ON A WASP."

## THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

xv.

### CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XC.

*George.* Pray tell me, Mamma, how it came about that there was a paper famine at the same time that the country was so rich in paper money?

*Mrs. M.* You have set me a difficult conundrum, but I imagine the true answer to be that the paper famine was only relative, and that all the paper used for banknotes was as nothing to that required for unnecessary books and newspapers.

*Mary.* George always asks such tire some questions. Please tell us something more interesting. What was the Spanish influenza? I suppose it was a sort of dance.

*Mrs. M.* You would have done better to stop short at your question instead of betraying your ignorance by suggesting the answer. Influenza, as I think I have told you in our earlier conversations, first visited these shores in the year 1836, in the form of a catarrh accompanied by a tendency to fever. Towards the end of the century the Russian variety, with constantly changing symptoms, became prevalent. Your grandfather has told me that when he had it, everything he ate tasted, in his

rude but picturesque phrase, of "gun-powder and rotten eggs." Owing to the passion for abbreviation, to which I have never succumbed, the complaint was vulgarly known as "flu," and seemed to have died out when it was re-imported from Spain twenty years later, though some people attributed it to the "hidden hand." Mexican, Mesopotamian and Patagonian varieties followed, but the disease was finally stamped out by the efforts of a special Ministry of Influenza whose headquarters were at the British Museum, and which employed a staff of five thousand officials with a minimum salary of ten pounds a week. Your grandfather, who held a high position in the Ministry on the strength of his knowledge of Oriental languages, used to speak of his appointment as the best remunerated sinecure—or, as Richard would say, the "softest job"—he had ever enjoyed.

*Mary.* Please, Mamma, are Pancelts good to eat?

*Mrs. M.* Not being a cannibal, my dear child, I cannot say. The Pancelts were a group of people who wished to give a wider scope to the Celtic Revival of which I told you, and the word Celt is by some derived from "kilt," the ancient and scanty dress of the abori-

ginal inhabitants of Scotland and Ireland. Owing to the shortage of cloth the proposal to make the kilt compulsory was favourably supported for a while, but ultimately the integuments of nether man resumed their dual form.

*Mary.* May I have a kilt for a Christmas present, Mamma?

*Mrs. M.* The purpose of these conversations, my dear Mary, is not to discuss revolutionary changes in your wardrobe, but to increase your knowledge of history. To resume, the leaders of the Celtic Revival were famous for their literary achievements.

*Richard.* What did they do in the Great War?

*Mrs. M.* They wrote beautiful poetry, and went out of doors only in the twilight. One of them, who succeeded in taming a *leprechaun* or fairy, was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for the conspicuous services he had rendered to the cause of humanity.

## X-Rays.

"Photographs of the Church and the Vicar (interior and exterior) may be had of the Verger."—Notice in a Berkshire Church.

## "CLEAN SWEEP IN GERMANY."

Headline in "Daily Express."

A serious coal shortage, evidently.







## THE "GOOD INTENT."

[The ketch *Good Intent*, built at Plymouth of British oak one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, is probably the oldest British merchant vessel afloat.]

THEY built her in the olden days,  
They built her strong, they built her stout;

In Farmer GEORGE'S golden days  
It must have been or thereabout.

They knew no rush or hustle then,  
They drove no rivets racing time;  
A sort of pleasant bustle then  
Filled up the hours from chime to chime.

With care and pains they'd linger on  
Each chisel touch and mallet stroke,  
And lay a loving finger on  
Her curving sides of Devon oak.

And so they worked, and so she grew  
From garboard unto gunwale strake,  
And if uncommon slow she grew  
They built to last and no mistake.

Well, finish her they did at last;  
Sparred, rigged and fitted forth she went,  
And out to sea she slid at last —  
The ketch of Plymouth, *Good Intent*.

She went—and Lord! she's going still;  
The same old sea's beneath her bow;  
The same old winds are blowing still;  
The same old skies behold her now.

The Channel lights they wink at her  
(They've done it at her cargoes too!);  
The friendly stars they blink at her  
The way they always used to do.

The coast from North to South she knows,  
Its tiny ports and sleepy piers;  
From Hull to Avonmouth she knows  
She's used 'em for a hundred years.

Old *Téméraire* she might have seen,  
And curtseyed to the *Victory*;  
And many a ding-dong fight have seen,  
For those were lively times at sea.

The packets in their day were new,  
And many a bluff East Indian—  
She saw 'em all when they were new,  
Since first her sailing days began.

She saw, she waved them on their way,  
Trim brig and plunging seventy-four,  
And one and all they've gone their way  
Like clouds that pass and are no more.

Frigate and sloop and battleship,  
She's seen 'em come, she's seen 'em go,  
Red tramp and reeking cattle-ship  
And China clipper winged like snow.

But still her old luck nods to her,  
And be it peace or be it war



G. L. STAMP. 1918.

A.P.M. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY APPEARING IN PUBLIC IMPROPERLY DRESSED, WITH NO BELT ON?" Sub. "I'M UNDER OPEN ARREST, SIR."

A.P.M. "WHAT ARE YOU UNDER OPEN ARREST FOR?"

Sub. "APPEARING IN PUBLIC IMPROPERLY DRESSED, WITH NO BELT ON, SIR."

It doesn't make much odds to her —  
She's lived in rousing times before.

They might not count as skilled to-day  
In her old hull whose lesson's hid:  
"God send our shipwrights build to-day  
As honest as their grandads did!"  
C. F. S.

"All previous records in ship finishing have been beaten by a marvellous performance on the part of men of Messrs. Workman, Clark and Co., Ltd., Belfast, who have completed a standard ship of 8,000 tons in three and three quarter days. And we also have victory now well on the stocks."

*Liverpool Evening Express.*

At this rate of progress we shall have victory before Sunday next.

## Bon Ton.

"Lady wishes to acquire from a society lady a more CULTIVATED ACCENT; Oxford tone particularly desired; weekly lessons."  
*Morning Paper.*

A lady perceived that her speech  
Was not quite what the Varsities teach;  
So she called on a duchess  
And asked, "May I puehess  
Your Oxford tones—tuppence for each?"

"Of 2,918 rates examined bacteriologically, two were found to be infected with plague."  
*Daily Paper.*

We only examine ours economically,  
but we find them a plaguy nuisance  
all the same.

## THOSE THIRTY MINUTES.

THERE are many things to teach children which are not now included in any curriculum; and one of the first is not to hang about seeing people off by train.

Then such episodes as this, thousands of which are being enacted on railway platforms every day, would no longer be possible.

Scene: VICTORIA.

The train for Brighton is in and already full, although half-an-hour has yet to go. In a first-class compartment intended for six are ten persons, among them a meek girl squeezed between Lieutenants who have lifted the padded arms dividing the seats. Outside at the window is the meek girl's friend, an elderly woman, who has come to see her off. They have nothing to say to each other; but the friend cannot tear herself away. The other passengers hate the sight of her.

*Elderly Woman.*  
Well, take care of yourself.

*Meek Girl.* Yes.

[A minute passes, during which, as in all the subsequent minutes, the friend beams through the window.]

*E. W.* Are you cramped in there?

*M. G.* (who can hardly breathe for Lieutenants). Oh, no, not at all.

*E. W.* You look as if you were.

[The Lieutenants make insincere efforts to release her a little.]

*M. G.* Oh, no, not at all really.

[A minute passes.]

*E. W.* It's lucky we were here early.

*M. G.* Yes, isn't it? [Time passes.]

*E. W.* I wonder if you'll stop at Croydon.

*M. G.* I wonder.

*E. W.* Probably not. I expect this is an express. [More time passes.]

*E. W.* Shall I get you a paper?

*M. G.* No, thank you.

[Another interval.]

*E. W.* (after consulting her watch). The time's going on. You'll start soon.

*M. G.* How soon?

*E. W.* In about twenty minutes. No, nineteen and a-half.

*M. G.* That's good. I sha'n't be sorry when we're there.

*E. W.* Be sure to take care of yourself.

*M. G.* Oh, yes, yes.

*E. W.* Here comes a paper boy. You're sure you won't have anything?

*M. G.* Quite, thank you.

[Another interval.]

*E. W.* I wonder if you'll see the Wilkinsons.

*M. G.* I wonder.

*E. W.* I shouldn't be surprised.

*M. G.* Nor should I.

*E. W.* Be sure to remember me to them if you do.

*M. G.* Oh, yes.



Head of the Firm. "SEND THE COMMISSIONAIRE UP TO ME."

Jealous Junior. "HE'S OUT FOR MISS SMITH—THE NEW INVOICE CLERK, SIR CHURCH HUNTING."

*E. W.* But I dare say you won't see them.

*M. G.* No.

[Another Lieutenant with a suitcase looks in and decides to make a perch there. He does so at the far end.]

*E. W.* (humorously). Like sardines in a tin.

*M. G.* (with a laugh). Yes.

[More time passes.]

*E. W.* You'll be glad to be there, won't you?

*M. G.* Yes.

*E. W.* (brightly). You'll find the sea at Brighton.

*M. G.* Yes, I shall.

*E. W.* Sure you have no message for me to take back?

*M. G.* No. But thank you for seeing me off.

*E. W.* That's all right. I like seeing people off. (She goes away for a

moment, to the intense relief of the other passengers. Then she comes back). The train's frightfully full. Strange how much travelling there still is!

*M. G.* Yes.

[The train begins to move.]

*E. W.* Now you're off. Be sure to give them my love.

[She walks beside the train.]

*M. G.* Yes.

*E. W.* Take care of yourself.

*M. G.* Yes, oh yes.

[After a yard or so the train stops.]

*E. W.* You weren't going, after all.

*M. G.* No.

*E. W.* A false alarm. (Looks at her watch.) Why, it wants another five minutes yet.

*M. G.* Not really?

*E. W.* Yes. I'll tell them all what a full train it was.

*M. G.* Yes, do.

[More time passes.]

*E. W.* There are lots of people who can't get seats.

*M. G.* No.

*E. W.* Lucky we were here early.

*M. G.* Yes, wasn't it?

[Another minute passes.]

*E. W.* I wonder what all these people will do who can't find room.

*M. G.* (with an inspiration). Wait for the next perhaps.

*E. W.* Yes, very likely. Yes, that's what they'll do—wait for the next.

*M. G.* Yes.

[Two more minutes pass.]

*E. W.* (looking at her watch). Now you really will be off directly. Be sure to give them my love.

*M. G.* Yes.

*E. W.* And take care of yourself.

*M. G.* Oh, yes.

*E. W.* Don't catch a cold, will you?

*M. G.* Not if I can help it.

*E. W.* That's right. Yes, now you're really going.

[She begins to keep pace with the moving train, waving her hand and nodding brightly.]

*E. W.* Be sure to give them my love.

*M. G.* Yes, good-bye.

*E. W.* Good-bye. Sure you've got no messages for me?

*M. G.* No, but thank you for coming.

*E. W.* (breathlessly, almost running). Oh, that's all right. I love to. Good-bye.

*M. G.* Good-bye.

[She would wave too, but her arms are pinioned by Lieut. nants.]



### IN THE DAYS OF WRITING ON STONE.

*Besieged Citizen (to friend who has got hurt).* "I HOPE IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS?"

*Hurt Friend.* "NO, THANKS. I SHALL SOON BE ALL RIGHT. IT WAS ONLY A LUMP OF THE PROPAGANDIST LITERATURE THAT THE ENEMY HAS BEEN PEPPERING US WITH THIS LAST DAY OR TWO."

### OUR OFFICIAL NOVELIST.

As might naturally be expected, the news of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT's appointment as Director of Propaganda has excited the liveliest interest. Locally perhaps the greatest enthusiasm has been shown in Staffordshire, where the Mayor of HANLEY is, we understand, promoting a movement to confer the Freedom of the Five Towns on their most famous inhabitant. On the other hand, gloom reigns in Paternoster Row. A leading publisher, interviewed by our representative, took a decidedly pessimistic view of the situation. "Where," he asked, "will it end, if the State is going to sterilize our imaginative writers by harnessing them to politics? And how are we going to live if our 'best sellers' are all to be mopped up? JOHN BUCHAN, ARNOLD BENNETT—why, they'll be commandeering ETHEL M. DELL, CHARLES GARVICE and the Baroness ORCZY next. England without novels, as my principal reader wittily put it to me, is like

a slum without hovels." Here his emotion overcame him, and he rushed off to a vegetarian restaurant.

Sir HALL CAINE said he was prepared to watch the experiment in a spirit of benevolent neutrality. It was not true that he had been asked to join the literary side of the Department. England and the Isle of Man had other claims upon him which he might find it difficult, nay impossible, to forgo.

Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY confessed to being rather disconcerted by the appointment. He had already completed a study of Mr. BENNETT for his forthcoming volume on eminent Post-Victorians, and this new development, coupled with Mr. BENNETT's recent appearance as an illustrator, would involve a drastic revision of his manuscript.

Mr. WELLS said that it was a "great adventure," and that he had no doubt Mr. BENNETT would give the public "what the public wants;" for the rest he had himself been doing the work unofficially and exhaustively for the last ten years.

Lastly, Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE, while cordially admitting Mr. BENNETT's ability, expressed doubts whether he was sufficiently rich in uplift and unction. As a phrenologist he found Mr. BENNETT weak in those cranial developments which indicated the possession of the highest humanitarian qualities.

According to the latest advices, Mr. BENNETT and his staff will take up their quarters at the Grand Babylon Hotel.

An advertisement:—

"SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES  
—S ARTIFICIAL TEETH."

A tribute to their perfect articulation.

"Tax bachelors of either sex fifty per cent. of their incomes, with rebates for wife and each child up to four."

*Times Educational Supplement.*

Imagine the emotion with which a poor bachelor of either sex, saddled with the incubus of a wife and four children and crippled with the loss of half his (or her) income, would apply for the kindly rebate.

## THE LIFE CERTIFICATE.

THE joke, I believe, was originated by a private of the R.A.M.C. just over a year ago. He approached me in the darkness, bent over me, then remarked briefly to his fellow stretcher-bearer, "This bloke's dead."

I opened my eyes and assured him huskily but forcibly that he was in error, and he at once accepted my assurances. He did not ask me to fill up a form and have it signed by an officer or a magistrate; the mere fact that I could speak was sufficient evidence for his quick brain that I was alive, although he did seem rather hurt because I had contradicted him.

Possibly he passed on the news that I had no right to be alive, or it may be that all the members of the R.A.M.C. had arranged the grim joke beforehand. I only know that in hospital, a few nights later, an R.A.M.C. orderly reported that I was dead, and some of the staff seemed unflatteringly disappointed at finding me still alive next morning.

I heard nothing further of the joke until the Army authorities decided they could win the War without any further assistance from me, and I became a civilian again. Then I discovered that the grim jest had been elaborated into an Army Form during my convalescence.

I was invited to call at the Pensions Office, where I filled up several forms, in one of which, if I remember rightly, I had to give particulars as to the age, sex and occupation of my grandfather, details as to the birthplace and maiden name of my wife, and information concerning the colour of the eyes and hair of my daughter, together with an intimate and almost indelicate description of myself, and my "distinguishing marks."

I trembled lest the charming and business-like young lady who appeared to be deputising for the Minister of Pensions should insist upon verifying the last-mentioned particulars, and breathed more freely when she merely demanded to see my discharge papers.

"Now you must go to the nearest police-station," she announced calmly but firmly, and I gasped.

"But why?" I stammered. "I have not transgressed the law."

"Your Life Certificate," she explained. "Until you get it signed by a police

inspector you cannot collect the first instalment of your pension."

She indicated a section of the last form I had signed, and then it was I discovered that the authorities had adopted and elaborated the R.A.M.C. man's grim joke. I found that they still harboured grave doubts, apparently, about my being really alive, and required a declaration and certificate to that effect before they were prepared to pay me any money.

"This is to certify that I have seen the man described above alive on the date stated against my name, that he subscribed the declaration in my presence, and that his age, height, &c., appear to correspond with the particulars shown on his Identity Certificate," I read, together with the

declined to accept my unsupported statement and insisted that the Life Certificate must be signed in accordance with regulations.

Whereupon I betook myself to a police-station and explained to an inspector—who, I fear, mistook me at first for a wandering lunatic—that the Government were conspiring to presume me dead, and that I wished him to certify that I was still alive. He seemed relieved when I produced the official form, and he signed the Life Certificate with the air of a man who disapproves of levity in connection with serious subjects.

Feeling that I truly lived again, I returned to the Pensions Office, and suggested to an official that the R.A.M.C. were carrying the joke too far; but he defended the Department warmly, assuring me that some of the forms had been designed by an Insurance official.

Then it flashed upon me that perchance I was doing the R.A.M.C. an injustice. Insurance Companies, you know, never believe anybody is dead, and refuse to pay out any money until they get a proper death certificate, and it occurred to me at once that the gentleman from the Insurance Company must have hit upon the happy idea of refusing to believe any man was alive, or to

pay him his pension, until he produced a proper Life Certificate.

However, whether the idea originated in the R.A.M.C. or in the brain of an Insurance official, the joke, as far as I am concerned, is now becoming somewhat frayed at the edges, for the Pensions Office persists in working it off on me once every three months. I now no longer delight in watching the alarmed expression on the face of a country police sergeant when I ask him solemnly to declare and certify that I am not dead; even the joy of asking a pompous old permanent official if his salary is over two hundred pounds a year (and adding the polite explanation that if he receives less than two hundred he is not a fit person to judge whether or not I am alive), and the excitement of inquiring of dug-out Colonels if they are commissioned officers, began to pall.

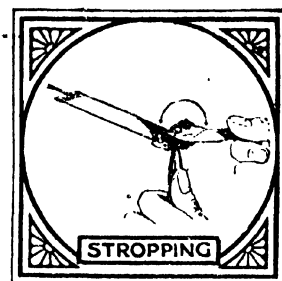
But I am haunted by the fear that the Great Mind which evolved the idea of the Life Certificate may persuade the War Office to apply the scheme to men



War Critic. "THEN THERE'S THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS."  
Voice from background. "WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT?"

instructions that the Life Certificate must be signed by "a Minister of Religion, acting and resident within the town or district where he attests, or a Magistrate, or the Pensioners' Regular Medical Attendant, or an Officer on the Active or Retired List of His Majesty's Civil, Military (including Special Reserve, Territorial Force, &c.) or Naval Service, or by the man's employer, or by a member of the Police Force of, or above, the rank of Serjeant." In a footnote the authorities added that "The Officer of His Majesty's Civil Service must be, or (if retired) must at the date of his retirement have been, a permanent Civil Servant of the Crown on a salary of not less than £200 a year, and on a scale rising to not less than £300 a year. The Officer of the Military or Naval Service must be a Commissioned Officer."

When I recovered from the shock, I feebly endeavoured to convince the lady that I was not a camouflaged corpse; but she, unlike the stretcher-bearer,



## Save Money by keeping a Valet

This seeming paradox is true if your valet is the "Valet" AutoStrop Safety Razor. It is the only safety razor with a self-contained automatic stropping device, enabling you to renew the edge daily by just 10 seconds' stropping.

Besides saving blades, you gain in personal comfort, for the keen stropped blade of the

## "VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor

can be kept in the pink of condition.

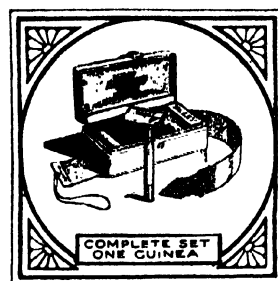
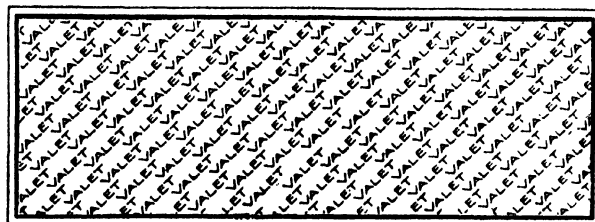
Instantly adjustable, and designed for easy cleaning, the "Valet" AutoStrop Safety Razor is as great a comfort to the busy civilian as to the man in naval blue or khaki.

THE STANDARD SET consists of heavily silver-plated self-stropping "Valet" Safety Razor, twelve genuine "Valet" Blades, and "Valet" strop; complete in handsome case . . . **21/-**

*Of all high-class dealers throughout the world.*

The AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.  
And also at New York, Paris, Milan, Sydney, Dublin, Toronto, &c.

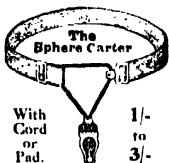
*The word "Valet" on Razors, Stropps, and Blades indicates the genuine product of the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.*



## Sphere GARTERS



UNDER strenuous conditions efficiency in every detail is of the utmost importance. Sphere Garters are adjusted in a moment and obviate all sagging of the hose, keeping them trim and taut at all times. Their silent feature is their quality.



With Cord or Pad. 1/- to 3/-

From all Outfitters, or

**SPHERE SUSPENDER CO.,  
LEICESTER.**

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### SUPER-SATISFACTION.

The smoothness, uniformity, and the superb drawing and writing qualities of "Venus" Pencils have convinced the most critical users that there is no "pencil just as good."

In 17 grades, 6B (Softest), to 9H (Hardest), black and red, also 3 styles copying.

Of all Stationers, Stores, etc., throughout the world.

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173, Lower  
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## Old Friends

THE clothes you buy to-day are mostly of inferior quality to those you already possess. If last winter's garments are looking shapeless and shabby, send them to Achille Serre—they will come back looking as good as new. Achille Serre will remove all spots and stains from your suits and overcoats, and press away all creases and "baginess." Spend a few shillings with Achille Serre—and save pounds

Write for Illustrated Booklet which gives Prices, List of Branches, and Particulars of our Services.

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ACTIVE SERVICE CONDITIONS have proved more conclusively than ever the all-round good qualities of "AZA" Khaki Shirts. They are healthful and non-irritant, durable, soft and unshrinkable—the essential qualities to satisfaction in wear. They are obtainable ready-to-wear or made-to-measure in regulation shade, and in standard and heavy weights

OF HIGH-CLASS OUTFITTERS.

Should you be unable to obtain, write to the Manufacturers for name and address of most suitable Retailer.

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## The City Girl's Smile

IS half her charm; a velvety complexion and soft, white hands supply the rest; nearly all smiling city girls use Oatine—they know. 1½ and 2½ everywhere. Ask for

## Oatine FACE CREAM

USE IT & PROVE IT



One day, by chance, I passed along  
A street in the town of Arras,  
When, suddenly, a voice so clear  
Came floating from a cottage near.  
I grew perplexed and stood awhile,  
To listen to this seeming gale  
That greeted the results of war,  
In Arras.

Soon I espied the shattered door  
From where the strains came slowly forth.  
A lady with a voice so sweet,  
Methinks, I'll venture now to greet.  
I peered within, and lo! alone,  
It was a "Decca" Gramophone  
Which gave the song that I had heard  
In Arras. F. C. C.

NOTE.—Philip Gibbs, the War Correspondent, was one day walking through a street in Arras, when he suddenly heard a lady singing. He thought it rather odd that where so much danger lurked a woman should still be there, singing at the top of her voice. He looked through the door and there saw an Officer playing a "Decca" Gramophone. E. C. C.

## THE DECCA THE PORTABLE GRAMPHONE

Self-contained, needs no case, has no loose parts, and is ready to play immediately opened. Any make and size of needle record is playable on the "Decca."

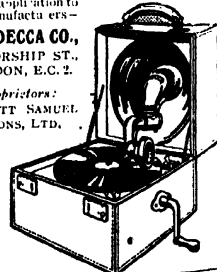
Of Harrod's, Army and Navy Stores, Whiteley's, Selldridge's, Gamages, and all leading Stores and Music Dealers.

Lea her Cloth. C mpr used Fabrics.  
£7 15 0 £8 15 0  
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"AND WHAT IS YOUR LITTLE GRANDSON TO BE IN THE CANTATA, EPHRAIM?"

"'FAIRY PRINCE,' THEY DO SAY, MISS! AN' 'E'VE GOT TO 'AVE DIFFERENT CLOTHES FOR IT!'"

still serving. In which case every soldier will perforce, in order to protect himself, have to carry the official form with him and insist upon being supplied with a member of the Police Force (of or above the rank of Sergeant), or an Officer (who is a Commissioned Officer), or a Civil Servant (whose salary is not less than two hundred pounds a year) to sign the certificate in case of emergency.

#### Commercial Candour.

From a match-box:—

WARRANTED  
BEST  
ENGLISH MATCHES.

WON'T  
STRIKE ANYWHERE.

"Gentleman, Theological College (ineligible), desires Lay Readership."—*Record*.

A risky appointment.

"Cook WANTED.—One competent to do plain cooking; easy position, good home; wages \$5000 per month, including board, lodgings, washing, etc."—*American Paper*.

This just shows how the cost of living has risen in the States.

#### MORE "HOME CODE."

I HAPPENED to travel up to town the other day with an elderly lady who was American to the very depths of her soul, which was of the kind and motherly sort. Enter an American officer, who was the youngest thing on earth. He wore a cheerfully cherubic small-boy expression and an empty sleeve. How he got into the United States Army I can't think, but in it he was, and the condition of his sleeve showed that he had kept going with the best. The two were strangers, but no doubt you can believe that they did not long remain so. In about ten minutes they had raked up some mutual acquaintances across the pond, and by the time we got to the terminus they were old friends.

He was very shy about his battle experiences, and the lady showed the wisdom of the grandmother that she might have been (for all I know) by refraining from asking him questions that she obviously would have liked to ask.

When the train stopped he tumbled out and got her a taxi, and while I was waiting for my own luggage I saw her drive off.

"Good-bye," she said, and, leaning out to see the last of him, she added, "and C.Y.K."

Glancing at the young man I found him blushing so furiously that all Paddington seemed suffused with a rosy tint. Dearly would I have liked to ask him the meaning of those mystic initials that could produce such a result.

However, the next day I found another American and asked him.

"C.Y.K.?" said he. "That stands for 'Consider Yourself Kissed.' What else could it be?"

What indeed?

#### The "Duration"—Another Forecast.

"A splendid opportunity for Churchmen to do their bit in connection with Church Army Hut Work. Superintendents and helpers wanted immediately: whole time work; not over 56 years."—*Morning Post*.

#### A New Source of Revenue.

"I am afraid that, for the same reason, I shall tax your patience."

Mr. Bosan Law at the Guildhall.

"Thieves broke into a dwelling house at Hutton, Essex, but all that was stolen was a put of jam."—*Evening News*.

To miss a put is always mortifying; but to miss a put of jam in these days is a tragedy.



### THE SWABIAN SUMMER SCHOOL.

(Suggested by the kindred and multifarious activities of the Fabians at their recent annual holiday at the seaside.)

O ye Muses, gently heeding  
Your disciple's urgent pleading,  
To my aid serenely speeding from the blest Pierian pool,  
Grant me skill that *cou amore*  
I may chant the wondrous story  
Of the glamour and the glory of the Swabian Summer School.

Far from war's insensate striving,  
Plotting, planning and contriving,  
From the tyrannous slave-driving of the Ministerial Ghoul;  
Far from London's futile clatter  
And its enervating chatter,  
We discussed the Things that Matter, at the Swabian Summer School.

Viz. the psychics of STRAVINSKY,  
Or the uplift of KANDINSKY,  
Or the plays of Bobolinsky, or the "curves" of Mrs. BOOLE,  
Or Peruvian folk-jingles,  
Borrow's theory of dingles,  
Or the turnip-cure for shingles, at the Swabian Summer School.

There were present Yugo-Fabians,  
Theosophic Astrolabians,  
Several blameless Bessarabians and Koreans from Seoul;  
With a brace of Finn historians,  
Some Rabindranath-Tagorians,  
And a group of Montessorians, at the Swabian Summer School.

We had talks on breeding pigeons,  
On polygamous religions,  
On the music of the Phrygians and the manners of the mule;  
On the esoteric meaning  
Of the Celtic art of "keening,"  
And on vacuum spring-cleaning, at the Swabian Summer School.

Wormwood Pshaw descanted gaily  
On "Mock-Justice at Old Bailey,"  
On "The Blasphemy of PALEY," and on "SHAKESPEARE:  
Super-Fool;"

And produced a huge sensation  
By a daily demonstration  
Of his prowess in natation, at the Swabian Summer School.

To the smart and modish Vandal  
Our attire caused quite a scandal,  
For the votaries of the sandal never bow to Fashion's rule;  
But our garb was hygienic,  
And our chevelure Hellenic,  
Lending lustre that was scenic to the Swabian Summer School.

We had dances, too, fantastic,  
Yet by no means orgiastic,  
But Delsartean and plastic, when the nights were calm  
and cool,  
With refreshing drinks, symbolic  
Of a spiritual frolic,  
And of course non-alcoholic, at the Swabian Summer School.

All delights must have an ending,  
And the student, slowly wending  
From the scenes of his unbending, sought his home and  
office-stool,

But illumined and onlightened,  
With his mental stature heightened  
And his astral *aura* brightened, by the Swabian Summer  
School.

### THE SURVEYOR.

I HAVE recently been engaged in a controversy with an official who apparently spends a great part of his time in seeing that the taxable sheep are properly shorn for the benefit of Mr. BONAR LAW and his minions in the Exchequer. My official was a very zealous person, and apparently had the right to call himself a Surveyor of Taxes. Seeing what taxes are in these days, he must be having a busy time of it.

Have you ever seen a Surveyor of Taxes? No? Nor had I until about ten days ago; and when I say that I saw a Surveyor of Taxes ten days ago I do not mean that I really saw him and got so near to him that I might have called him "old fellow," or slapped him on the back, or employed any other familiarity with him—no, I mean that ten days ago I became acutely aware of his official existence by receiving from him an oblong envelope On His Majesty's Service and containing a letter in which Mr. Benjamin Hallowfield drew my attention to the fact that I had committed some error or other in my return of Income Tax, and would I please send in a cheque for same at the earliest possible moment? If, however, I decided to appeal, I must give notice on or before a certain date.

Now I may be a fool, but I deny that I am such a fool as to put myself in the hands of the Income Tax Commissioners by appealing. What chance do you think a non-official has if he once gets tied up in officials? So I decided to admit the error and pay up. Still, I didn't see why I shouldn't have a little joy out of the incident, and I decided to worry the Surveyor by writing him a rhymed letter and seeing how he would take it. Here is my letter:

"Dear Sir, I have your very painful letter, and note that to the State you hold me debtor in thirteen pounds, a pretty tidy sum, which strikes me blind and deaf and almost dumb. A word of warning, Sir: in your assessing you go too much—yes, far too much—by guessing. Still, there you are, and with extensive view "survey" mankind from China to Peru. And, lest I get it fairly in the neck, I mean to take my pen and write a cheque. Therefore rejoice, for as you go your rounds you're so much richer by my gift of pounds."

I posted this letter and waited for Mr. Hallowfield's reply. None came, so I went at him again with two lines of verse as follows:—

"Dear Sir, my last letter was not all my eye; you have read it by now and should send a reply."

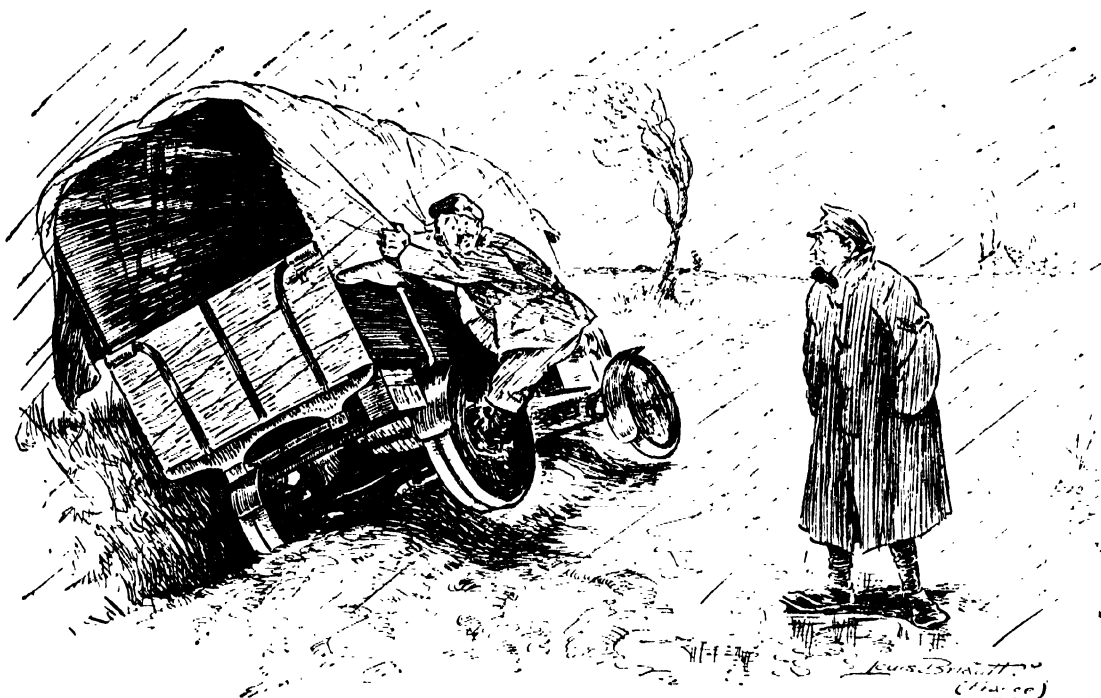
Again I waited, but no answer came. So I provoked Mr. Hallowfield once more as thus:—

"Dear Sir, you are really too slack and too slow; you ought to have answered me ages ago."

Two more days passed, and then I received the following letter from the Surveyor of Taxes:—

"Dear Sir, your three letters are duly to hand, and permit me to tell you they've beaten the band. Did you think that a mixture of taxes and money with a man who surveyed was essentially funny? There's nothing that keeps a surveyor from rhyme; he could do it like you if he only had time. Here's a tit for your tat which you little expected, and a rhyme for your rhyme, well-revised and corrected. And learn for your good what the manner-books teach: there are plenty of pebbles still left on the beach."

That settled it. I troubled the Surveyor no more. But when your Surveyor descends from his official pinnacle and pays you back in your own coin, what is a man to do? It must be very exhilarating to live in an atmosphere compounded of Income Tax returns and light verse.



*The Corporal.* "DON'T YOU MOVE, OR OVER SHE'LL GO. I'LL WALK BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND 'PHONE FOR THE 'FIRST AID.' SHE OUGHT TO BE HERE IN A COUPLE OF HOURS OR SO."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ITS publishers are certainly justified in claiming a special interest for *The Burgomaster of Stilemonde* (METHUEN) as "a drama of to-day by one whose plays are normally without definite time or place." This vivid and terrible little episode of the invasion of Belgium shows M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK in a new aspect, a realist so severe that his facts are left to work their own emotional appeal, without apparently the least manipulation. When the Germans occupy Stilemonde and hold its Burgomaster hostage, one of their officers is shot by an unknown assailant. Therefore the Burgomaster must pay the penalty unless he will permit the sacrifice of an obviously innocent old servant whom the invaders profess to suspect. That is the whole matter. It is never known who did in fact fire the shot. There are only three characters of any importance: the Burgomaster, his married daughter, and his German son-in-law, a very cleverly-drawn character who is made the mouthpiece of that Teutonic philosophy which was precisely then revealing itself to a bewildered world. These two figures, indeed, the old man and the young, stand in their antagonism for the contrast between two creeds, honour and expediency. The conflict between them is profoundly sincere and moving. One very minor point however I must mention. It is surely strange that in the last Act the clock should strike six on page 98, and after scarcely ten minutes' worth of dialogue be already sounding seven (the hour of execution). This is so obvious, I hesitate to say so striking, a point that I am uncertain whether it may not be intentional as conveying a subjective sense of time in presence of emotion. In any case however it would be well for Mr. MARTIN HARVEY, who has acquired the acting rights, to eliminate what might prove too fine a subtlety for the average British audience.

Under the intentionally misquoted title, *Old Saws and Modern Instances* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), Mr. W. L. COURTNEY has collected certain critical studies, most of them relative to the drama. As he himself explains in a brief preface, his "main desire has been to illustrate modern questions by ancient examples." One fancies therefore that "New Saws and Ancient Instances" might have been a more fitting label; but that by the way. In the pursuit of this plan of comparisons the writer has given us two dramatic analogies, HARDY and ÆSCHYLUS (with special reference to *The Dynasts*) and BRIEUX and EURIPIDES. Interesting as both these studies are, I fancy the casual reader—or semi-casual; the really casual would probably put the whole volume down unread beyond page 2—will find most pleasure in a lengthy paper on Realistic Drama, which involves a survey of the London stage during the last half-century, and in Mr. COURTNEY's very agreeable and appreciative open letter to an American friend on the art and personality of Sir HERBERT TREE. Now and again the value of the conclusions has been something impaired by time; our views, for example, upon the young Russians are probably a little modified since the date upon which Mr. COURTNEY wrote about them. On the whole, however, these papers (I should not presume to call them fugitive) were well worth collection, though the circle to which they will appeal is naturally a limited one. One word of criticism: I was astonished to find that Mr. COURTNEY, in his very just tribute to the influence of Sir A. W. PINERO (to whom we are in danger of becoming ungrateful), should make no mention of *Mid-Channel*, surely one of the best plays of its period and worthy to be bracketed with *Iris* at the head of the ARTHURIAN drama.

Mr. OLIVER ONIONS calls his latest book, *The New Moon* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), a "Romance of Reconstruction," which means that it deals with England in the days when

the great question, "How Long?" shall have been finally answered. It is thus only in part, a small part, Romance, and much more an essay on social change, as Mr. ONIONS thinks it will or could be. The great defect of this method is that any effort to believe it all true becomes manifestly impossible; also that the serious purpose is apt to over-balance the story. I was the more sorry for this because Mr. ONIONS' people were continually showing signs that, if the author had not restricted them to the function of examples, they could have been quite entertainingly human. *Helme*, the hero, who "had the look of having been very much older, and yet of having somehow come young again," remains, despite this pleasant touch, rather wooden; but *Betty* and her mother are both delightful, and *Kimber*, the type of amateur official, "pompous about multiplied nothings," is so shrewdly sketched that I should have welcomed more of him. As for the author's "reconstruction," this is always at the least interesting; transportation, one gathers, is the crux of it. Also a generally accelerated pace that constrains the hero to propose marriage before asking the heroine's name. Otherwise human behaviour (you will be relieved to hear) is to remain much as before that period in the world's history, which, according to Mr. ONIONS, "men spoke of as *The Bloodletting*." If our fighting men are really engaged in nothing better than this, I fear the change in them will be more radical than Mr. ONIONS seems to suspect.

Though *The New Teaching*, a collection of solemn, which is by no means to say dull, papers by distinguished teachers of many subjects under the editorship of Professor ADAMS and published by Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON, is a book mainly for experts, serious-minded laymen will profit by the reading of it. It will for one thing help to scotch the ready sneer against the pedagogue as the entrenched conservative. Here among the teachers is the ferment of revolution and a consuming zeal for human values. Perhaps it is rather a mournful thing for us to have to reflect how much more intelligently certain things are being done now than in our young days, pre-eminently in the teaching of history, of geography, of music, of handicraft, of mathematics—to mention no more—but this is no bad thing for those of us who are so soon to graduate as professed praisers of a departed age. I almost, yet not quite, wish I could go back and begin again under such guidance as these writers could unquestionably give. But the book makes one realise how much better moulded our nephews are likely to be than we were in our time, and perhaps it may save some of us from that easy avuncular patronage which must be given more offensive to them than it was to us.

It cannot be truthfully said that the promise of *The Pointing Man* has been fulfilled in *The Man from Trinidad* (HUTCHINSON). Not that the latter is a bad yarn in its way, but I confess that I expected the author's next story (she is anonymous, but I know her name) to command more serious

attention, to hold us as much by its keen character analysis as by its descriptive power and the ramifications of its sensational plot. In this I was disappointed. The people who weave their toils and counter-toils about the unfortunate young man from Trinidad are unreal. Perhaps this doesn't matter much if we are expecting no more than a mystery for our money. The author is adept at surrounding her subjects with a nimbus of repulsion and gloom and at keeping us guessing to the end. She paints her scenery with a fidelity and charm which seem to appeal in vain for real men and women, instead of the puppets of adventure, to come and people her stage. With these we feel no sense of intimacy; they are simply German villain, Japanese villain, amateur sleuth, etc., conventional types with no individuality of their own. By way of compensation the author can conjure up all the sights and sounds and smells that have connected themselves unfadingly in our minds with familiar places. For light entertainment *The Man from Trinidad* can be recommended unreservedly, but I shall not abandon the hope of better things to come.



Our Village Champion War-Saver. "I'LL TAKE ANOTHER WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATE, MR. TICKLER, AND YOU MIGHT PUT A FEW 'ORNAILS IN THEM SPRING-SIDES. THEY SAY THE LAST QUARTER-OF-AN-HOUR'S A-GOIN' TO WIN THIS 'ERE WAR."

Mr. PETT RIDGE divides *Special Performances* (METHUEN) into a First and Second House, an innocuous conceit. His "Programme" consists of eighteen turns, as I suppose they ought to be called, and all of them are worth hearing. I say "hearing," because Mr. PETT RIDGE is one of the few modern authors whose work benefits by being read aloud. Nobody can make better bricks from less straw. He can be funny, too, without being facetious; his ridicule of the foibles of his characters is always genial and touched with sympathy. In a word he is human, and as an antidote to the "superior" brand of novelist I know nobody to equal him. One of these sketches is specially to be praised. It is called "In the Service," and tells the story of *Captain Hards*, of the *Jane Maria*, who suddenly found that his steam-traveller was "part and

parcel of the Fleet." The way in which the Captain tried to live up to his exalted position is told with delightful skill and humour.

"THE WAR OUTLOOK. REVIEWED BY MR. BONAR LAW.

The enemy wanted to use up our reserves before the Americans arrived, but had already failed, because the Americans were not coming—they had come."—*New Zealand Paper*.

We cannot believe that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER really said this. He has never shown any tendency to flout the senior branch of his family—the Laws of Grammar.

"Summer-time" ended officially at three o'clock this morning. Failure to observe the putting back of the clock will mean the loss of trains, posts and temper."—*Daily Mirror*.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I personally found that the result of forgetting to put back my clock last night was that I had an hour to spare this morning, which enabled me to write my letters in good time for the post and to catch my train without the usual rush. This kept me in a good temper till luncheon-time.

Yours truly, JUBURBAN.

September 30th, 1918.

## CHARIVARIA.

"Why not admit frankly that we have lost the War?" says Count TISZA. The KAISER, we are informed, has decided to meet him half-way in the matter and admit that Austria-Hungary has lost it.

Later information goes to show that the KAISER has tried to lose the War but that it is following him up again.

"The way to get rich quick in Germany to-day," says the *Tageblatt*, "is to sell your second-hand furniture." Conservative Germans claim that this is no improvement on the existing practice of selling the Belgians' furniture.

"Once across the Selle," says a contemporary, "and the task of the British and American troops becomes less arduous." LUDENDORF, on the other hand, declares that as far as HINDENBURG is concerned the whole West Front is just one d—d Selle after another.

The German General, VON FRANCOIS, has resigned. Can the military career be getting unpopular in the Fatherland?

"I find there is a good deal of 'wishy-washy' sentiment about with regard to international fraternity," writes Sir WILLIAM BULL, M.P. Wishy, perhaps, but in our experience distinctly unwashy.

The latest German note states that "U" boat commanders have been ordered not to torpedo passenger boats. In order to assist in this merciful arrangement all passenger boats are requested to keep out of the way of approaching torpedoes.

A correspondent writes to say that the old lady in Lancashire who recently celebrated her one-hundredth birthday with pheasant, plum-pudding and champagne was not interned at the time.

"I have done the same round for thirty-seven years," a milkman told the Houndsditch Tribunal, "and know every brick in the district." Is this another case of commercial candour?

"An allowance of petrol," says Sir

ALBERT STANLEY, "is to be made to Parliamentary Candidates desiring to visit their constituencies." Several Pacifist M.P.'s have written urging that it should be available for travel in either direction.

Operatives in the potting industry are to receive a total war bonus of sixty per cent. An exception, of course, is



War Critic. "OW CAN WE TRUST THE 'UNS? THEY CARN'T TRUST EACH OTHER—'AVE TO 'AVE LIDS ON THEIR PIPES AN' BEER-MUGS."

made in the case of those who are merely potting Germans.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. It appears that the man who was knocked down by a motor mail van in Farringdon Street upon regaining consciousness was heard to remark

## FOR THE RED CROSS.

Mr. Punch begs to offer his very sincere thanks to the generous friends who have sent gifts towards his contribution to the funds of "Our Day." The sum of these gifts already approaches £10,000.

He ventures to repeat his appeal on behalf of the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John, whose services to our sick, wounded and prisoners of war entail an expenditure of £114,000 a week. Cheques, which will be gratefully acknowledged, should be made payable to The Secretary, Punch Offices, crossed London County & Westminster Bank, Temple Bar, and addressed to 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

faintly, "That reminds me of the letter I had to post for my wife."

A man has been remanded at the Chester Assizes for bigamously marrying a woman with twelve children. Yet there are still people who deny that thirteen is an unlucky number.

"Must my pigs starve?" asks "Small

Farmer" in *The Daily Mail*. Only hide-bound officialdom fails to realise how gladly the patriotic public would starve in their stead.

A certain firm which supplies life-saving belts guarantees they will keep a man afloat for fifteen hours. If they do not fulfil this guarantee when put to the test at sea we understand that the money will be refunded.

Cabbages grown in Walthamstow have been sold at fifty pounds an acre. Most people prefer the smaller cabbages averaging about half-an-acre.

The persistent rumour that the new ten-shilling note would have a picture of Carmelito House on it has turned out to be unfounded.

"No doubt in time," says *The Westminster Gazette*, "we shall get used to women sitting in Parliament." It will be interesting to see if any Member of Parliament will be gallant enough to give up his seat to a lady.

*The Lancet* describes the case of a man who is without the sense of taste or smell, and seems to have no feeling or emotion whatever. Several people are asking, "Can this be our grocer?"

Since the announcement that a bottle of whisky was found on the doorstep of a Manchester police-station we understand that the authorities have been inundated with letters from people offering to adopt it.

The manager of a film-producing establishment has made an awkward *faux pas*. He recently wrote to Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW offering to film his best play. All Mr. SHAW's plays are the best.

A weekly paper offers a prize of five hundred pounds to the reader who predicts the date when the War will end. Isn't this rather rash? We know an editor of another weekly paper who has predicted it several times.

Instances of Bristol Channel boiler-makers getting fourteen pounds weekly have been quoted by a contemporary. We see nothing remarkable in this. We have heard of numbers of professional people who are getting much less than that.

## COMRADE HOHENZOLLERN SOLILOQUISES.

I WAS not born to be a common clown;  
I simply loathe this working blouse;  
This cap of Liberty, in lieu of crown,  
Goes ill with my majestic brows,  
My eagle eye, my martial nose,  
And these Imperial moustachios.

Ex-arbiter (just now) of War and Peace,  
I greatly miss my clanking sword;  
I shrink from these *culottes*, without a crease,  
Which to my legs no chance afford;  
These sabots, too!—my pride demurs  
At being parted from my warrior spurs.

But MAX is very strong on this disguise;  
The need is heavy, he insists,  
For throwing dust in democratic eyes  
And heartening British pacifists;  
For gaining time in which to talk  
While we arrange to start again from baulk.

For, if the War's objective is a world  
Made safe for democrats, and here  
We let the Flag of Freedom go unfurled,  
Here in Potsdam, why, then 'tis clear  
The world will also have to be  
Made safe for *our* alleged democracy.

Such talk (says Max) will split the Entente ranks,  
And, once a German peace is made,  
I can discard (says Max) these dismal pranks,  
This dull plebeian masquerade,  
And for the gear that fits a god  
Exchange these rags in which I look so odd.

O. S.

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**NENETTE AND RINTINTIN.**

"No single individual can hope to have a corner in luck," said Randolph. "There isn't a mascot big enough to insure you against every possible disaster."

"Quite right," said Ethelbert. "When I went to France I took a crooked ha'penny to protect me from shrapnel and Spanish fluo, a goliwog against gas, gastritis and German measles, and a lucky threepenny bit, some white heather, a silver pig and a swastika to cover everything else. But I found one thing I wasn't protected against, because I became a casualty with frost-bite caused by speaking to a Staff Officer without being introduced."

"I know," said Randolph. "You can't start dodging before you know what's going to hit you. I once went into action with a forty horse-power fate-resisting fetish in its own particular line, but it let me down badly in another direction."

"You went into action," exclaimed Ethelbert—"you, a confirmed base-wallah!"

"A figure of speech. As you brutally remind me, for many moons I pushed the old war along from a sheltered position in the extreme rear, and during that period was billeted in a French household. There was a Red Cross hospital close by, and a fair V.A.D. who deigned to regard me not unkindly. Well, one day I had a holiday, left the War in other hands and decked myself in my brightest and best, with the intention of calling upon her. When I came down to breakfast, Louise, the fat and amiable *bonne*, surveyed me critically but appreciatively.

"'Vous êtes 'ell of a nut ce matin, m'sieur,' she said with admiration.

"'Louise,' I answered, 'you have expressed yourself, as

always, with force and lucidity. May I inquire the name of your English master?'

"'C'est Zshorsh, your batsman,' replied Louise, with the pride of an apt pupil.

"'I thought so. I thought I detected George's racy phraseology. Well, for your information I am calling on a lady on whom I am desirous of creating an impression.'

"'So? Then you will tek wis you Nenette and Rintintin for ze bonheur, n'est-ce-pas?'

"Of course you know Nenette and Rintintin. They are two yellow woollen figures connected by a red woollen cord, and their mission in life is to protect the Allies from Gothas and Berthas."

"I know them," said Ethelbert. "They are a reinforced overproof hoodoo. I carried them about with me for two months and didn't get hit by a bomb once."

"Well, I don't say they aren't efficient in their own particular line, but Louise was wrong in setting them on to a job they weren't used to. I shoved them in my pocket and walked to the hospital, where I sent the Matron a request that I might be allowed to see 'Cousin' Sylvia.

"The Matron said Sylvia was off duty and I could see her in the nurses' recreation hut. There was only one other nurse in the room, and by the time I had inquired after Aunt Priscilla and Sylvia had told me all about Uncle Theodore—"

"Wonderful how they play up to you, isn't it?" said Ethelbert.

"—the nurse went out. By-and-by I started telling Sylvia about Nenette and Rintintin, putting them round her neck to show her how the charm worked. Of course this brought our heads close together, which seemed a convenient position for continuing the conversation. But suddenly we heard a footstep, and just had time to be properly 'drawing-room' before the Matron came in."

"It seems to me that Nenette and Rintintin brought you luck," said Ethelbert. "If it hadn't been for them the Matron would have pounced on you unawares and caught you flagrantly kissing."

"That's where you are wrong. They let me down insidiously and maliciously. I couldn't understand the Matron's sudden drop in temperature until I discovered that Nenette had hooked herself on to Sylvia's brooch and Rintintin was clinging on to my collar badge, and that we were sitting as innocent as doves with a yard of red wool stringing us obviously together.

"No, charms may be able to do a definite job all right, but when you try to spread them out to cover all the bad luck that's watching for you, they wear so thin that they're bound to crack somewhere."

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**Controlled Cannibalism.**

The following entries appear in the First Schedule to the Fish (Prices) Order recently issued:—

|  | Per lb. |
|--|---------|
|  | s. d.   |
| 26A. Monk or Angler, skinned . . . . . | 0 5     |
| 49. Witches, gutted . . . . .          | 1 9     |

We think we should prefer the skinned monk. The gutted witches would probably be tough.

---

**From the German reply to Mr. WILSON:—**

"The German Government has caused orders to be despatched to all submarine commanders precluding the torpedoing of passenger ships, without, however, for technical reasons, being able to guarantee that these orders will reach every single submarine at sea before its return."—*Evening Paper*.

The principal "technical reason" is believed to be the British Navy.

# REDOUBLE YOUR EFFORT

**Y**OU are living in one of the supreme moments of the world's history. Do not be content merely to watch the mighty conflict that is even now hurrying on to its tremendous climax. Take an active part in it. Redouble your effort. Lend the aid your country expects of every patriotic citizen. Whatever may be the sum of which you can dispose—the few pounds saved from a small income or the big reserves of some prosperous business—your right course is clear. Invest it all in National War Bonds.

The purchase of War Bonds is not a sacrifice. It is a privilege. Before the War investors never dreamed of getting such a return as 5 per cent. upon British Government Securities, backed by all the wealth and power of the Nation.

You are not "locking up your money when you buy War Bonds." Your investment is one which gives you a ready command of liquid capital.

You can always borrow on your Bonds. If you need money for the development of your business, any Bank will advance it on so excellent a security.

You can always sell your Bonds. The risk of even a temporary depreciation is so small as to be about negligible. The certainty of redemption at a premium is bound in due course to make your Bonds worth more than you paid for them.

And remember this—while every Bond you buy helps to hasten Victory, the nearer that Victory comes the more valuable grows your Bond.

You are personally responsible for some part of the £25,000,000 which your country still requires every week from the sale of National War Bonds. Do not allow the thought of Peace divert your energies from this immediate duty. Just as our soldiers fight the harder when Victory is in sight, so every man and woman here at home should now strive more resolutely than ever to discharge the obligation resting upon every patriotic citizen.

## THIS WEEK LEND YOUR FULL SHARE OF THE £25,000,000 NEEDED.

# £1,600,000,000

is the amount of money on deposit  
in the Banks. Much of it ought at  
once to be invested in

# NATIONAL WAR BONDS

If any part of that £1,600,000,000 belongs  
to you, you alone are responsible for the use  
made of it. Leave only what you must in  
the Bank. Withdraw the rest and lend it to  
your country. You will benefit by getting  
higher interest—5 per cent. instead of only  
3 per cent. Your country will benefit because  
every pound invested in War Bonds hastens the  
approach of final Victory and a secure Peace.

FILL IN AND POST THIS APPLICATION  
TO-DAY.

## APPLICATION FORM FOR NATIONAL WAR BONDS

To ..... (Bank)

or Messrs ..... (Stockbroker)

I hereby request you to apply for £..... 5 per cent. ten year National War Bonds.

(Strike out one of these) and to charge my account accordingly.  
for which sum I enclose cheques.

Name .....

Address .....

Date .....





## EVERYTHING IN ITS PROPER ORDER.

HUN PRISONER. "UND VEN COMES DER PEACE OF VITCH DEY VOS TALK?"

TOMMY. "ONE THING AT A TIME, FRITZ. WE'VE GOT TO FINISH THE WAR FIRST."



*Jack (on leave from the front, acting as loader to amateur sportsman). "NOO'S YER CHANCE. THEY'RE COMIN' IN MASSED FORMATION. WHEN YE SEE THE WHITES O' THEIR EYES OPEN FIRE."*

### OLYMPUS.

For the two-hundredth time the great Corps Staff met round the Conference Table, and for the two-hundredth time they fell to wondering moodily why the other fellow didn't realise the difficulties of any other job except his own. Naturally they were all perfectly at home—all except the Senior Mechanical Transport Officer, who, arriving late, had been obliged to take the chair without a bottom to it and who was slowly submerging. Yes, it was a goodly collection and you couldn't have stretched your legs under the table anywhere without kicking a Brigadier, while departmental Colonels, lorry-kings and road-officers filled the gaps nobly.

Amongst these super-heavies sat a mere pip-squeak junior member of the Staff. "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère ?*" you ask. Oh, he is only the G.3, the bazaar-writer, the minute-maker. The profundity of his relative ignorance weighs heavily on him, and he is wont to say a little prayer on the château steps before going in—a prayer to the effect that he may not be called upon to give voice. True, there has never yet been an occasion for such a catastrophe, for there has never been a

question arising out of the complexities of Corps Administration which one or other of the mighty men have not been able to crush at sight; but then it was conceivable that something *might* crop up, and they *might* turn on him, and who is he that he should know things that have been withheld from Great Ones? Besides which they would want to know afterwards why the devil he kept the little knowledge he had to himself.

There was a hush. Then a further hush. The Conference was going to begin. Looking the Intelligence Wallah straight in the eyes, the Corps Commander accomplished the feat of bringing him from fancy to fact and bade him commence.

"What are the indications of an enemy attack on our front?" he was asked.

To listen to his appreciation of the situation as he unfolded it with his inimitable aplomb was to have all doubts as to the enemy's intentions at once removed. It was as if the Bosch had simply laid his cards on the table. Summarized it explained that the enemy might attack, or he might elect to remain on the defensive, or he might do both, either to-morrow morning at 5.30, 12 noon or at any hour of the day or

night within the next two years. If there was an attack, it might confidently be expected from the North or from the South, while there were undoubtedly signs of a very good possibility of a drive from the East (they are bloodhounds, these fellows—nothing escapes them, and they always manage to get it right).

The G.3 had just time to note down something about "Divisions to prepare schemes to meet all contingencies," when an awful moment occurred.

"When does the Umteenth Division come to us?"

For a moment there was a pause. G.3's heart simply leapt. Perhaps he would have to speak! No, the General's never-failing memory served him. The moment passed and he breathed freely once again. Then matters became lively. "G." knew something "Q." ought to have known, and "Q." had heard something "G." had not been told about. Soon a lively interchange of arguments regarding speed of lorries, roads, gun spurs, trench feet and so forth left the struggling minute-maker far, far behind. Writing furiously in his little notebook, heedless of the crash of ornaments swept off the table by the forcible gestures of one who wished to make it quite understood that his lorries

# National and Business ORGANISATION

By SAMUEL TURNER

Author of "From War to Work," "Eclipse or Empire?" etc

The following extracts are quoted, by permission of the publishers, from Mr. Samuel Turner's new book, "From War to Work" (Nisbet), a book containing valuable guidance on the question of "After the War" National and Business Policy

**J**UST as a man, by the application of knowledge, may become the master of his fate, and just as by the application of science he may improve plants and the strains of animals and create new but enduring and improved forms, so may States and Nations be created and improved by man's conscious action. And only in one country even then was the general principle fully applied. That country was Germany: and it is because the principle was there applied that Germany in a marvellously short time developed from poverty and insignificance into a strong and wealthy World-Power. Her rise has all been 'according to plan'.

"America, in the same period, and, in a lesser degree, this country also, awoke to the fact of the enormous possibilities of development 'according to plan' so far as great business operations were concerned. But there they stopped. The principle of which the beneficent operation in the development of commerce was beginning to be apprehended and admitted was never applied to the development of the nation.

"The development of which I speak is *simply intelligent organization*, and implies nothing prejudicial to that sane freedom which every man of us loves, and for which millions are now suffering and dying.

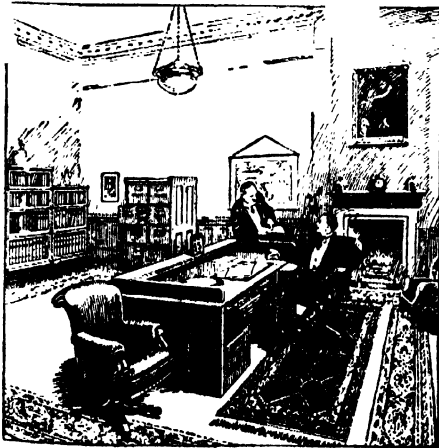
"*The development of production means life and not death to a people, and profits are a condition of this development.* The first move in the advance is to get clearly understood the value of all that goes to make up the national life; to make men realise fully that, given a moral purpose, organised national life, based upon production and development,

can only lead to a higher and fuller life for the individual; and that the true function of profits, indispensable in our present phase of development, is to create opportunity. The opportunity thus created is the opportunity for service, giving to thousands who would otherwise remain drags upon the wheels of civilisation the chance of developing their faculties. And civilisation needs the strength of all, not of the few, for its fullest development.

"The first essential is that the nation as a whole should accept the policy of high and scientific production as its 'conscious aim' and work whole-heartedly for it. If that condition is not fulfilled, the movement will fail. *The main spring must be individual action, and not State action.*

"The enlightened business man of to-day sees clearly that the measure of his success is almost directly in proportion to the degree of opportunity his operations create for others.

"A sound organisation implies the existence of a single head of high directing ability, exercising sole control and assuming sole responsibility. He must be supported by a number of expert assistants; and he must be able to draw on their advice, individually or collectively. Every man engaged finally must have one job, and must attend to his job only. But there can be no such real authority as this in the Government work of a modern democracy; its exercise would not be tolerated. Anyone who attempted to assume such dictatorial power would at once fall from his office. For that reason alone Government work is doomed, necessarily, to permanent inefficiency as compared with the work of a well-organised private firm."



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Spreading Everywhere.

Safeguard yourself by using

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This is a strong statement, but it is absolutely true.

Influenza is a germ disease—a catching infection. Germs cannot exist where MILTON is present. If used as a mouth wash and nasal spray morning and night (about 2 minutes' attention and no irritation) you will be immune.

MILTON, in proportion of half a teaspoonful to a glass of tepid water, used three times a day (snuffed up the nose or used with an ordinary spray and as a mouth wash) and gargled will be found to work like a charm.

Get a 1/3 or 2/6 bottle of MILTON from your dealer to-day.

It makes an effective barrage through which the enemy cannot penetrate.

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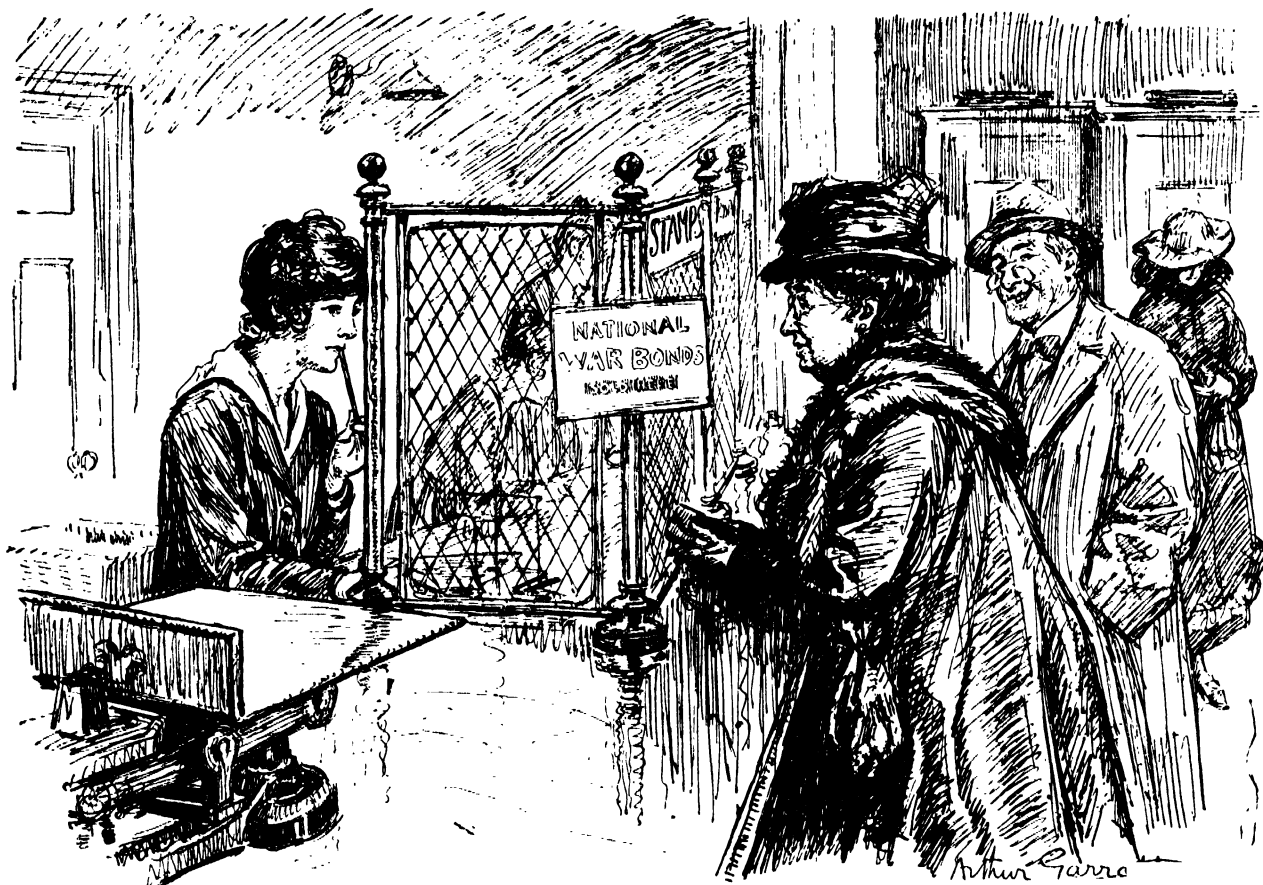
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### MORE WAR PRICES.

"I WANT FIVE SHILLINGS' WORTH OF THREE-HALFPENNY STAMPS. THAT WILL BE SEVEN-AND-SIX, WON'T IT?"

had been fitted up for rapid evacuation of wounded and could *not* be used for transporting R.E. material meantime, all the poor fellow could get down in his notes were things like this:—

"Question of light railways—Q. rang up Army and G.H.Q.—G. said—Q. said—Corps Commander said—question of labour—R.E. said question of material—Q. said question of labour—gun spurs, question of—wiring reserve lines—question of labour and material—no labour—no material—Roads Officer said lorries break up the roads—Mechanical Transport said the roads break up the lorries—Medical Service wants huts—can't have them—has got them—ought to have asked—did ask and request granted—who by?—wasn't told (golly)—Chief Engineer wants—can't have it—ask for it—has asked—ask again—question of material—labour—material and labour—"

Silence suddenly. G.3 sighed as he glanced through his usual mass of useless notes. The Conference was over? No—horror!!! The Corps Commander was looking at him! He was going to be asked a question! He felt it. He knew it. Taking cover round the

right-hand side of his note-book he pretended to write and write, hoping against hopelessness. He had almost said, "I don't know, Sir, but I will find out," before he heard what it was. Suddenly it came.

"Well, G.3," said the Corps Commander, "you have never spoken in these Conferences yet. Is there any question you would like to put before the Staff?"

The question produced a vacuum in the mind of the G.3. This was awful. He must say something—something sensible, if possible, but something, anyway.

"Well, Sir," he stammered at last, hot and flurried, "there is one question I should very much like to put. I am continually being asked—or—when the War is going to be over, and I should like very much to give an answer which I could feel would express the opinion of the Corps."

The super-heavyweights sat aghast. Such a question had never occurred to them.

"What does Intelligence say to that?" asked the Corps Commander.

Never had the star of Intelligence shone more brightly. Rising to his

feet to do greater justice to the immensity of the problem, he began:—

"Well, Sir," he said, "while it is impossible at the present time to arrive at any conclusion with any degree of exactitude, I must say that what I will term the highest common measure of the general opinions expressed among those who should speak with authority seems to indicate that the War may, broadly speaking, be expected to conclude with complete victory on the one side or the other. Among the many factors which are likely to contribute to this eventuality is the question of labour and material. . . ."

When the House rose the Member was still speaking. L.

### For the War Bond Campaign.

FEED THE HUNS  
WITH WAR BONDS

"Filberts have dropped to an average of 10lb. a lb. at Hitchin market."

*Continental Daily Mail.*

The Nuts are certainly making their weight felt in war-time.

## SHOCK-TACTICS.

THERE is no market for brains nowadays. My kind of brains, I mean. My little flutter with Holdem proved that.

I selected Holdem for the experiment because he always seems to have the rest of the Kings of Commerce badly beat. "Here," said I, "is a man who has done well. He must have done thousands and made millions. He has gone far. With my brains he could go farther."

Once my mind was made up I began to act. The revolving door of his marble offices checked me for a moment, for at the first time of asking I made a short circuit and was shot out into the street again. But it takes more than that to stop me. At the third try I landed well up the tessellated aisle, between the mahogany pews with the brass railings.

"What's the game?" asked the Field Marshal with the brass buttons and the medals.

"Game!" I said, "game! Why don't you have a door instead of a man-trap? I want to see Holdem."

"See who?" he cried in a horrified voice.

"Holdem," I repeated. "Holdem. Old Holdem. The Holdem. Sir Anthony Hardbake Holdem, if you like it that way."

"Have you got an appointment?" he said with the stony stare and the climbing eyebrow.

"No," I answered. "But I want to see him."

"But you *can't* see him," he said emphatically. "He never sees anyone without an appointment."

"Nonsense," said I. "Of course I can see him if he is here. I must see him. That's what I've come for. If he's in fetch him out."

The poor old fellow could not have been more upset if I had said "Shoot him." He shook until his medals rattled like a bunch of keys. But he could see that I was not to be trifled with. Gasping like a goldfish he crept round to tell the others. They all stopped work to look at me. Presently one of the churchwardens in the back pew came out on tiptoe, carrying what looked like a hymn-sheet in his hand. "Do you wish to see Sir Anthony personally?" he whispered softly, so that no one else could hear him.

"Of course I do," I said. "And tell him to jump about. I can't wait here all day."

The churchwarden fanned himself for a little while with the hymn-sheet and then, thrusting it into my hand, he said, "If you will state your business on this form we will send it up."

I wrote "PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL! URGENT!!" in a bold hand.

In less than half an hour I was looking at the great man whom I was willing to raise to greater greatness. I could see how rich he was already. He had the air of a man who never needs to borrow a fiver, and a carpet so thick that when his feet slipped off the desk while he was asleep the clerks downstairs couldn't hear the bump.

I gave him a sunny smile, but he ignored it.

"What's this private business of yours, young man?" he growled. "Remember my time is precious. What is it you want?"

"I don't want anything," said I sharply; "I have come here to offer you something. Sell you something. . ."

He plunged a fat finger towards one of his fifty-five telephone bells. "My Assistant Manager will see you," he said.

But I soon showed him that I was not the man to take the pass-out check in the first act.

"No, Sir," I thundered. "What I have to sell I sell to you. You - yourself! Otherwise no sale."

"My time . . ." he began again.

"So is mine," I said. "But I have something to sell which you *need*."

That pulled him up.

"What is it?" he said.

"Brains," said I.

The doctors described it as apoplexy, and it was a month before he could see anyone. But he never saw me again. I do not make an offer of that kind twice.

## TWISTERS.

THE last night I'd always reckoned as Jock McMurtrie and me was the very best o' pals. Over three months 'im and me's been in the next beds in the 'ospital, and we've always gone 'alves in fags and visitors, but since what 'appened yesterday some'ow I don't think as 'ow things can ever be the same again.

What would you think of a pal as goes an' scares you pretty well out o' your wits, an' then goes an' makes you a laughin'-stock for the rest o' the boys? I asks you.

But I'll tell you all about it, and leave you to judge for yourself between 'im and me.

Yesterday dinnertime, as we was just finishing our brown stew, 'o says to me, "Ma cheerie, are ye for a bit promenade up by the chongditeer?"

"What the 'ell's chongditeer?" says I. "Something to do with taties, ain't it?"

"Taties?" says 'e; "ye mean to say ye've been twa year in France and ye

dinna ken the defference between 'pongditeer,' meaning 'taties,' and 'chongditeer,' which is ontong cordially for a rifle-range."

I could see he was just swanking with 'is French, so I says, "Nong, Professor, no souvenir; but ain't the rookies a-firin' there to-day?"

"I dinna ken, an' I'm no carin' though they are," says Jock, on 'is 'igh 'orse again. "Man, d' ye think I'm feart for yon war-babbies firin' their groupin' at twa hundred yairds when it's ta'en the Bosch three year for tae gie me THIS?" emphasising 'is remarks by wagglin' the stump of 'is left arm.

Sure as 'ouses, as we reached the range the rattle o' musketry began, but Jock didn't seem to notice, and says, "Wull we coucher ici for a wee while, an' ha'e a bit smoke?" squatting down as he spoke on a bank three or four 'undred yards be'ind the stop-but, right in the line o' fire.

As I turned to sit down beside 'im, "Ping!" whistled an unmistakable spent bullet past my ear.

Now I ain't a windy sort of a cove, but I can tell you I was down beside Jock as quick as if it had got me in the napper.

'E was just a-lightin' a narsty black briar, quite unconcerned-like, 'an 'e grunts at me between the puffs: "Man, it's a braw day the day (puff). Dooco yon aeroplane? (puff, puff.) Juist awa' in ahint you muckle great clood."

"'E can't ave'ard the bullet," thinks I. "Glad 'e didn't twig me doin' the disappearin' trick."

Just as I turned away to look at the aeroplane, "Ping! ping!" sang two of 'em this time, and *damn close*, too.

That was enough for me.

"Come on, Jock," says I; "'an for Gawd's sake keep your 'ead down. This 'ere ain't 'ealthy."

Bent double, we scrambled 'ell-for-leather along a ditch, an' only stopped to straighten our backs when we was a good two 'undred yards out o' the line o' fire.

While we was runnin', I could 'ear Jock be'ind me making queer noises in 'is throat, like as if 'e was chokin', an' when we stopped I says to 'im, "Was you ever gassed, Jock? Narsty wheeze you've got, that is;" but 'e only laughed it off an' says, "Och, it's naethin' ava'."

All the way 'ome, though, 'o kept on 'avin' these spasms of chokin', an' I thought mobbe as 'e'd 'ad a bad scare.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Last night I was just goin' into the ward in my felt slippers when I 'ears a distinct "Ping" from t'other side the door.

"Blimey," thinks I, "am I goin' "



Old Gentleman (rather deaf, who has come to see a man about a horse). "DID I UNDERSTAND YOU TO SAY THAT THREE YEARS AGO YOU GAVE FIFTY POUNDS FOR IT, OR THAT YOU GAVE THREE POUNDS FOR IT FIFTY YEARS AGO?"

potty in my old age?" an' stood quite still to listen.

Then I 'ears Jock's voice, same as it might be an instructor lecturin' a squad:

"Squad—pay attention. For this practice ye need ae match, lucifer, marrk one. Seize it firmly wi' the thumb an' trigger-finger, no' juist at the point o' balance, but nearer the yin end. (No, McCosh, it disna matter a dawn which end.) Then yo fling it awa' frae yo, at the same time impurtin' tae't a rrotarry motion wi' a flick o' the finger an' thumb—(Ay, Tamson, yon muckle word juist means 'spinnin')—comme sar;" an', suitin' the action to the word, 'e sent the match moanin' through the air with a "Ping" which sent cold shivers down my spine.

A roar of delight from the audience, an' then the voice continued, "Man, I was like tae burst mase' lauchin' at auld Timmertae" (that's me). "'For Gawd's sake keep doon your heid,' says he, an' was aff like a rabbit."

"The Bishop is arranging to address the Clergy and their wives throughout the Diocese during the coming winter and spring in some 18 centres and groups. It is hoped that these meetings may tend to bring the Clergy and their wives together."—*Diocesan Gazette*.

It rather looks as if there had been a clerical error somewhere.

### THE OMNIVOROUS READER.

WHEN I am feeling far from well  
And quite unfit to run with beagles,  
I read the tales of E. M. DELL  
And gain the soaring strength of eagles.

Or if I take a gloomy view  
And find the war-clouds looming darkly,  
They soon assume a roseate hue  
When I peruse good Mrs. BARCLAY.

Again if nourishment I need  
And long for oysters and for porter,  
Or tripe and onions, I can feed  
More richly upon CLEMENT SHORTER.

But when the grandeur that is DELL's  
Or SHORTER's fails to animate me,  
I turn to the tremendous WELLS,  
Stern prophet, to invigorate me.

Then when the stimulating sage  
Has stirred me with his fierce *reveille*,  
I hie me to the luscious pago  
Of CAINE (Sir HALL) or Miss CORELLI.

I always read in bed at night,  
And, when awakened by the shrill  
cocks,

I turn for solace and delight  
To KEATS or ELLA WHEELER  
WILCOX.

I learn by heart, too, quite a lot  
When I am shaving or at supper,  
Ballads by G. R. SIMS and SCOTT,  
The works of TENNYSON and TUPPER.

It is not mine to flay and slate—  
I leave it to the tribe of Bludyer  
To scarify and flagellate  
"A style like MEREDITH's, but mud-  
dier."

For mental pabulum I turn  
To many cooks and many kitchens—  
CONRAD, LE QUEUX, LAFCADIO HEARN,  
JOHN OXENHAM and ROBERT HICHENS.

Thus like a butterfly I flit  
From pimpernel to tiger-lily,  
Refreshing my untutored wit  
With much that's wise and more  
that's silly.

### "DUNDEE'S COAL SUPPLY ANXIETIES. APPEAL TO KEEP COOL."

*Dundee Advertiser.*

We do not anticipate a very warm  
response to this superfluous appeal.

"Hanover has made Hindenburg a birthday  
present of a house in the neighbourhood of the  
zoological gardens in that city."—*Daily Paper*.

It is suggested that before this gift is  
incorporated in the peace-terms the  
words "the neighbourhood of" should  
be deleted.





*British Casualty.* "NAH THEN, LONGSHANKS, TRIM THE BARRIER! CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE ALL COCK EYED? JUST YOU BOB DOWN A BIT AND TELL LITTLE TICH TO SHIFT 'IS POLE ON TO 'IS 'AT."

### "CHIRG—"

THE remount has a wild suspicious air, as though the hand of all men were against him and he were against all men. This because he has no master and no place in life; is merely a number, one of the herd, a kind of State-supported vagabond. When brought to that blessed state of military knowledge known as "trained" he gains an owner and a place in a real stable instead of in a remount "hut"—a *locus standi*, so to speak. Before that, groomed by "spare files" and bestridden by unfeeling rough-riders, small wonder he suspects all the world.

In my squadron remount hut there is, however, a sympathetic soul who tries to give the new horse a sense of identity—to make him feel that this is Home. I do not know this man; have never seen him to my knowledge, for he does his good work by stealth, as it were—in the long night-watches of Horse Guard, or afternoons in the intervals between "Stables," when the remount is left to his own dreary reflections.

Thus, soon after a string of these cynical angular creatures takes abode in the remount hut, over the stall of one and another will appear in waver-

ing chalked characters some simple name—a rather pathetic, unpretentious little tribute, like a child's posy of wild flowers on a pet dog's grave.

Here, for instance, is "Jeo" (the unknown benefactor has spellings of his own), with "Tomy" beside him, and a stout blear-eyed mare opposite is "Grany," in line with "Pansie," "Daisey" and "Jhon Bull."

Some of the names are appropriate, such as "Little Willie," a mean stag-faced pony that steals his companion's rations.

A few days ago a strange dark horse arrived, having a splash of white on one side of his face which took in the eye and gave him a rather sinister expression. That afternoon, above his unlovely head appeared the mysterious Greek-looking inscription, "Chirkon." This however seemed not to please the unknown, for next day it was altered to "Cherken." Nor did that satisfy him, for by evening Stables the horse was "Chirgin."

There was something wanting even yet, and it was a "w." Somewhere in the recesses of our friend's mind lurked an elusive "w," which he felt must go in somewhere, for yesterday the white-eyed horse stood up proudly as "Chwrgen." I think it was the Cymric appear-

ance of this name that then worried its creator, for during the afternoon it was changed once more to "Chirkwen." The benefactor was getting warm, getting very close to the name whose perfect form had so far escaped him.

But to-day caution prevails; he wishes to make sure of his ground before he attempts a further flight. Yesterday's inscriptions have been sponged out, and above the white-eyed one, written with some confidence, is the single syllable "Chirg," followed by a blank.

To-night the benefactor is sure to continue his fight for orthography and for that last syllable. I hope he will win.

### East and West meet again.

Contiguous advertisements in the *Civil and Military Gazette*:—

"WANTED.—A beautiful Mathur bride for a highly educated gentleman with over 3 lacs' property.

"WANTED.—A second-hand Lancashire Boiler, about 30 feet by 7 feet."

There was a stato puppet called MAX Who was told to ingeminate Pax;

But his tentative firmans  
Distracted the Germans  
And stiffened their enemies' backs.



## THE ACTORS.

MAX ANTONY. "FRIENDS, NEUTRALS, ENEMIES, LEND ME YOUR EARS!  
I COME TO BURY CÆSAR, NOT TO PRAISE HIM."

CÆSAR (*aside*). "I CALL THIS A ROTTEN PLAY!"





G. L. Stamp.

"ONE DAY I WERE SURROUNDED BY A DOZEN OF 'EM—LIKE GIANTS, THEY WAS, AND SAVAGE AS LIONS. ANY ONE OF 'EM COULD 'A' SWUNG ME ROUND 'IS 'EAD WITH ONE 'AND."  
 "AN' 'OW DID YOU GET AWAY?"

"KILLED 'EM!"

### "OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI."

I FOUND myself at Victoria Cross Station with an hour to spare. Most people are hopelessly bored while waiting for trains. Yet there are many simple innocent games one can play to kill time. For instance, I have whiled away many a happy hour trying to borrow a match. To-day I thought of a new game.

I approached a bookstall.

"Have you," I inquired, "*The London Charivari*?"

"The what, Sir?" said the sheepish youth behind the counter, much mystified.

"*The London Charivari*," I repeated, pronouncing it differently.

He shook his head. "No, Sir. Sorry we ain't got it."

I could see that he was pitying me. He turned to a less eccentric customer.

"*Daily Mail*? Here you are, Sir."

I wandered off to the next stall, where the presiding flapper was deep in a *feuilleton*.

"I want *The London Charivari*, please."

There was no reply. I repeated my modest demand more loudly, reverting to the first method of pronunciation. She laid aside her story with a sigh and regarded me abstractedly.

"No, we haven't got it. Never heard of it. What sort of a paper is it?"

"It's a—er—humorous publication."

"We've got *Answers*, *John Bull*, *London Mail*—"

"I particularly want this one."

"Well, we haven't got it, and what's more I don't believe you'll get it anywhere."

She became immersed again in her romance.

My last effort was with a paper boy.

"*London Charivari*," I said curtly. I am always curt with paper boys.

"My mate up the other end's got the cigarettes. Won't you have something to read in the train, guv'nor?"

"Oh, hang it," I said, "give me *Punch*."

### Eugenics.

"An Ottawa message says that the bride across the St. Lawrence has passed a number of very severe tests, and will be taken over by the Government shortly."—*South African Paper*.

### SECOND THOUGHTS.

[It is stated that Dr. SVEN HEDIN has recalled the manuscript of his new book, *Invincible Germany*, from the printers, in order to make certain indispensable corrections.]

THE ways of Dr. SVEN HEDIN  
 Lend humour to the shifting scene.  
 At first he glorified the Huns;  
 He praised their armies, praised their guns

And, pulling out his trumpet pedal,  
 Gained for reward a German medal.  
 But, not content, with hireling pen  
 He promptly set to work again,  
 And wrote a second book, which shows  
 That WILLIAM's sure to down his foes.  
 Unluckily the Swede pro-Bosch  
 Has found his title will not wash,  
 And, after sending it to press,  
 Is now revising his MS.

What will he call it now, I wonder,  
 To rectify his generous blunder?  
 "Invincible" is rather steep  
 While the Allies still onward sweep;  
 But since the need of neutral praise  
 Is growing urgent in these days,  
 Another medal—or a pension—  
 May ease the way for its retention.

## THE GREAT PEACE-BOND SCHEME.

(From "The Market Bunnion Advertiser" for June 19th, 19—.)

THE scandalous events of last Tuesday are not likely to fade from the memories of our citizens for a long time to come. In common with all other journals that have at heart the public weal we hoped to find that the late war had blown away some of the cobwebs that infested for so long our Government Offices. We hoped to find efficiency substituted for red tape and business men for mandarins. But we were too sanguine. The old leaven is working still. The recent astounding development of the great Peace-Bond Coupon scheme is a proof that officialdom in its most mechanical and pernicious form still sits enthroned in Whitehall, careless alike of public economy and private convenience. We hear from all sides that the experience of Market Bunnion is the experience of every other town and village in the country.

Our readers will remember the terms of the great coupon scheme as instituted by the War Salvage Controller. Possessors of Peace Bonds above a certain value were presented with coupons entitling them to draw (according to the value of their holding) one or more unspecified articles no longer required by the military authorities. It was assumed that the element of uncertainty regarding each individual gift would add to the acceptability of the scheme. Everyone would get something, but no one knew what. It was intimated, semi-officially, however, that the gifts would be "objects of domestic or at least civilian utility." We cannot doubt that this was the original intention of the Committee of Management, which included such eminent personalities as the PRESIDENT of the Royal Academy, the DEAN of St. Paul's, Mr. GEORGE ROBESY and the late A.P.M. for Monte Carlo.

But what has been the outcome? The coupons were to be filled in and despatched by the first day of April; and on Tuesday morning last, when the prizes were due to arrive, the streets of our town, which numbers so many patriotic investors among its

citizens, were crowded with expectant folk awaiting the great event. Toward midday an enormous procession of motor-lorries drew up in the square, and the distribution of these objects of "domestic and civilian utility" commenced forthwith. We have not the space to enumerate at length the gifts or their recipients; but we mention a few of the more preposterous cases, as they will illuminate better than any words of our own the colossal ineptitude which has marked the whole undertaking.

Among the most revered of our neighbours is Mrs. Wotherspoon, whose advanced years and eminent parochial services should at least have rendered

doubt very valuable articles, are likely to be of small use to Mr. Milton Jones, whose delicate verso so often graces our columns. Five dozen "Dixies," as we believe they are called, one dozen iron "Knife Rosts" (for barbed wire entanglements), and a Sponson Trolley (whatever its use, a most unprepossessing and unmanageable vehicle, having no means of propulsion and weighing about two tons), comprise the assorted lot delivered at the gates of "Restmead," the charming residence of Mrs. Stickelheimer, our gifted and welcome Swiss-American visitor. Mr. Paunch, our well-known haberdasher, informs us that he has no use whatever for six cases of shrapnel helmets and an aeroplane hangar.

But perhaps the most scandalous case of all is that of Miss Merriewood, whose dancing academy is patronised by the youthful elite of our little commonwealth. This lady was seriously alarmed in the afternoon by the belated arrival of her prize in the form of a Tank (Mark XIX pattern). This was driven callously into her garden and there deserted by its crew. In its progress through Market Bunnion it made a large hole in the wall of No. 3, Market Street, demolished a hen-house and a perambulator in the garden of No. 4, ruined irretrievably a dog-cart belonging to Mr. Bellows, the but-

cher (who, by the way, has been presented with twenty gas cylinders for use with observation balloons), and finally broke down both gate-posts and part of the wall of Miss Merriewood's own residence. It now stands immovable on her bed of delphiniums, in which she took great pride. She came round to see us as soon as she had recovered from the shock, to ask us to use our influence towards the removal of this nuisance. Indeed our office has been congested since Tuesday with justifiably indignant citizens; and we now appeal to the Government to take some steps to relieve what has assumed the dimensions of a national calamity. As BELLSARIUS remarked, it is worse than a calamity—it is a blunder.

### Romance!

"PERSON.—Gentleman desires to meet with a lady in a view; one who holds with cremation."—*Folkestone Herald*.



STABILIZED.

Sailor. I'VE NEVER SEEN A LANDSMAN STAND THE LIST LIKE YOU, SIR."  
Tripp. "LOR' BLESS YOU, LAD, THIS AIN'T NOTHING TO THE SLOPE OF OLD RAILWAY-EMBANKMENT ALLOTMENT."

her immune from the cynical carelessness (to put it mildly) of departmental underlings. This aged lady—she will forgive us for mentioning that she is ninety-eight, quite deaf and confined permanently to her bed—had dumped in her front garden a complete aeroplane, known, we believe, as a Bristol Fighter. Accompanying this were three dozen boxes of phosphorus bombs! Mr. Leftwich, our honoured Vicar, found that his generous contributions toward the National Exchequer were rewarded by the gift of a Foden Steam Waggon with de-lousing apparatus—a hideous monstrosity for which room can be found only in the Market Square. Miss Cheesing, the Headmistress of our Girls' National School, is now the proud owner of seventeen miles of barbed wire, three wire-cutters and a 6-inch Stokes mortar. A gross of Very Light pistols, a Nissen hut, and a Deauville railway truck, although no

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Capt. —, — Middlesex Regiment, writes:

"Please send by return a dozen tablets of your Russian Tar Soap for which I enclose P.O. I bought some from the F.F.C. and find it the best soap for the skin I have ever used."

The above are voluntary testimonials which speak for themselves. The originals may be seen at the Office of the Company.

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*First Contemptible.* "D'YOU REMEMBER HALTING HERE ON THE RETREAT, GEORGE?"

*Second ditto.* "CAN'T CALL IT TO MIND, SOMEHOW. WAS IT THAT LITTLE VILLAGE IN THE WOOD THERE DOWN BY THE RIVER, OR WAS IT THAT PLACE WITH THE CATHEDRAL AND ALL THEM FACTORIES?"

### THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MARMADUKE AND MILLICENT.

WOE is me! I mourn for Marmaduke and Millicent, for they are gone, and the place that knew them for many happy months now knows them no more and must get on as best it can without them.

I may as well stop here for a moment in order to explain that Marmaduke and Millicent were pigs, in the literal sense of the word. In the metaphorical sense they were not more piggish than other pigs, though to be sure they did a great deal of wallowing and were not always suitable for drawing-rooms. They were born in Bucks and for the whole of their lives up to yesterday their cheerful "Honk! honk!" resounded through a section of that celebrated county.

They were purchased at a time when it was supposed that unless everybody reared a private pig or so there would be a bacon famine in the land, and consequently everybody who had room for a pig immediately filled that room with an appropriate tenant, to be converted later on into bacon and ham and chap and trotters. Now, however, it appears that throughout the land there are plenty of pigs, and it became therefore unnecessary any longer to include a pig in the family circle. Consequently it was resolved that Marmaduke and Millicent must withdraw and cease, and a deal was concluded, a cheque was drawn and received and Marmaduke and Millicent were informed that they could no longer be looked upon as our brother and our sister. They showed but little concern when the announcement was made, for nothing was said whilst negotiations were going on as to the fate that was reserved for these interesting but doomed animals. Later on, when the deal was over and arrangements were being made to remove them, I had not the heart to hint at what must be within a day or

two. No one, not even the gardener, had the bad taste to mention the inevitable.

And so it happened that one fine morning—yesterday, to be exact—the gardener, who had fed them and was therefore on familiar terms with them, appeared with a friend at the place in which Marmaduke and Millicent were confined and began preparations for removing the pair. Both of them spent much time in unavailing protests, to which the gardener and his friend paid no heed. The retirement, skilfully conducted, was carried out in extended order, single file, Marmaduke leading, with gyves on his nose, followed by Millicent at an interval varying from five to ten paces.

And so they vanished; but not the memory of their beauty, their amiability and their readiness to adapt themselves to circumstances and to flourish and grow fat in the service of their country.

### "Hamlet" without the Ghost.

"MANSFIELD CHEESE FAIR.

The annual Cheese Fair began at Mansfield this morning. No cheese was on exhibition, but there were several fine shows of turnips, mangolds and cabbage."—*Mansfield Chronicle*.

"I am able to state that Foch knows perfectly well what he is about."—"Whitehall" in *The Sunday Chronicle*.

We breathe again.

At a recent meeting of the Three Towns and District Milk Producers' Association a resolution was unanimously passed: "That the insufficiency of feeding stuffs for cattle now granted by the Government is absolutely inadequate to provide a proper supply of milk." It is expected that more insufficiency will be granted at an early date.

### A COWARD'S COURAGE.

THESE are bad days for head-waiters. The War depletes or wholly removes their staffs; but the head-waiters remain—to struggle with inexperienced hands, to see the fair fame of the establishment disappearing, to receive and, if possible, parry the complaints of the customers.

The various head-waiters carry themselves under these afflictions with a comportment that differs as they differ. Some suggest absolute hopelessness; some show signs of wear and tear; some have cultivated that apathy under misfortune, that dulled acceptance of bad luck, which is part of the Briton's heritage from his climate; others deprecate the situation but smile, and in smiling disarm criticism.

I am thinking in particular of one who more than smiles and disarms criticism—he laughs and conquers.

I found him in the coffee-room of an ancient and honourable West Country hotel. Little tables and big were all about him, with pink and green wine-glasses on them and napkins bursting into symmetrical schemes of foliage from tumblers. It was a little before lunch was ready and he was adding finishing touches of polish to knives and forks, with an apron protecting his very spick dress-suit: dinner jacket with satin roll collar and neat black tie; such clothes as, but for the time of day, proclaimed him fellow-guest rather than servitor. A big man, with a large white and superficially very amiable face. But his most notable feature was his eye. It was the eye of a child—a rather spoilt child, accustomed to get its own way and to be considered preferentially; but it was confident and dominating too. It called, in association with the vast benignant countenance, for a similar mood in its *vis-à-vis*—insisted on it, had the right to it; so that one would do much rather than be the cause of disappointment.

I was in the coffee-room merely to arrange about lunch, but the head-waiter's communicativeness was such that while doing so I learned many things. I learned that he was practically single-handed; that he had been there for twenty and more years—twenty-three come December; that the War was hitting the place very hard; that it was one's duty not to grumble; that all his best boys had been called up; that three of them had been wounded and one killed; that waitresses do their best but are not so good as waiters, at any rate not from his point of view; that the high wages at the local munition works made it difficult to retain waitresses anyway;

and that spirits really were now hardly worth drinking.

At lunch there were many people, but, with very little help, the head-waiter, now divested of his apron, kept them fairly contented, even finding time to talk a little at most of the tables. From certain broken sentences that reached my ears I gathered that he was practically single-handed; that something was hitting the place very hard; that someone had been somewhere for more than twenty years; that grumbling was a mistake; and that spirits nowadays were hardly worth drinking. Probably, had not a guide-book claimed my attention, I should have heard and learned more.

As the room began to empty and the strain of attendance was relaxed, he advanced smilingly upon my table, with an expression of supreme satisfaction, bearing before him, in both hands, a brass-bound box or casket.

"You might like to see," he said, "a little souvenir which one of my staff, back on leave from the Front, brought me;" and with enormous pride and a gratification almost paternal—or more than paternal, Creatorial—he opened the lid and revealed a model aeroplane constructed of metal from shell-cases and other accessories of warfare.

"I've always," he said, "had good boys and treated them well, and the first thing this lad did was to come and bring this souvenir he'd been making for me. He's back in France now."

I was properly appreciative, both of the workmanship of the model and of the kindly relations subsisting between superior and inferior, and he bore the relief away with complacency radiating from his capacious person, and I saw him, not without surprise and a slight twinge of regret, displaying it at another table. Why, I cannot exactly explain, but it seemed to me wanting in finer feeling, in the subtlest delicacy, to show to everyone at the same time this proof of devotion to himself. There should be intervals. It wasn't that I was mortified not to be unique; but to make a triumphal progress with the thing seemed a little blatant.

You may up to now have been looking upon this document as just a character sketch of a certain head-waiter. But really it is something else; it is the story of my own weakness. For it was my destiny that day, finding once again a sense of shame which can be so sensitive as to be a misery when brought into conflict with another's total lack of it, to have to act with a distasteful bravado. At dinner that evening, when the strain of attendance had begun to relax and several of the guests had departed, I was conscious of the head-waiter's

eye lighting up once more with that gleam of assurance and his features melting comfortably into the smile of self-approval. His hour had again struck. But a moment later my blood was frozen and an icy perspiration broke out all over me as I saw him, with his gleaming victorious eye full on me, bearing in my direction the box containing the aeroplane. Quicker than lightning the dreadful thought had entered my brain: "He has forgotten that he showed it me at lunch," followed by the agonised question: "What shall I do? Am I strong enough to tell him so? Can I bring myself to do something which must abash him?"

By this time he was on me, all happiness and expectancy. "You might like to see," he began, "a little souvenir which one of my staff——"

With a desperate effort I pulled myself together. "Oh, that little model," I said. "You showed me that at lunch;" and I lowered my eyes in the hope that it might make his discomfiture easier.

He laughed. "So I did," he said, and carried it to the next table. "You might——" I heard him begin.

When shall we learn, some of us?

### GOATS.

In these days of U-boats,  
When our food-supply floats  
At the mercy of Germany's blood-sucking stoats,  
The wisest keep goats.

The wisest? I wonder! I've taken  
some notes  
And I find that in oats,  
Bran, bean-meal and groats,  
The most of one's profit goes into the  
throats  
Of the goats.

And then in addition the smoll of their  
coats!  
And the way that they pull! You  
need hands like a LOATES  
To hold 'em. And time! Why, a  
fellow devotes  
Half the day to his goats.

You will find you can't run 'em by rules  
or by rotes,  
Or fold 'em with fences or stop 'em  
with moats,  
And a goat in a garden, ye gods, how  
he bloats!

\* \* \* \* \*  
You can have all my goats.

W. H. O.

### Another Sex Problem.

"For Sale.—English bull, female, by Ashgill Prince."—*Daily Colonist* (Victoria).



News-vendor. "FAIR OLD MUDDLE THEM 'UNS. 'AVE GOT THEMSELVES INTO, AN' NO MISTAKE. DON'T LET 'EM ASK ME TO HELP 'EM OUT OF IT."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Literary Recreations* (MACMILLAN) Sir EDWARD COOK has chosen a title at once modest and apt. It is a volume filled with the pleasant reflections of a bookman in his moments of leisure—library talk, one might call it, and that of the most agreeable. I can do no more than give you some of the headings: "The Art of Biography" (about which, had we been actually talking, I might have reminded Sir EDWARD of what Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD has so poignantly written upon this theme), "Ruskin's Style," "Indexing," "Literature and Journalism," "A Study in Superlatives" (that old unanswerable question, which is the Best, and why?) and "Second Thoughts in Poetry." Of these the last is at once the longest and the most interesting. Sir EDWARD has got together a fine variety of instances to show how often great and familiar passages have their present form, not, as one is apt to think, by primary inspiration, but as the reward of reflection and revision. Among so many examples as you will find here it is not easy to select one more striking than another; but there is certainly a shock in the discovery that "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas" were once "wide casements" and opened on "keelless seas." It is as though a rich heritage had been bequeathed to us in a last-minute codicil. A paper that I have not mentioned deals pleasantly with bound volumes of *Cornhill* (that storehouse of literary and artistic treasure); and I should add that Sir EDWARD not only has some winged words on the subject of Indexes, but, following precept with practice,

furnishes his own volume with an admirable example of the art that he so justly values.

Mr. W. J. LOCKE's special gift lies in the elaboration of fantastic character. So far as I am concerned the real hero of *The Rough Road* (LANE) is not *James Marmaduke Trevor (Doggie)*, the little decadent, with no ideas beyond purple silken underwear, his peacock and ivory boudoir, his collection of china dogs and the alleged weak state of his general health, but his discreetly drunken tutor, *Phineas McPhail*. A year or so after the War came, white feathers and candid advice having been freely administered, *Trevor* joins up, has to resign the King's commission by reason of abject incompetence, and, setting his teeth, takes the rough road of the private, sticks to it doggedly with *Phineas* (of the same platoon) and the little Cockney, *Shendish*, who constitute themselves his bodyguard. It is the adorable ghost-haunted *Jeanne* (my second favourite) who calls these ill-assorted inseparables the Three Musketeers, and it is not *Peggy*, the Dean's daughter, *Doggie's* betrothed (she becomes quite unaccountably more snobbish and shallow as *Doggie* waxes finer), but little French *Jeanne*, her sad ghosts laid by love, who takes her doggie back to what has every promise of becoming a very happy and well-lined kennel. If at the beginning he is a little too bad and at the end a little too good to be true, *Phineas* (though I don't believe in him) is a notable creation, *Shendish* is of the pure Cockney gold, and *Jeanne* a perfect dear.

*Macedonian Musings* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), by V. J. SELIGMAN, reaches me in a propitious hour, while the triumphs of

the army with which it deals are yet fresh in our minds. Among my war-letters I have one, kept for an all too common reason, in which the sender, writing from Salonica in 1917, permits himself a mild grumble at the ignorance of England about what the M.E.F. had done in face of unguessed obstacles. To some extent even now, when a so brilliant success has rewarded this patient effort, the same ignorance still survives. The Macedonian Front has thus far produced fewer books than any; and for this reason alone the present volume should have its welcome secure. Not that you must expect any very serious or weighty review of the campaign from its pages; they are mostly light-hearted sketches of places and persons and the conditions of Macedonian soldiering, told with a kind of school-boy, take-what-comes humour that one likes to consider essentially British. We have Salonica as a setting for work and play; pen-portraits (including one of M. VENIZELOS), and an aeroplane raid by the enemy upon a railhead—this last a finely vivid piece of description. I have used the epithet "school-boy" because it seems to express at once the attraction and limitations of this little book, of which the avowedly humorous passages are (to be quite frank) not greatly removed from the manner of the school-magazine. But how far will that lessen its interest for those whose hearts have dwelt, or may even now be dwelling, vicariously in the scenes of which it tells? Very little, I fancy.

*The Year Between* (CASSELL) is one of those stories in which, with the best will in the world, I find it altogether impossible to see anything but an ingenious exercise in the incredible. There are, for one thing, too many coincidences; and far, oh but infinitely far, too much illegal matrimony. *January Ellice* (whose name is none of my fault) was one of those beautiful children of nature who are not altogether outside the previous experience of the hardened novel-reader. She was married—or so she thought—to *Bob*; but as a fact he had already married *Louie Craig* (at least he hadn't really, because *Louie* herself had been still more previously married to one *Gibbs*). However all this is to forestall Miss DORIS EGERTON JONES with her *dénouement*, which, as I say, I found altogether too bigamous to be believable. Not that the affairs of *Bob* much mattered, since he got himself killed (very generously) in a mining accident, and thus would have left *January* free to marry the hero had it not been far too early in the book for this happy event. I was a little surprised that *John* (that was the hero's name) appeared to have no earlier wives; though the young woman to whom he had been attached did her best to supply the deficiency, and incidentally fill out the book, by burning the lovers' letters and generally following the accepted traditions of melodramatic jealousy. *The Year Between* has, no doubt, its good points; it is easy to read

and amusing to those who demand only entertainment; but if it even approximates to real life I must have been strangely misinformed.

Among War-products the literature relating to escapes from German prisons is increasing very rapidly. One of the most recent books on the subject is entitled *My German Prisons* (HODDER AND STROUTON) and gives the adventurous story of the escape of Captain H. G. GILLILAND. He and three other prisoners jumped for liberty and safety from a train in which they were being conveyed from the "hell-hole of Ingolstadt"—the description is Captain GILLILAND'S—to Crefeld. After a series of the most extraordinary and moving experiences Captain GILLILAND got over the frontier and was soon after back in Blighty. I beg hereby to salute him, for he is a very brave and gallant man, and he had much to suffer from his German oppressors while he was subject to their orders. The account of these indig-

nities makes one's blood boil. In the first sentence of his book Capt. GILLILAND smashes the English grammar to smithereens, but, so far as I am concerned, he may have all the rules of that grammar and do what he likes with them. His narrative is dramatic, not so much by reason of any lurid tricks as on account of its cold and deadly persistency, which leaves unrevealed no item of Hunnish brutality. A man who has seen British wounded as they lay helpless being despatched by Germans with the bayonet or the butt is not likely to dwell on the amenities of the German character. But Captain GILLILAND is generous enough to miss no opportunity that offers of pointing out any spark of humanity in the treatment by the Germans of their British prisoners.



"THAT, SIR, IS A UNIQUE WAR-RELIC—PLUCKED OFF A MINARET IN MESOPOTAMIA BY ONE OF OUR GALLANT AHMEN."

portunity that offers of pointing out any spark of humanity in the treatment by the Germans of their British prisoners.

If you feel inclined to take an inexpensive holiday and in an atmosphere very different from that of to-day, let me recommend you to read Miss McFADDEN'S *His Grace of Grub Street* (LANE). Here we are back again in the days of HORACE WALPOLE, when literary hacks catered for patrons, when men drank hard and plotted with almost diabolical ingenuity to win the woman of their choice. The hero of this energetic romance was a writer with a conscience, who would rather starve (and he nearly did) than do dirty work. So he fell foul of the villain of the piece, a regular U-boat of a man, who would destroy anyone or anything to get his way. I admit to a preference for villains who have a few redeeming qualities, but *Marsden* had none except that he had the good taste to fall heavily in love with *Clarissa*. However this is a novel of action rather than of character, and Miss McFADDEN knows how to set things going from the start and keep them on the move without visible effort.

# CHARIVARIA.

"PEACE," says M. CLEMENCEAU, "is not as near as some people think." The CROWN PRINCE, for example, is still strongly opposed to the principle of self-extermination.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* calls upon the people to fight on. Several natives have been reprimanded for putting the question, "Fight on what?"

The sale of eggs by weight," says a correspondent, "while giving a measure of justice to the householder, would entail no hardship to the producers." Before making the change, however, it would be no more than fair to allow the producers a cluck in the matter.

Simple but ingenious precautions have been taken to maintain the secrecy of the soldier's vote, says a political correspondent. Ingenious too was the suppression of any tangible reason for a General Election.

Officers attending the LORD MAYOR'S banquet were required to wear service dress without swords. Officers who have been in the habit of eating with their swords should familiarise themselves with the use of the fork.

"If you ask me to fix a date when the aeroplane will supplant the motor-car as a means of travel," says a writer in *The Dublin Evening Mail*, "I confess myself at the limit of my resources." A very manly admission.

"I will not write a peace poem," says Mr. HENRY CHAPPELL, "until I see what peace is going to bring." We cannot help thinking that Mr. CHAPPELL is not made of the same dogged stuff as some of our minor poets.

According to *The Brisbane Argus* a young lady who was recently knocked down by a racing motorist has now married him. Nervous pedestrians are of the opinion that one or two sharp lessons like this should have a very good effect on motorists.

There is talk in London of setting up a Ministry of Armistice.

"Chimney sickness," says *Answers*, "is quite a common complaint." We are not surprised to hear this, for we have seen quite young chimneys smoking.

A correspondent writes to a weekly

paper asking where invisible ink can be obtained. "In the Post Office ink-pots," is the right answer.

According to an official notice a grocer is not bound to supply customers with the sort of jam they want. It is not known who has been spreading the foolish rumour that a grocer can't do as he likes.

With reference to the man charged at Lambeth Police Court with stealing a fur coat by walking out of a shop



Fearless but unsophisticated Padre. "TELL ME ARE THE GERMANS SHELLING US?"

wearing the article in question, it is not true that he eluded observation by making a noise like a moth.

News from Amsterdam indicates that the KAISER will not after all bequeath the War to the CROWN PRINCE.

"There will be a strong demand for the 5d. egg," says a contemporary. Our own fear is that the supply will be every bit as strong as the demand.

There is no definite announcement yet as to whether Mr. HARRY LAUDER will be a Parliamentary Candidate at the forthcoming Election, but we gather that an attempt is being made to find a pocket borough for LITTLE TICH.

"In choosing a wife," says Mr. NAT GOODWIN, "make sure that the lady is a good cook." Personally we always do that.

Dulcigno has been occupied by the Italians. "*Dulcigno est desipere in loco*," as General DIAZ would say.

"The premonitory symptoms of rabies," says a writer to the Press, "are printed on all dog licences. If dog owners would read these the outbreak would soon be suppressed." Surely the simple way would be to pin them up where the dog can read them.

Guildford Town Councillors have decided not to wait until the War is over, but to provide themselves at once with cocked hats. It seems a pity that the two things should clash like this.

A *propos* it appears that the KAISER is prepared to dispose of the cocked hat into which he was knocked recently by Austria's capitulation.

The Bolshevik Minister at Stockholm has started in business as a tailor. Only in this way, it appears, will he enjoy an opportunity of occasionally letting out a little gore.

## Sans Souci.

"The Kaiser has ordered that sixty Imperial castles shall be used as hospitals or recreation homes for invalids. Among the castles is Sussououssi."

*Liverpool Paper.*

The castle doesn't seem to have been as "careless" as the compositor.

"Since Henry Irving and Possart, has any face in its cynicism and cruelty, to the Vices shown the demon of darkness was, with such brain shining through it? If this episode were not in a revue, how much more would have been written of her in it!" *Evening News.*

What a mercy that the episode was in a revue!

"Prince Yorihito of Higashi-Fushimi was given a farm welcome on his official visit to the Grand Fleet."—*Glasgow Herald.*

We presume his Highness was greeted with the chorus, "We plough the ocean blue," from *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

"This same name-part was most effectively played by Miss —, and our only word of criticism is that it is against the best traditions to receive the crowning reward of malignant kisses at the fall of the curtain with a charmingly brazen smile."—*Evening Paper.*

Still, it is so unusual for the audience to kiss the villainess that we think she may be excused for not knowing the appropriate tradition.

## HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

THE following retrospective journal, which does not claim a precise accuracy about the order of events, represents a rough palimpsest of the impressions left on the brain of an average reader by the reports, anticipations and contradictions of the Press during the course of the last few weeks.

*Monday.*—The Wolff Bureau reports that the Allies have sustained the usual number of sanguinary repulses.

*Tuesday.*—LUDENDORFF urges the necessity for an armistice.

*Wednesday.*—Germany becomes a Democracy.

*Thursday.*—LUDENDORFF protests against the idea of an armistice.

*Friday.*—LUDENDORFF resigns. The KAISER accepts LUDENDORFF's resignation.

*Saturday.*—The KAISER abdicates. LUDENDORFF accepts the KAISER's abdication.

*Sunday.*—The Socialist party in the Reichstag demands the abdication of the KAISER. The KAISER says he will be damned first.

*Monday.*—The Socialist party in the Reichstag retorts that, whether the KAISER is damned first or last, he will be damned anyhow and had better get it over at once.

*Tuesday.*—The KAISER abdicates.

*Wednesday.*—The German Government informs President WILSON that it is now in a position to negotiate with him as a full-blown Democracy. President WILSON doesn't believe it.

*Thursday.*—The KAISER indicates that he is entirely at the People's disposal, and will abdicate or not according as it suits the wishes of the Fatherland.

*Friday.*—The Socialist party in the Reichstag replies that it is a matter of absolute indifference to the German Democracy whether the KAISER elects to abdicate or not.

*Saturday.*—The KAISER abdicates.

*Sunday.*—The German Democracy becomes a Limited Monarchy. Imperial Crown offered to the Crown PRINCE's adolescent son. The Crown PRINCE is not consulted in the matter.

*Monday.*—The KAISER announces that, if it would suit the convenience of the Reichstag, he will consent to keep on for a bit at whatever personal inconvenience.

*Tuesday.*—KAISER KARL abdicates after removing the family jewels.

*Wednesday.*—KAISER WILLIAM remarks that it was a dirty trick on the part of KAISER KARL to desert a brother-monarch. He (KAISER WILLIAM) would sooner perish at the head of his conquering army.

*Thursday.*—Tsar BORIS abdicates.

*Friday.*—KAISER WILLIAM wires to TINO to secure for him the second-best Royal Suite at the Hotel des Rois en Exil, Switzerland. KAISER KARL continues to abdicate.

*Saturday.*—KAISER WILLIAM makes alternative arrangements to lease a château in Sweden.

*Sunday.*—The Higher Command declares that the Fatherland will fight to its last Hun. Uninterrupted continuation of Peace pourparlers.

*Monday.*—The KAISER abdicates.

*Tuesday.*—The Socialist party in the Reichstag reminds the KAISER that he has hitherto ignored its invitation to him to abdicate. The KAISER reminds the Socialist party in the Reichstag that he has already abdicated four times and that there must be a limit somewhere. Penultimate abdication of the KAISER.

*Wednesday.*—The KAISER withdraws by stealth to Headquarters in the dead of night.

*Thursday.*—The KAISER arrives openly at Headquarters in his capacity of War Lord. The Higher Command comments favourably on the robust and cheerful appearance of the ALL-HIGHEST.

*Friday.*—The KAISER compliments his Army on its recent triumphs and orders a white flag.

*Saturday.*—The KAISER abdicates for the last time.

*Sunday.*—The consensus of opinion among German financiers, anxious to cut their losses, is that it is high time the KAISER abdicated.

*Monday.*—The well-informed *Frankfurter Zeitung* states that in the matter of the KAISER's rumoured abdication nothing whatever has occurred beyond "suggestions by suitable persons with a view to procuring an expression of the KAISER's will."

*Tuesday.*—The KAISER announces that his will remains the supreme law and that while ready to do anything in reason to facilitate the establishment of a German Democracy he draws the line firmly at abdication.

*Wednesday.*—Positively final abdication of the KAISER.

*Thursday.*—Arrival of the German *parlementaires* under a white flag in the French lines. Armistice signed at London offices of a Press Agency.

*Friday.*—Armistice remains unsigned.

*Saturday.*—The War goes on as usual.

O. S.

"Alluding to Turkey, he [Mr. Asquith] said that, whatever epitaph was written upon its tombstone, it certainly would not be the word 'Resurgum.'"—*Newcastle Daily Journal*.

Meaning to imply, no doubt, that Turkey has lost all its sticking-power.

## ATHLETIC PROWESS.

A PEREMPTORY intimation to the landlord that if he did not give the dining and drawing-rooms another coating of paper the walls would collapse brought Mr. Colver in person to investigate. As a rule he shrank from meeting his tenants, and in expansive moments was wont to boast that by avoiding them and "necessary repairs" he made enough every year to erect a new house.

The instant I saw him I knew that he had come prepared to offer a firm resistance, for his right hand was playing nervously over his waistcoat.

"Dear me," he murmured in his most benevolent tone, "I have forgotten my spectacles. I shan't be able to see without 'em."

It was an old dodge and my heart sank. How often had I heard of Mr. Colver's inability to detect unhealthy brickwork, damp corners and bulging window-frames because he had mislaid his glasses. Inexperienced tenants had hopefully accepted his promise to call the next day and had bitterly regretted their trust. Knowing all this I determined to insist upon conducting him round the house myself and explaining what I wished to be done.

"Nice lot of cups you've got there," he remarked as we stood in the dining-room and I was expatiating upon its demerits.

"Yes," I said carelessly, "they're not bad." I preferred to ignore his amazed surprise. The sideboard certainly was a blaze of silver.

"Runnin', racin' and all that?" said Mr. Colver, staring at me now.

"That big one," I answered deprecatingly, "was won by a record walk from London to Brighton. This is a trophy of the Kingston Regatta. Most of the others also commemorate aquatic triumphs. These two however," I added modestly, "signify that the holder was the champion of the rifle club during the years 1912 and 1913. The silver statuette was a second prize at the Basher Amateur Boxing Club's last assault-at-arms."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed my landlord. "If I may say so without givin' offence I suppose you must be quite forty?"

"Forty-four," I said, anxious to convey the impression that it was only my age that kept me out of khaki.

Half-dazed by his admiration for his athletic tenant, Mr. Colver was as clay in my hands. He agreed to everything, thanks to the presence of the glittering cups, and the bathroom and kitchen were deftly added by me to the list of repairs. When I told Daphne later





GERMANY'S FLAG DAY.





### SURRENDER DE LUXE.

Tommy. "WOT THE DOOCE ARE YOU?"

Hun. "I VOS THE SERVANT OF LEUTNANT GRAF VON SPITSBURG. IN A MOMENT HE ARRIVE."

she declared that I was a wizard, but her surprise was nothing to that of Mr. Colver's other tenants. They positively gasped when the men came to do the work.

A year later I saw Mr. Colver again, but in vastly different circumstances. He was now sitting as chairman of the local tribunal, and I, called to the colours at the age of forty-five, was eloquently explaining to him and his fellow-members why I ought not to be sent into the army. I told how I had led a sedentary life for a quarter of a century, added various details of a distressing nature from my medical history, and, despite the fact that Mr. Colver's stare was one of pained surprise, affirmed that I should be an expensive wastrel if taken from civil life.

My landlord delivered the verdict of the tribunal.

"You must join up in a month," he said tersely.

I tried to gain time.

"Leave to appeal refused," he retorted, and the next case was called.

Returning from the station the following evening I saw Mr. Colver ambling ahead of me and I immediately accosted him.

"Why were you so emphatic about

my case?" I asked, brushing aside his apologies.

"I'm sorry," he answered, gradually becoming severe; "I didn't like to mention it openly at the tribunal because the information had reached me professionally as it were and you might have regarded it as a breach of confidence."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"You've evidently forgotten," he said solemnly, "that you once showed me a dozen cups you'd won at walkin', rowin' and runnin'. Do you think I was goin' to keep out o' the army a chap what had won cups for shootin' a year or two before the War? Likewise a statoo for boxin'? You'll be a credit to the country, mister, and I don't regret havin' done more for your house than I intended to. It'll be easier to let if you want to get rid of it."

He passed on, leaving me to realise that it was now too late to explain to him or to anyone else that the cups had not been mine at all. I had merely taken care of them for my opposite neighbour whilst he and his family had been at Bournemouth.

LESSON FOR GERMANY.—He "strafes" longest who "strafes" last.

### NATURE NOTES AT THE FRONT.

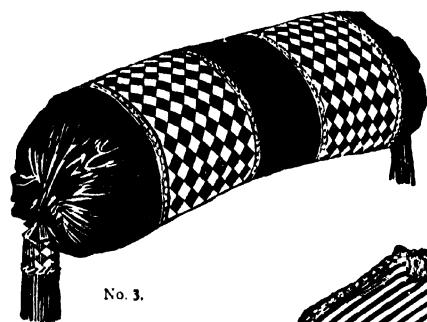
November 1st.—This morning, as I went through the garden of my billet, a gossamer thread touched my brow. It was that of the early-rising spider, and in the golden glimpse of the rising sun I could see his kindred busy in their strong points—each faery web glittering with diamond dew—ready for any incursion by the errant autumnal midge or other adventurous and belated insect. Over the mud and wood-frame wall came the zephyrs of November. Another month was born! A yellow slug gaily traversed the path full of *joie de vivre*. A middle-aged cabbage shone dully green. A leaf fell from a tall tree with a dull sickening thud. A small fly squeaked in the toils. I must tell Carmelite House all about it.

### A Cold Comforter.

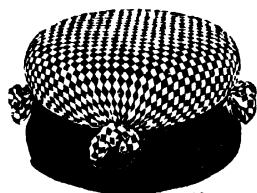
"LOST, BLACK MARBLE STOLF, Old Edinburgh Road."—*Scottish Paper*.

"If the Government concluded peace on the terms proposed this election was unnecessary. If this election was to decide pot-war policy it was premature."—*Mr. H. SAMUEL as reported by "The Daily Chronicle."*

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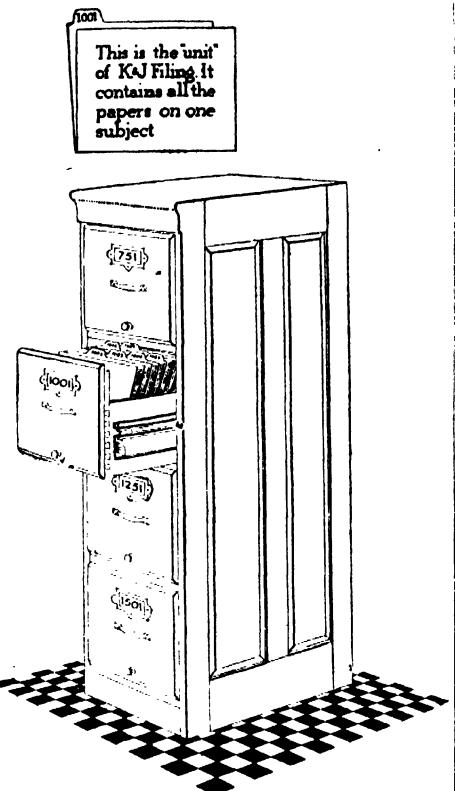
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"OH, MUM, THIS IS A DELICIOUS EGG. IT MUST BE PRE-WAR."

### MUSICAL GOSSIP.

THE War has broadened the horizon of musical art. Not only has the mouth-organ come into its own, but Mr. WELLS in his latest work, mainly designed to exhibit our educational breakdown, bears eloquent testimony to the humanizing influences of the pianola. But this is not all. In the past week reference has been made in the Press to the appearance in London of two distinguished foreign musicians—a North American Indian *prima donna* and a male performer from Hawaii, who elicits wonderful effects from the ukulele, an instrument resembling the guitar. The balalaika, or Russian guitar, has long been acclimatised in our midst, but there is evidently a bright future for the ukulele. It has apparently all the banjo-ality of the banjo with an added grace of its own. It is said moreover to be the favourite instrument of Sir HORACE PLUNKETT.

In this context it is worth noting that a concerto for the Burmese gong is to be produced at one of the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts. The name

of the composer is unfortunately incapable of correct transliteration, but we understand that he is a leading professor at the Mandalay Conservatoire, besides being a director of a Ruby Mine Company and a prominent Theosophist. For the performance of the concerto the Queen's Hall orchestra will be reinforced by a quartet of xylophones made of teak, which formerly belonged to the Court band of King THEEBAW. Sir HENRY WOOD will conduct from the interior of a model of the old Moulmein pagoda, kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING. At the same concert solos will be performed on the nose-flute by a native of Cuzco. The tone of this remarkable instrument is said to be extraordinarily penetrating and to have a most stimulating effect on the pineal gland and the pituitary body. We may also add the gratifying intelligence that the Princess Ranavalukavalona of Madagascar has been engaged to sing at one of the Royal Choral Society's concerts. This is the first instance of a princess appearing in oratorio at the Albert Hall. The Malagasy *diva's* voice is described by

experts as having a pronounced nutty flavour, combining the low range of Madame CLARA BUTT with the *voce di testa* of Madame TETRAZZINI. Her agility is phenomenal; she has been called the champion vocal sprinter of the universe, and has received decorations from the King of the Solomon Islands, the Begum of Bhopal and Mr. KENNEDY JONES.

### Kaiser William's "Agony."

"Hoped to be in London, but so far impossible.—BILL."—*Daily Paper.*

VIRGIL ON THE HUN: *Proculbit humi Bosch.*

"General Allenby has been promoted to be a night Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath."—*Liverpool Echo.*

It is supposed that this unusual honour has been accorded him in order to mark "the end of a perfect day."

There is a Green Isle in the West  
With abundance of provender blost,  
Unconscripted and pampered,  
By rations unhampered,  
Yet deeming herself most "distressed."

**A WELL-CONDUCTED FAMILY.**

Demetrius is a noble old fellow; there is something of dignity in his bearing, a stateliness of carriage that seems to belong to the courtly times that we of these unquiet days are leaving so far behind. The presence of Demetrius would quell the flippancy of even the gayest and brightest of our judges. He commands the respect of all who know him.

Demetrius is a hedgehog, and he has a wife, Boadicea, and an offspring, Peter. Their home is underneath the summer-house, and every evening during the summer they used to take the air upon the tennis-lawn, Demetrius leading, Boadicea a little behind him, and Peter trotting along a yard or so in the rear. They are a highly respectable family, and very strict with Peter. Demetrius is a parent of the stern old-fashioned school; I am sure Peter always addresses him as "Sir."

Peter is a dear little chap, full of fun and frolic, and though they never show it his parents are really very proud of him. They have taught him to roll up compactly into a bristly ball at the approach of suspected danger, and he does it extremely well for a youngster. They are very particular about his manners also. Peter, when quite a small hedge-pigling, was inclined to eat a trifle noisily—I suppose it is no light achievement to be able to masticate a black-beetle with the decorous silence becoming a well-bred hedgehog—and Demetrius was determined to eradicate this fault. He would lecture Peter austere, one could almost hear the severe terms in which he pointed out how this habit was not only a social depravity but also distinctly unpatriotic, as hinting at a leaning towards the manners and customs of the Central Empires. If Peter were recalcitrant he was made to go and stand in the corner of the lawn with his face to the garden roller in disgrace; but he quickly mastered his failing. Before long he could munch a May-bug in the most exemplary pianissimo.

Boadicea is a sweet but rather faded little woman, entirely devoted to her husband and son. She must have been very pretty as a girl, for even now there is a lissom grace about her figure that one does not see in many hedge-sows of her age. She is a great huntress and possessed of a considerable turn of speed. I have seen her run down a wire-worm on the level; and she is very quick at the kill. I don't remember having seen anything to beat her even at a Waterloo Cup meeting.

Every autumn Demetrius leads his family to bed under the summer-house

and we see nothing more of them until the following spring. This year Peter seemed very loth to go; I like to think of him as pleading to be allowed to sit up "just one more week, please, Mother." But he as well as his parents was beginning to look very sleepy towards the end of September, and soon the tennis-lawn knew them no more. I expect when they come down to breakfast next April Peter will be getting quite a big boy.

And what a surprise for them when they find the War over.

**PRIVATE PEACE PLANS.**

IN response to a circular request from Mr. Punch, asking various persons of eminence to state what they intended to do first on the arrival of Peace, the following replies have been anticipated:—

LORD NORTHCLIFFE.—I find it difficult at the present moment to answer your question with exactitude; but doubtless, whatever else I may do when Peace comes, I shall make my presence felt. A good deal, however, depends on whether or not Germany accepts my terms.

THE FUEL CONTROLLER.—I shall do my best to induce the War Office to get the miners back first of all. But it sounds too sensible.

PRESIDENT WILSON.—I think I shall be a little disappointed. I wanted the world made safe for Democrats, not for Republicans.

BERNHARDI. I shall complete my book entitled *Mistakes of the War of 1914-18, and How they may be avoided in the Next*.

A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.—I shall go abroad for a change of air.

SIR HENRY DALZIEL.—I shall take another walk down Fleet Street with my pockets full of money.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.—I will let you hear again as soon as I have made up my mind whether or not to refuse a title.

MR. ASQUITH.—The lessons of history, and there is, if I may say so, no better instructor, inform us that the inauguration of a lasting and equitable peace is invariably followed by a revival of partisan activity. In so far then as my other avocations permit I shall, with the valued co-operation of my political friends, fling myself once more and with renewed vigour into the clash of parties at Westminster.

MR. LYTTON STRACHEY.—I shall sharpen my pen, mix a little more acid with the old blue-black, and get to

work on some eminent Edwardians and Georgians.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.—I shall subject the works of Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY to a delightful re-reading.

MR. BERNARD SHAW.—I shall at once take steps to get my name again, and more sympathetically, before the public.

SIR ALFRED BUTT.—I shall concentrate on the production of a new revue dealing with the new era, and having some such witty and original title as *What ho, Utopia!*

CAPTAIN P. F. WARNER.—I shall organise a grand spectacular irresponsible cricket match, with no wicket-keep and fourteen points.

A PACIFIST.—I shall find time hang very heavy on my hands.

**CRAB-APPLE.**

I DREAMED the Fairies wanted me  
To spend my birth-night with them  
all;

And I said, "Oh, but you're so wee  
And I am so tremendous tall,  
What could we do?"

"Crab-apple stem!"  
Said they, and I was just like them.

And then, when we were all the same,  
The party and the fun began;  
They said they'd teach me a new game  
Of "Dew-ponds." "I don't think I  
can  
Play that," I said.

"Crab-apple blue!"  
Said they, and I could play it too.

And then, when we had played and  
played,  
The Fairies said that we would  
dance;

And I said, "Oh, but I'm afraid  
That I've no shoes." I gave a glance  
At my bare toes.

"Crab-apple sweet!"  
Said they, and shoes were on my feet.

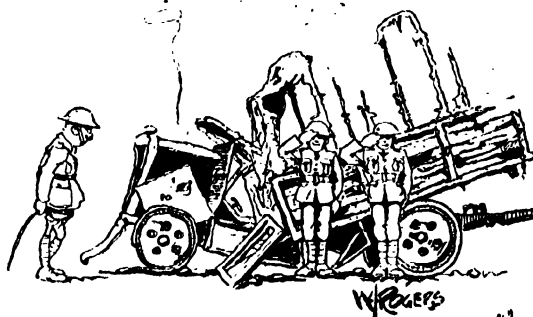
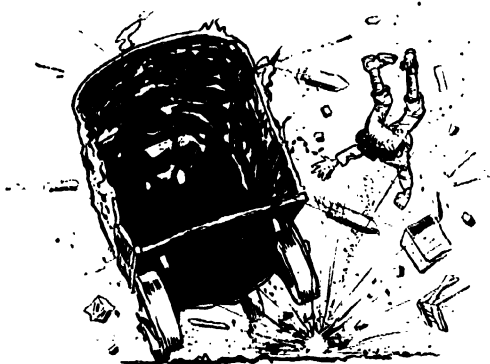
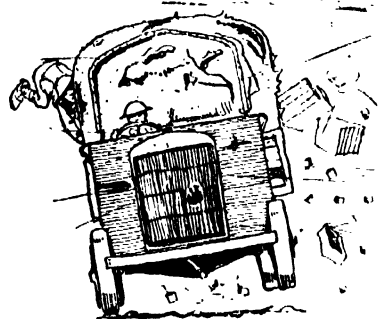
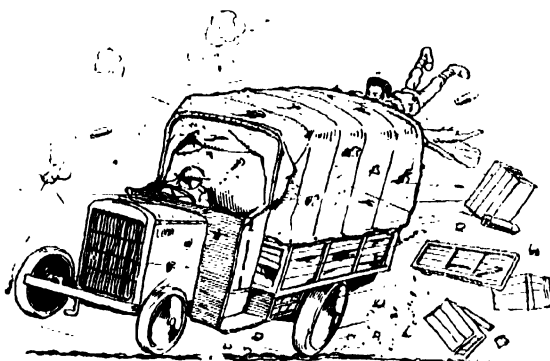
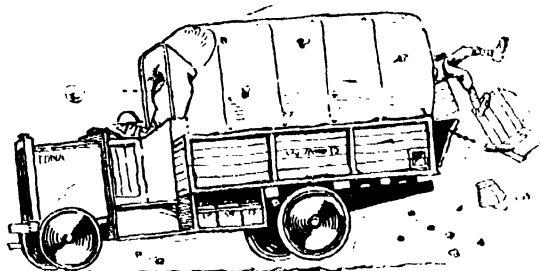
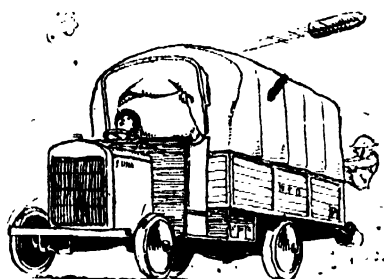
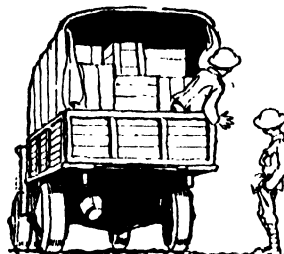
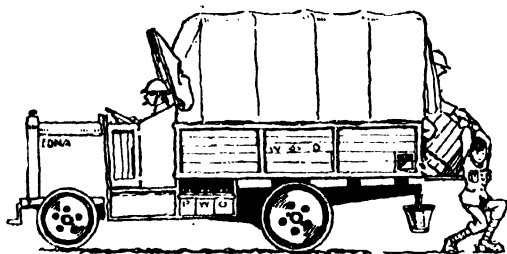
And then we danced away, away,  
Until my birth-night all was done;  
And I said, "I'll go home to-day;  
And thank you for my lovely fun,  
I'll come again."

"Crab-apple red!"  
Said they, and I woke up in bed.

**Another Impending Apology.**

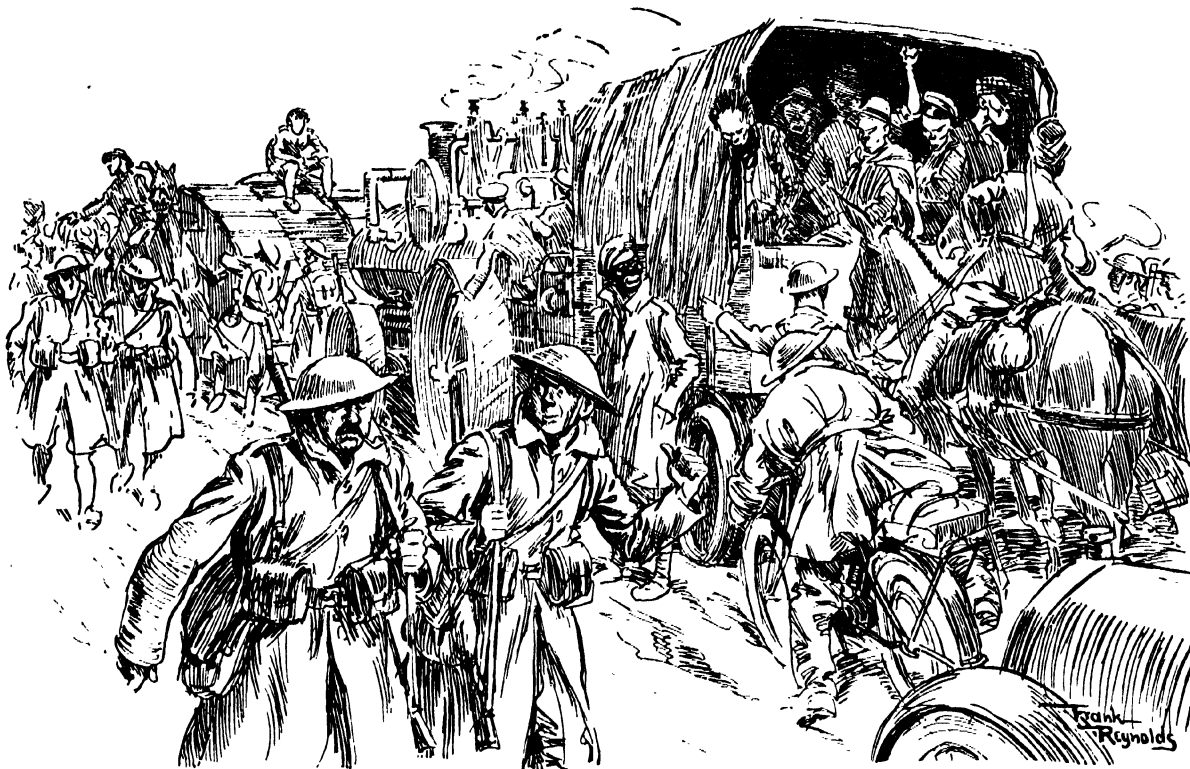
From the report of a Prisoners of War Committee:—

"We are now making a change in the packing arrangements, and instead of six 10lb. parcels per month, we shall send a weekly 15lb. parcel, this by special concession of the Postmaster-General, who has raised the weight limit in our favour. He tells me he is in the mental ward at present, but is quite all right."  
*Local Paper.*



**DELIVERING THE GOODS.**

IMPRESSIONS OF A JOY-RIDE WITH THE M.T.



Newly-arrived Tommy. "LUMMY! YOU DO SEE SOME SIGHTS ON THIS ROAD. WHAT PRICE THAT ENGINE AFFAIR JUST GONE BY? DID YOU NOTICE IT?"

Old Hand. "NOTICE IT! WHY, IF A RHINOCEROS WAS TO COME ALONG IN A TIN 'AT, I SHOULDN'T PASS NO REMARKS."

### GALLIPOLI.

*Qui procal hinc ante diem perierunt.*

YE unforgotten, that for a great dream died,  
Whose failing sense darkened on peaks unwon,  
Whose souls went forth upon the wine-dark tide

To seas beyond the sun,  
Far off, far off, but ours and England's yet,  
Know she has conquered! Live again, and let  
The clamouring trumpets break oblivion!

Not as we dreamed, nor as you strove to do,  
The strait is cloven, the crag is made our own:  
The salt grey herbs have withered over you,

The stars of Spring gone down,  
And your long loneliness has lain unstirred  
By touch of home, unless some migrant bird  
Flashed eastward from the white cliffs to the brown.

Hard by the nameless dust of Argive men,  
Remembered and remote, like theirs of Troy,  
Your sleep has been, nor can ye wake again  
To any cry of joy;

Summers and snows have melted on the waves,  
And past the noble silence of your graves  
The merging waters narrow and deploy.

But not in vain, not all in vain, thank God,  
All that you were and all you might have been  
Was given to the cold effacing sod,

Unstrewn with garlands green;  
The valour and the vision that were yours  
Lie not with broken spears and fallen towers,  
With glories perishable of all things seen.

Children of one dear land and every sea,

At last fulfilment comes the night is o'er;  
Now, as at Samothrace, swift Victory

Walks winged on the shore;  
And England, deathless Mother of the dead,  
Gathers, with lifted eyes and unbowed head,  
Her silent sons into her arms once more.

### For Services Rendered.

This is our Merchant Seamen's "Gift Week." The Silver Thimble Fund, which has already collected £17,000 for War Charities, is asking for gold and silver and all other kinds of jewellery to be sent to The Silver Thimble Depot, 160A, New Bond Street, W., in the hope of raising £10,000 to endow a ward in the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich. Mr. Punch can think of no better way of celebrating a victorious Peace than by a practical proof of our gratitude to the Service that has done so much to bring it about.

Miss EVA MOORE has arranged a *Matinée*, to be given at the Alhambra on Sunday, November 17th, at 3 p.m., in aid of the Kensington War Hospital Supply Depot, to whose admirable work Mr. Punch has more than once paid tribute. Among those who have kindly promised to appear are Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, Lady TREK, Miss LOTTIE VENNE, Miss VIOLET LORAIN, Miss CISSIE LOFTUS, Mr. COURTICE POUNDS, Mr. OWEN NARES, Mr. LAURI DE FRECE, Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER. Tickets, which range in price from 21s. to 1s. 3d., can be obtained from Miss EVA MOORE, 13, Kensington Square, W.8 (Telephone, Western 1807), or from the National Sunday League, 34, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. (Telephone, Holborn 1524).





THE SANDS RUN OUT.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, November 4th.*—Both the SPEAKER and the LEADER OF THE HOUSE were again in their places, to the satisfaction of everybody, and particularly of the lady visitors, some of whom, it is reported, had threatened to sue the management if the star-performers continued to absent themselves.

The FOOD-CONTROLLER has decided to fix a maximum price for eggs. Some Members greeted this decision with derisive cries of "No more eggs!" but others considered it a timely precaution in view of the imminence of a General Election.

Another sign of the times is the offer of a certain Conservative Association to provide its subscribing members with free insurance against accidents in public vehicles. This was vehemently condemned as unfair by General PAGE CROFT, the leader of the "Nationals;" his objection, I understand, being that the insurance does not cover Third-Party risks.

The growing disrespect for established institutions is exciting alarm in Government circles. Lord HENRY BENTINCK actually had the temerity to ask this afternoon, "Is it not possible to take Lord NORTHCLIFFE a little too seriously?" and some Members laughed. Where is this sort of thing going to end?

The Bill to render women eligible for the House of Commons passed its second reading without a division. But more than one Member expressed fears lest the charms of public life should prove more alluring than matrimony to gifted women. Sir HEDWORTH MEUX's picture of a future Prime Ministress, distracted between the rival claims of the Cradle and the Cabinet, was drawn with strokes so broad as to bring down upon him an austere rebuke from both Front Benches.

*Tuesday, November 5th.*—Though GUY FAUX be reckoned among the "has-beens" we shall still have reason to "remember, remember the 5th of November." For on this day the PRIME MINISTER, fresh from Versailles, read to the House the terms, stern but not vindictive, on which Austria-Hungary has been allowed to go out of the War.

It was the worst day in the year that the Irish Nationalists could

have chosen to put forward their amazing proposition that Britain should not be allowed to enter the Peace Conference until she had granted Home Rule to Ireland. Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR essayed the hopeless task of trying to rekindle in a thin House the dying embers of Liberal enthusiasm, damped almost to

their chastisement more quietly than is their wont. Mr. DILLON indeed seemed chiefly annoyed with Sir EDWARD CARSON's silence, and declared that he was now "King CARSON and lord and master of Ireland." Whereupon the monarch uncoiled himself from the seat whence he had watched the debate and

quietly observed, "May I say that this is the tenth year of my reign?"—a useful reminder that Liberals as well as Tories had failed to find a solution for the Ulster part of the Irish problem.

The Resolution was watered down in deference to the objections of some British Home Rulers, but even in its diluted form was supported by only 115 Members, including Nationalists, Pacifists, and a few Liberal ex-Ministers, and was defeated by a majority of 81.

*Wednesday, November 6th.*  
—Woman's triumphal march continues. True, Mr. MAC-

PIERSON said it was impossible, without legislation, to grant commissions to lady-doctors employed in military hospitals, and there was no use therefore in "camouflaging" them—his word, not mine—with pips. But as a *solatium* the House decided that, though Woman may not vote until she is thirty, she may write herself M.P. (if she can find an obliging constituency) at twenty-one. What is more, if she happens to be a Peeress in her own right—and her brother-Peers are willing—there is nothing to prevent her sitting in both Houses, a thing that no mere man can do.

*Thursday, November 7th.*—Lord ROBERT CECIL has invented a neat formula for dealing with the kind of questions that it is equally embarrassing to answer or ignore. "The points raised will not be forgotten," he tells his inquisitors, and leaves them speechless.

The Member who pleaded for the release of the Irish prisoners, because many of them—"perhaps all of them"—desired to be Candidates at the coming Election, must, I think, have been misinformed. For immediately afterwards another Member elicited the fact that in gaol they enjoy "a full, varied and most satisfying diet," which is more than they would get just now in the House of Commons' dining-room.

I am sure Colonel BURGOYNE meant well when he suggested the amendment of the Parliament (Qualification of Women) Bill by



KEEPING THE HOME RULE FIRES BURNING.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR.

extinction by Irish apathy about the War. But even with some perfunctory help from Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. SAMUEL he could not blow it into a flame. In fact such heat as the debate engendered was supplied by the CHIEF SECRETARY and Mr. BONAR LAW, who told the Irish home-truths about their conduct during the War in language almost as vehement and volcanic as their own.

On the whole the Nationalists took



KING CARSON.

(Fancy portrait by Mr. DILLON.)



*Instructor.* "NEVER MIND LOOKING AT YER WATCH, ME LAD. I'LL TELL YER WHEN THE WAR'S OVER."

the inclusion of clergymen within its scope. But the clergy will hardly thank him for the implied comparison. They are rather tired of jokes about "the clerical sex."

The mysterious relations of Lord NORTHCLIFFE to the Ministry of Information aroused the curiosity of many Members. Mr. PRINGLE, while praising his recent forecast of the peace terms as "reasonable and moderate," could not understand how he was allowed to put it forward as a private individual. Sir EDWARD CARSON inveighed against the impropriety of a subordinate official of one Ministry being allowed to attack the head of another, as Lord NORTHCLIFFE had done through his newspapers in the case of Lord MILNER; while Mr. DILLON declared that the Napoleon of journalism was at his old tricks and using private information to obtain the reputation of a prophet.

Mr. BALDWIN's defence was that "Napoleons will be Napoleons." Mr. DILLON, he said, seemed to desire the appointment of a "Northcliffe Controller"; but that was impracticable. All our bravest men are too busy to take on the job.

### THE RUINED PARTY.

(No, not the Irish Party this time.)

His family, to mark the bard's  
Blankth birthday, for his sake  
Capitalised its sugar cards  
And sent him out a cake—

A gift which very welcome comes  
To armies marching on their tuns.

And so I begged in friendship's name

Some kindred souls to meet  
That eventide and wolf the same,

Washed down by coffee (neat);

Just now there is apparent here

A painful paucity of beer.

At noon there came—life *can* be  
hard—

A sergeant to suggest

That I should do a quarter-guard;

I kindly acquiesced;

One does with those who wear the  
three-

Striped emblem of authority.

The kindred spirits met that night,

But though I was not there

They did not bring *one* appetite

This absence could impair;

My health they cordially ate,

Leaving no heel-taps on the plate.

And when at last I graced the scene,

From sentry-go released,

The clasp-knife (left for me to clean)

With which they'd carved the foast

Bore on its blade my share (or lot),

One currant and a greasy spot.

### Another Impending Apology.

"MILK SUPPLY.

It was decided to agree to pay to the Food Control Committee a portion of the cost of extending the water main to ——— Farm, Mr. ——— having agreed in that event to purchase twelve more cows."—*Essex Paper*.

"Colonel Roosevelt . . . wisely warns all whom it may concern: 'We should accept not controlled by Austrophils, nor is unconditional surrender of Germany and her vassal allies Austria and Turkey, and which does not free the subject races of Austria and Turkey from the yoke of Austrian, Magyar, and Turk.' This shows how much clearer some things are seen at a distance."—*Evening Paper*.

We infer that the writer keeps an English grammar at his elbow.

"During the past few days, rumours of the abdication of the Kaiser have been as thick as 'autumnal leaves on the brooks of Ambrosia.'" *Bristol Evening News*.

We are unable to trace the quotation, but we gather that the writer wishes us to understand that WILLIAM has got it in the nectar.

## REPRISALS.

THAT ass Ellis has tried several times to prevent me from serving my King and country. At the time of writing he has failed. But I can't promise to be alive when you see this, because he is very persistent.

Why the authorities decided that I must do an anti-gas course I don't know. But they did; and the first person that I met at the local H.Q. (Gas) was Ellis.

H.Q. (Gas) is divided into two parts—the Gas Chamber and the Gas Ante-Chamber. Add to these the Gas Colour-Sergeant, the Gas Corporal, several different kinds of gases, two gas-masks, and finally, of course, Ellis and me, and you have the scenery, properties and cast complete. I am the hero and the Colour-Sergeant is the villain; the clown's part is naturally reserved for Ellis.

The first scene is laid in the Gas Ante-Chamber, and when the curtain rises we see the Gas Colour-Sergeant, ably assisted by the Gas Corporal, generating the Ante-Chamber gas for all he is worth. This form of frightfulness need not necessarily prove fatal if taken in moderate doses; in fact, as far as I know, its worst symptoms are yawning and an intense desire to sleep. It includes a short descrip-

tion of the gases affected by Fritz, a ghastly attempt at the scientific nomenclature of their component parts, and a vast mass of undigested facts concerning their whims and habits. When the Colour-Sergeant had to stop for more oxygen the Corporal carried on, until Ellis floored him with some more than usually impossible question. On the whole I think Ellis generated more gas than either of them; but I am not sure, because I succumbed to the very first whiff, and only woke up at lunch-time.

At lunch, feeling that Ellis had made a bigger fool of himself than usual, I determined to read him a lesson. I began as follows:—

"Ellis, old man, have you made your will?"

"No," said Ellis in a startled voice. "Why?"

"Really," I answered seriously, "I'm afraid you don't grasp the dangers we are called upon to face. If you are

feeling particularly strong I'll tell you what happened at my last course."

Ellis blanched. "Go on," he murmured between clenched teeth.

"Well," I continued, "you know how important it is that one's gas-mask should be a perfect fit?"

Ellis only nodded. He was beyond words.

"So important is it," I went on, "that they will only test your mask while you are actually in a strong concentration of gas; in short, in the Gas Chamber itself. Masks were served out and we were thrust at the bayonet's point into the fatal room. When the Colour-Sergeant and the Corporal came in to see how we were getting on, they found me pale but confident, for luckily

apples; also several other facts which I have mislaid. Once or twice I caught Ellis looking at me in that spiteful way of his, and he seemed to be pretty thick with the Colour-Sergeant. By the occasional nods and winks that I intercepted I judged they were enjoying some futile joke together. Just like Ellis to demean himself with his inferiors in rank."

At length the day arrived for the grand *finale*—the actual test of five minutes all alone with one's fears and one's mask in the Gas Chamber. "A concentration of chlorine," said the Colour-Sergeant, "that would kill you in a minute but for the gas-mask."

Ellis went first. He had to be half-pushed through the fatal door that led from the Gas Ante-chamber to the lethal apartment. Personally I didn't think he took it at all well; but then what could one expect from a fellow like Ellis?

Five minutes passed—ten minutes. I was just wondering whether I had not better boldly enter and extract the erring Ellis ere it was too late, when in came the Gas Colour-Sergeant and hustled me rudely towards the door.

"Your turn, Sir," he said grimly.

Cool though I was, I hesitated a moment before I took the plunge. But only for a moment. Murmuring the words, "An officer and a gentleman!" I took a deep breath through

my respirator—"the last pure air," I thought, "that I may ever breathe on earth." Then I proudly flung open the portal, entered, and with equal firmness closed the door behind me.

I was in a small and barely-furnished room. It was but dimly lit by a sloping skylight in the roof. A plain deal table and two wooden chairs stood against one wall, while opposite, on a steel platform in shape not unlike an ordinary kitchen range, stood the gas-cylinder, a stumpy iron affair, from which the venomous gas was hissing through a small hole near the top.

And that was all. But horror! what was that dark bundle in the corner that lay so still? Even before I rolled it over, instinct told me the whole dreadful truth. It was Ellis!

I rushed for the door. It was locked. I banged on it and yelled. My voice sounded hollow, being muffled by the



Burglar (disturbed in the course of business). 'NOW YOU 'AVE WOKED UP, DOCTOR, YER MIGHT 'AVE A LOOK AT MY TONGUE. MY REGLER MAN'S DAHN WIV THE FLU.'

my mask fitted me. But when they came to the other man, 'Corporal,' said the Colour-Sergeant, 'I'm afraid you've been careless again. This man's mask doesn't fit properly. There must be a leak somewhere.' 'Sorry, Sir,' replied the Corporal, 'but 'e 'ad such a funny 'ead I couldn't do nuffink wiv it.' Now I come to think of it, Ellis, the slope of his forehead and chin was just like yours. . . He was as dead as mutton," I added sadly.

Ellis swooned.

That afternoon they fitted us with gas-masks in the open air. Even Ellis was satisfied with the fit of his. Still, the lesson had done him good, for he seemed very thoughtful and talked far less than usual.

During the next few days we sniffed at mustard gas, wept at tear-gas and sneezed at sneezing gas. We learnt that phosgene smells of lilac, mustard gas of onions and lachrymatory of pine-

# A big demand

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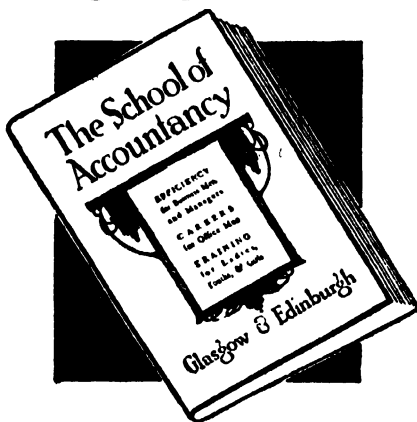
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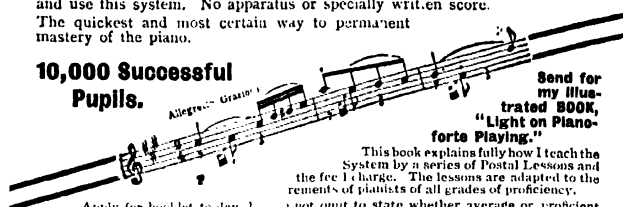
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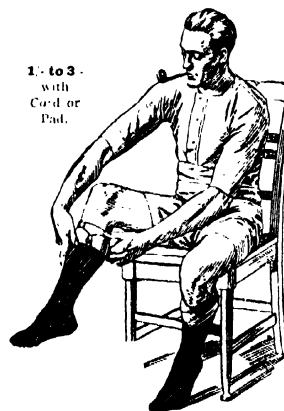
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rubber nozzle in my mouth. I yelled again, thereby filling the mask with air and blowing off the nose-cap.

And then, faint and subtle, came the smell. Gently, irresistibly, it forced its way through rubber and chemicals and all. So I was done for—cut off in the prime of my health and beauty. I sobbed aloud, then grew strangely calm. I knew now there had been some hideous mistake. This was no chlorine. It was the deadly mustard gas; for the smell was the smell of onions.

"They have lied to me," I murmured. "The mask will not save me here."

So saying, I sank to the ground and knew no more.

A roar of laughter woke me. I opened my eyes. Ellis was standing in the middle of the room, braying like the silly ass he is. The Colour-Sergeant and the Corporal were sitting by the table. A white cloth had been spread and on the centre reposed the gas cylinder, open now but still emitting fumes.

Then it burst upon me that this couldn't be the Gas Chamber after all.

"The Chamber!" I gasped. "Where is it?"

The Colour-Sergeant pointed his well-loaded knife towards the door I had entered by.

"The little room on the other side of the Ante-Chamber," he said, and deftly flicked the knife-load into his mouth.

"I wish they'd give us tripe and onions every day," sighed the Corporal.



"I'LL BET THE OLD KAISER'S FAIR MAD WITH OUR JOHNNIE! THEM GERMANS 'AVE 'AD FOUR YEARS TO 'IT HIM, AND THEY AIN'T DONE IT YET—AND 'E COMES HOME ON LEAVE TO-MORRER!"

## THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

XVII.

### CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER XCIV.

*George.* There are two things I don't quite understand. How is it that Switzerland, which has always been a republic, was full of kings and emperors at this time? And why did they have such funny names—"Tino" and "Ferdie" and so on?

*Mrs. M.* Your perplexity, my dear George, is quite intelligible. Switzerland was invaded by sovereigns, but they did not reign in Switzerland. They were attracted by the salubrity of the climate and other potent considerations, in which the instinct of self-preservation predominated. As I remarked to you on a former occasion there is an involuntary sympathy which one feels for the unfortunate, and the sufferings of exiled families naturally appeal to the generous instincts of ingenuous youth. But compassion needs to be tempered with justice, and few of these sovereigns were worthy of unstinted

commiseration. Their very names prove this, for kings and eminent persons who are habitually spoken of by derogatory nicknames or abbreviations are seldom, if ever, deserving of our respect. CHARLEMAGNE was never called "Charlie," nor was our great sovereign, ALFRED THE GREAT, ever referred to as "Alf."

*Richard.* But how about "Bluff King Hal" and "Good Queen Bess"?

*Mrs. M.* KING HENRY VIII., as I think I impressed upon you in dealing with his reign, was not in all respects an estimable character. Indeed in one of our conversations you yourself, Richard, alluded to him as "that good-for-nothing king." The rapidity with which he contracted, and the unscrupulousness with which he terminated, his matrimonial alliances must always be regarded as a blot on his record. And QUEEN ELIZABETH was a mistress of dissimulation, arbitrary in her ways,

haughty in her manners and addicted to sad extravagance in her toilet.

*Mary.* Please tell us something about the Court jesters in this reign.

*Mrs. M.* The office of Court jester had long been abolished, but public buffoons still flourished, whose business it was to rove about and exhibit their talents at public meetings or to indulge in intellectual gymnastics in the newspapers. They no longer wore a special uniform, but were generally recognisable by eccentricities of dress or of appearance. As one of the writers of the time, Dr. WELLS, observes, "None of them had the dignity and restraint of the great Victorians, the Corinthian elegance of RUSKIN, the Teutonic hammer-blows of CARLYLE;" and he goes on to mention two who "thrust a shameless obesity upon the public attention." And this was, of course, all the more reprehensible at a time when there was a considerable shortage of food.



## MY DIARY.

It is absurd to say that we were unaffected by the War. I myself, for instance, had become a Volunteer quite early in the revived career of this particular branch of His Majesty's service. I had suffered the slings and arrows of an outrageous sergeant-major, who dealt with us on the square at Chelsea Barracks as if we were a pack of small boys in our first term at school.

"Don't touch your face!" he would roar. "Don't touch it, I tell you. It's marked out for the beauty prize, and you can't improve it, no matter what you do."

This was perhaps one of the mildest pieces of well-studied sarcasm that Sergeant-Major Batten hurled at his squad of Volunteer Officers. Those who enjoyed the amenities of the Chelsea Barrack square were supposed to go back to the contres from which they came and spread the latest military knowledge over the rural districts of England.

But it was not to talk of Volunteering that I began this article. It was in order to draw your attention to my diary, and to show you how this inanimate thing gradually wrapped itself up in the War and ceased to take an interest in anything else. I can only explain what I mean by telling you that it became infused with a sort of life of its own, and many a time I caught it nudging me when I wished to set down any of the ordinary bald statements that are to be found in every self-respecting diary. It tried, I am sure, to withdraw itself from my writing-table, or, failing that, to get itself lost under an accumulation of papers, or to cross the nibs of my favourite pens, or commit some other perversity. At the time I tried to explain these actions on rationalistic theories. Now I know better and am sure that my diary was absorbed in the War, and was trying to prevent me from writing about anything else.

So matters went on until the Spring of this year, when the great German offensive was being pushed with what then seemed to us overwhelming force. I remember one particular evening when I was trying to write in the diary something about ration books. My diary protested. I tried it with one shortage after another. It refused every one of them and kept me strictly to military affairs, showing a particular delight in the expert optimism of "D." of *The Westminster Gazette*.

Then one evening arrived the glorious news of Marshal Foch's counter-offensive. My diary showed great agitation and insisted on having the details, meagre enough at the moment, written into it. The pages simply crackled with emotion as I obeyed the command. Thenceforth there was no contest between my diary and me. Wherever it led, I followed, and so together, under the impulse of the British and their gallant Allies, we rolled up and swallowed as it were mile upon mile of the devastated land of France.

From that moment we never looked back, but kept steadily eastward all the time. Then came Bulgaria's defection; then Turkey fell out, and Austria-Hungary was in convulsions; and at last the great Panjandrum himself, with the little round button on top, began to crack and collapse and talk of an armistice. In my joyful revulsion of feeling my diary shared to the full. Indeed I noticed with some apprehension that it was swelling visibly, though this may have been due to its absorption of some particularly succulent newspaper articles recording our victories.

Yesterday, when I went to take it from its shelf I could not find it. I have searched for it high and low and still it is in the ranks of the missing. I can only attribute its loss to the fever of delight to which it was stirred by recent glorious events. The reaction from gloom must have been too sudden, and I assume that it did away with itself in a spasm of spiritual ecstasy.

## A TRUE TWISTER.

A short time ago I was the happy possessor of three boxes of wooden matches. They were not like war-time matches. They were of the best pine—long, large, square-cut and actually capable of being ignited. I was proud of such possessions and guarded them jealously from the predatory fingers of Jane and her mistress. I hid them in a little drawer behind three pairs of old gardening gloves. Sometimes, when my mood was prodigal, I would strike one to light a cigarette. It gave me a feeling of reckless egotism which, some say, comes only to Emperors. I had my moments of happiness in those days.

It was the forenoon of Wednesday the thirtieth day of October of this year and I was adjusting the set of the celery bed when my attention was diverted by a clamour in the house.

"That's Turkey," I said to myself as I cast down the spade and prepared to join the carnival. "Of course," I mused, "it may be Austria—or both."

As I entered the dim portion of the hall which leads to the garden I was aware of many figures gyrating in front of me. They were flinging their arms about enthusiastically.

"Hurrah!" I shouted. "Is it Austria?" My foot grated on something.

I picked it up. It was a match—large, long, square-cut and of the best pine.

I skated over another one. The hall was covered with them.

"Hello! Here's Uncle Harry," cried my worst nephew, flapping his unbuckled Sam Browne. "Come along, old bean, and try a twister."

"A 'twister'?" I said, still fascinated by the sea of matches.

"Yes," they exclaimed severally and in chorus. "Haven't you read to-day's *Punch*? How the Scotsman flipped the matches—they went ping—like a spent bullet—the rotary movement does it."

I stared at them blankly.

"It's an excellent leg-pull," remarked the Colonel, callously striking three successive matches to light his pipe.

"I've been bowling googlies with 'em and they didn't even murmur," said my second-worst nephew. "But," he added, producing a cavernous wallet, "they're very useful little firesticks all the same."

"I said it couldn't be done," exclaimed Margery; "I said it before we found the matches."

"Found the matches?" I repeated dully, and instantly knew the worst without going any further into the matter.

I picked up the remnant joylessly.

I hesitate to cast aspersions upon my own kin, nor do I like my thoughts to dwell suspiciously upon the Colonel, who is an old and valued friend, but nevertheless it is a fact that the matches we gathered up filled indifferently but one box.

At present I am waiting patiently; waiting until Mr. Punch, following his usual custom, publishes the index to his volume which is now in the making. I shall then become acquainted with my enemy and denounce him for the fraud he is.

I know he is one because I, in privacy, have lost or mutilated the remaining matches without the faintest semblance of success.

## Our Heroes on the Home Front.

"The Chairman of the Council, passing along Queen Street yesterday, noticed a man struggling to get an oil barrel on a high waggon. Without hesitation, he took off his coat and assisted."—*Local Paper*.



*Lady.* "BUT YOUR HORSE LOOKS TIRED. PERHAPS I'D BETTER TAKE THE TUBE?"

*Cabby.* "'E'S IN THE BEST OF 'EALTH, MUM, BUT ALWAYS WAS A BIT OF A DREAMER--WILL DWELL ON THE TIME WHEN 'E WON THE DERBY."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*Camilla* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is to my thinking a singularly difficult story to get hold of. When *Camilla*, a young American recuperating from the fatigues of divorcing her husband, was plunged into the *Nancarrow* family circle, her confusion of mind was only equalled by my own. Perhaps this effect was the deliberate intent of Miss ELIZABETH ROBINS; if so her success was certainly complete. As for the *Nancarrows*, for whom she seemed to claim admiration, frankly I found them detestable. The one member who had any vitality was definitely a bad lot, the others were inane, and the whole family snobs unmitigated. But while I understood and shared *Camilla's* feelings towards this unattractive household her other difficulties seemed to lack probability. Such insularities, for example, as "laces" for shoes, or what one might call the come-and-find-me arrangement of breakfast dishes on a side table, presented problems for which I should have expected to find her better equipped. Has American literature no books of travel and exploration that might have prepared her for these emergencies? Anyhow, having overcome the shoe and sausage obstacles and got herself engaged to the least intelligent *Nancarrow*, *Camilla* felt that she had earned a rest, and went back to America to enjoy it. But it was too late. Not even the purer air of her native land, where "strings" are strings and you can see what they are giving you for breakfast, could restore a spirit bemused with *Nancarrows*. In the end, after an encounter with her former husband, we leave *Camilla* disengaged, sinking between two stools into (ap-

parently) a permanently astonished celibacy. Somehow I cannot think that so clever a writer as Miss ROBINS can have found her very inspiring company.

Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, pursuing his tour among the industries of England, takes us in *The Spinners* (HEINEMANN) to the district of Bridport. Although he gives us some information about spinning, he is more concerned with the spinners, and especially with one, *Sabina Dinnett*. The tale is a tragedy, and in its concluding scenes is very real and powerful; but it suffers from Mr. PHILLPOTTS' growing habit of deserting his main theme for matters of relatively trivial importance. His quaint pictures of the love affairs of three middle-aged people would be well enough in their proper place, but here we are concerned with a serious problem, and he loses grip when he leaves it. The question whether a man of education, whose passion is dead, ought to marry a working-class girl by whom he has had a child is not a new one, but Mr. PHILLPOTTS handles it with great skill. Among the minor characters I give the badge of merit to Mr. Churchouse, a dear old local author who admitted on his death-bed that books which he professed to have received from anonymous admirers had been sent by himself. And the medal for idiocy ought certainly to be handed to a Mr. Waldron, a person with no ideas outside sport, whose conversation, as usual with this type, was insufferably tiresome.

Many a student at the Bar and many an embryo policeman must have entered upon his career with the high criminological ideals which form the thesis of Miss

JEANETTE LEE'S *The Green Jacket* (SKEFFINGTON), but few can have been long in the business before they lost her illusion that the prevention of crime or the reform of the criminal can be "all done by kindness." Even after reading this fascinating story of the disappearance of the Mason emeralds and the detection of the thief by *Millicent Newberry*, the lady sleuth, and after paying due attention to the deductive arguments of the latter, I still think that existing systems are quite kind enough to felons and misdemeanants and that enough latitude is provided for them by the Borstal and similar systems. But perhaps in America, where the events take place, human nature is different and better. Again, however rude it may seem to criticise coldly and harshly so polite and warm-hearted a book, there are two questions I must put to the author: If *Oswald Mason* and his wife really loved each other with the concentrated passion which is suggested, how on earth did they manage to keep secret from each other those very actions upon which the whole mystery depends? And, if they did not love each other, what did the mystery matter, since the crime did nobody any harm and was never meant to? But let the reader not trouble himself with these nice points or question too closely whether *Miss Newberry* actually displays those gifts of deduction and manipulation which her advertised title of "a lady Sherlock Holmes" would indicate; let him read the story for himself, taking up the challenge of the same advertisement, which proclaims that "the impenetrable mystery will baffle him until the very sentence in which the secret is revealed."

*Monte Covington*, as good a sort as ever did nothing but amuse his lordly American self all round the world and all the year round (how incredible that sounds to-day!), married pretty *Marjory Stockton* at a moment's notice, merely to convenience her in her plans for having a good care-free time likewise. No obligations or responsibilities on either side, you understand. I betray none of Mr. *FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT*'s secrets in telling you this much, because the event occurs within the first hundred pages of *The Triflers* (METHUEN); and really there can be no secrecy about the further fact that they spent the remaining chapters of an agreeable story in learning to wish for and finally attaining precisely that hampering element which they had so flouted at first—namely, love. Frankly, they were rather a pair of noodles to be so slow about it, and one felt inclined to give them an occasional shove along the right way; but they get there all right—long before the back cover is reached, the wad of advertisements being thick. This summary hardly does the book justice, since both hero and heroine are really desirable people, and the author is concerned delicately and cheerfully to show the seriousness of things that are serious. None the less his characters and their actions are not honestly in accord, and one's war-time impatience with insincerity does stir a little at times. But the book ends on a note of war as well as of honeymoon, and I have no doubt that by now *Monte*

has done a thoroughly good bit under General *PERSHING*, with *Marjory* hard at work as near him as she could get.

There appears no special reason (other than the general difficulty of finding a title for anything) why Miss *DOROTHY PERCIVAL* should have given to her story of life in a Canary Island the name *Footsteps* (LANE). Because the special footsteps, the sound of which made the heroine sit up—literally, you can see her doing it on the illustrated wrapper—only came once, and that to the ultimate regret of the wicked owner, who got nothing by his intrusion but a blow on the head from the heroine's candlestick. *Daphne* was the lady's name, and she had migrated to the Canaries with a father whose morals (and footsteps) were both of them unsteadied by alcohol. To such an extent indeed that when an affluent but (in two senses) impossible suitor, with the rightly handicapping name of *Gonsalves*, petitioned for the lady's hand, papa professed to see no just impediment to the union. Not so however *Daphne* nor the handsome young English

engineer with the ready fist and general *Ralph Rackstraw* manner. But, to save her father, *Daphne* temporised, till *Gonsalves* lost patience, and behaved in the ungentelemanly fashion and with the humiliating result indicated above. All of which goes to prove that if you must read in bed it is as well to do so by the light of a large-size candle. Also that life in the Canaries is not (so to speak) all groundsel. To sum up, Miss *PERCIVAL* has written a lively story, with a touch of real originality about the relations of the father and daughter, but otherwise following conventional lines, as these are understood in fiction rather than every-day life.



CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR VOLUNTEERS FOR THE ARMY  
OCCUPATION TO ESCAPE THE PERILS OF PEACE AT HOME.

first book—*A Chaste Man* (HEINEMANN)—all sorts of things that happen to be in his imagination or experience, without any particular regard for their pertinence to his theme. But clever the book undoubtedly is, and interesting throughout, which, after all, leaves one little to grumble at. *Oliver Lawrence*, a journalist publisher, has married a suburban and grown tired of her. He consoles himself for his lack of judgment in this supreme matter by philandering with the virginal *Olga*. The dangerous game of the chaste flirtation is made unbearable by the girl's awakening; and I should like to testify to the skill and charm of this portrait of an adorable adolescent. *Oliver* breaks his new chain and goes back to make the best of his old bondage in a sensible disillusioned way. There are other good cartoons and caricatures, and I will prophesy. Mr. *WILKINSON* a notable future if he won't put all his rough sketch-book jottings to date into every picture he tackles. There are two profound puzzles: where did old *Flynn*, *Olga*'s putative father, get all the whiskey that he and *Oliver* drank together; and where did *Oliver* get the ten half-sovereigns he paid out to his little contributor? I haven't mentioned that there is a murder as part of the pot-pourri. Quite a nice and appropriate one.

# CHARIVARIA.

MUCH satisfaction is felt that, as a result of the armistice, the War will not, after all, interfere with the General Election.

\* \*

During the Peace celebrations in London a costermonger placed his donkey in the cart and himself pushed it through the streets, afterwards leaving it in the road and going home. It is supposed that he was excited.

'Not long ago,' says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "the Kaiser clearly declared that he hated war." If this is not true it is certainly a very clever invention.

\* \*

An Amsterdam message stated that the Ex-Crown Prince of Germany was lying ill at Maastricht with brain fever. We have the best reason for doubting this.

\* \*

Charged with beating his wife, a Bermondsey packer alleged that he was celebrating the end of the War. Upon his promising not to do this sort of thing at the end of the next war he was discharged.

\* \*

Several of the experts who had been busy telling us that the War would last till next Spring complain that Germany capitulated on purpose.

\* \*

"Ireland," says a Dublin paper, "will not be slow to take up the work of reconstruction." In this connection we are informed that Sligo's October recruit has written to know if he can have the five pounds in cash, instead of putting the Recruiting Committee to all that trouble.

"In one London club," says a gossip writer, "they charged me a shilling for a spot of whiskey." Some people don't seem to recognise that there's a peace on.

\* \*

"All German vessels," ran a radio message sent out by the German Government, "should make for the nearest port." A number of our own merchantmen, on hearing that the armistice had been signed, did precisely the same thing and drank the King's health in it.

\* \*

It is expected that some sections of the Defence of the Realm Regulations will be modified at once. It is therefore possible that our newspapers will shortly be able to tell us what sort of weather we had the week before.

"Germany," says Field-Marshal HINDENBURG in a proclamation, "has up to now used her arms with honour." Nothing, you will observe, is said about her legs.

\* \*

We understand that, with the view of giving his attention to more important matters, Herr EBERT has decided to accept abdications only on alternate Fridays.

The KAISER has promised the Dutch authorities not to foster counter-revolutionary ideas, and we understand that the Dutch authorities are of the opinion



Sergeant. "ERE, SAMSON, YOU TROT ALONG TO THE REGIMENTAL BARBER AN' LET 'IM GIVE YOU THE DELILAH CUT."

that the promise is fully worth the paper it was written on.

The price of blood sausages has been fixed at a shilling a pound. We are still of opinion that the only proper course was to intern them all.

The result of the War was foretold centuries ago, says *The Christian Science Monitor*. A reference, of course, to the famous mot, "*Parturit Mons et exit ridiculus Pruss.*"

\* \*

Master plumbers at Ashton-under-Lyne have decided to charge by the hour. The old custom, in the profession generally, was to charge by the amount of damage done.

\* \*

"It is to be hoped," writes a correspondent in the Press, "that the Food-

Controller will take the first opportunity of placing whaleflesh on the market." We know a number of distinguished anglers who would be happy to place their private herds of pedigree whales at Mr. CLYNES' disposal.

\* \*

The Canine Defence League has announced its intention of providing a home for unwanted dogs. Some premature excitement was caused in dog circles by a short-sighted bull-terrier who read "ham" instead of "home."

\* \*

An unfortunate incident happened in a grocer's shop last week. It seems that upon being served with his jam ration a City gentleman mistook it for an ink blot and tried to erase it with india-rubber.

The American elections, after all, appear to have been rather tame. At Denver only twenty-six people were injured and three motor-cars smashed.

We are authorised to state that at their recent meeting Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and the Liberal Party recognised each other quite easily.

At a recent Red Cross sale a Blenheim Orange apple was sold for twenty-one pounds. It is pointed out however that people should not attend Red Cross sales with the idea of picking up bargains like this.

A contemporary remarks that the sale of eggs by weight is not the best of methods. Some of the eggs one meets nowadays might well have been sold by sound.

## First Fruits of Peace.

"Lost, Brown Cat, plump, since Wednesday."—*Provincial Paper*.

From a report of Mr. BALFOUR's speech at the Guildhall:—

"The Serbian soldiers were assured of having their meal of fame."—*Sunday Paper*.

Whatever their favourite beverage may be they have certainly earned it.

"Hebrews have evidently arisen in Vienna and Budapest."—*Evening Paper*.

And it looks as if we might have a shepublic in this country soon.

There was an old lady of Crews Who was horribly frightened of flu:

She spoilt her complexion Through fear of infection, Having fixed on a gas-mask with glue.

## COALS OF FIRE.

WHEN Fritz had worked his various spells,  
Murder and arson, loot and ravage,  
His poisoned gas and poisoned wells  
And all the other Touton hells  
That tend to make a Touton savage;

When through the smoke of reeking lands,  
Of plundered shrine and tortured city,  
He saw the bright avenging brands  
And, lifting up his dirty hands,  
Cried "Kamerad!" and whined for pity;

T. Atkins, of the generous soul  
(Purple till now with raging passion),  
Would bind his wounds and make him whole  
And let the blighter share his dolo  
Of fags and rum and bully ration.

O fair ensample, far too high  
For all but saints (you'd think) to imitate!  
Yet, lest my enemy should die,  
I must curtail the meals that I  
Within the Food-CONTROLLER'S limit ate.

I too, it seems, must show sublime,  
And let my fare by Huns be eaten  
Who whooped for WILLIAM all the time  
And gloried in his every crime  
(Barring the sin of being beaten).

I must accept, to serve their need,  
The humour of the whole position;  
Must further stint my frugal feed  
And, to revive the Prussian breed,  
Endure the pangs of inanition;

Go short of fat and shy of lean,  
Reduce the pot I hoard my jam in,  
From lust of lard my spirit wean  
And prune my slab of margarine  
To save the gentle foe from famine.

Well, if I choose to treat his case  
As though he were my heart's own jewel,  
And with a sweet and smiling grace  
Heap coals of fire upon his face  
(Rare in the present dearth of fuel):

If thus I let the Bosh go shares  
And for his loaf subscribe my leaven,  
Though I may give myself no airs  
I am an angel (unawares)  
And ought by rights to be in heaven. O. S.

## Renaissance.

"New-laid eggs reappeared at Covent Garden this morning after rather lengthy absence."—*Evening Paper*.

"Would Young Man in Blue Car arriving at Cowcaddens Subway on Monday evening, 21st Oct., 6 p.m., who lit matches to assist woman to find three-penny piece, or any other person who heard conductress's remarks, would be very much appreciated by referring to 9,799, News Office."—*Glasgow Evening News*.

We like the opening of the story very much, and hope that 9,799 will give us the sequel with the same clarity of style.

"People stood still with the papers in their hands, gazing into vacancy, saying—there is no other word—with the stern and splendid news."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

Surely there must be another word, if one could only think of it.

## THE TOUCH OF NATURE.

(Being a leaf from the diary of Professor Septimus Fust, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., etc.)

November 11th.—Armistice signed. An end at last of the Titanic struggle. I hope the population will comport itself becomingly over this. Enthusiasm there must be, but I have always maintained that victory should be celebrated in a quiet and dignified manner, befitting the prestige of a great nation. It should be a period of *recueillement*, of retrospect.

I have been rather rudely interrupted just now by the abrupt entrance of my landlady. She is, or was, a sodate woman and her behaviour has somewhat shocked and offended me. She dashed into my sanctum and nearly swept off the table some of my Oolitic fossils which I was rearranging to include a new specimen (*Cerithium sub-scalariforme*). A coloured streamer was pinned on her chest and a small Union Jack was stuck in the coils of her coiffure. Decidedly grotesque.

"Oh, Sir," she said, "have you heard the noos? Do you know?" She then bellowed up to me (she is a woman of large proportions), seized my hand and for one dizzy moment I feared that she would embrace me.

"You refer, of course," I said, releasing myself from her moist palm as quickly as possible, "to the cessation of hostilities. We have, indeed, every cause for gratitude that the unleashed forces of the world are checked—"

"I suppose you won't be in for lunch an' dinner, Sir?" she broke in.

"Why not?" I inquired coldly.

"Cos I'm going to be out," she snapped; "and p'r'aps I won't be home till morning, neither."

I stared. And then it occurred to me that probably the poor creature's mind, never calculated to bear much strain, had become temporarily unhinged. I decided to humour her.

"Why, of course," I said soothingly. "But do you think," I added with tact, "that you ought to go out in your present condition? Try a little repose, bathing of the temples and palms of the hands with some restorative—"

I am sorry to say that she interrupted me again, this time by bouncing out of the room and slamming the door. And I have just heard the front-door slam too. *Ira furor brevis est*. But her departure makes it rather awkward for me, as I must go out and take my meals at a restaurant—a thing I have always disliked. As I have to go out I might call and see one of my colleagues and show him the new Oolite fossil. It should interest him.

November 12th.—I wish to record here at once that it was all McQuirk's doing. Had I not come across him—But I had better tabulate the events in the order of their occurrence.

On leaving home yesterday morning I arrived at my colleague's house (after much difficulty, owing to the extreme congestion of the traffic), only to discover that everyone was out and the place completely deserted. As I retraced my steps, intending to find some quiet corner for luncheon, McQuirk came upon me. I have never cultivated his friendship, as I always resented his boisterous manner, and I was not at all pleased to meet him now. But directly he saw me he seized me by the arm and shouted out, "Hello, Septimus. What about the Huns, eh?"

I looked round, apprehensive that some acquaintance might see me in company with such a maniac. He was bedecked from head to foot with the flags of most nations; in one hand he carried a small bell and in the other a varicoloured hooter, upon which he blew loud blasts with unremitting fervour. "Come along with me, old chap," he



HIS OWN AGAIN.

TO THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.





J.H. DOWD '18

Reverber. "SAY, MATE, YER HAT'S ON STRAIGHT

went on, still holding me by the arm, 'and I'll wake you up."

I would have explained my views to him on *recueillement* and retrospect but for the hooter, which was a bar to any sustained conversation. He swept me along till we came to a house where some friends of his resided. Here light refreshment was being circulated. Though inclined to temperance I was persuaded to celebrate the occasion.

I do not know how long we stayed (continuing to celebrate the occasion), but, on someone's suggestion, we all went out ultimately in a body and secured a conveyance. I do not remember thinking it singular at the time that fifteen of us got into one taximeter-cab; I do recall, however, that I was very insistent about going on to the top, I cannot think why, for in that position it is difficult to retain one's equilibrium. McQuirk was on the top with me, and someone kept making ear-splitting noises with a hooter. I discovered later that it was myself.

About the following events I cannot be quite clear. I have only a general impression of noise and cheering and laughter; of many times slipping off the top of the conveyance and as many times being replaced, of being the centre of a group of young officers and singing as loudly as any of them, "What are we when we're out of a job? Bow-wow!" Also of an exuberant dinner somewhere, and of McQuirk's accompanying me home at a very late hour, while I was conscious of assuring him that he had always been my best, my very best friend, and shaking hands with him repeatedly.

All this happened yesterday. Only this morning am I beginning to realise it with growing horror. I note that my landlady is less respectful—though perhaps more friendly—in her attitude. I fear I may never get her back to her former footing. Further, on looking over my Oolite fossils I suddenly remember giving the *Cerithium sub-scalariforme* to the cab driver and imploring him to keep it for my sake.

My landlady has just been in, and said with what approximated to a snigger, "I suppose you won't be going out again to-day, Sir?" The woman has nettled me. Why shouldn't I go out? I can prepare my lecture on the Affinities of the *Tænioglossa* to-morrow. Am I to sit here calmly writing while outside there are celebrations of the greatest victory in history, the most colossal—Where's my hat? There it is, and ah, yes, the hooter. I think I'll step round to McQuirk's and see if he has made any plans to-day for a further celebration of the occasion.

#### A Study in Irish "Detachment."

'TRUE TOPICS.

Phoenix Park, coming at the tail-end of an unutterably dull week, was a sort of pipe-opener."—*Sunday Independent* (Dublin), Nov. 10th.

"The American Wireless learns that the German authorities in Belgium have given notice to the coal-mining companies that all men and animals should be brought out of the pits, that all raw materials should be delivered to Germans, and that the mines will be destroyed. This is in flagrant violation of Germany's Note of October 20."

"The offence is rank; it smells to Heaven." *Daily Paper*.



# Keep Smiling

I HAVE often told you that there is a smile in every glass of my delicious contents. Here you see one of my smiles looking through one of my dimpled sides.

But for Government and trade restrictions you would see my smile broaden into a beam of pure delight. Some of my admirers write to say, "Why can I not obtain your Whisky at . . . ?" These enquiries come from magnates in the City, magnates in the West End, magnates in the Provinces throughout the United Kingdom. Many enquirers say, "I lunch or dine at . . . . . Restaurant of world-wide fame, but when I ask for Haig & Haig Whisky the answer sometimes is, 'We cannot obtain supplies.'"

Many excellent people who are unable to obtain supplies write us asking why we continue to advertise goods that they are unable to purchase. Our answer is: "We advertise to maintain our position in uncontrolled Markets."

In time the Home Market will be uncontrolled and our advertisements of the quality of our Whisky will then entitle us to ask the equivalent value.

Ours is the "Sheraton" quality, and our customers are willing to pay the "Sheraton" price.

**Moral:** Government controls price only. We control the quality. We are building a House for "After the War."

## *Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky*

Head Office :

57 Southwark Street, LONDON, S.E.1



*I 'am  
the  
Famous  
HAIG*

*HAIG  
Bottle*

MY famous contents are exported in this bottle.

Africa is calling for me  
India is calling for me  
Ceylon is calling for me  
Egypt is calling for me

Are you ?





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GOOD LUCK NOW MANNIE. SHE'S BROUGHT VIGIL.

"VIGIL." Silk is pure Silk and its wonderful durability a great economy. It is not mixed with cotton for cheapness nor weighted with tin to give a false impression of quality.

In plain White Pastel Shades, Khaki, Stripes, etc.—for Ladies' wear, Men's wear, Children's wear—for Blouses, Dresses, and Nurses' Cloaks, Underwear, Nightdresses, Pyjamas, Dressing Gowns and Shirts, Draperies, Curtains, Cushions, Fancy Work, etc.

**Vigil**  
THE PURE SILK

## Tobacco Bloom Virginia Cigarettes

SUPPLIED IN

20's, 1/4 - 50's, 3/2 - and 100's 6/4.

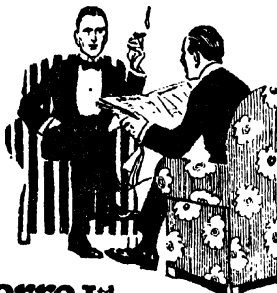
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YOU like to present a well-groomed appearance—and this you can easily do if you send your suits and overcoats regularly to Achille Serre. The Achille Serre Service takes care of your garments—removes spots and stains, tailor-presses away creases and "bagginess," and mends all torn parts. By spending a few shillings with Achille Serre you are able to combine smartness with economy.



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**Overland**

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THE motor which you select should combine lightness and durability. You find both in the Overland. You find everything which you would expect in a big car, yet lose none of the economy of a small one.

Motorists the world over are finding that the Overland gives supreme satisfaction. It is light, yet it rides well. It is economical in upkeep, easy to operate, the finish is distinctive, its equipment complete and ready for the road; its parts are readily accessible, and its price astonishingly low because of its vast production.

See the Overland dealer in your town for after-the-war delivery.

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151-153, Great Portland Street, London, W.

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### CARRYING ON IN GERMANY.

SYNDICATE OF POTSDAM PUBLISHERS CALL ON GENERAL FRIEDRICH VON BERNHARDI TO COMMISSION HIM TO WRITE A BOOK ENTITLED "GERMANY AND THE NEXT WAR."

### CROOKED ANSWERS.

A CALAMITY has occurred and I am undone. In the first place I had been overworked all the week; on top of that my old wound began to worry me, and then I started a bad day by having a row with my stenographer. She said nothing at the time.

After some discourtesies on my part I dictated replies to two letters; I was already badly rattled. The letters to be answered were as follows:—

(A) *To Deputy-Director of Telepathic Services.*

SIR,—I am commanded by the Army Council to bring to your notice the fact that a conference on points arising out of Schedule K of A.C.I. 057431 (1918), in reference to instructional personnel for telepathic schools, will be held on the 20th inst., at 3.30 P.M., in Room 1197, War Office.

I am to ask if a representative of your branch can attend this conference at the hour stated above.

I have the honour to be, Sir, Your obedient Servant,  
S—, Major G.S.,

*For Director of Psychical Research.*

(B) *From Captain X.*

DEAR OLD THING,—Feed with me on Wednesday night, 7.0, at Luigi's, and we'll go to a show afterwards.

Yours ever, JACK.

I signed the replies to these letters automatically. On reading the carbon copies after the letters had gone this is what I found:—

(A) *Captain X. 2317, Jermyn Street.*

SIR,—I am instructed by the Deputy Director of Telepathic Services to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. I am to say that, as representing the D.D.T.S.,

I will attend at the Restaurant Luigi as required at 7.0 P.M. on the 16th inst. It is regretted that, owing to curtailment of traffic facilities to the suburbs, I shall be unable to attend a Psychical Research performance at a later hour.

Yours, Z—, Captain,

*For Deputy Director of Telepathic Services.*

(B) *Director of Psychical Research.*

DEAR OLD BEAN, Right-o! I'll be there at your pow-wow in the War House on the 20th, on behalf of this bally old branch. Cheerio!

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant, REGGIE.

### MR. PUNCH'S APPEAL FOR "OUR DAY."

FROM the Hon. Sir ARTHUR STANLEY:—

"I should like to express to the Proprietors of *Punch* the cordial appreciation and gratitude of the Joint War Committee of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John for their very practical interest in our work on behalf of the sick and wounded.

"The appeal which you have made to your subscribers has received a very gratifying response and I hope you will find some means of conveying the thanks of the Joint War Committee to the contributors whose names are in the list you kindly enclosed.

"I note that your list is still open and that we may expect to receive a further remittance from you before your wonderful effort on our behalf is concluded.

"Yours very faithfully,

"ARTHUR STANLEY, Chairman."

Mr. Punch understands that his list of subscriptions will appear, if it has not already appeared, in *The Times*.

## THE MUD LARKS.

I CAN readily believe that war as performed by Messieurs our ancestors was quite good fun. You dressed up in feathers and hardware—like something between an Indian game-cock and a tank—and caracoled about the country on a cart-horse, kissing your hand to balconies and making very liberal expenses out of any fat (and unarmed) burghesses that happened along.

With the first frost you went into winter quarters—i.e. you turned into the most convenient castle and wiled away the dark months roasting chestnuts at a log fire, entertaining the ladies with quips, conundrums and selections on the harpsichord and vying with the jester in the composition of limericks.

The profession of arms in those spacious days was both pleasant and profitable. Nowadays it is neither; it is a dreary *mélange* of mud, blood, boredom and blue-funk (I speak for myself).

Yet even it, miserable calamity that it is (or was), has produced its piquant situations, its high moments; and one manages to squeeze a sly smile out of it all, here and there, now and again.

I have heard the skirl of the Argyll and Sutherland battle-pipes in the Borghese Gardens and seen a Highlander dance the sword-dance before applauding Rome. I have seen the love-locks of a *matinée* idol being trimmed with horse-clippers (weep, O ye flappers of Suburbia!) and a Royal Academician set to whitewash a pig-sty. I have seen American aviators in spurs, Royal Marines a-horse, and a free-born Australian eating rabbit. All these things have I seen.

And of high moments I have experienced plenty of late, for it has been my happy lot to be in the front of the hunt that has swept the unspeakable Bosch back off a broad strip of France and Belgium, and the memory of the welcome accorded to us, the first British, by the liberated inhabitants will remain with us until the last "Lights Out." The procedure was practically the same throughout.

There would come a crackle of wild rifle fire from the front of a village; then, as we worked round to the flank, a dozen or so blue-cloaked Uhlans would scamper out of the rear and disappear at a non-stop gallop for home. In a second the street would be full of people, emptying out of houses and cellars, pressing about us, shaking hands, kissing us and our horses even, smothering us with flowers, cheering "*Vivent les Anglais!*" "*Vive la France!*" clamouring, laughing, crying, mad with joy.

*Grandmères* would appear at attic windows waving calico tricolors (hidden for four long years) while others plastered up tricolor hand-bills—"Hommage à nos Libérateurs," "God's blessings unto Tommy."

However, touching and delightful though it all might be, it was not getting on with the war; this *embarras des amis* was saving the Uhlans' hide.

Furthermore, though I can bring myself to bear with a certain amount of embracing from attractive young things, I do not enjoy the salutations of unshorn old men; and when Mayors and Corporations got busy my native modesty rebelled, and I would tear myself loose and, with my steed decorated from ears to eroup with flowers, so that I looked more like a perambulating hot-house than a poor soldier-man, take up the pursuit once more.

In due course we came to the considerable town of X. All happened as before. As we popped in at one flank the bold Uhlan popped out at the other, and the townsfolk flooded the streets. I was dragged out of the saddle, kissed, pump-handled and cheered while my bewildered charger was led aside and festooned with pink roses. Tricolors appeared at every window; handbills of welcome were distributed broadcast. The Mayor and Corporation arrived at the double, and we struggled together for some moments while they rasped me with their stubbly beards. When the first wild ecstasies had somewhat abated I gathered my troop and prepared to move again.

"Whither away?" the Mayor enquired, a fine old veteran he, wearing two 1870 medals and the ribbon of the Legion.

"To Z," said I.

"*Ecoutez, donc*," he warned. "They are waiting for you there in force, machine-guns and cannon."

I intimated that nevertheless I must go and have a look-see, at any rate, and so rode out of town, the vast crowd accompanying us to the outskirts cheering, shouting advice, warnings and blessings. In sight of Z. we shed our floral tributes and, debouching off the highway into the open, worked forwards on the look-out for trouble.

It came. A dozen pip-squeaks shrilled overhead to cause considerable casualties amongst some neighbouring cabbages, and shortly afterwards rifle-fire opened from outlying cottages. I swung round and tried for an opening to the north, but a couple of machine-guns promptly gave tongue on that flank. Another flock of pip-squeaks kicked up the mould in front of us and some fresh rifles and machine-guns joined in. Too hot altogether.

I was just deciding to give it best and cut for cover when all hostile fire suddenly switched off, and a few minutes later I beheld light guns on lorries, machine-guns in motor-cars and Uhlans on horses stampeding out of the village by all roads east.

The day was mine. Yip, Yip! Bonza! Skookum! Hurroosh! Nevertheless I was properly bewildered, for it was absurd to suppose that an overwhelming force of heavily-armed Huns could have been bluffed out of a strong position by the merest handful of unsupported cavalry. Manifestly absurd!

I turned about, and in so doing my eye lit on the poplar-lined highway from X., and I understood. Along the road poured the hordes of an advancing army, advancing in somewhat irregular column of route, with banners flying. The head of the column was not a mile distant. The Infantry must be on my heels, thought I. Stout marching! I grabbed up my glasses, took a long look and bellowed with laughter. It was not the Infantry at all; it was the liberated population of X., headed by the Mayor and Corporation, come out to see the fun, the *grandmères* and *grand-pères*, the girls and boys, the dogs and babies, marching, hobbling, skipping, toddling down the *parcè*, waving their calico tricolors and singing the *Marseillaise*. I thought of the Bosch fleeing eastward with the fear of God in his soul, and rolled about in my saddle drunk with joy.

PATLANDER.

## REMEMBER, REMEMBER!

H. C. writes to *The Times* to suggest that in future November 11th, the day on which the armistice began, shall be an additional Bank Holiday, to be called Thanksgiving Day. Mr. Punch thinks this a very good idea; but he goes farther and proposes that the 11th shall not only be celebrated as a national holiday, but shall absorb (without any ecclesiastical bearing) its neighbour, the 5th—now rapidly becoming obsolete—and that fireworks shall be associated with it and, if need be, guys.

Remember, remember

The eleventh of November!

Let that be the new refrain. No prize is offered for the best suggestion as to whose effigy should be burned.

## Another Sex-Problem.

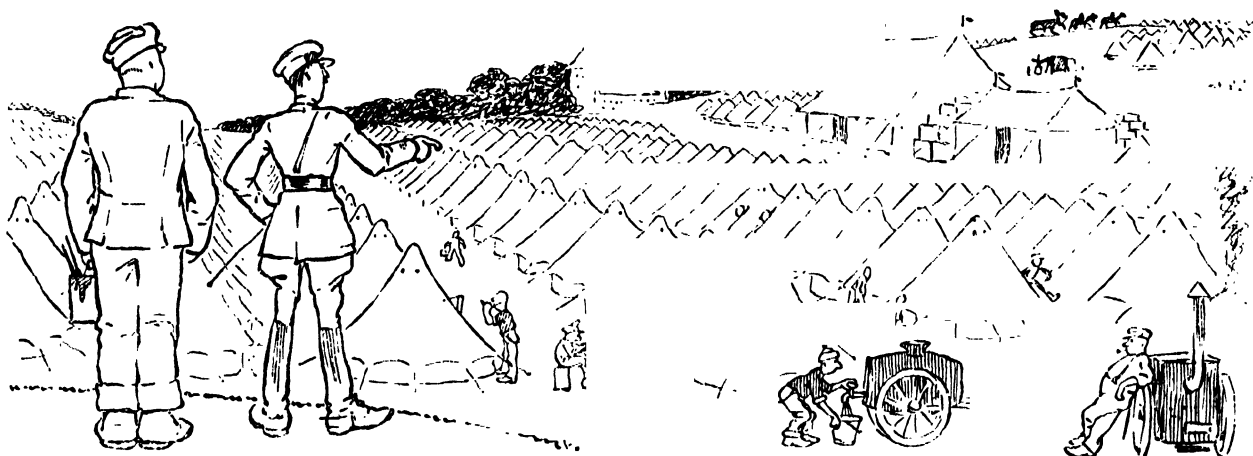
"YOUNG GEESE, suitable for breeders: parents laid over 30 eggs each last season."

*Kingsbridge Gazette.*

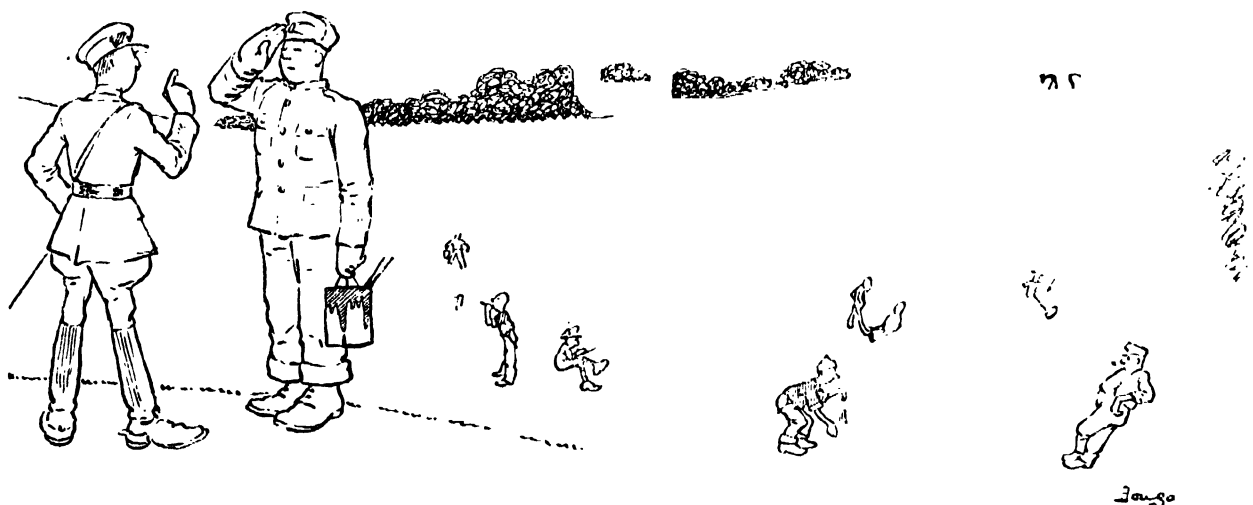
"Tuesday, Nov. 11, 1918, will, of course, live for ever in history."—*Daily News.*

Provided that it can first get into the calendar.

## THE PERFECT CAMOUFLAGE ARTIST.



BEFORE.



AFTER.

## A NOTE ON MR. D—.

The pictorial sequence form of advertisement, which is an innovation of our own day, undoubtedly renders certain of our periodicals more entertaining. One, at any rate, of our most illustrious statesmen, now regrettably *emeritus*, rejoices in each variation on the activities of that elderly buck who comments upon the excellence of a certain accessory of horseless vehicles, and whom for the moment we may call Mr. D—; and others less exalted would probably confess, perplexedly, to the same attractions. The commanding height, the knowing air, the confident smile, the tilted hat—and the hat of a glossiness too!—the swinging

cane, the trousering and the tailoring—all exert their spell. One laughs, but one looks. This well-groomed *dégage* patriarch is indeed rapidly becoming one of the best known figures in the British Isles and bids fair soon to be more familiar than either of the Georges—Rex or Lloyd. Every town now has him in its windows; sometimes in drawings; sometimes cut out in cardboard, viewing with affectionate regard his own portrait held in the left hand; sometimes even in plaster statuettes, coloured to the life.

There is peril perhaps in such universal publicity. One foresees the danger of John Bull losing identity. It will not be Mr. D—'s fault if his own form and lineaments do not come to be taken

by foreigners as typically national—if he does not, in fact, oust John Bull. The normal Briton of course resembles neither; he is not so solid and apoplectic and agricultural as our ancient symbol, nor so complacent and raffish and urbane as this new one. But certain it is that in years to come one of the tasks of antiquaries will be to analyse and determine the body of myth attaching to Mr. D—'s personality.

According to *The Daily Chronicle*, "the ex-Crown Prince had a lot of luggage with him. It was all carefully examined by the Dutch guards, and was found to consist entirely of personal effects." Yes, but *whose*?



### ARMISTICE DAY.

*Small Child (excitedly).* "OH, MOTHER, WHAT DO YOU THINK? THEY'VE GIVEN US A WHOLE HOLIDAY TO-DAY IN AID OF THE WAR."

### EX-KINGS AT PLAY.

At the general meeting of the ex-King's Club at Berne last Wednesday the claims of several new candidates for election were considered. We are indebted for the following account of the proceedings to Mr. Paul Pryor, the celebrated correspondent, who was present (on the roof) at the meeting.

The first candidate proposed was the ex-Kaiser WILHELM. In moving his election ex-King CONSTANTINE observed that he was not actuated solely by family reasons. He preferred to base the candidate's claim on the broader grounds of his versatile gifts, his great conversational powers, his musical attainments and his prowess in the chase, which, he added, might be of great value to the commissariat department if the native chamois could be persuaded to collaborate.

Ex-Tsar FERDINAND seconded in a brief speech. The ex-Kaiser, he pointed out, was interested in everything, including botany. In his company stagnation was impossible, and his reminiscences would be an unfailing source of stimulation.

The ex-Mpret of ALBANIA said that he was sorry to strike a jarring note in this duet of eulogy, but he felt bound to oppose the election on the ground that what they wanted above all was a quiet life, and to live with the ex-Kaiser WILHELM would be like living in a railway station.

The ex-Khedive ABAS supported the ex-Mpret. The climate of Switzerland was bracing enough to supply them with all necessary stimulus, and, whatever might be said of the ex-Kaiser, he could not be truthfully described as a nice man for a small tea-party.

As the voting was equal the candidate was withdrawn.

Ex-Tsar FERDINAND then proposed his son, ex-Tsar BORIS. Setting paternal bias aside he was quite sure that his son would prove a most eligible member of the club. He had himself instructed him in natural history and taken a deep interest in his conversion to the creed professed by ex-King CONSTANTINE.

Ex-King CONSTANTINE expressed a lively regret in having to oppose the candidature of this estimable young man, but he thought it a bad precedent.

Ex-Tsar BORIS had only reigned for a few weeks, or was it days? He was convinced that it was desirable in the best interests of the club that a rule should be passed making it obligatory for a candidate to have occupied the throne for a minimum period of two years.

Ex-Tsar FERDINAND here interposed to protest against the enforcement of a rule borrowed from English county cricket—a gross slur on kingship as he interpreted it.

Ex-King CONSTANTINE retorted that ex-kings might learn even from their enemies. Boris might be an excellent young man, but his Slavonic name was suspicious. He might for all they know be a crypto-Bolshevist.

Ex-Tsar FERDINAND replied with some heat that ex-King CONSTANTINE's own mother was a Slav.

Whereon ex-King CONSTANTINE rejoined, "And you are the great-grandson of a regicide."

At this point the meeting broke up in disorder, the waiters intervening, and the claims of nineteen other candidates were unavoidably postponed till the next meeting.

# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, November 11th.*—As the PRIME MINISTER entered the crowded House of Commons to announce the terms of the armistice Members in nearly every part of the House rose to acclaim him. Even "the ranks of Tuscany" on the Front Opposition Bench joined in the general cheering. Only Mr. DILLON and his half-dozen supporters remained moody and silent. To them the great day came as an anti-climax, for Nationalist Ireland gave up fighting months ago.

The rest of the House listened eagerly while Mr. LLOYD GEORGE recited the conditions to which the German plenipotentiaries had put their unwilling hands at five o'clock that cold grey morning. He read so fast that Members had scarcely time to endorse with their applause one outstanding item in the bill of costs before another equally notable claimed their attention. Alsace-Lorraine to be freed at once, without waiting for the Peace Congress; the Watch on the Rhine to be kept in future by the Allies; cannons, machine-guns and locomotives to be surrendered by the thousand; all U-boats fit for sea to be handed over, and the rest of the German Navy to be interned or disarmed; all the gold stolen from Belgium, Russia and Roumania to be delivered in trust to the Allies—these were some of the thirty-five points with which Marshal Foch and Admiral Wemyss have penetrated the German enticement.

Well might Mr. ASQUITH say that the terms made it clear that not only was the War at an end, but that it could not be resumed.

Then Mr. SPEAKER, in his gold-embroidered joy-robcs, headed a great procession to St. Margaret's Church. The ex-PRIME MINISTER and his successor—the man who drew the sword of Britain in the War for freedom and the man whose good fortune it has been to replace it in its sheath—fell in side by side; and behind them walked the representatives of every party save one. Mr. DILLON and his associates had more urgent business in one of the side-lobbies—to consider, perhaps, why Lord GREY of Fallodon in his eve-of-war speech had referred to Ireland as "the one bright spot."

*Tuesday, November 12th.*—By the irony of fate Russia, the first of the

belligerents to sue for peace, is the only country now in the war; and so long as she retains in her Government the personages described by Mr. BALFOUR as "conscious agents of the German military autocracy," she cannot expect to get out of it.



ENTHUSIASM OF MR. DILLON ON HEARING THE NEWS OF VICTORY.

Demobilization is the order of the day; and several Members endeavoured to assist the Government by suggesting that preference should be given to various classes of their constituents; miners, the owners of one-man businesses, industrial "key-men," agriculturists, and married men being the most favoured. The House was glad to find that these points had not es-

caped the eagle glance of the MINISTER OF RECONSTRUCTION, who in a long and detailed statement outlined the proposals by which the Government hoped to mitigate the horrors of peace.

Dr. ANDERSON's remark that in the disposal of war-stores the Government would endeavour "not to incur more scandals than could be avoided" was especially welcome to persons with memories reaching back to the South African war.

As the stores in question are estimated to be worth a trifle of five hundred millions they will be a useful set-off to the amount of the war-debt, now standing, according to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, at a figure approaching seven thousand millions. Yet he rightly considers that no one will grumble at the expenditure since it has enabled us to put "paid" to a long-outstanding BILL.

The disappearance of one autocrat will, it is hoped, soon be followed by the dethronement of another. "Dora" must soon think about abdicating. Already

she has consented to give us more light in our streets. The next thing wanted is more light in our Press; but for that, Mr. BONAR LAW says, we must wait a while.

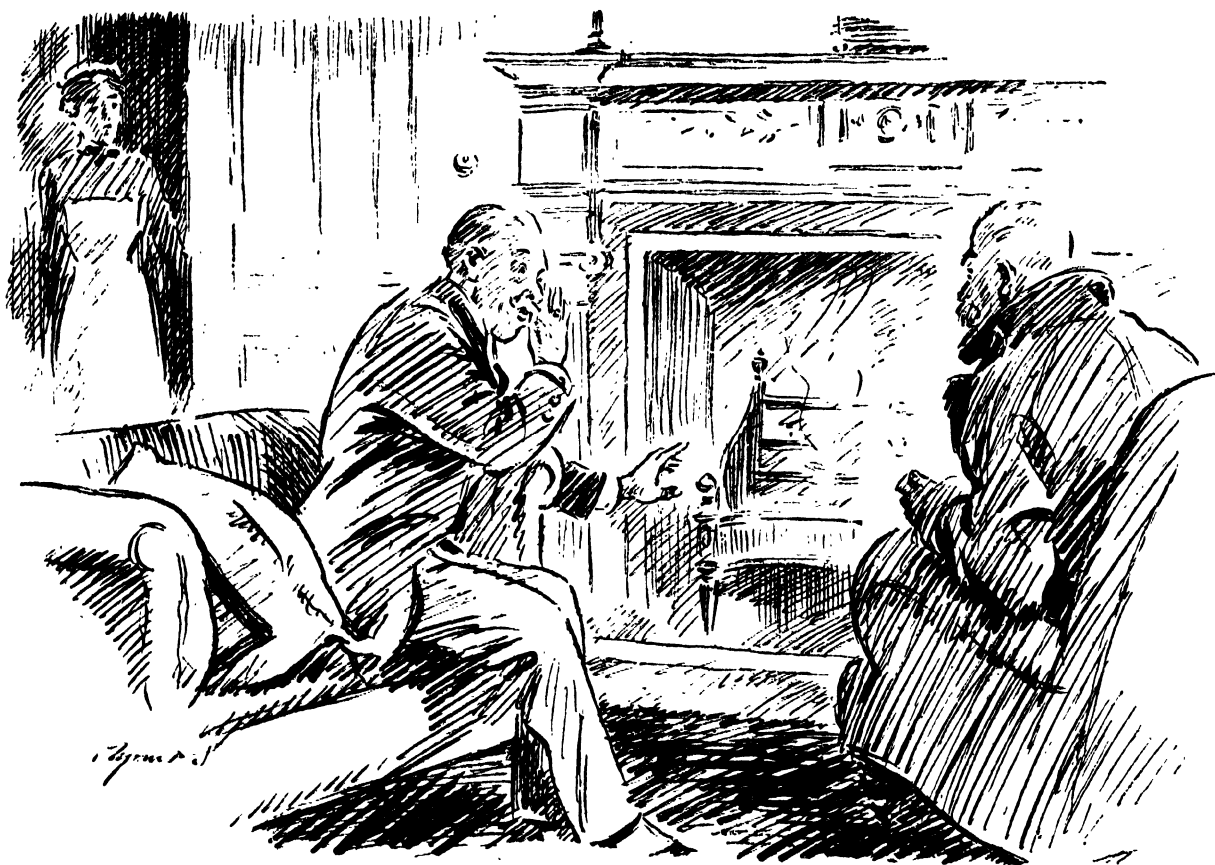
Perhaps it was prejudice against Dora's petticoat Government that caused Lord CHAPLIN to utter so fervent a protest against the Bill for enabling women to sit in Parliament. The ladies found a devoted champion in Lord HALDANE, but were nevertheless temporarily balked of their desire, for before a vote could be taken the House, most ungallantly, counted itself out.

*Wednesday, November 13th.*—The Lords having recovered their good manners gave way to the ladies and passed the second reading of their Bill without further demur. Possibly a long discussion on that trite topic, the distribution of honours, had taken the starch out of them. Lord SELBORNE declared that the size of the lists, now swollen to a condition of positive obesity, made it impossible for the PRIME MINISTER to exercise any proper supervision and urged the appointment of a Committee of the Privy Council to act as a filter for the fountain of honour. Lord CRAWFORD threw scorn upon the suggestion and warmly resented the comments made by persons "of high standing and full of honours" upon the



DORA STARTS CLEANING UP.





SCENE. Doctor's Waiting-room.

*First Stranger.* "I THINK IT'S YOUR TURN TO GO IN, SIR."

*Second Stranger (sotto voce).* "ER—AS A MATTER OF FACT I ONLY CAME IN TO GET WARM."

*First Stranger.* "SAME HERE."

"humble people" who got the O.B.E., some of whom, I fancy, will not thank him for the description. Lord LANSDOWNE, too, objected to the notion of turning the Privy Council into a private inquiry office. The motion was negatived without a division. Lord SELBORNE may comfort himself with the reflection that the evil, such as it is, will cure itself, for "when everyone's somebody then no one's anybody."

In the Commons a lively attack upon the Food-CONTROLLER was made by Mr. CAUTLEY, the late Director of Pig Production, who narrated how his efforts had been nullified by the vacillating behaviour of the Government. Mr. CLYNES protested that it was not his fault. Members might possibly remember that there was formerly a war on, that at one time it was going rather badly for us, and that the shipping intended to carry pig-food had brought gallant American soldiers instead.

The shortage of food is still serious, for we now have to "feed the Huns" instead of the guns; but there are signs of improvement. It may soon be possible to mill white flour, and that will mean more offal for Mr. CAUTLEY'S

*protégés*; and there is a prospect that a few apples and oranges may be procurable at Christmas-time even by non-millionaires.

*Thursday, November 14th.*—Amid the crash of falling thrones and exploding empires Mr. FRENCH of Wexford keeps an unfaltering gaze upon the parish pump. The pump in question ought to be, but isn't, at Cullenstown in his constituency, and he sternly called upon the CHIEF SECRETARY to supply the deficiency. Mr. SHORTT considered this to be a case where the local authority might usefully apply the principles of *Sinn Féin*—"ourselves alone."

Though "the mad dog of Europe" is now more or less safely kennelled in the Netherlands his congeners in Devon and Cornwall have not yet been completely destroyed. But Mr. PROTHERO has good hopes that the pest will not spread any further, in spite of a shortage of muzzles. Mr. TREVELYAN'S suggestion that the muzzles should be taken off the newspapers and applied to the dogs was not favourably received.

VENDOR OF ALLIES' FLAGS: "Here you go. Penny each. All the winners!"

### THE PROBLEM.

No more the busy search-lights scrawl  
Their diagrams across the stars—  
Lines, angles, intersections, all  
The grim geometry of Mars.

To-day these portents are removed  
And the invaded sky is free,  
Now that the proposition's proved,  
And we have written, "Q.E.D."

NELSON ON HIS MONUMENT (Night of November 13th): "I was often under fire, but it was nothing like so bad as being over it."

"A new world will arise, pelican fashion, out of the ashes of the world which is now burning."—*Provincial Paper*.

After reading this paragraph the phoenix retired, broken-hearted, to take the pelican's place in the wilderness.

"Remember that though its teeth and claws may be cut, the nature of the tiger is the same."—*Spectator*.

But for our contemporary's unrivalled reputation as an authority upon natural history we should have ventured to suggest that it is generally found better to let the tiger cut its own teeth.

## THE RIVAL.

HORSE and foot, balloons and wings,  
Tanks and guns are we,  
Straight from doing desperate things;  
Jones is A.S.C.

All can tell of toil and fight  
Freeing glorious France,  
Exploits such as most delight  
Maidens in romance.

But, behold, when Jones appears  
All our yarns are vain;  
He usurps the pretty ears  
We so want to gain.

Does he talk of how the Hun  
Bombs his moon-lit dumps?  
How his reckless lorries run  
Through the whooping crumps?

No, such talk of war's alarms  
Subtly he ignores,  
Weaving more effective charms  
Chatting of his stores.

As some venturer of old  
Back from Southern seas  
Filled his talk with tales of gold,  
Ancient treasures,

Perfumes, dyes of mystic art,  
Jewels flame-possessed,  
Till he roused the listener's heart  
To a fierce unrest;

So this cunning lad dilates  
On his piles of jam,  
Tons of raisins, sugar, dates,  
Pyramids of ham;

Till the eyes that pass us o'er  
Yearning on him dwell;  
Hungry hearts resist no more,  
Caught in Jones's spell.

## SCARS AND STRIPES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I hope you have not forgotten me. I am the dog who wrote to you at the beginning of the War about going to the Front with my master. I was a VERY SAD DOG then; I feel better and more hopeful now. You will be pleased to hear that my master has come through it all right, though he carries the marks of three nasty bites on his left arm, all in a row.

I thought at first that he had been bitten three times in the same place, and it struck me as very remarkable; but another dog, whose master works in the War Office, told me that those bite-marks are called wound-stripes and do not indicate the exact situation of the bite. I think that is a pity, don't you? It would be so much more interesting if they did.

My master is at present in hospital with a fourth bite, and my mistress tells me she thinks he will not be asked to fight any more because of something



"CAN YOU PLAY BRIDGE TO-NIGHT?"  
"WHAT!—DO YOU LIKE THE STUFF?"  
BEST AUTHORITY THAT HIS MUSIC'S VERY MUCH BETTER THAN IT SOUNDS."

"S'RRY. GOING TO HEAR SOME WAGNER."  
"FRANKLY, NO; BUT I'VE HEARD ON THE  
BEST AUTHORITY THAT HIS MUSIC'S VERY MUCH BETTER THAN IT SOUNDS."

called an armistice which the Germans wanted, so as to stop the fight. Of course I am glad for my master's sake, but, speaking as a dog of some experience, I do not understand it at all. When I fight another dog I don't allow an armistice or anything else to interfere until I've made him wish he had never been born, and I don't think the Germans deserve to be treated any better than a dog; do you?

My mistress and I have been to see my master in the hospital several times and his bite seems to be healing rapidly. I am not allowed inside the place; my mistress goes in by herself, leaving me chained up in the hall. But oh, Mr. Punch, I had such sport the first time

we went. I happened to be wearing an old collar a size too large for me, so the moment the hall-porter's back was turned I was out of that collar and into the hospital and had managed to lick my master's face thoroughly before they could turn me out. The nurses were very kind and wanted to let me stop, but there was a disagreeable person called a Commandant who wouldn't hear of it. She reminded me of our cat.

Needless to say I have not been able to play that trick again, but unless my master comes home soon I'm going to get at him somehow.

Yours sincerely,  
A VERY DETERMINED DOG.

## CLARENCE AND THE N.C.O.

For months Clarence had suffered a sort of humorous vivisection at the hands of sergeant-majors, sergeants and corporals. He had been called in front of his platoon "a funny-looking thing;" he had been told (with that air of deliberato gusto which the British N.C.O. adopts when he is palming off old army jokes as the product of his own fertile wit) that he resembled a soldier less than a wet sock or a broken-down cab-horse. Sparkling little impersonations of his more salient characteristics had been given with immense effect by the Company Sergeant-Major, who dwelt lovingly but with obvious exaggeration on his method of presenting arms. A lance-corporal had pointed out to him with sweet-tempered patience the essential points wherein a cravat differs from a rifle, the explanation appearing to him necessary in view of the fact that Clarence would persist in his efforts to tie his "D.P." in a knot round his neck when sloping arms. He had been exhorted in public places "to 'old his 'ead up," as all available rag-ends had already been collected by the local boy scouts in whose ranks he appeared to consider he had enlisted when passed fit for service by a doctor who was obviously intoxicated at the time.

He had been advised to try to look like the "Arch-dook of Canterbury" instead of like a man who had lost sixpence and caught a cold in looking for it. On more than one occasion he had been brought before his Company Commander for minor offences. His cap

had been snatched from his head. "Private Fielder, Sir."

"Private Fielder, improperly dressed on parade," the Company Commander would say, and then call for evidence. "Sir," the evidence would remark, "ono o'clock parade this morning the

himself but to the whole barrack-room where he slept, as, for instance, that there were thieves about, that he had left his cap—— But it was never any good. The Sergeant-Major always chipped in, "Idle excooses, Sir. This man is very careless, Sir. 'E——" And then the

Officer would say, "All right, Sergeant-Major, that will do," just to show that he was independent of sergeant-majors, and proceed to do what the Sergeant-Major told him, and give Clarence three days' C.B. And before Clarence could begin a second speech, of restrained and disciplined protest this time, the Sergeant-Major would say, "Dismiss," in a voice like a dog-fight, and Clarence would dismiss, and go away and talk mutinously of officers who were under the thumbs of their N.C.O.'s and hadn't got the—well, the stomach, let us say, to act on their own initiative.

It was very hard. Clarence knew that if he had been an officer himself he would long ago have put a stop to many evils, including strong language to the men. Bullying, that's what it was, in Clarence's estimation. He would tell his sergeants off if he were an officer. He had often imagined himself standing before his men, their adored hero, with his platoon-ser-

geant sobbing at his feet and asking forgiveness. . . .

And now Clarence had an overdraft at Cox's, a sword he was not allowed to wear and a revolver he did not know how to fire. In short he was an officer. He put on a Sam Browne which he would not be allowed to wear at the Front, cricked his neck in his efforts to see in the mirror how his Bedford cords looked



## "AU REVOIR!"

GERMANY. "FAREWELL, MADAME, AND IF—  
FRANCE "HA! WE SHALL MEET AGAIN!"

[Reproduced from TENNIEL'S Cartoon, September 27th, 1873.]

NO, MADAM, IT WON'T SHRINK, IF YOU USE—

# LUX

**W**HEN the cleansing properties of Lux are known, the pleasure of buying dainty lace is not spoiled by the thought, "*But it may not wash very well.*"

Wash all your dainty fabrics—whatever the material or texture—with Lux, the unique washing preparation which keeps all delicate fabrics dainty and fresh, all colours bright. It is a real pleasure to wash them in the creamy Lux lather.

The finest fabrics can be safely trusted to the care of Lux. Delicate lace has a charm all its own, and that charm can be preserved, although the lace is worn as often as the stoutest torchon—when Lux is used in washing it.

## HOW LUX ACTS.

*The rich Lux lather coaxes the dirt out, leaving the fabric fresh and supple, while, as no rubbing is necessary, the delicate texture and pattern are not injured.*

## DIRECTIONS.

*Make a lather by dissolving LUX in boiling water. Add enough cold water to make it lukewarm. Put in the lace and squeeze gently. Rinse thoroughly, and spread on a covered board to dry.*



**Packets  
(two sizes)  
may be  
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everywhere.**

**LEVER  
BROTHERS  
LIMITED,  
PORT  
SUNLIGHT.**

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Safeguard yourself by using

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This is a strong statement, but it is absolutely true.

Influenza is a germ disease—a catching infection. Germs cannot exist where MILTON is present. If used as a mouth wash and nasal spray morning and night (about two minutes' attention and it does not smart) you will be immune.

MILTON, in proportion of half a teaspoonful to a glass of tepid water, used three times a day (snuffed up the nose or used with an ordinary spray and also as a gargle) will be found to work like a charm.

Get a 1/3 or 2/6 bottle of MILTON from your dealer to-day.

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(Regd. Trade Mark.)



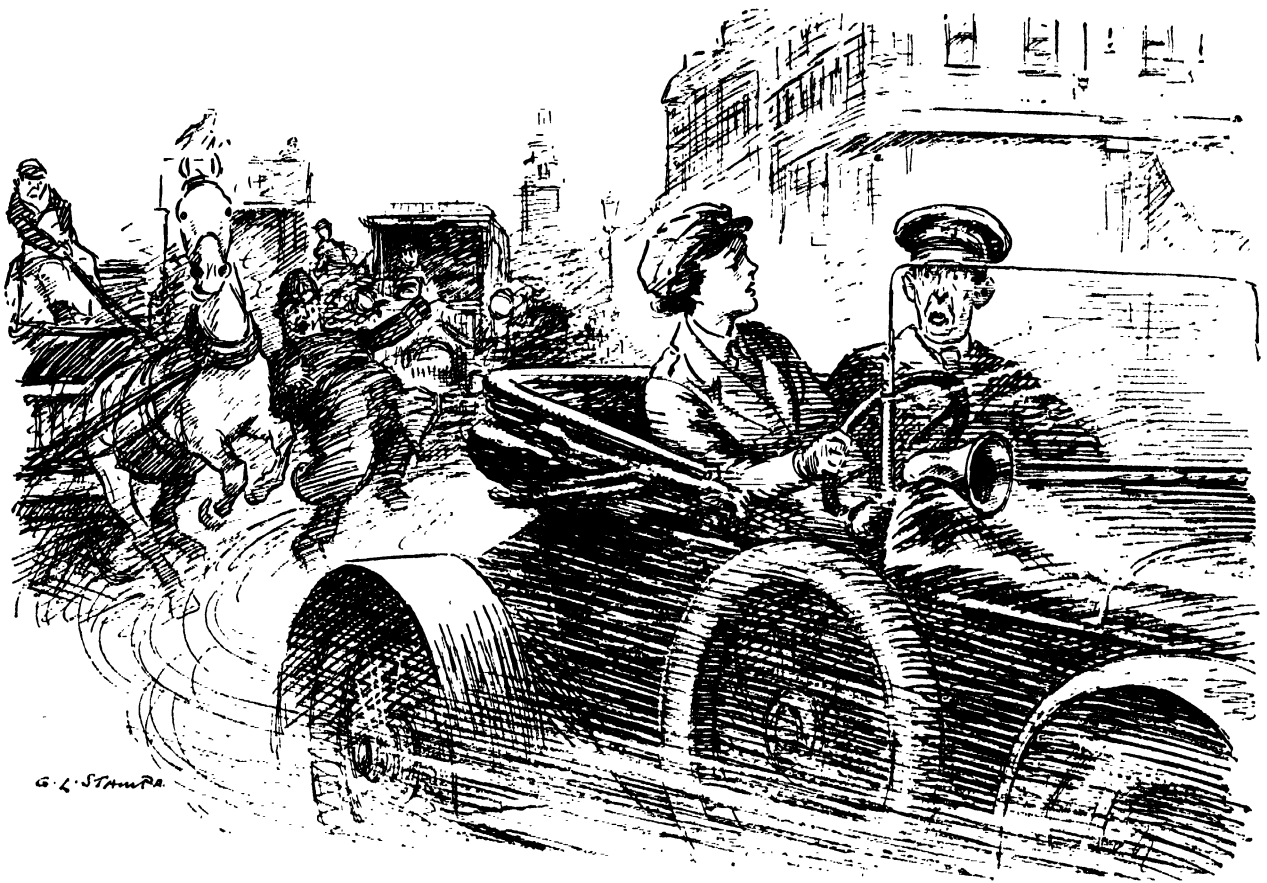
### The BASEBALL ENTHUSIAST:

"Say bo, did y'ever see this cricket game they play over here? The umpire's an old guy all dressed up in white robes like one of those Dr. aids, and they play ball for about a week on end, and *sloze*—like molasses in January! They don't have boys come round and sell you—'Pea-nuts or pop corn, chewing gum or candy,' instead they hand you lime-juice drops and cigarettes.

"But say, kid, *some* cigarette! 'Army Clubs' they're called. Here, grab a-holt of one."

**"CAVANDER'S  
ARMY CLUB"  
CIGARETTES.**

Sold by all the leading Tobacconists and in all the Cantens  
20 for 1/1      50 for 2/8      100 for 5/4



"YOU OUGHT TO HAVE PULLED UP. THE POLICEMAN WAVED HIS HAND."

"I NEVER TAKE ANY NOTICE OF THEIR FAMILIARITY."

from behind, buttoned up some twenty-three pockets all over him which had contrived to come unbuttoned while he was not looking, took a deep breath and went out on to the parade ground. Having saluted the Regimental Sergeant-Major under the impression that he was the Adjutant, and apologised profusely for his mistake, he presently found himself facing a platoon of recruits which had been given into his hands by his Company Commander to "put through some squad drill or movements of arms."<sup>2</sup> Clarence had decided on squad-drill.

He had often laughed inwardly at nervous officers. He understood them a little better now. Sixty pairs of eyes watched him. The Platoon-Sergeant came up and saluted. "Squad-drill, Sir," he said.

Clarence was a little annoyed. This should have come from him.

"No," he said; "movements of arms. I will take them myself."

"Very good, Sir," said the Sergeant. "Platoon!" said Clarence.

The platoon looked at him oddly.

"Platoon, *shun!*" said Clarence.

Somehow it did not sound quite right; it had not the authoritative ring he had imagined for his own voice when he was in the ranks. It lacked con-

viction. However the platoon came to attention, and Clarence told it to slope hips. It sloped hips. Clarence's spirits began to rise. He was controlling men. He told the platoon to present hips. It presented hips, but it did so very, very badly. Clarence brought them back to the slope and started over again. This time they did it worse than before. As in a dream he heard the Sergeant addressing the platoon.

"Come along," the Sergeant was saying, "you're more like wet socks than soldiers. Number Three in the rear rank, 'old your 'ead up. There ain't no fag-ends about there. You ain't in the boy scouts now. Private Bennett, that there's a rifle, not a neck-tie."

Clarence smiled. How excellent was this man's wit. "Carry on for a bit, will you, Sergeant?" he said.

The Sergeant carried on. He gave what was in Clarence's opinion an excellent imitation of Number Five of the front rank attempting to present arms. In ten minutes he had the platoon doing "movements of arms" with a sort of frightened dexterity.

"Excellent fellows, these N.C.O.'s," reflected Clarence. But he remembered his exalted part and tried to steel himself to a public reprimand which should

put him on good terms with the men. And presently his opportunity came. The Sergeant was, in Clarence's estimation, a little too severe on a certain fool of a recruit. Clarence rebuked him. There was an awful silence. The Sergeant saluted.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he said stiffly, "but I should like to refer you to Para. 437 in K.R."

Clarence felt giddy. He did not attempt to recall to his mind the contents of "Para. 437 in K.R." because he knew that he had never read Para. 437. In some guilty and furtive fashion he managed to get through the morning parade, and when he had dismissed the platoon, with its icily hostile sergeant, he rushed to his room and seized his "King's Regulations." With trembling fingers he turned the pages. Para. 437 swam before his eyes.

"An officer," said Para. 437, "is not to reprove a N.C.O. in the presence or hearing of private soldiers. . . ."

He read no further. With a groan he buried his white face in his shaking hands. He thought of his useless and expensive sword, of his overdraft at Cox's, of the revolver which he did not know how to use, and he broke down and sobbed like a child.



## THE LONG ARM.

"TALKING about coincidences," said the Sergeant, "did I ever tell you about my brother-in-law? That was a coincidence if you like. There's been a lot of coincidences in this War."

In the entrance-hall of the hospital the Sergeant had met a chum with whom he enlisted in 1914, and he had come to the ward to tell us about it and discourse on coincidences.

"What's a coincidence, Sergeant?" asked Ginger.

Ginger is a hardened veteran of twenty-four, one of the old army, and he considers that the chief advantage of being in hospital is that one can be rude to sergeants without fear of unpleasant consequences.

The Sergeant, who had been the victim of one of Ginger's "leg-pulling" exploits on the previous day, regarded his questioner with stern suspicion.

"It would be a coincidence if there was two ginger blokes as ugly and as ignorant as you in the same hospital," he answered. "That'd be a coincidence."

"I see," said Ginger; "and if two ginger blokes both set about you and gave you two thick ears, that would be a coincidence."

"No, that would be a mutiny," snapped the Sergeant. "You'd find yourself in clink, p.d.q. Now shut up and don't show your ignorance. I was going to tell these other chaps about my brother-in-law, Jimmy Hart. That was the funniest coincidence I ever knew."

"I don't believe you know what a coincidence is yerself," remarked the irrepressible Ginger. "First you say it's two ginger blokes, then you say it's your brother-in-law. Is he a ginger bloke?"

"No, he ain't," responded the Sergeant angrily. "A coincidence is something that happens what you don't expect."

"Like having a sergeant be polite to you, or getting two lots o' pay, or strawberry jam instead of plum-and-apple, or finding that the Quartermaster ain't watered the rum ration?" queried Ginger with an expression of guileless innocence.

We throw things at Ginger, who subsided, and we then begged the Sergeant to tell his story, having first mollified him with a cigarette.

"Jimmy Hart's in the Middlesex, and he's got the Military Medal," the Sergeant began. "Before the War he was a carman, and he lived in Islington. He's an ignorant sort of bloke—nearly as bad as Ginger—and he had a lodger in his house."

"Was the lodger a coincidence?" inquired Ginger.

"He was," said the Sergeant with a threatening glance; "and don't you keep making noises like a damaged gramophone. Jimmy's lodger was a German—a waiter he was in a restaurant—and just before August Bank Holiday in 1914 he did a guy; bolted without payin' his rent. Went back to Germany and left a saucy letter saying he'd be back with the German Army to square accounts and ended up by calling Jimmy a pig-dog."

"Jimmy wasn't half wild. He went to the police about it, and when war was declared the next week I reckon he thought it was on account of his lodger having bilked him of his rent. I never saw a man madder against the Germans—except a Scotsman once at Poperinghe that had a smuggled bottle of whisky smashed in his hand by a sniper's bullet. Jimmy said he'd make the Germans pay, and he joined up with me in the first week of the War."

"I see," remarked Ginger, as the Sergeant paused to light another cigarette. "The coincidence comes in that it was your brother-in-law that got this war started because his German lodger did him out of his rent?"

The Sergeant snorted, turned his back on Ginger and continued his yarn.

"It was at Beaumont Hamel that Jimmy Hart won the M.M., and that's where the coincidence comes in. His company was held up by a Bosch machine-gun and was getting cut to bits. Jimmy was one of the best shots, and he borrowed the officer's glasses to have a look through when he was trying to pick off the gunners. 'Gimme a couple o' Mills's,' he says; 'I'll get 'im. This is what I've been waiting for,' he says."

"Out he goes on his own, crawling along the ground, and the officer lost sight of him and thought he was hit. But Jimmy wasn't hit, nothing to speak of. Presently the officer sees him jump up, chuck his bombs, then start chasing a big Fritz that was running away. Jimmy had put the machine-gun out all right, and when the rest of his crush gets up to him he was kneeling on the chest of the Fritz he'd been chasing, trying to choke him and cursing like hell."

"The officer thought perhaps the Bosch was trying to kill Jimmy, and he shoves his revolver in his face. 'Don't kill him, Sir,' Jimmy shouts out. 'He's my lodger. Make him pay me my rent.' And with that he grabs hold of Fritz's throat again. 'Pay me wot you owes or I'll strangle yer,' he says. 'Who's a pig-dog now?' 'I'll pay, I'll pay!' the Bosch cries, and pulls

out some notes, when Jimmy lets him get up. Then Jimmy explains things to the officer and his pals; tells 'em that the German use ter be his lodger and had bolted without paying his rent; and everybody laughed except the German."

"I recognised him through your glasses, Sir," said Jimmy, "and that was why I come out on my own. I got him, and now I got my rent I don't care how soon the War's over," he says.

"Jimmy might ha' got the V.C., I reckon, if he had shut up about his rent," the Sergeant concluded; "as it was he got the Military Medal for rushing the machine-gun. But he was more pleased to get his rent out of that German than he was about the medal."

The Sergeant sighed and re-lit the end of his cigarette.

"That's what I meant by coincidence," he resumed. "My brother-in-law joined the army just because of that German waiter, and he found him."

He glanced round at Ginger, who was sitting with a thoughtful look on his face.

"Now you know what a coincidence is, my lad," he said with a smile.

"Yes, I know," said Ginger. "A coincidence is a bloomin' lie about his brother-in-law, told by a sergeant."

## PEACE IN THE VILLAGE.

THE day that brought our village news of peace,

Monday, that day of days,  
We duly celebrated our release  
In two noteworthy ways.

The church bells clanged and clashed:  
that made us feel

That war at last was done;  
But those who pulled the ropes and  
rang the peal

Were women—all but one.

Then the church clock, long silent in  
its tower,

Awoko to tell the time  
And cheer us at the quarter and the  
hour

With its melodious chime.

Gone are the days when sleep alone  
could break

War's grim and tyrannous spolls;  
Now it is rest and joy to lie awake  
And listen to the bells.

## The Great Alternative.

Notice given out in a provincial chapel on Sunday, November 10th, 1918:—

"If an Armistice is signed to-morrow, there will be a Thanksgiving Service in this church at 8 p.m. If not, there will be a lecture on 'Hay-box Cookery' at the same hour."





*Furniture Auctioneer (officiating in absence of live-stock expert). "HOW MUCH FOR THIS LOT?"*

*Racing Man. "I'LL GIVE YOU A PONY FOR HIM."*

*Auctioneer (disregarding bid). "WILL ANYONE START THE BIDDING FOR THIS LOT?"*

*Racing Man. "I'LL GIVE YOU A PONY."*

*Auctioneer. "LOOK 'ERE, SIR, I AIN'T 'ERE TO SWAP ANIMALS; I'M 'ERE TO SELL 'EM."*

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AMONG the numerous persons who, unwittingly, have earned my fervent gratitude there are not many towards whom it is more fervent than the good kind people who have collected and written down and published in attractive shape the tales which, handed on from generation to generation, fed the world's fancy before the present era of printed fiction began. Captain CYRUS MACMILLAN, who has collected and edited *Canadian Wonder Tales* (LANE), is such an one; and, as Sir WILLIAM PETERSEN says in a foreword, the stories, seen from different points of view, will entertain alike the folk-lore student and the devotee of "once upon a time." Some of the tales were told to Captain MACMILLAN by Canadian Indians, some by French *habitants*. There are giants in them, and strong magies, and animals who talk, and birds who build boats, and mermaids, and fairy gifts and at least one tin with sardines in it. With a thrill of excitement, if you know your GRIMMS, you may discover *Dummling* of the magic goose in the baker who made the *tiens-bon li* (but you don't know what that is any more than the wicked lawyer did who invented it), and *Hiawatha* in *Glooskap*, and the warrior who fought *Red Plume* and won corn for the Indians. When you read that the editor corrected his proofs on Vimy Ridge you will perhaps discover another stronger magic still tying East and West and Past and Present and War and Peace in a knot together. Mr. GEORGE SHERINGHAM has drawn

some delightful pictures in colour for the volume. They remind me of tapestry; but I gathered from the attitude of a competent critic of six years old that they will probably appeal most to the older reader. Now, please, will somebody collect the *Wonder Tales* of Australia and New Zealand and all the other Dominions as quickly as possible?

Undenially there are few literary tasks more difficult than that of conveying to paper the thrill and fascination of stage traffic. To pack the emotions of the theatre within the covers of a book remains as hard as to bring the scent of hay across the footlights--that oft-quoted achievement than which to a modern audience nothing could be more disconcerting. This is why I have the warmer welcome for *Buzz! Buzz!* (COLLINS), a volume in which Captain J. E. AGATE has combined some reprinted dramatic criticism with a collection of papers bearing generally upon the art of the theatre; all of them both pleasant to read and stimulating to reflect upon. I have no room to number the gods of the writer's dramatic idolatry, among whom you will find a high place given to Sir FRANK BENSON. They range from Mme. BERNHARDT to ARTHUR SINCLAIR (I should have liked, by the way, more than a passing phrase of approval for one who was to my mind incomparably the greatest of recent English comedians, the late JAMES WELSH; interesting to see what impression this most delicate of players made upon a critic so receptive of precisely his qualities). There is special value in the appreciation, by one who knew and shared his early environment, of poor

STANLEY HOUGHTON, that victim of success too roughly handled, whose art withered so tragically in an alien soil. I can do no more than suggest others of Captain AGATE'S most fertile themes; some witty and provoking studies of the Repertory in action; a poignant anecdote of the perils of excessive appreciation; and, as make-weight, the parable of *Mr. Clever*, a grotesquerie, rather in the Chestertonian mode, of the evolution of the artist. *Buzz! Buzz!* (perhaps a needlessly baffling title) is a book which I shall keep for frequent enjoyment; not even Manchester, where alone they seem to preserve the secret of such matters, has produced anything better.

Colonel JAMES MORRIS MORGAN, the gallant author of *Recollections of a Rebel Reefer* (CONSTABLE), was born in 1845, in the extreme south of Louisiana. To a lady who once doubted whether he was a genuine Southerner he replied, "Madam, I can assure you that had I been born any further south than I was, I would have had to come into this world either as a pompino or a soft-shell crab, for the hard ground stops where I was born, in the southern part of Louisiana." A soft-shell crab I know—properly cooked with an appropriate sauce it is a delicious food—but as to a pompino I must plead ignorance. When the great Civil War broke out Colonel MORGAN was barely sixteen years old, but he was soon in the thick of some very pretty water-fighting on the Confederate side, one combat in particular in the James River, seven miles south of Richmond, being narrated, as it was fought, in a very workmanlike way. Thenceforward young MORGAN had as much fighting as he wanted, and there seem to have been very few scraps that he did not bear a part in. Blockade-running, commerce-raiding on the *Georgia*—nothing came amiss to him, and whatever the fight was he seems to have had great gusto for it. Eventually, however, the Confederate power declined, leaving Colonel MORGAN, not yet, by the way, a colonel, a scarred and battered veteran of twenty-one. His next service was in the Egyptian army, and it was in this that he rose to be a colonel. His knack of attracting adventures did not cease, and he was probably enjoying a full-blooded one less than a fortnight ago. Readers who like more than a dash of excitement with their reading will find this book very much to their mind.

*The Flaming Sword of France* (DENT) is a translation of M. HENRY MALHERBE'S *La Flamme au Poing*, a book which has already had a considerable and well-deserved success. Miss LUCY MENZIES has done her work as a translator with care and skill, and it is not her fault if beautiful words in the one language sometimes refuse to be expressed beautifully in the other. It was an act of courage as well as of wisdom to place this book at the disposal of English readers who don't happen to have the French tongue, for it contains qualities in which our own war-literature is rather conspicuously lacking. Whether his way of ming-

ling the physically terrible with what is in its essence spiritual will make a popular appeal to the ordinary British mind I cannot pretend to guess, but it is safe to say that both in imaginative intensity and realistic power M. MALHERBE has few, if any, equals among those who have written on the War. Indeed these sketches, which tell, in unforgettable language, of things soon and felt, and reveal amidst the horrors of war the soul of a man seeking after the light, are stamped by the mark of something nearly related to genius.

Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT is again digging among the sagas for material. He now reconstructs the story of *Gudrid the Fair* (CONSTABLE), whose doom it was to survive three husbands. This sounds unromantic, but, believe me, isn't. For in Iceland and Greenland death came swiftly to men by weather and war, and a noble-hearted beautiful lady like *Gudrid* was esteemed a great prize among a chivalrous people. As to the story, a saga is much what the percep-

tive American defined life itself to be—just one dam thing after another; with much too many folk in it, their names mostly beginning with "Thor," which is apt to be confusing. It was Mr. HEWLETT'S job to enrich the tale with the colour and circumstance which modern weakness demands, and he has done it well. Some great simple folk pass before you: old *Eric the Red*, *Thorston* the poet and sailor, *Leif* and *Karlsfene* the pioneers. Most interesting of all is the fact of the three sailings of the Greenlanders to Newfoundland and the mainland of America, in what I guess to be (Mr. HEWLETT offers no dates) the eleventh century—or so. I hope you share my ignor-

ance of, and therefore enhanced interest in, this egregious fact. A keen wind of adventure and primitive human simplicity blows through this refreshing book.

#### WIDOWED.

At last the dawn creeps in with golden fingers  
Seeking my eyes, to bid them open wide  
Upon a world at peace, where Sweetness lingers,  
Where Terror is at rest and Hate has died.  
Loud soon shall sound a psalm of thanksgiving  
From happy women, welcoming their men,  
Life born anew of joy to see them living.  
Mother of Pity, what shall I do then?

#### A Children's Cause.

A special *Matinée* of *The Chinese Puzzle* will be given, in the presence of the QUEEN, at the New Theatre, on Monday, November 25th, in support of the Jubilee Fund of the East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell. Some time ago Mr. Punch appealed for this noble charity and received a most generous response from his friends. The present appeal is, he believes, the first that the Hospital has made in particular to the Other End of London.



First Pessimist. "I'M GLAD IT'S OVER; IT'S BEEN A TERRIBLE TIME BUT THINK WHAT THE NEXT WAR WILL BE LIKE!"  
Second Pessimist. "YES—AND THE NEXT PEACE!"

# CHARIVARIA.

MATTERS have so far settled down in Berlin that the banks are not now guarded by soldiers. This is the first official intimation that the Crown Prince has left the neighbourhood.

"No one," says the GERMAN CHANCELLOR, "can deprive the German people of their brains." We know; but LIBERT need not have rubbed it into them like that.

German papers recently announced that Admiral TIRPITZ had fled into Switzerland. The report that he was whiskered across the border in a motor-car may account for the further rumour that his face-hair has come off.

A gossip writer is of the opinion that ex-King FERDINAND need not have abdicated quite so soon. Our information is that he started early to avoid the rush.

Chicago pork-packers now admit that their method of handling pigs has been wasteful. In Germany, as we gather from the appeals for modification of the armistice, even the squeal of the pig is utilized.

There was a keen competition among our troops to be the first to re-enter Mons. A Canadian corporal won the race. Several German soldiers "also ran."

The Commissioner of Police deprecates the action of some people in doing damage during the armistice celebrations. Indeed, if this sort of thing happens again, wars will have to be conducted in private.

"Magistrates," says *The Weekly Dispatch*, "sometimes say funny things." The use of the word "sometimes" is said to have caused much annoyance in certain magisterial quarters.

1,770,000 acres of land are to be afforested by the Ministry of Reconstruction. With the view of securing the nation's food-supply, experiments with an arboreal rabbit are well in hand.

A stage journal anticipates a revival of ragtime songs this winter. A sorry blow to those who have been looking forward to a millennium of peace.

When recently the premises of a

Regent Street jeweller were ransacked and some three thousand pounds' worth of jewellery taken away, a crowbar, a brace, a file and a lantern were left behind. This was excusably resented. Nobody likes to have his premises littered with burglars' implements.

The veto on winter racing is withdrawn, but not, we understand, in the case of slate-club secretaries.

An Austrian provision merchant at Stepney has been fined for selling cheese at excess prices and with attempting to bribe a Food Inspector. The report that he threatened to set the cheese on the Inspector is denied.

It is credibly reported that on one day last week there was no mention of

been reported in Scotland. This time it is said to have been contracted by a haggis which has since broken loose and taken to the woods.

A sale of camels is announced by the military authorities in Egypt. The departure of white troops makes it impossible to provide the animals with their customary diet.

"The smoking of women," says a Parish Magazine, "is a deplorable thing." And not half so nice as tobacco.

## Commercial Candour.

"BE CAREFUL.

If you order — Whisky you are sure to want another one."—*Egyptian Gazette*.

"In order to save fuel Swansea workhouse inmates may stay in bed 45 minutes later each day." *The People*.

So that after a fortnight they can stay in bed all day and save all the fuel.

"KAISER REACHES HIS DESTINATION."

*Evening Paper*.

But not, it is generally believed, his final one.

"DEMobilISATION.

PLANS FOR EASING THE PROBLEM.

Thinning Out the Mutiniers."

*Liverpool Paper*.

The process has apparently been begun.

"It may be recalled that the announcement that there would be a General Election in the late autumn was first made in *The Times* on July 18—the historic date, by a curious chance, on which Marshal Foch began the Allied counter-attack against the German forces on the Marne."—*Times*.

But it is only fair to say that there is no reason to suspect the gallant Marshal of collusion.

"It is when difficulties seem greatest, and when the outlook seems blackest, that British grit and determination have shown that it is when difficulties M7wl nww nww nww nww nww their fixity of purpose cannot be overthrown.

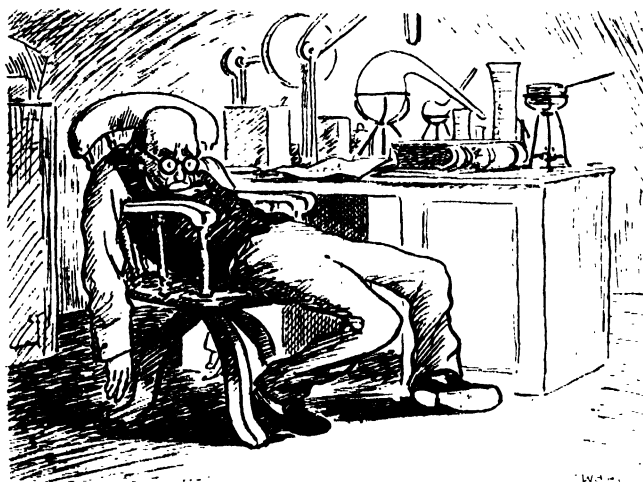
So it will be with the printers of Britain." *Carlton Magazine*.

But they must be careful that the grit does not get into the linotype machine.

## MATRIMONY.

ENGLISH Gentleman, 44, irreproachable character, educated, musical, refined, affectionate, abstainer, good appearance, Protestant, good permanent position, also £3,000 cash, desires companionship lady of means, view above."—*Melbourne Argus*.

What ever were the eligible spinsters of Old Blighty thinking about to allow such a prize to emigrate to Australia?



"PEACE" AND JUST WHEN I HAD SUCCEEDED IN INVENTING A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SEEDS USED IN RASPBERRY JAM."

Lord NORTHCLIFFE in *The Daily News*. We understand that this was due to an oversight.

In answer to many inquiries we have pleasure in stating that the word "armistice" is derived from the French *armistice*, which means "an armistice."

A youth charged at Marylebone with stealing a motor-car produced a doctor's certificate which said, "This must be due to the after-effects of influenza." The doctor, it seems, had carelessly advised him to take something for it.

Pig-keepers, says an official of the Food Ministry, may regard their troubles as at an end. Not so the pigs, who point out that practically nothing is being done to stamp out the bacon-and-eggs habit.

A case of sleeping sickness has again

**OUTLAWED.**

You spoke too soon who asked a generous nation  
To staunch the tears that contrite Teutons shed,  
To spare a fallen foe's humiliation  
And let the past lie buried with its dead;

To love our former enemies and feed 'em,  
Welcome their "change of heart" as true amends,  
And save them from the bloodier forms of freedom  
They preached in Russia when it served their ends.

For in the very act of loud appealing  
For Christian mercy in a moving strain,  
Right on the top-note of his abject squealing  
The beast began his devilish work again.

Tortured and starved, with spirit and body broken,  
He loosed his captives from their long years' hell,  
And left them there, for hatred's crowning token,  
To die like dogs of hunger where they fell.

This is your Hun. You'd have us still relieve him?  
Though "Peace" be signed on paper with a pen,  
Let Pity steel her lips, I say, and leave him  
Where he belongs—outside the law of men. O. S.

**TRAGEDY OF A WAR-TIME EGG.**

*Violet (fifteen-year-old daughter, who does the shopping, to Mother, wife of business man). What about breakfast to-morrow?*

*Mother. It's been an expensive week. What do you say to bread-and-margarine? It satisfies me perfectly.*

*Violet (heroically). So it does me.*

*Mother. And I don't think Billy and Betty and Baby really require anything more.*

*Violet (with conviction). Certainly not. If it's enough for me it's enough for little kiddies.*

*Mother. But we can't set your father down to it. He's doing the work of three men. He must have an egg.*

*Violet. They're eightpence each.*

*Mother. We mustn't grudge eightpence for your father's nourishment.*

*Violet. Bacon works out cheaper.*

*Mother. He can't bear war-bacon.*

*Violet. And he hates kippers.*

*Mother. Sardines make him bilious.*

*Violet. There's nothing for it but an egg.*

*[Exit to buy one.]*

*\* \* \* \* \**  
*[Breakfast-table next morning. Mother dispenses coffee.*

*Billy, Betty and Baby contentedly munch bread-and-margarine. Father does the same while reading aloud bits from the newspaper.*

*Enter Violet with poached egg, which she places in front of Father.*

*Father. Hullo! What's this?*

*Violet. I hope it's your new laid (sits and helps herself to bread-and-margarine).*

*Father. Where's yours?*

*Violet (flushing). I don't care for eggs.*

*Father (glancing behind coffee urn). Aren't you having one, Mother?*

*Mother (flushing). Not this morning.*

*Father. How's that?*

*Mother (flushing deeper). I don't seem to want one, somehow.*

*Billy (imperiously). Where's my egg?*

*Mother. Little boys mustn't ask for eggs in war-time.*

*Billy. Why not?*

*Violet (severely). Don't ask questions. Eat your breakfast.*

*Billy. Shan't for you! (makes faces).*

*Father. You shall have Daddy's, old son.*

*Mother (sharply). He'll have nothing of the kind. If Betty and Baby don't have an egg, why should Billy?*

*Father. But why don't they?*

*Mother (with mild exasperation). You can hardly expect the weekly allowance to cover eggs for the family, dear.*

*Father (with asperity). Then why give me one?*

*Mother. Because your strength must be kept up. You're doing the work of three men.*

*Father. Fiddle-de-dee!*

*Mother (bridling). You said so yourself. That's all I have to go by.*

*Father. And you're always driving it into me that you do the work of six women. You have the egg.*

*Mother (frigidly). No, thank you. I shouldn't think of it.*

*Father. Then we'll divide it between the three kids; that settles it.*

*Violet (hotly). I don't see why they should have eggs when I don't.*

*Father. But you said you didn't care for eggs.*

*Violet. Not at eightpence each.*

*Father (aghast). Eightpence! You mean to say you paid eightpence for this egg for me?*

*Betty (suddenly). I want an egg.*

*Baby (hammering table with spoon). Egg! Egg! Want egg.*

*Father (in a voice of thunder). Silence! Nobody in this house shall eat an eightpenny egg.*

*Mother. Are you going to put it in the dustbin?*

*Father. Preposterous, disgraceful extravagance.*

*Mother. Extravagance! When I've only done my duty and provided you with a nourishing meal (breaks down).*

*Violet (hysterically). When I looked out the brownest and biggest! Oh! it's not fair (sobs).*

*Father (flourishing plate in their faces). But look at it. It's eating money. Can you justify paying eightpence for a thing of that size?*

*[Egg slips from plate into Violet's coffee.]*

*Mother (tragically). Now it's wasted.*

*Father (brazening it out). Poooh! What's a little coffee on an egg? (Fishes for egg with fork.)*

*Billy (excitedly as egg is harpooned for third time). Nearly landed him, Father!*

*Mother (with set teeth). You'll break the yolk in a minute.*

*Father (murderously). Suppose I do.*

*[Breaks it. Egg and coffee mingle in a ghastly fusion.]*

*Mother. There's eightpence gone.*

*Father. WHO CARES?*

**For our Blinded Soldiers and Sailors.**

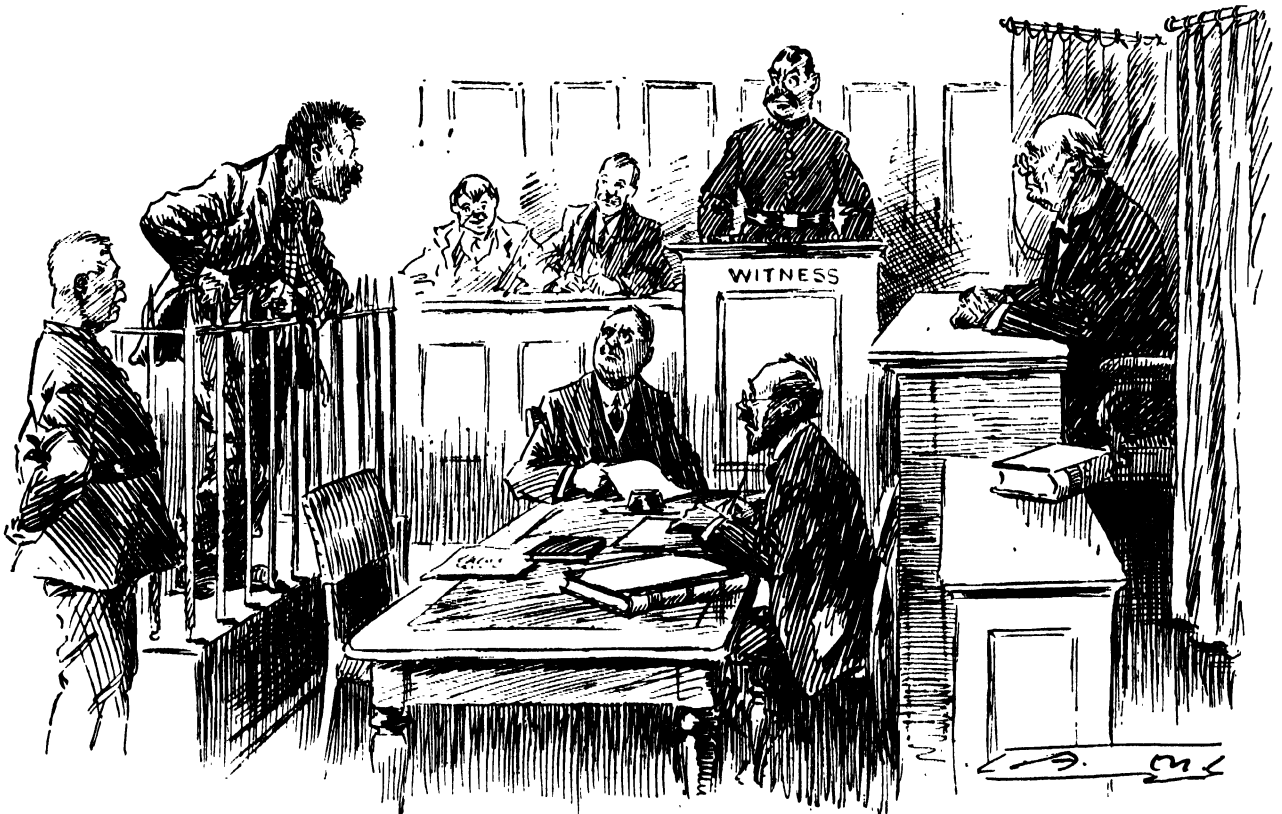
A concert, which QUEEN ALEXANDRA has promised to attend, will be given at the Queen's Hall on Friday, November 29th, at 3 o'clock, in aid of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors. The programme will be carried out entirely by a party of Blind Musicians, who for two years have been giving concerts about the country on behalf of the same splendid cause—for which they have raised nearly £50,000—and are now to make their first appearance in London. Mr. Punch begs to express the hope that they may receive a hearty welcome from his readers.

EPITAPH FOR GERMANY: I was well; I would be better: I am bust.



### A FORLORN APPEAL.

MR. ASQUITH. "COALITION, ERE WE PART, GIVE, O GIVE ME BACK MY—ER—PARTY!"



*Prisoner.* "WELL, SIR, THERE WAS A LOT OF LARKIN' GOIN' ON, CELEBRATIN' THE HARMISTICE, BUT I DON'T THINK AS I SO FAR FORGOT MYSELF AS TO KISS 'IM. IF I DID, YOUR WASHUP, I DESERVES SIX MONTHS."

### "CEREMONIAL."

THERE is no greater stimulus to discipline than a Ceremonial Parade; a regular soldier told me this one day as we chatted amicably after he had ticked me off for some trifle. It is true; I know now. It is there that the difficulties which beset the Staff are made evident to those who foolishly seem to imagine that the Staff have nothing to do but ask awkward questions and remain imperturbable in motor-cars.

We had a Ceremonial last month on the occasion of a distribution of medals, and it was really a bon affair; you would have enjoyed it. The battalions marched on to the parade-ground shepherded by wild-eyed Company Commanders, who knew that what they had done was wrong, but that it was not nearly so wrong as the things they were going to do in their endeavours to get into a hollow square. However, the Regimental Sergeant-Major was there and all was well.

Every movement of the Junior Staff in the centre of the square was watched critically. When the Divisional Commander's flagstaff was erected men began talking of maypole dances they had witnessed in the Old Country. When the flag stuck halfway up those with relatives in the Navy took a pro-

minent part in the conversation. It was a most impressive spectacle. All the officers lined up in front of their battalions, sized like the pipes of an organ, some with gloves, some with their hands well behind the seams of their trousers. And the fun of it was to get everything arranged so that it should go without a hitch, for of course in Ceremonial everything must be absolutely right and absolutely uniform throughout—it is the Adjutant's day out.

Nothing was left to chance. I don't know how many times I walked along the line of officers and made cheery remarks to encourage them, now saying, "Remember, at the General Salute you will all salute on the *third* motion of the 'Present' and cut away the hand on the *first* motion of the 'Slope Arms.' " Or, if I wasn't saying that, I was telling them "Of course you will salute on the *first* motion of the 'Present' and cut away the hand on the *second* motion of the 'Slope Arms,' " and yet, would you believe it, after all the trouble I had taken to make each alteration quite clear, when the General arrived everybody saluted on the second motion and cut away in their own time—except the Staff Captain, who was so overcome at the moment of saluting, through just remembering he had forgotten some-

thing, that he stood up there mesmerised in the centre of the square, with his right hand blinding his right eye long after everybody else had stood at ease.

As soon as the Brigade Major had side-kicked the Staff Captain back to consciousness we got right on with the business at once. All the recipients of the medals had been lined up most carefully beforehand in the order in which their names were to be read out, and they stood there looking aghast at the distance they would have to walk to the table. It was a fearful ordeal to have to walk fifty yards or more, fully conscious of being improperly dressed, possessing a blue nose and repugnant appearance generally, certain to trip up and miss the outstretched hand altogether and likely enough to salute before the handshake was over and carry the General's hand to their forehead as well.

The Staff Captain got busy at once, happy now in remembering he had forgotten what it was he had remembered having forgotten. Pulling out his lists of recipients and their deeds he read out in a loud voice the name of No. 1, and looked expectantly at No. 1 of the squad of braves. No. 35 stepped out. The air was torn by a frightful rustling of papers as the Staff Captain rushed through his lists to see what had

# BLADE Economy

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happened. However, No. 35 got there; halted nervously some five yards from the General, heard with a blush what he had done to deserve this horror—honour, I mean—shook hands with the General, who very kindly advanced towards him; turned to the right; realised that was wrong; turned about; turned half left, and wandered off stiffly—for ever, in his own mind, a fool.

No. 2 (No. 17 popped out) was also overcome with bashfulness, and the General again advanced to pin on the ribbon. By the time No. 4 (No. 29) came out the General was yards away from the table and the Staff were busy running to and fro, handing up D.S.O.'s instead of M.C.'s and running back to the table again.

It was then that a brainstorm came over the Brigade Major, and he picked up the table and triumphantly carried the whole thing up behind the advancing General. Everybody was so glad he had thought of this, for everybody had seen the necessity of it long ago and was just itching to give advice. If we had been civilians we should have applauded the act.

The rest was simple. Whenever the General advanced out of range the table came up in close support—no fuss, no bother; it was a wonderfully well-executed manœuvre and ought to have a place in every well-conducted Core-monial of this kind.

I don't know what the Staff Captain felt like after reading from his own handwriting some fifty-five accounts of the deeds done, but he looked like death. He was only just in time too on one occasion to nip off the D.S.O. from a wrong tunic and replace it with the M.C., and even then it turned out that the owner was due to receive both. And he heard with impassive face the General say to a brawny Scot who had just been up for the D.C.M. and had come back for his Military Medal, "I'm sure I've seen you before somewhere."

When the distribution was over we settled down expectantly for the speech. Peace talk had loomed large the last few days and we had it definitely from a gunner, who knew a man in a water-column, who had a friend who was a friend of someone who knew, that peace had just been declared. And when the General began we made sure he was keeping the best news of all to the last. It was a jolly fine speech, all about the British army, our battalions in particular, and what they had done in the past. But we were rather surprised to hear how much remained to be done and learned with fortitude that we ourselves were going to have the chance to do it—and in the near



"I SAY, DEAR OLD BEAN, WILL YOU LEND ME YOUR MOTOR-BIKE?"  
"OF COURSE. WHY ASK?"  
"WELL, I COULDN'T FIND THE BEASTLY THING."

future too. It was a great speech, and we all felt very bucked up and determined to see it through; but, when we see the gunner again who knows a man in a water-column who has it from the friend of a friend of someone who knows, we are going to say a few things to him.

#### "For this relief . . ."

"As none of the public works in Lisburn suspended operations on the declaration of the surrender of Germany, the employees were all given a half-holiday from the UNITED THANKSGIVING SERVICE."

*Belfast Telegraph.*

We thought better of Lisburn.

#### "GILGIT BOOTS FOR COLD FEET."

Send a pair to your Friend at the Front. He will appreciate the gift."—*Indian Paper.*  
Some advertisers have no tact.

#### Le Mot Juste.

"Political conditions at the present moment depend largely upon food conditions. Any Government which can supply the people with food will be agreeable to the Viennese, and probably could pass any measures it desires. The whole position is provisional."—*Times.*

#### "EXCITED HOLLAND."

"NASTY FEATURES WORRYING THE DUTCH PEOPLE."

*Evening Standard.*

It is anticipated that the Netherlands Government will request the ex-Kaiser to wear a mask.

"'Seaways of Empire' does not, as its title perhaps suggests, relate such episodes as the singing of the King of Spain's Beard at the Battle of the Nile."—*Daily News.*

Nor, we understand, does it refer to the clipping of VON TIRPITZ's whiskers by JELlicoe at the Battle of Trafalgar.

## THE MUD LARKS.

CONCERNING WILFRID WILCOX WILBUR,  
MINOR POET, OF THE BRITISH SECRET  
SERVICE.

ONCE upon a time, when the world was wrong and there was still a war on, I put my head into the Mess and discovered Albert Edward alone there, cheating himself at Patience.

"My leave warrant has come and I'm off to Rome," said I. "If Foch should ring up tell him he'll have to struggle along by himself for a fortnight. Cheerio!"

"Cheerio!" said Albert Edward. "Give my regards to NERO, BORGIA and all the boys."

I shut the door upon him and took the road to Rome.

Arrived there I attempted to shed a card on the Pore, but was repulsed by a halberdier in fancy-dress; visited the Catacombs (by the way, in the art of catacombing we latter-day sinners have nothing to learn from the early saints. Why, at Arras in 1917 we—oh, well, never mind now!); kept a solemn face while bands solemnly intoned "Tipperary" under the impression it was the British National Anthem; bought a bushel of mosaic brooches and several thousand picture-postcards and acted the perfect little tripper throughout.

Then one day, while stepping into a hotel lift, I bumped full into Wilfrid Wilcox Wilbur stepping forth. You have all of you read the works of Wilfrid Wilcox Wilbur ("Passion Flowers," "Purple Patches," etc.). If you haven't you should, for Wilfrid is the lad to handle the heart-throb.

In pre-war days he was to be met with in London drawing-rooms about tea-time, wearing his mane rather longer than is done in the best menageries. And now behold him in military disguise parading the Eternal City!

"What may you be doing here?" I gasped.

He put his fingers to his lips. "Pist!" Then, pushing me into the lift, he ejected the attendant, turned a handle and we shot aloft. Half-way between earth and heaven he stopped the conveyance and, having made quite sure we were not being overheard by either men or angels, leaned up against my ear and whispered, "Secret Service! That's why I have to be so careful; they have agents everywhere listening, watching, taking notes."

I felt for my pocket-case, momentarily fearful that *They* (whoever *They* were) might have taken it.

"And do you also have agents listening, noting, taking watches?" I asked.

Wilbur said he had, and went on to

explain that so perfect was his system that a cat could hardly kitten anywhere between Yildiz Kiosk and the Wilhelmstrasse without his full knowledge and approval.

I was greatly thrilled, for I had previously imagined all the cloak-and-dagger spy business to be an invention of the magazine-writer.

"Look here," I implored, "if you are going to pull off a *coup* at any time, do let me come too."

Wilbur demurred. The profession wasn't keen on amateurs, he explained; they were too impetuous, lacked subtlety. Still, if the opportunity occurred, he might—perhaps. I wrung his hand, then, seeing that bells on every landing had been in a state of uproar for some fifteen minutes and that the attendant was commencing to swarm the cable after his lift, we dropped back to earth again, returned it to him and went out to lunch.

"And now tell me something of your methods," said I, as we sat down to meat.

Wilbur promptly grabbed me by the collar and dragged me after him under the table.

"What's the matter now?" I gulped.

"Fool!" he hissed. "The waiter is a Bulgarian spy."

"Let's arrest him then," said I.

Wilbur groaned. "Oh, you amateurs! You would stampede everything and ruin all."

I apologised meekly and we issued from cover again and resumed our meal—silently, because (according to Wilbur) the peroxide blonde doing snake-charming tricks with spaghetti at the next table was a Hungarian agent, and there was a Turk concealed in the potted palms near by.

I thrilled and thrilled.

Then followed stirring days. Rome at that time, I gathered, was the centre of the spy industry and at the height of the sleuthing season, for they hemmed us in on every hand, according to Wilbur. I was continually being dragged aside into the shadow of dark arcades to dodge Austrian admirals disguised as dustmen, rushed up black alleys to escape the machinations of Bolshevik adventuresses parading as parish priests, and submerged in fountains to avoid the evil eyes of German diplomats camouflaged as flower-girls, according to Wilbur.

I thrilled and thrilled and thrilled. Also I bought myself a stiletto and a false nose.

However, after about a week of playing trusty *Watson* to Wilbur's *Sherlock* without having effected a single arrest, drugged one courier, stilettoed a solitary waistcoat or been allowed to wear my false nose once, I gave Wilbur

the slip one afternoon and went on the prowl alone.

About four of the clock my investigations took me to Vermicelli's. At a small marble table, lapping up ices as a kitten laps cream, I beheld Temporary Second-Lieutenant Mervyn Esmond.

You all of you remember Mervyn Esmond, him of the spats, the eyeglass and grey top-hat, who used to gambol so gracefully among the Frivolity Beauty Chorus singing "Billy of Piccadilly." You *must* remember Mervyn Esmond.

But that was the Esmond of old days; for a long time past he has been doing sterling work in command of an army pierrot troupe.

I sat down beside him, stole his ice and finished it for him.

"And now what are you doing here?" I asked.

"I've come down from the line to get some new dresses for Queenie," he replied. "She—he, that is—is absolutely in rags, bursts his corsets and a pair of silk stockings every performance—very expensive item."

I had better explain here and now that Queenie is the leading lady in Mervyn's troupe. She—he, that is—started her—his—military career as an artillery driver, but was discovered to be the possessor of a very shrill falsetto voice and dedicated to female impersonations forthwith.

"She—he—is round at the dress-maker's now," Mervyn went on, "wrestling with half-a-dozen hysterical mannequins. I'm getting him up regardless. Listen. Dainty ninon georgette outlined with chenille stitching. Charmeuse over-tunic embroidered with musquash and skunk pom-poms. Crêpe du Chine undies interwoven with blue baby ribbon; camis—"

"Stop!" I thundered; "I am but a rough soldier."

Mervyn apologised, wrapped himself round another ice and asked me how I was amusing myself in Tibertown.

Having first ascertained that there were no enemy agents secreted under the table, I unburdened my soul to him concerning Wilbur and the *coups* that never came off.

He stared at me for a few moments, his eyes twinkling; then he leaned over the table.

"My active brain has evolved a beautiful plan," said he. "It's yours for another ice."

I bought it.

\* \* \* \* \*  
I found Wilbur sleuthing the crowd from behind a tall tumbler in the Excelsior lounge, and, dragging him into the lift, hung it up half-way between here and hereafter, and whispered my great news.



### ARMISTICE DAY IN THE NORTH.

Dugal. "THE NEWS IS NO SAE BAAD THE DAY."

Donald. "AY IT'S IMPROVIN'."

"Where—when?" he cried.

"In my hotel at midnight," I replied. "I hid in a clothes-basket and heard all. We will frustrate their knavish tricks, thou and I."

Wilbur did not appear to be as keen as I had expected; he hummed and hawed and chatted about my amateurishness and impetuosity; but I was obdurate and, taking him firmly by the arm, led him off to dinner.

I hardly let go of his arm at all for the next four hours, judging it safer so.

Five minutes before midnight I led him up the stairs of my hotel and, tip-toeing into a certain room, clicked on the light.

"See that door over there," I whispered, pointing, "'tis the bathroom. Hide there. I shall be concealed in the wardrobe. In three minutes the conspirators will appear. The moment you hear me shout, 'Hands up, Otto von Schweinhund, *le jeu est fait*,' or words to that effect, burst out and collar the lady."

I pushed Wilbur into the bathroom (he was trembling slightly—excitement, no doubt) and closed the door.

I had no sooner shut myself into the wardrobe than a man and a woman entered the room. They were both in full evening dress. The man was a handsome rascal, the woman a tall languid beauty gorgeously dressed. She flung herself down in a chair and lit a cigarette. The man carefully

locked the door and crossed the room towards her.

"Hansa," he hissed, "did you get the plans of the fortress?"

She laughed and, taking a packet of papers from the bosom of her dress, flung it on the table.

"'Twas easy, *mon cher*."

He caught it and held it aloft. "Victory!" he cried. "The Vaterland is saved."

He passed round the table and stood before her, his eyes glittering.

"You beautiful devil," he muttered through clenched teeth, "I knew you could do it. I know you would bewitch the young attaché. All men are puppets in your hands, beautiful, beautiful fiend!"

The moment had come. Hastily donning my false nose I flung open the wardrobe, shouted the signal and covered the pair with my stiletto. The woman screamed and flung herself into the arms of her accomplice.

"Ah ha, foiled again! Curse you!" he snarled, and covered me with the plans of the fortress.

I grappled with him, he grappled with me, the beautiful devil grappled with both of us, we all grappled. There was no movement from the bathroom door. We grappled some more, we grappled all over the table, over the washstand and a brace of chairs. The villain lost his whiskers, the villainess lost her lovely golden wig, the hero

(me) lost his false nose. I shouted the signal once more, the villain shouted it, the villainess shouted it, we all shouted it. There was no movement from the bathroom door. We grappled some more, we grappled over the chest-of-drawers, under the carpet and in and out of the towel-horse.

"Let's go and grapple on the bed," panted the villain in my right ear. "It's softer."

A muffled report rang out from somewhere about the "beautiful devil."

"For Heaven's sake, go easy!" she wheezed in my left ear. "My corsets have went."

Then, as there was still no movement from the bathroom door and we none of us had a grapple left in us, we called "Time!"

Mervyn sat up on the edge of the bed sourly regarding the bedraggled Queenie.

"In rags once more, twenty pounds' worth of georgette charmeuse and ninon what's-his-name torn to shreds!" he groaned. "Oh, you tom-boy, you!"

"Come and dig these damn whale-bones out of my ribs," said she.

I staggered across the room and, opening the bath-room door, peered within.

"Any sign of our friend Sherlock, the spy-hound?" Mervyn inquired.

"Yes," said I. "He's tumbled into the bath in a dead faint."

PATLANDER.



Tommy (to pal, whose feet have become entangled in ground bait). "LOOK OUT, DIGGER; CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'RE A-STANDIN' ON THE GENTLEMAN'S PROPAGANDA?"

### VALEDICTORY.

(Being epitaphs on some prominent M.P.'s who are not seeking re-election.)

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS.

"The soldier's friend" and handy with  
your fists,  
Oh, here was irony of Fate indeed  
That made you join up with Pacificists  
In Britain's hour of need.

THE RIGHT HON. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL,  
K.C.

In a black hour you swapped the ease  
of letters  
For politics and Ministerial letters.  
Bristol installed you safely in a seat  
And Norfolk furnished you a snug retreat,  
Till Ireland whelmed you in the Sinn  
Fein pit,  
Conspicuous by your absence and your  
wit.

THE RIGHT HON. EUGENE WASON.

O genial and gigantic Scot,  
O man of Brobdingnagian build,  
A "stalwart Radical," yet not  
By party acrimony filled;  
Of all the Members who no more,  
After the great Election scrap,  
Will at St. Stephen's take the floor,  
No one will leave a huger gap.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET THE HON. SIR  
HEDWORTH MEUX.

A sailor with no axe to grind  
You always frankly spoke your mind;  
And so your speeches and confessions  
Blazed with delightful indiscretions.  
The House will miss your breezy ways,  
Your unexpected turns of phrase;  
But, at your passing, Winston's eye  
Will be unquestionably dry.

### ON THE HOME FRONT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Cheerio! as my  
master would say. He is allowed out  
of the hospital at last and goes for a  
ride every day in what is called a bath-  
chair, and of course my mistress and I  
go with him. I wanted to drag it at first,  
but my teeth are not strong enough,  
so I sit in it and keep guard, because  
even in armistice time you never know.  
There are lots of Germans about over  
here, and I don't trust them.

To begin with I sat on my master's  
knee with my head sticking out over  
the apron and my ears cocked ready for  
trouble; but I soon saw that this forma-  
tion would not do. Only my head  
was free and I could not rise to any  
sudden emergency quickly enough; so  
now I lie on his feet outside the apron.  
It is colder, but I don't mind that as  
long as I feel I am doing my bit.

We meet lots of my master's friends,  
and all the ladies persist in petting me  
and calling me a nice little dog. I don't  
so much mind being petted and called  
nice, but I do object to that word  
"little." How big do they expect a  
fox-terrier to be?

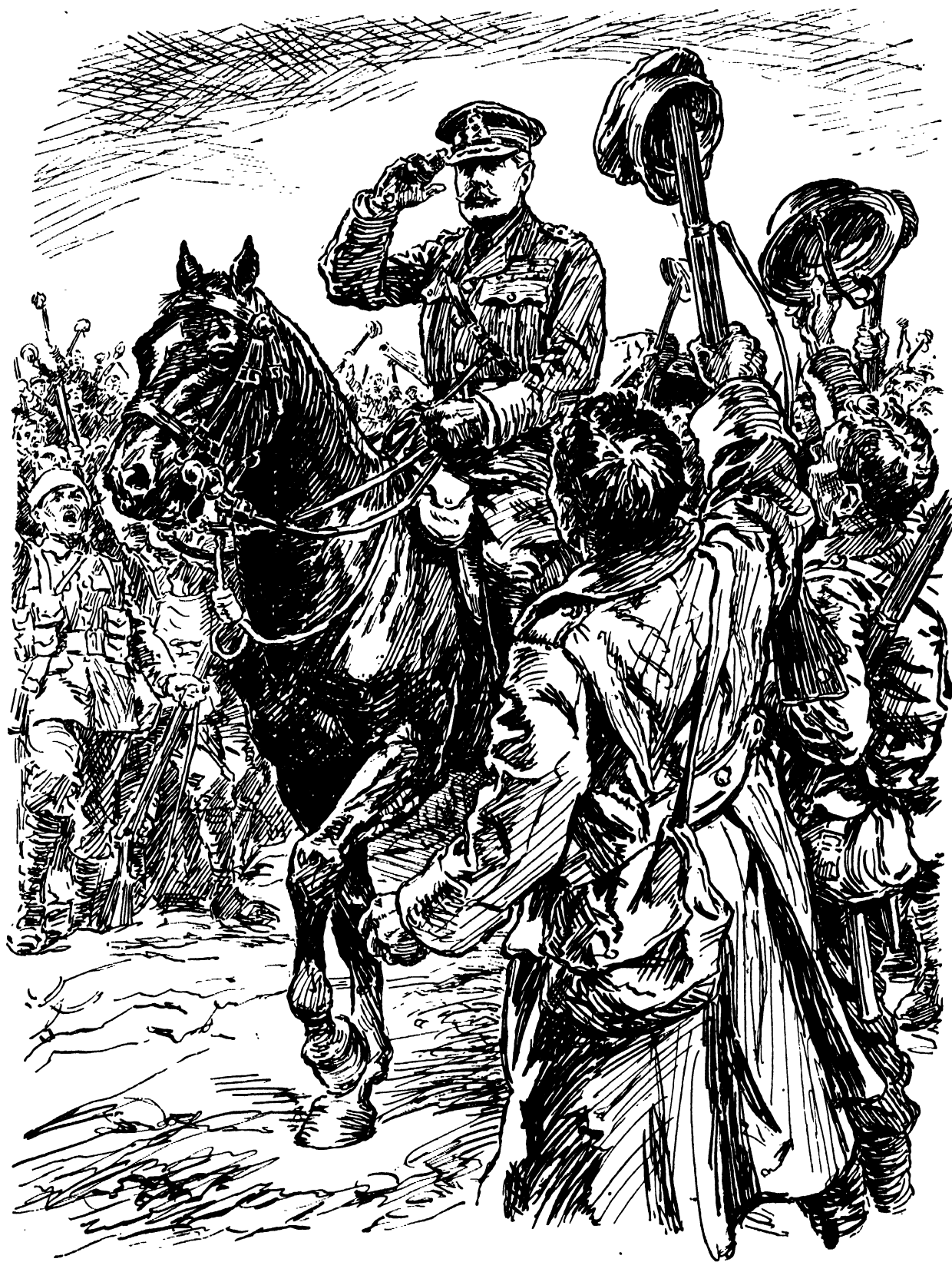
I notice that my master doesn't talk  
about ditches any more, but about  
tanks. I am not quite sure what a  
tank is, but as far as I can make out it  
seems to be a sort of cross between a  
bull-dog and a bloodhound, which can  
go anywhere and do anything. I should  
like to meet one.

It is perfectly splendid to be with my  
master again; still, do you know, Mr.  
Punch, I find this nursing work rather  
wearing. You see there are several  
dogs of my acquaintance with whom I  
have always had regular appointments  
for purposes of mutual exercise. They  
now come and sniff at my bath-chair  
in a supercilious way, and yesterday a  
cat sat down right in front of it and  
yawned in my face.

They know they're safe because I'm  
on duty; but it's a great strain on my  
nervous system and I'm longing for  
the time when my master will be out  
of his bath-chair and able to join me in  
celebrating the occasion.

Yours sincerely,

A MORE-DETERMINED-THAN-EVER DOG.



## OUR MAN.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S GRATEFUL COMPLIMENTS TO FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, November 18th.*—In both Houses an Address congratulating His Majesty on the conclusion of the Armistice and the prospect of a victorious Peace was passed by acclamation. The note of all the speeches was the security of the British Throne and the popularity of its present occupant. Dilating upon the democratic character of our monarchy Lord CURZON actually permitted himself to speak of the KING as "the spokesman of his fellow-subjects throughout the Empire;" and one pardoned the technical inaccuracy of the phrase for the sake of its essential truth.

The approach of the General Election has produced that uncommon phenomenon, an anxious desire on the part of Scotsmen to return to their native land. Loud complaint was made of the inadequacy of the railway accommodation. Mr. EUGENE WASON was understood to say that he had been obliged to travel with a couple of Highlanders on the luggage-rack—a remarkable tribute to the solidity of a structure intended for light articles only."

In view of the impending Dissolution Mr. WARR is redoubling his efforts to win the Interrogation Stakes, though his chance of catching Mr. KING on the post is but slender. His latest inquiries covered a wide field, ranging from the refusal of the Ministry of Munitions to enable Glasgow to manufacture clog-soles to the excessive cost of the lovely uniform worn by the officers of the Women's Royal Air Force and the enormous salaries drawn by Scottish sheriffs.

Already there is a crack in the Coalition. Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY has withdrawn his powerful support from it. In a "personal explanation," which in length and character strongly resembled an Election Address, he challenged the PRIME MINISTER's scheme of reform and put forward an alternative programme of his own, drawn on the lines of full-blooded Socialism. Members generally bore up very well under their impending bereavement, but Mr. Houston was deeply moved at the prospect of having to forgo his daily duel with the representative of the Shipping Controller.

Mr. BURNS, having declined to take

the Labour pledge, has bid adieu to Battersea. "No Conscription" is still his motto.

*Tuesday, November 19th.*—Seventeen years ago a Royal Prince, fresh from a voyage round the world, made a memorable appeal to his fellow-countrymen

Majesty, in well-chosen words, gave thanks for the devotion of the Fleet, the Army, the workers at home and abroad, the Allies, and not least to our cousins from America, who have helped to consummate our victory. It was Britain's Bidding-Prayer, and it was listened to in reverent silence. But the cheers were in our hearts.

After this solemn interlude the two Houses resumed their prosaic business. The Lords heard Lord BUCKMASTER, in his zeal for freedom, declare that even Bolshevik literature should be distributed without let or hindrance. Lord CAVE (who is still acting as Home Secretary) is all for the restoration of our liberties within reasonable limits, but has no intention of giving free rein to Bolshevism.

In the Commons Mr. BALFOUR modestly declined Sir JOHN JARDINE's suggestion that he should give the House a résumé of all the results, military, political and economic, of our Eastern campaigns.

That, he indicated, was a task for a leisurely historian, not for a jaded Minister.

The House was rather disappointed to hear that, though our soldiers on demobilisation would be allowed to retain their uniform, their great-coats and helmets would not be included. Surely the "tin hat" would be the most prized memento of this unique war, and should hang in every cottage and tenement from which a soldier went forth. How many millions they were we do not yet know, but we know that three millions of them have suffered death or wounds or the imprisonment that is almost worse than death.

For the first time in its history, I suppose, the House received a new Member in the uniform of a private soldier. As the son of a former Member, and the successor of Captain CAWLEY, whose name is on the Parliamentary Roll of Honour, Trooper HOPKINSON would in any case have received a warm welcome. But I think that the special vigour of the cheers that greeted him was due to the proud garb he wore.

*Wednesday, November 20th.*—The Lords, turning themselves into a Salvage Corps, did a lot of cleaning-up work necessitated by the sudden cessation of hostilities. Among other things they passed a Bill dealing with that most indefinable of abstractions, the



MR. HOUSTON'S BEREAVEMENT.  
Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY retires.

on the text, "Wake up, England!" This afternoon, in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords, the same speaker, now Sovereign of these islands, delivered another address to the Members of both Houses and the representatives of the Dominions, the gist of which was that England, and not England only, but the whole British Empire, had waked up to some purpose. His



MR. JOHN BURNS REFUSES TO BE A  
CONSCRIPT CANDIDATE.







"duration." It was finally decided that the question when the War should be deemed to be really over should be left to the Government. Only Ministers who have refrained from making private bets on the subject will be allowed, I understand, to take part in the decision.

The ignorant attacks upon Lord Newton for his alleged inattention to the welfare of our prisoners were warmly resented by several Peers, who testified to his unwearying efforts in their behalf. But I think Lord Newton could have done without the assistance of the noble Lord who, with the kindest intention, no doubt, described him as "a gramophone for other Departments."

This country is no longer to be the dumping-ground for undesirable aliens that it has been in the past. As Lord Cave put it, there is no good in repatriating the Germans after the War if they can come back by the next ship.

The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS is a good deal in the limelight just now. The latest items in our *Nouvelles Mondaines* are that he did not take part in the discussion of the Armistice at Versailles, and that, far from commanding any more hotels, he has actually surrendered one to its former owners. This looks as if Peace really were in sight.

Now that the invasion of the German Fleet has actually taken place—Beatty *possidente*—the trenches on which the London Volunteers expended so much muscular tissue are to be filled in. Also devout ladies may use their motors to attend divine service whenever the spirit moves them—provided that it does not move them more than thirty miles.

Thursday, November 21st.—I hope our good friends on the Continent will not imagine that John Bull is going to revert to his old habit of thinking too much about his creature comforts. But it is a little suspicious that of the eight Questions on the paper in the House of Commons this afternoon the first four should have referred respectively to bacon, salt, sugar and wine; while in the fifth, put by private notice, the irrepressible Mr. WATT, who does not appear to be suffering from malnutrition, complained that London was receiving all the good Scottish beef and that Glasgow was being fed on "cows of the worst description."

And so, with the reading of the KING's Speech and its appeal for unity in peace as well as war, ended the longest Parliament since CHARLES II.'s time. Its declining years have done a good deal to atone for the excesses of its youth. Still, as the American showman said when his pet lion absorbed his better-half, "I kinder think the old insect has outlived its usefulness."



### THE FINAL.

Tommy (ex-footballer). "WE WAS JUST WINN' THEM OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH WHEN FOCH BLOWS HIS WHISTLE AND SHOUTS 'TEMPS!'"

### A Gilded Pill.

"The text of the Ministry of Health Pill, issued to-day, states that the Minister's salary will be £5,000."—*Evening Paper*.

"TIGHT SKIRTS COMING."

*Daily Mail.*

"CRINOLINES TO RETURN."

*Daily Mirror.*

We presume the crinolines will be worn over the tight skirts.

"Washington.

The long-suspected belief that Lenin and Trotsky were German gents is now conclusively proved."—*Egyptian Gazette*.

It is supposed that they were overheard while drinking their soup.

### The Bitterness of Defeat.

"When the conference was interrupted for luncheon and dinner, the Germans ate aloe in the quarters of the Captain of the Fleet."

*Daily Mail.*

That's the stuff to give them.

"Well over £,000 was raised for the British Red Cross Society by the sale on Manchester Royal Exchange yesterday afternoon of a bale of cotton. The same bale was recently sold in Liverpool for £2,670."—*Daily Paper*.  
Liverpool will be pleased.

"Elderly people need encouragement. A little gentle tack persuades them to accept the easy chair, the cosy corner, or the sunny window-seat."—*Provincial Paper*.

And then to vacate it with juvenile sprightliness.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR 'ERBERT?"

"'E'S NOT BEEN 'IMSELF LATELY—NOT TAKING ANY INTEREST IN LIFE NOW THERE'S NO CHANCE OF AIR-RAIDS. YOU SEE, 'E USED TO BLOW THE 'ALL CLEAR.'"

### THE GENERAL ELECTION.

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATES.

1. STATE your theory of perorations. If you get entangled in a peroration do you consider it better to sit down at once without finishing it, or to struggle on while your audience begins to shuffle its feet and your Chairman ostentatiously looks at his watch.

2. "The Candidate will now be delighted to answer any questions that may be put to him from the meeting." (*Statement of any Chairman of any meeting at the end of the Candidate's speech.*) Examine the truth of this statement in the light of your own experience and that of your friends.

3. "Will the Candidate pledge himself to refuse to accept a peerage or any other honour that may be offered to him?" (*Question put from the body of the meeting.*) Give three adequate and straightforward evasions of this question.

4. Do you consider it advisable to lighten your speeches with humorous stories?

5. In the event of your answer to the above question being in the affirmative give not more than one illustration of your idea of a humorous story. The following two stories are barred: (a) The story of the dogs who ate their labels; (b) The story of the puppies who were first Liberal (or Tory) and afterwards developed into Tory (or Liberal).

6. How do you proceed when you realise, in the middle of telling a story, that you have entirely forgotten the point?

7. "A marvellous Providence fashioned us holler

O' purpose that we might our principles swallow."

What is the name of the author of these lines? Compose two or more suitable couplets in the same literary style.

8. Show how the terms "camouflage," "na-poo" and "Blighty" may be avoided in an election speech. Give alternatives in each case.

9. To what extent may the dress and personal appearance of Candidates be expected to be taken into consideration by women exercising the new right of suffrage? If A is young and has curly hair, blue eyes and a pink-and-white complexion, and B is middle-aged and bears a general resemblance to a forlorn gorilla, which of these two Candidates would you regard as having the better chance of election?

10. Is it in your opinion wise for a bachelor Candidate to kiss babies indiscriminately during a canvass? Give reasons drawn from your knowledge of every-day life.

"In pre-war days seventy per cent. of the meat we consumed came from abroad.

Already, by control and organisation, we have succeeded in reversing these figures, so that now three out of every ten animals are the product of home farms."—*London Magazine.*

Somebody, probably the Meat Trust, has evidently got at the figures and reversed them again.

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# THE UNSUNG SONG.

Vaughan Smyth is his real name, but in pre-war days his insistence on German efficiency and his brush-like crest of grizzled hair prompted some anonymous wit to rename him Von Schmidt, and the *alias* stuck. Like many other nicknames it was unjust; for Vaughan Smyth is as sound a patriot as I know; it was an unkindly freak of nature that made him look rather like a German professor and inevitably suggested the perversion of a perfectly blameless patronymic. And his bad luck has pursued him right up to the end of the War. He has done most useful unpaid work on various committees; but, as so often happens, he prides himself on his slenderest title to recognition—that of writing verses. Since August 1914 V. S. has been one of our most prolific but least published War poets. Indeed his failure to secure a hearing for his lyrics hurt him deeply. But this autumn he seemed a changed man; he radiated optimism and had ceased to make sarcastic remarks about the popularity of Mr. JOHN OXENHAM. So when I ran into him in Piccadilly on the afternoon of November 11th I shook him warmly by the hand. "Wonderful news," I observed.

"Oh, yes, wonderful," V. S. replied without enthusiasm.

"Almost too good to be true," I continued.

"Yes," he rejoined, "almost too good to be true; but I have the best reasons for knowing that it is true." And he passed on with an air of preoccupied gloom.

Later on at the club I saw Fetherston and demanded an explanation; for he was one of the favoured people to whom V. S. used to read his "lyrics." Fetherston, a genial cynic, would profess admiration for their style and sentiment and then wickedly recite choice excerpts for the delectation of the ribald. But on this occasion even Fetherston was sympathetic. It appeared that this summer V. S. perpetrated an unusually fiery ballad, which had been set to music of an appropriately explosive character. It had been brought to the notice of a popular singer, who had promised, when occasion arose, to introduce it at a music-hall. The usual delays followed; alterations had to be made in the words and the music to suit the taste and the compass of the singer; but at last everything was fixed up and the song was to be given for the first time on the evening of November 11th. But, with that inhuman want of consideration which men of action invariably show to artists, Foch and Haig intervened, and at the



Countess. "ARE YOUR TRENCH FEET VERY PAINFUL?"  
Tommy. NOT HALF, MA'AM. YOU'LL HAVE HAD HOUSEMAID'S KNEE, I DESSAY; WELL, IT'S JUST HOUSEMAID'S KNEE IN THE FEET."

eleventh hour V. S.'s masterpiece was withdrawn.

"Bad luck, wasn't it?" said Fetherston. "It inspired me with the following lyric:—

'V. S. poured some terrible tosh out  
On our chances of knocking the Bosch out;  
But peace came too soon  
For the words and the tune,  
And his song proved a regular wash-out.'

I'm sorry for him, but he almost deserves it; as you yourself have seen, the wounded vanity of the bad poet is his ruling passion even on a day of National Thanksgiving."

"Look at the social side of the programme. I will take the number of subjects serratum."  
*Daily Chronicle.*

It seems to rhyme with *erratum*.

## Our Modest Candidates.

From an Election Address:—

"I belong to no political party. Mr. Lloyd George, with his great social sense and patriotic instincts, reflects more nearly my own views."—*Provincial Paper.*

"It is believed that it will be necessary to keep a million men in France for police work in Germany."—*Daily Mail.*

Surely after our past experience of them the Germans require closer surveillance than that.

## "STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

Signatures are now being taken for a petition to the Committee for the re-establishment of fortnightly settlements, but that no contagion should be permitted. This appears to be a reasonable request."—*Scottish Paper.*

Absolutely.



## CIVIL AND MILITARY.

In the third-class carriage there were already too many of us when the soldier came in. He was a tall handsome young fellow, with the prancing white horse of the West Kents on his cap, an aquiline nose, fair moustache, a scratch on his cheek and a front tooth missing. Behind him, making far more disturbance in the packed smoking compartment even than his own extensive person, trailed his kit: rifle, knapsack, odds and ends of comforts from home—the chief of which, he told us, was salt—to take back with him (for although the War was over he was going back); other implements of warfare, and, above all, his helmet.

His apologies for overcrowding us would have constituted an introduction had one been necessary; but khaki—and especially so since the armistice—is a great federator, and those travellers near the door who offered to make room for him were on intimate terms with him at once. Among these, sitting opposite, was a youngish man in civvies who had had a good deal to say already on most matters of the day, from his experiences on the historic eleventh to the prospects of the General Election, with a word or two on the surrender of the German fleet and his mortification that he was not there to see it. As a talker he was without charm, but he used a powerful eye with such skill that he compelled attention, all of us being cravens at heart.

The soldier, however, being at once lured on to talk by one of his neighbours, this other fount was, for the moment, dried.

Yes, the West Kent said, he was going back: at any rate his leave was up, and he was to report at Victoria. Didn't know for how long he might go or where he would be sent. Didn't much care now the killing was over—as he supposed it was. Had had two years of it out there and that was enough. Only two "leaves" in all that time.

Had he been hit? Not really. Not exactly. He laughed. He would show us. Here he reached for his helmet and displayed two holes where a bullet had entered and emerged. About three weeks ago. Thought he was a goner then. It half-stunned him for the moment. When he came to and felt something wet on his cheeks and discovered it was blood he said to himself, "That settles it; Jerry's got me at last." But it was only the tiniest scratch from a splinter—see?—and he pointed out the mark on his cheek.

"That's funny," said the civilian friend of mine with the powerful eye. "A friend of mine had a bit of iron hit

him during the last air-raid. We were walking together, going from shelter to shelter, and the shells were bursting up above something terrible. I dare say"—this to the soldier—"you've heard them?"

The West Kent indicated that he had.

"Ah, but not in an air-raid."

No, the West Kent man had never been in London in an air-raid.

"I thought maybe you hadn't," said the man with the eye. "Well, I can tell you they were a bit thick. You saw some rum things then, I can tell you. I remember another of them—let's see when was it?" He went through some mnemonic system, corrected the result, re-corrected it, made an amendment or two and decided it was in September, 1917. "I was in all of them, you know," he interjected, and raked the whole carriage with his commanding glance. "Well, about that night—"

A momentary pause gave one of the bolder spirits among us a chance and he asked the West Kent what he was doing when the armistice was declared. He was at home on leave, he said. He'd had a spell in the hospital. Not due to the bullet through the helmet, but to trench fever. He'd come over suddenly all over lumps and, when he took his puttees off, his legs swelled up proper, and, oh, the irritation! Made him weak too, and he fainted. Next thing he knew he was on a stretcher with a doctor looking at him. "You'll be all right to-morrow," said the doctor. Then he went to sleep again, and never woke up for hours and hours, and when he did wake he was well, except for a little shakiness.

"Shakiness? Ah!" said the youngish man with the eye. "That's what the air-raids used to do for people's nerves! Lummy, you should have seen how it took some of them! I remember on one night a big strong fellow running into the chube where I was with the tears streaming down his face. Something to remember, those air-raids, I can tell you." He paused, but instantly began again. "My home's at Finsbury Park and there was a house within fifty yards of mine blown to bits. A falling bomb, you know."

The soldier grunted out acquiescence: he knew.

"Some people were terrified," the eye continued; "but others were just foolhardy. So long as you stayed indoors you were fairly safe, unless, of course"—he laughed mirthlessly—"your house copped it, like the one at Finsbury Park. You see, my opinion is that our own barrage did as much

damage as the Huns' bombs. That's always been my contention. We shall never know how many casualties were due to our own barrage." Once more he paused a moment too long.

"So when I went before the doctor," the soldier was beginning, when the train reached my station.

As I was closing the door behind me I realised that the eye had won again.

"Doctors!" he was saying. "You should have tried to get a doctor in London the day after an air-raid!"

## HOMEWARD-BOUND.

Savour of blown sea-spray

On lips that dry to the wind,  
Thoughts of the dockyards, thoughts of pay,

And of comrades left behind;  
To the measure of bows that drive and dip,

Shiver and rise from each roaring crest,

We count the hours as the gallant ship  
Speeds from the twilit West.

*And it's ho! for the Longships, the Lizard and the Eddystone—*

*Hear the big screws thudding out their miles of milky foam?*

*See the Old Man on the bridge, watching for the Manacles, Edging her nose a bit, full-speed for home?*

Calmed by the land's embrace

The sea but sobs in sleep:

Here, with a sombre, spectral grace

Dusk hillsides flank the deep;

Slowly our white track dims and fades,

Slower the grey hull shears the tide,

Till like a ghost in a world of shades

To the harbour of home we glide.

*Sing ho! we've passed the Longships, the Lizard and the Eddystone—*

*See the darker sky and smoke over Plymouth Town?*

*Tell them we've arrived; blow a blast and rouse them up a bit;*

*Hear the echoes answer? Hear the engines slackening down?*

Now the tide laps and slips

Past our high bows, and soon,

Threading a maze of ships,

We follow the path of the moon;

Happy each soul on board to-night

As the deep gongs ring their welcome call,

And from aloft, by the binnacle-light,

The quiet orders fall.

*Now the tender's spotted us sliding in through Cawsand Bay,*

*Heard us calling, seen our signal, watched us creeping past;*

*See the Batten eye a-gleaming, sending friendly winks at us?*

*Hear the cable running out? Home again at last!*



Parson (delighted to find an allusion suitable to his hearer). "AND NOW, JOHN, I SUPPOSE THE TIME HAS COME TO BEAT OUR SWORD INTO A PLOUGHSHARE?"

Prosaic Smith. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW, SIR. SPEAKING AS A BLACKSMITH OF FORTY-FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE, I MAY TELL YOU IT CAN'T BE DONE."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*David and Jonathan* (HUTCHINSON) were two dullish young men who had the misfortune to be wrecked on a desert island. Not by any means a bad island, as such places go, furnished with creeks and swamps and mangroves, and, in a word, all appropriate fittings. As you may suppose from their names, *David and Jonathan* were great friends; but, as I have told you, dullish. When a boat drifted inshore containing the inanimate form of a young woman in a green dress, they put themselves to no end of trouble to revive the stranger. Whereby Mr. P. TEMPLE THURSTON got his eternal triangle in a somewhat new setting. Naturally it was all up with the desert island as an abode of amity. The young woman saw to that. She was the kind of girl who put red flower petals to cosmetic use, and powdered her nose as carefully before sitting down to the rough meals of the castaway as if she had been in West Kensington. Perhaps wisely, *David*, who tells the story in snatches of diary, makes no reference to her practical qualifications as a desert islander. Instead we are told that both the young men fell victims to her charm. It may have been so. Personally I found her supremely unattractive; but of course one has to allow for the absence of competition. Anyhow, the interest (if any) of the situation lies in the problem of which mate she will choose; whether the biceps of *Jonathan* or the brains of *David* will weigh most with her. I shall not give you the order in which they finish. But I may say that nothing occurred to make me alter my opinion of the folly of both

suitors, or the conviction that their author had before now told a better tale.

Long ago Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL won distinction as a keen analyst of type and mass temperament, and it is this gift rather than any subtlety of dialogue or breadth of vision that gives his latest novel, *The Soul of Susan Yellam* (CASSELL), a satisfying quality that is absent from some of the stories of the War told by more assertive novelists. The book might have been called *The War Soul of Rural England*, for that is its theme, and the characters in it are essentially types rather than individuals. *Susan Yellam*, who will not accept the War as an influence in her life, and thereby intensifies her inevitable ordeal of sacrifice, is an exception, and for that very reason the least interesting person in the book. For she is *Susan Yellam* merely, while the rest are England at war. The cause obscures the individual, whatever the intentions of the author may be. Mr. VACHELL has written before for us of *Nether Applewhite*, and he returns to the task of portraying its worthies and unworthies with loving faithful care. And because there are *Jane Muchlows* and *Alfred Yellams* and *William Saints* and *Sir Geoffreys* and *Parson Hamblins* in every parish in Southern England the reader comes back to the haunts of *Fishpingle* with something more than mere interest.

Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY in *Candlelight* (HURST AND BLACKETT) camouflages an impossible situation with some sprightly chatter, but not successfully enough to conceal its weakness. The publishers' thoughtful review charac-

terises the book as "Ibsenish in conception and treatment" and "one of the cleverest psychological studies that has appeared for some time." . . . An ambitious politician, *Edward Parris*, is desperately in love with two women—with his affianced bride, *Anne Whitebrier*, and her brother's wife, *Edith*. The *Whitebrier* offshoot, *Bill*, is really his son; and *Edith*, one of those mournful people who must tell the truth at the least convenient moment, informs her husband, *Wilfrid*, of this fact on the eve of *Anne's* wedding. Whereupon he, a sailor-man of violent impulses, ups and backs off *Edward's* hand with his pet knife. . . . The scene is changed. . . . In a little Sussex seaside cottage behold *Anne* (elaborately described as a massive animal-like woman, hairy and yellow, very attractive and still unwed); *Edith*, still erratic and light, but apparently (and unbelievably) faithful to the memory of *Edward*; and little *Bill*, a morose youngster who tries to push a charwoman over the cliffs for ill-treating his cat. The two women conceal the dreadful secret of their connection with the *Whitebrier* scandal by (among other things) calling themselves *Blanchflower* and hanging in their drawing-room a striking portrait of the notorious sailor-surgeon. Then, after sufficient interval of travel, a gloomy little *Bill* to grow up and the author to get more quickly to the end of her tale in a day of dear paper, there suddenly appear simultaneously from all parts of the globe, *Wilfrid* (reported drowned), *Parris* with a false hand, and *Bill*, who met him in the train, liked him immensely, and, learning the real facts, proposes to push him over the cliff (*Bill*, you notice, is a specialist and apparently inherited a homicidal tendency from his putative father). *Wilfrid* and *Edith* again come together. *Anne* and *Edward* likewise. Poor old *Bill* is odd man out. So much for *IBSEN*.



Traveller (who has just missed a train). "BUT HOW AM I GOING TO KILL THREE HOURS IN THIS DESERTED HOLE?"  
Porter. "WELL, WE'VE GOT A NICE NEW LOT OF BY-LAWS IN, SIR. THEY MAKE VERY INTERESTIN' READIN'."

*Vance* (cruel father of heroine) or perish, all my novel-reading experience prepared me for his victory, or, failing that, for a pathetic decease. But the author had thought out a result infinitely more subtle. Also when the gentle mouse-coloured wife is pitted against the enchantress, who would not cheerfully take odds on the triumph of domestic charm? Wrong again. From all which you can observe that *Merchandise*, while to my thinking of unequal value, is in bulk well worth its cost.

MR. FRANK SWINNERTON in *Shops and Houses* (METHUEN) sets himself a pretty problem in snobbishness. The *Vechantors* were with good reason considered to be the people of Beckwith, a small suburban town in which "society" was run on rigid lines and gossip was the chief dissipation. But even *Miss Lampe*, a woman with a peculiarly active and poisonous tongue, was almost bankrupt for scandal when the local grocer sold his business and was succeeded by a man called *William Vechantor*. When the *Vechantors* heard of this "they groped their way carefully back through the sparse foliage of the family tree," and only two generations behind them they found a shady old great-uncle. A sort of cousin the grocer undoubtedly was, and just what to do about him puzzled his relations very considerably, and also intrigued the ladies of Beckwith. This is the situation created by Mr. SWINNERTON, and he develops it with so much gracious irony and literary skill that it is redeemed from any suspicion of triviality. He confirms my own experience of the Beckwithian type, which I seem to know

by heart, and the only thing that surprises me about these people is that they did not rise in a body and extinguish *Miss Lampe*, or at least put a shade over her. Altogether a most attractive book, irreproachable both in style and construction.

Mr. ROY BRIDGES has written in *Merchandise* (HODDER AND SToughton) a clever and in places exceedingly powerful story of Australia. (I give you the setting at once to save you from the bewilderment I suffered by reason of supposing the early slum-chapters to be laid in London.) The crux of the tale is this—*Edward's* mother having left his drunken and brutal father to live with a rich (but not unsympathetic) man who adores her, is *Edward* justified in accepting help from him? Or will this simply be to take a price for the woman who cynically regards herself as merchandise? The problem is further complicated by *Edward's* own love-affair and the fact that a little ready money is desperately needed for its prosecution. Mr. BRIDGES tells the whole thing in a vivid and picturesque style that only now and then becomes a trifle too impressionist for coherence. As a plot too the intrigue has the merit of continual surprise: every time that I fancied myself seeing what was ahead I turned out to be wrong. Partly that was because Mr. BRIDGES is too much a modern to follow any of the conventions. Thus when *Edward* vows to get upsideways with

#### In Aid of Belgian Workers.

On Friday next, November 29th (2 to 5 P.M.), Mr. JOHN ASTOR is lending his house, 18, Belgrave Square, for a Sale of Lace-work made in Belgium during the War. Notwithstanding the fact that the Germans "aimed at creating the unemployment which would furnish them with an excuse for deportation" (to quote Viscount GREY's words) the Neutral Commission for Relief in Belgium succeeded in not only saving but improving the lace industry. Fifty thousand women have been employed in it, and received decent wages in place of the old starvation rates of pre-war days. The profits derived from the sale of this lace-work, which is copied from beautiful old Flemish designs and is regularly on sale in Piccadilly Arcade, go to the Relief Fund, and reach the Belgians in the form of food or clothing.

Mr. Punch asks leave to share the Queen's view (Her Majesty having been a purchaser at a previous sale of Belgian lace) that money spent in so good a cause cannot be regarded as wasted on luxury.

## CHARIVARIA.

We understand that there is some talk of the KAISER being elected an Honorary Dutchman.

"No parrot's food," says a contemporary, "is to be obtained in South London." It is supposed to have been all used up for election addresses.

There is, after all, no truth in the report that Colonel ROOSEVELT was nearly killed in a motor car accident the other day. People should know by now that it is not TEDDY's custom to do things by halves.

Because a motorist ran over a dog at Billericay he is being sued for damages. Frankly motorists are becoming alarmed. The next thing we shall hear is that they have been summoned for running over pedestrians.

"For the purpose of ration," says a Food Ministry statement, "marmalade is jam." This will be a shock to those misguided folk who have been smoking it in mistake for tobacco.

"During Armistice week the number of glasses and china articles smashed in one hotel exceeded 2,500," says *The Evening News*. The management hold the view that there must have been some rowdiness going on.

A contemporary suggests that a census of dogs should be taken in the New Year. This would, we think, be extremely difficult in these days when one half of the Dachshund does not know where the other half lives.

"A number of daylight robberies have taken place at Clapham Common," we read. It seems a pretty mean sort of theft.

"A plea for the Protection of Irish Antiquities" was recently addressed to *The Irish Times* by a number of eminent archaeologists. A similar appeal is being put forward by the supporters of Mr. DILLON.

Solicitors who desire an early release from the Army on public grounds are requested to communicate with the Council of the Law Society. No hope is held out that the public will be heard on its own behalf.

The London and Suburban Railway Passengers' Association has requested the Board of Trade that all restrictions on travelling should be removed. In particular the proposal that payment



Conductress (to passenger earnestly studying ration-book). "ARE YOU THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE TWO INSIDES?"

for railway tickets should be optional is likely to receive wide support.

There are 283,000 fingerprint impressions recorded at Scotland Yard. This does not include two which were found on the Bank of England and which it was decided to leave *in situ*.

According to the Newcastle Food Vigilance Committee the so-called influenza epidemic is due to eating bad bacon. If the patient is seen breaking out into a rash he is almost certain to have got it.

Among other drastic cricket reforms it is proposed by Lancashire that there should be eight balls to the over. After their experience of the trenches, we doubt whether our brave fellows will be satisfied with anything less than bowling from both ends at the same time.

The Local Government Board has decided that no cinema performance shall last for more than three consecutive hours. Several of our best film-actors complain that this will reduce the fine art of murder to the level of mere butchery.

"Men returning from the Front," said a Labour Member to the Bristol City Council, "will want something better than a domestic dug out." It is pleasant to observe that there is at least one man who isn't pandering to the women's vote.

#### "UNDERTAKERS. TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

Why employ an Undertaker that does German work? Deck's is the only house that refuse Hun patronage."—*Standard* (Buenos Ayres). This seems to be an example of perverted patriotism. Why not "inter them all"?

## THE HORRORS OF "PEACE."

*Protest of a British workman who loves his country even better than he loves the Labour Party.*

["Labour has warned the Coalition that opposition towards the young democracies of the Continent will be disastrous. Labour demands the immediate withdrawal of the Allied forces from Russia. It stands for the immediate restoration of the Workers' International."—*Extracts from the Labour Party's Election Manifesto.* Chairman of Executive, Mr. J. McGURK.]

At times a backward look I cast

Upon the days that are no more,  
The relatively peaceful past

When we were still engaged in war;  
For then with patriot hearts at one,

Pledged to our land, the common Mother,  
We fought our common foe, the Hun,  
And now we're fighting one another.

People with memories one-month-long,  
Who still recall the Golden Age  
When Britain's valour, going strong,  
Enhanced her freedom's heritage,  
Dazed by the lustings' hideous hum,  
View with regret these changed conditions

By which our new-born souls become  
The sport of party politicians.

Myself, a simple labouring man,  
Working with what I call my brain,  
I'd hoped to figure in the van  
Of Reconstruction, sound and sane:  
But, just as I, with that fair aim,  
Was putting to the front my best toe,  
Into my eager hands there came  
Labour's Election Manifesto.

In this amazing screed I trace  
That we have let our life-blood flow  
To make the world a nicer place  
For our dear brothers, SORE and Co.;  
That England spent herself for this,  
That Labour might delight to babble  
Of love with TROTSKY's crew, and kiss  
The reeking lips of LENIN's rabble!

O days with precious memory fraught,  
When still we nursed, with faith serene,  
Peace in our hearts because we fought  
To keep our English honour clean;  
And now—and that is why I weep  
To think those happy days are over—  
They'd have us fight like cats to keep  
The Bosch and Bolshevik in clover.

Dearly I love my honest toil  
(And seldom underrate its worth),  
But dourer yet I hold the soil  
Where I was planted out at birth;  
So if, in England's cause, I shirk  
The claims of other lands that hate  
her,

Forgive me, Mr. J. McGURK,

• For proving such a sorry traitor.

O. S.

## NOT CRICKET.

MR. PUNCH, SIR, to you, who have always backed the good cause and displayed the best common sense and have almost never nodded—to you, Sir, I appeal to bring your elderly relative, *The Times*, to its senses.

For *The Times*, your elderly relative, wishes, when cricket is again firmly established as our national summer game, to exclude the left-handed bats-

That row of dots, Sir, is to give you breathing space to take in this amazing proposition, as it is possible that you missed it. It was made in the issue of November 25. Yes, Sir, incredible as it must seem, there, in cold print, was the treacherous, the infidel suggestion. *O tempora! O mores! O CLEMENT HILL and JOE DARLING, F. M. LUCAS and F. G. J. FORD, H. T. HEWETT and WOOLLEY!*

The reason given is that the delay in the field caused by the umpire crossing over, and by other changes, when a left-hander is in, is vexatious; as though cricket were a *revue*, or a movie, or any other frivolous spectacle, and as though it were played to flatter the impatient eye of the mere hunter of excitement.

The article, Sir, in which this outrageous suggestion occurred was nominally the work of "A Correspondent." I rejoice to think that *The Times* does not harbour on its staff so detrimental a contributor. But what kind of a man can he be? What kind of hold can cricket—real cricket—the game which gentlemen have followed for a century and a half, the game which numbers such names as NYREN and OSBALDESTONE, FELIX and ALFRED MYNS, PONSONBY and GRIMSTON, the LITTELTONS and the GRACES, the STUDDS and the STEELS, ALFRED SHAW and old CLARKE, ULYETT and LOHMANN, STODDART and WEBBE, FRY and RANJITSINGH—what kind of a hold can the cricket which these men perfected have upon him? So little is he fundamentally touched by it that he would eliminate the left-handers just because they cause a moment's interruption, forgetting what compensations they bring in their beautiful freedom and often superior ease. It was the peculiar glory of F. G. J. FORD, of Middlesex, to urge the ball to the ropes at a terrific speed with a placid fluid stroke in which no force was apparent. But we want no more such wizards; they are a nuisance; they bring into a game that should be hectic and breathless an element of delay!

Again, to the true amateur of cricket, Hear, hear!

what could be more fascinating than to see H. T. HEWETT and LIONEL PALAIRET opening a Somersetshire innings; the one, the left-hander, so massive in his punishment and so rich in unconventional forcing strokes; the other, the right-hander, such a model of classic style? But treats like those are not for the correspondent of *The Times*. No, Sir, they would but cause ennui, provoke his hostility. For him cricket must be wholly a rapid manifestation of right-handed time-savers!

No doubt some kind of modification could easily be devised that would attract larger crowds to Lord's; it might even be arranged that, no matter how often he was bowled or caught, Mr. JESSOR, for example, should be allowed to bat for a full ten minutes. One despairs of no ingenuity or enterprise on the part of the cricket-brighteners, in whose ranks *The Times* is now unhappily enrolled; but some other name must be found for the result. It will not be Cricket. It may be called "Rag-time Cricket" or "British Baseball" or "Tip-and-Run," or whatever other alluring style can be hit upon by the promoters; but it will not be Cricket. Cricket is an intricate, vigilant and leisurely warfare, and the fact that every moment of it is equally fraught with possibilities and openings for glorious uncertainty makes it peculiarly the delight of intelligent observers, none of whom finds dullness in the spectacle of a batsman, no matter how stubborn, defending his wicket successfully against eleven opponents. Nor does it occur to them to ask him for gallery effects. First-class cricket calls for such very special gifts of temperament and skill that only the fittest survive; and all their actions are worth study.

Left-handers are particularly interesting because of the embarrassment they offer to many bowlers and because of certain strokes natural to them which have no exact counterpart among right-handed men. The left-hander's strategy is often completely different. Above all he still is usually able to hit to leg, which the right-handers too often cannot do. But to labour the point is absurd; one has only to recall such left-handers as I have named to realise how monstrous is *The Times*' suggestion. It is for you, Mr. Punch, Sir, to convince it of error.

"Mr. Asquith, in a foreword to a pamphlet issued by the Liberal Publication Department, says: 'The successful solution of problems of social reconstruction will depend upon . . . our determination to make the new era to which we are looking forward one in which a humane and civilised wife shall be within reach of every man.'"

*Edinburgh Evening News.*

# **"The Bells that have rung in the Armistice must not ring out NATIONAL WAR BONDS"**

**T**HE fighting is over, but until Victory is ratified by the signing of a just Peace, our finances are a part of our military strength.

"Our Armies have still to be fed and equipped, our ships have still to be maintained. After the problems of War come the problems of Peace, and money is as necessary for the latter as for the former. Our fighting men have to be brought home and started again in civil work. The widows and orphans of those who have fallen for us must be cared for, and our ability to fulfil these obligations will be conditioned by the measure with which we provide the money necessary. Money will also be needed to smooth over the inevitable dislocation of our industries so that there will be no risk of unemployment for men who come back. The State must take a more active part in securing better conditions of health, housing and of livelihood to the people.

"Each one of us can help by investing in Government Securities rather than in other directions—however tempting. We can help by avoiding all unnecessary expenditure. Peace and Plenty will come in time; at first it will be Peace and Scarcity. The habit of economy which has been learnt during the war must continue to be practised now that the war is won.

"I still desire a minimum subscription of £25,000,000 a week to War Bonds by the people of this country. I am confident that I shall get it. If only as a thankoffering for the immeasurable sacrifices of the gallant men who have won for civilisation and for us a settled future, money should be forthcoming."

A. BONAR LAW.

# **Keep on Buying War Bonds.**

*Help to make  
this page worth*

# MILLIONS of pounds to your Country

**I**F every reader of *Punch* will see that the four Application Forms on this page are used either by himself or his friends, millions of pounds will be provided towards the £25,000,000 which our country requires each week. Do your best now. Apply for as large an amount as you can by to-day's post.

## APPLICATION FORM FOR NATIONAL WAR BONDS

To ..... (Bank)  
or Messrs. .... (Stockbroker)  
I hereby request you to apply for £ ..... 5 per cent.  
ten year National War Bonds.  
(Strike out one of these) and to charge my account accordingly  
for which sum I enclose cheque

Name .....  
Address .....  
Date .....

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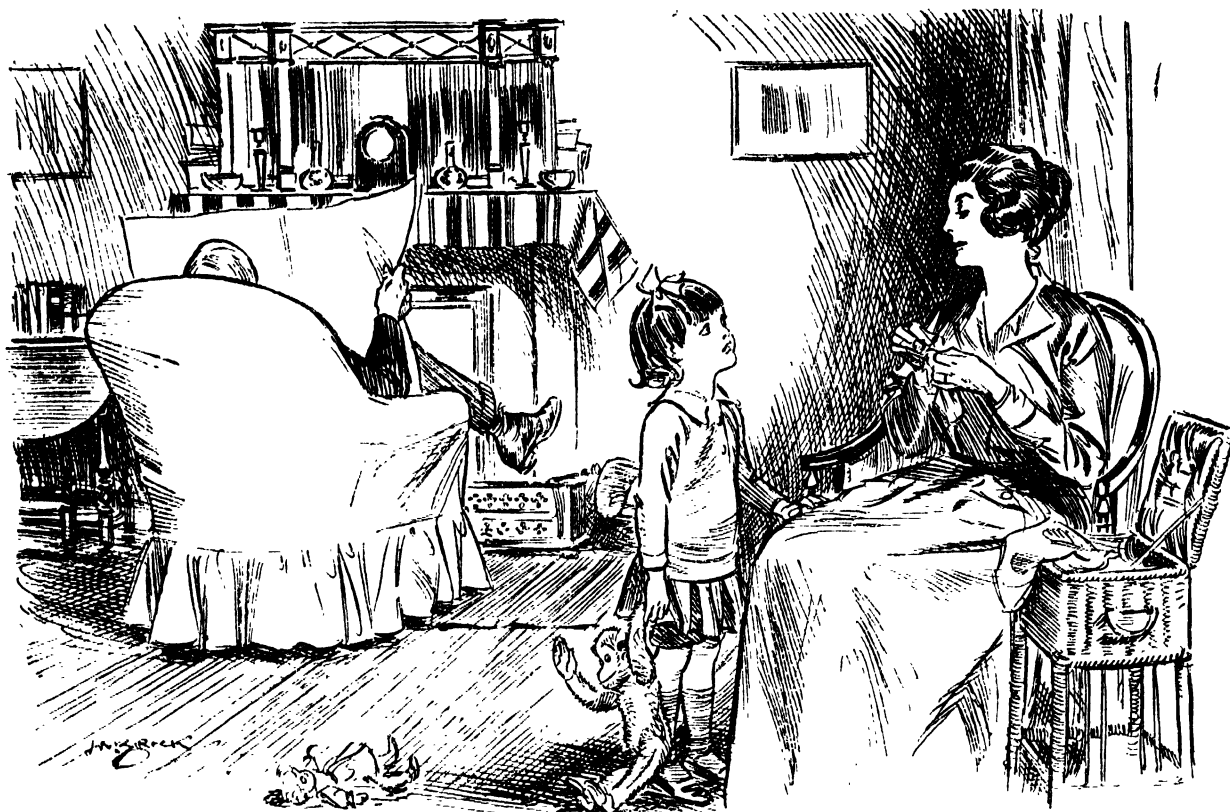
To ..... (Bank)  
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(Strike out one of these) and to charge my account accordingly  
for which sum I enclose cheque

Name .....  
Address .....  
Date .....





THE VOTER'S NIGHTMARE.



"MUMMY, WHY DOES DADDY KEEP ON READING THE PAPER?  
"HE WANTS TO SEE THE NEWS, DEAR."  
"BUT I THOUGHT THE WAR WAS OVER."

## THE WATCH DOGS.

LXXXVII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—It is all very nice about this armistice, and I should be the last to grudge you all your innocent rejoicing. But life is a serious thing and must be taken seriously. These great wars are not without a certain importance of their own, but they must not be allowed to divert attention from more pressing matters. There is the question of my pay, for example.

When, at the beginning of this year, it was decided that my work on the Western Front was complete, that matters there might be left to take their course and that I must be transferred to handle matters elsewhere, I took my old friend, the War Office, fully into my confidence in dealing with the personal aspect. I pointed out that I was one of those persons, too few, alas! in these days, who have no interest in themselves, but merely wish their very remarkable capabilities to be fully utilised for the nation's good.

There was a subdued outburst of applause when I stated this, and to be quite sure it was thoroughly understood I repeated it once or twice. The W.O.

responded with a short speech, in which, with considerable emotion, it recognised that it owed everything to me personally and regretted that the moment did not admit of an illuminated address and a handsome marble timepiece.

I replied that these things meant nothing to me, and it was full compensation to know that I had done my duty. Meanwhile, however, since we were on the subject, what about pay for the future?

After some little discussion, which tended to wander from the point, we got down to the business aspect of the new and highly important post I was about to occupy. The suggestion of my being graded as a General Officer and drawing a four-figure salary was regarded as both brilliant and sound, but for certain technical reasons impracticable, and it was eventually arranged that I should draw the equivalent, abroad, of the pay and allowances of ordinary persons enjoying the rank of major. It was thought well to hide my light under a bushel, and the foregoing was considered to be a useful disguise. In order, however, that we should not be deceived ourselves, we gave me a fancy title in my new capacity, something imposing to roll round one's

tongue, at the end of one's signature; one of those titles which begin with a modest "Assistant," but go on with everything that matters, and give the idea that there are two people running this war, and it is the Assistant who is really doing things, while the other makes the speeches, takes the peerage, and is received from time to time by the King at Buckingham Palace.

The W.O. was very proud of me, but it did not, I am afraid, explain me fully to its subordinate departments. Notably it omitted to get straight with its own Pay People, than whom there are few more stupid and less understanding. Unfortunately that fancy title was one which carried no particular rate of pay on its own; when the Cash Department studied it from the merely cash point of view they appear to have regarded it as one so honourable that the holder of it would be insulted by the offer of any pay at all. Accordingly no offer was made; the great public showed no interest in the detail, and the still greater Mr. Cox, being ever too polite to interfere, sat tight and said nothing.

After having been a second lieutenant, a temporary lieutenant, an acting captain, and many startling and embarrassing combinations of the three, I found

# THE 14 POINTS OF PELMANISM.

## USEFUL SUMMARY OF FACTS.

**I**N view of the enormous interest in Pelmanism shown by all classes of men and women, the following brief summary of facts is given for the benefit of those who have not followed closely the announcements of the Pelman Institute which have already appeared.

**Pelmanism appeals to everybody.**—There is no man or woman who cannot gain by adopting this remarkable System. This fact is readily apparent to everybody who takes the trouble to examine the wonderful evidence which the Pelman Institute offers to all applicants (see below). If you are not already a Pelmanist you should at once write for the free literature which is offered.

But first read carefully the following plain facts:—

**1. Over 400,000 men and women of all classes have now adopted Pelmanism.**—These include literally every class and rank: clerks, managers, soldiers, sailors, generals, admirals, peers, peeresses, shop-assistants, salesmen, accountants, barristers, solicitors, doctors, clergymen, journalists, artisans, engineers, typists, secretaries, manufacturers, bankers, etc., etc.

**2. Large numbers of these have increased their incomes by 100 p.c., 200 p.c., 300 p.c., and even more,** as a direct result of Pelmanism. Thousands of others have gained important positions or speedy promotion. In the Army and Navy some hundreds of officers openly attribute their promotion (and in many cases their M.C., D.S.O., etc.) to Pelmanism.

**3. No man or woman has yet failed to reap great benefit from Pelmanism,** provided that the System has been conscientiously followed. Sweeping as the assertion may seem, it is yet an admitted fact that "progress by Pelmanism" is certain if the Course is properly followed.

**4. No hard study is required. The Course is exceedingly interesting and takes but a few minutes daily.** Most people find that half-an-hour daily for a few weeks enables them to master the System, which is taught entirely by correspondence, and which can be followed anywhere. It does not in any way interfere with your usual daily work, but helps you in it, making your work easier, quicker, better, and far more productive.

**5. Benefit begins with the First Lesson.** This is testified to by thousands of letters in the records of the Pelman Institute, many of which record promotion and increases as a direct result of Lesson I.

**6. The benefit is lifelong.** A few weeks of study (a few minutes daily) produces a betterment of your mind and your ability, which make for your advantage all your life.

**7. There is nothing artificial in Pelmanism: it develops your natural powers upon natural lines.** The Pelman System exercises and disciplines all your faculties, bringing them to full strength and enabling you to show greater ability in everything you apply yourself to.

**8. It brings out latent powers and talents.** Testimony upon this point is simply overwhelming; thousands of men and women writing to say that they now find themselves able to do better work and to occupy far more responsible positions (with correspondingly bigger incomes) than they ever dreamed themselves capable of.

**9. Anyone can understand Pelmanism.** There is nothing technical or difficult in it; anyone of average (elementary) education can quite easily master it.

**10. The cost is very small.** Many Pelmanists write that the Course would still be wonderfully cheap at ten times its present cost. *Enrolment may still be secured at one third less than the regular fee.*

**11. Employers are quick to appreciate the services of Pelmanists.** Many firms pay for the enrolment of their staff, large firms having thus enrolled 70, 100, 145, and 165 of their staffs at one time!

**12. Pelmanism is now indispensable to every man and woman,** no matter of what age, status, or occupation. That fact is warmly attested by all of the many famous educationalists, M.P.'s, authors, editors, and public men and women who have investigated the work and results of the Pelman Institute. No such important body of independent testimony has ever been gathered in support of an efficiency movement. That fact alone is conclusive.

**13. Pelmanism is world-wide.** There are Pelman students in every corner of the British Empire, and many of these are so eager to commence the course that they cable at great expense from the Farthest East, from India, Africa, &c., for the "little grey books" to be sent out.

**14. Every statement or claim published by the Pelman Institute can be verified** by any bona-fide inquirer. Critical investigations have from time to time been made by great journals like *Truth*, *Public Opinion*, *John Bull*, *British Weekly*, &c., and have invariably resulted in warm editorial appreciations of the System. The Directors of the Institute have always welcomed investigations by the public, as the better the facts are known the more surely does enrolment follow. The Institute is, in sober truth, doing a great work of national importance, and every man and woman should know at least the elementary facts about this wonderful movement.

### What TRUTH says:

"The first point which emerges in the survey of the present position of the Pelman Institute is . . . that recognition is being more and more accorded to its educational activities by men and women interested in the improvement of the intellectual fibre of the nation and the resultant increase in national efficiency. The judgment passed by *Truth* has been upheld by every judge who has examined the facts for himself, and, be it added, by a jury of unexampled magnitude, which has come to the same conclusion through personal experience.

"Allusion has already been made to the amazing increase in the number of men and women who have taken, or are taking, the Pelman Course of instruction. The number of students on the Pelman roll to-day has passed the 250,000\* mark, and of those a very large proportion have enrolled within the past two years. From no one of these students has *Truth* heard a single word of discontent, or a suggestion that any of the conclusions arrived at are misleading or fallacious, though those conclusions in a large proportion of recent enrolments were probably a determining factor."

*Now write for a free copy of "Mind and Memory," in which the Pelman Course is fully described and explained, and which also contains a full Synopsis of the Lessons of the Course. With this you will also receive an unabridged reprint of TRUTH's sensational Report on Pelmanism, and particulars showing you how to secure the complete Course for one-third less than the regular fee. Address your application to the Pelman Institute, 1 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.*

*Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.*

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AND ACCELERATE PACE

## CIGARETTE SITUATIONS No. 3.

When one's thoughts are too sublime for verbal utterance, Aristons will diffuse the unutterable thoughts in fragrant wreaths of satisfying smoke.

The cigarettes for every situation, Aristons turn discord to harmony, discontent to complaisance, and always soothe the palate with the full, rich fragrance of rare Dubec Tobaccos.

Ariston Cigarettes are sold at prices out of all proportion to the enjoyment they give. They are beautifully packed, smooth smoking, and thoroughly enjoyable to the end.

Arrange with your tobacconist to send a regular supply to your Naval or Military Friend. Quantities of 200 are duty free and carriage paid. Ariston No. 10—17/-, Ariston Gold Tipped—17/-, or Neb-Ka No. 2—15/-.

Obtainable from all high-class tobacconists or from  
MURATTI'S, Ltd.,  
West End Depot, 28, Piccadilly, London, W.

**Ariston No. 10.** Large, Dubec.

100—11/- 50—5/6 25—2/10

**Ariston Gold Tipped** (22 ct.) Medium Dubec.

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**Ariston Delicat** for those who prefer a small cigarette.

100—8/6 50—4/3 25—2/1

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20—2/- 10—1/-

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Achille Serre removes all stains and creases from your garments skillfully and thoroughly. Experienced tailors will restore them to their original shape, and return them to you looking like new. Thus you will be sure of a smart and well-groomed appearance at a minimum of expenditure.



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## Royal Sovereign

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The finest Pencil in the world for Draughtsmen, Artists and General use because of its smoothness and great durability. Made in all degrees by E. Wolff & Son, Ltd., at the Falcon Pencil Works, Battersea. By appointment to H.M. The King. Price 4d. each. Sold by all Stationers.

## The Clear Complexion of the English Girl

is the reason for the admiration of all Colonials. The English girl uses Oatine—it keeps face and hands clear, soft, and velvety. 1/1½ and 2/3. Ask for

**Oatine**  
FACE CREAM

USE IT & PROVE IT



it a relief to be a simple major. True, one cannot wear spurs to advantage in mufti, and the outward insignia had necessarily to be suppressed. But even for such refined and sensitive natures as my own there is a certain comfort to be derived from the mere remuneration—a comfort to which I made frequent resort, until Mr. Cox, with that courtesy but firmness for which he is famous, called attention to shortcomings on the credit side. This was in April last, and it was only then I discovered that the Pay Department were regarding me as something greater and higher than they dared intrude upon.

The correspondence with the W.O. began on a quiet and friendly note—a personal letter to an esteemed friend commenting upon things in general, progress of war, criticisms of food, inquiries as to mutual acquaintances and—oh, by the way, wasn't there some slight misunderstanding as to my pay? The answer was as friendly—all well at home, coal not quite up to the mark, and no need to worry about pay, since that would come all right, no doubt. A slight touch of hauteur crept into my next memo. My friends, I intimated, would always be my friends, and, rather than risk friction, I would let the whole matter drop. This was, however, a matter of principle, and I was always firm on principles. The short reply to my reply to his reply was a postcard, stating that the matter had been passed to the responsible quarter.

I won't take you through all the tragic story; I will only say that I had eventually to be extremely stern with the W.O. I hate to bully, but the time comes when it is necessary to take a strong line. I took it, and, as the months passed by, I went on taking it. I will not brag, but there can be no doubt that I got the W.O. thoroughly under. If, about the beginning of August, you noticed a subdued and half-ashamed look about Whitehall (inconsistent with the good news then arriving from the front) I may tell you that I alone did it. The W.O., taken firmly in hand, improved in behaviour; they wrote me most adequate apologies and hinted at some very good times coming, with the arrival of more arrears in sterling than I or Mr. Cox would probably know what to do with. But for one reason or another, possibly because the Pay Department man had gone on leave and taken the key of the cash-box with him, neither the arrears nor the good times ever arrived.

To be exact, I found myself well into September and still nothing in Mr. Cox's cellars for me. Think me weak, Charles, if you will, but by now my moral was

deteriorating. Pay is a sordid thing, but there is something about it which makes its absence keenly felt. I will confess the truth and tell you that it got to such a pitch with me that simply to hear a man jingling francs, even centimes, in his pocket brought tears to my eyes. It was more than I could bear to hear other people commiserating each other upon the disadvantages of the rate of exchange and discussing means of transmitting funds from England to our neutral State, whereby they might get the better of that rate.

And at last, after six months of poverty, only relieved by glowing promises of an overwhelming credit at the bank in the days to come, there fell the final blow, which broke me completely down and caused me to put my head on my arms and burst into tears at my

office desk. It was a message, a telegram, from the W.O. It was from the Pay People. It was about Pay. It concerned ME. It said: "Message begins. You are strictly forbidden to have your pay sent out to you in Bank Notes, Treasury Notes, or coin of the realm. Message ends."

So do I. Yours ever, HENRY.

#### More Coast Erosion.

"It has been arranged that the 'mystery ship' Hyderabad will visit the West Coast ports, while the Suffolk Coast will visit London and the East Coast."—*Liverpool Post*.

There was a young soldier called Joe  
With a penchant for whiskey and eau;

When they asked him to halve  
A bottle of Graves,  
He answered, "Non demi, quel ho!"



"'ALF A PINT, MISS, PLEASE."

"NO, YOU'RE TOO LATE. THE CLOCK'S STRUCK."

"OH, COME ON—IT AIN'T FINISHED 'UMMIN' YET."

## THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE.

THE last tram is still a genial tram. If not so alcoholic as in the old days, people still burst into jocund reminiscences of songs they have heard at "Second houses," and wonder loudly how the heroine will get out of episode thirteen at the pictures.

This night an elderly lady with a very large framed photograph of a soldier sat opposite to me. A gentleman who bore unmistakable signs of being in the wholesale whitewash business remarked genially, "Mother, I'll lay a bob 'o got the Victoria Cross."

"Not 'im," said Mother. "'E was called up two months back. I 'ad 'im enlarged, thinking 'e'd be going to the front and wishing to be on the safe side. I've chucked away thirteen-and-a-tanner on 'im. Victoria Cross! All 'e's got is roomatism."

The wholesale dealer in whitewash, having satisfied a legitimate curiosity, turned to me and, placing an amiable hand on my knee, said, "'Ello, Boss, this election's a puzzler, ain't it? Once it was jus' reds and blues. Now it's all colours, not counting females. 'Ow would you vote?"

"Coalition," I said.

"You're backing a winner this time," returned the whitewash-merchant. "Ole Coalition'll romp'ome. The worst is thore's three 'osses from the stable runnin' ere. They're all for Coalition. I don't know which to back."

"Not for me," replied the lady. "I always said that if I vote it'll be for them as boils the Germans."

The general sentiment of the car seemed to approve the boiling of the Germans, but found it unfeasible.

"'Ow can we boil the Germans, Mother, if we've made peace with 'em?" protested the whitewasher.

"My 'usband's a soldier of the King. 'E ain't a Conscientious Objector, charging double prices for everything."

"I ain't a Conscientious Objector," retorted Whitewash; "I got no conscientious objections to nothing."

A gentleman who carried a mangle-roller on each knee as if they were children broke in, "You vote Labour, Mother. It's time we got a bit of our own back out of the toffs."

"I wouldn't give 'arf-a-pound o' marge for all the Governments that ever 'as been or ever will be thought on," said Mother. "I'm going to the poll, I am, and I'm going to vote against all of 'em."

"It ain't allowed," protested the whitewasher. "If everybody voted against everyone what'd be the use of aving elections?"

"Well, what's the use of 'aving 'em?"

"You'll 'ave to take things more serious," burst in the mangle proprietor; "you've got a stake in the country now. 'Ere you are a 'ardworking woman."

"I wish my 'usband could 'ear you call me a 'ardworking woman. He'd set about you. If you'd stop pinching mangles and leave respectable ladies alone in tramcars you'd be better liked. I'm going to vote against all of 'em. 'Ere, young woman, next stop for me. And none of your ringing on before I get down with this photograph. It'll be a county court job if you smash it. I'm going to vote against all of 'em, and down with the Zepps and boil the Germans."

"'Ot stuff," said the whitewasher, wiping his forehead.

"She don't understand the solidarity of Labour," returned the mangle-owner; "but 'er 'usband'll make 'er vote right."

"Mark my words," declared the whitewasher solemnly, "she'll make 'im vote as she wants; but if they all go voting against everybody what's to become of the British Constitution?"

"Terminus!" called the conductress. It sounded like the end of the world.

## THE MASCOT'S DOWNFALL.

"SPEAKIN' about dogs as mascots," said the Corporal-drummer, "we had a fair clinker in oor battalion at hame. She belongit till the Sairgeant-Major. A great big brute she wis, mair liko a Shetland pony than a dog, wi' as muckle ill-natur' and pride tae the square inch as a Prooshian Junk. But for a' that she was a bonny beast an' wis a fair ornament tae the regiment, especially on Church parades, which, bein' a female, she attendit wi' the utmost regularity."

"Noo Maggie—that's the dog—had peculiar tastes in dress. If ye wore the kilt ye were richt as rain; even if ye wore troosers ye wad pass as long as ye had on the glengairry. But Heaven help ye if ye wore a flat kep; ye were fair fur it."

"At this time we had an auld Brigadier, a terrible haun' fur stalkin' roon' about the camp efter lights oot, seekin' whit he nicht devoor. Oor tent wis awa at the fit o' the lines; an' the auld man used tae come past oor way, which meant us daein' some quick-change acts wi' the candle whiles."

"Ao nicht we heard him an' his Brigade-Major come up an' then stop."

"'Whit's yon?' said the Brigadier."

"'A dog,' said the Brigade-Major."

"'He wis richt. Muggie had gotten aff her chain an' wis on the randan."

"'Grr,' says she."

"'Guid dog,' says the Brigadier."

"'Grr,' says Maggie, no likin' their flat keps nano."

"Weel, matters had got tae whit the papers ca' a deepomatic impasse when wee Geordie Barr, the drummer, wha could imitate the Sairgeant-Major tae the life, whispered, 'See 'em aff, Maggie.'"

"'Efter that it wis jist like the pictures. Roond the tents went the twa o' them, wi' Maggie ahint them, growlin' tae fair pit the wind up ye; then across the parade grun' slap bang intae the officers' mess."

"Of course whit happened then we couldna see, but yin o' the Mess waiters tell't us next day that the Brigadier and his Brigade-Major had tae stand on the Mess table wi' the battalion officers haudin' on tae Maggie till the Sairgeant-Major cam' across tae call her off."

"Needless tae say Maggie's popularity rose tae unprecedented hichts, for moonlicht raids by the Staff wis at a discoont for some time tae come. The band a' said that mair than half the glory belongit tae wee Geordie Barr for his prompt an' soldier-like action; but Geordie himsel' didna seem sae anxious tae claim it."

"A fortnicht efter there wis a Brigade Church parade tae be held in the open-air. Of course Maggie wis present, glancin' aroond an' pullin' at the lead, jist bung fu' o' pride an' vanity."

"'Efter we were drawn up the Brigadier entered wi' the customary flourish o' trumpets."

"A' at yinco he saw Maggie standin' in front o' the battalion wi' her tongue oot, lauchin' liko."

"The auld man edged roond ahint the drums an' took up a strateogic posection aside the Padre."

"'Kindly have that dog removed,' says he tae oor Colonel in his best orderly-room manner."

"Weel, d'ye ken, as sune's he spoke, Maggie stopped lauchin' and looked at him peectiously. Then aff the parade-grun' she wis led wi' her heid doon an' her tail atween her legs as if she wis ashamed o' a' the folk seein' her doonfa'."

"A week efter she wis found deid. Some o' the lads blamet the Doctor for pisenin' her, him bein' aye in the danger zone so tae speak, through wearin' a flat kep. But maist o' us is sure tae this day that she perished o' a broken hert."

"Ay, an' there's a moral tae that story. Niver fecht the heid yins in the Airmy yersel'; get some ither body tae dae 't instead."

## The Long Arm of Coalition.

"Soldiers away on service are stabbed in the back in their absence."—*Daily News*.

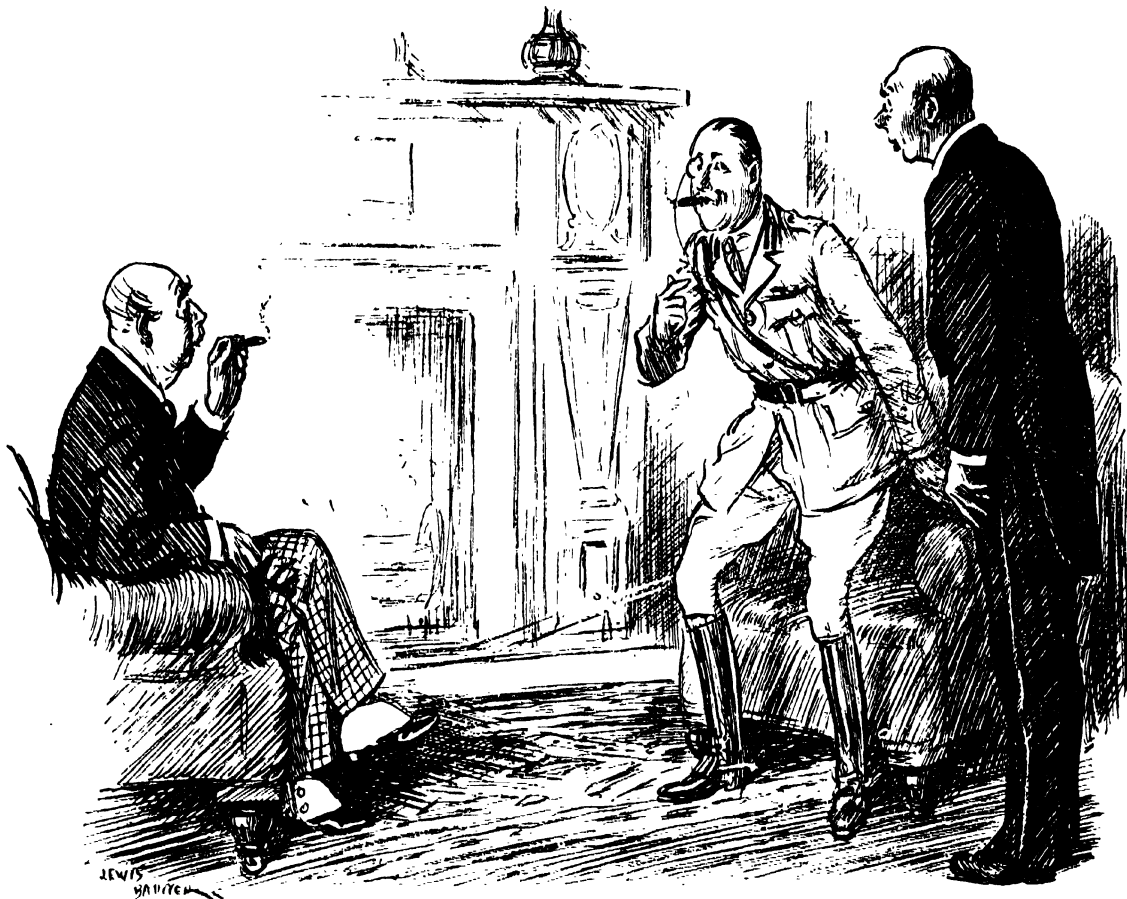




**THE NEW EXCUSE.**

"QUE VOULEZ-VOUS? C'EST LA PAIX."





Officer (to club head-waiter, for whom he has rung). "OH, JENKINS, WILL YOU JUST LISTEN TO THE REST OF MR. JONES'S STORY FOR ME? I HAVE TO GET BACK TO FRANCE."

### PERSONAL.

"I suppose it does work sometimes or people wouldn't try it on," I said, looking up from the advertisement columns of *The Brain-Wave*.

"What do you suppose works?" asked Ernest.

"This kind of thing: 'To Philanthropists and other Patriots. Lady, well-connected, needs fifty pounds urgently.'"

"Why? Are you thinking of trying it?"

"I am," I said. "I badly need a car to get about in while I'm lame. Why shouldn't somebody lend me one?"

"You're not well-connected, are you?" said Ernest.

"One of my aunts married a man whose fourth cousin—but I've told you that before, I think. However, I needn't say I'm well-connected; I can say, 'not ill-connected.' My advertisement shall be perfectly candid."

"They don't have portraits on the outside sheet of *The Brain-Wave*, do they?" said Ernest.

"I must be content with saying, 'handsome young officer.'"

"Wouldn't 'homely' be a better word?"

I rose and surveyed myself in the glass.

"These things are a matter of opinion," I said. "But I would rather err on the side of modesty. 'Homely-faced,' do you think? Or perhaps 'of homely appearance.'"

The advertisement as finally inserted ran, "Young officer, of homely appearance and not ill-connected, would be glad of loan of motor-car, or cash to hire one, during disablement. Box No. 000, *The Brain-Wave*."

To say that I eagerly awaited the result would be an exaggeration. In fact I was so doubtful of extracting any response from a callous public that I bet Ernest five shillings that I wouldn't get an answer at all.

But I did; I got just one. It was in a feminine handwriting, and ran: "I enclose two-and-sixpence towards your motoring expenses, for I feel that no sacrifice is too great for our brave soldiers. Will you please acknowledge in the Personal Column of *The Brain-Wave*?—SYMPATHISER."

I was awfully bucked at this; it seemed

so romantic. And I inserted in *The Brain-Wave*: "SYMPATHISER.—Many thanks for kind present.—OFFICER OF HOMELY APPEARANCE."

It didn't strike me at the time that, after paying *The Brain-Wave's* fee for the insertion of this acknowledgment, I was three-and-sixpence out of pocket on balance; but when Ernest asked for his five shillings for the bet I saw that my enterpriso had been rather expensive. Thinking it over since, I have wondered whether Ernest could possibly have been in collusion with my Lady Bountiful. But I prefer to believe that somewhere "Sympathiser" is dwelling lovingly upon the thought of me, and that my total deficit of eight-and-sixpence has been well lost.

### The Surrender of the Hun Fleet.

(After *The Ancient Mariner*.)

As idle as a German ship  
Upon the "German" Ocean.

"The King of Prussia's promise of a democratic franchise must be fulfilled quickly and completely."—*Natal Mercury*.

Pandemonium should be a pleasant change after Pan-Germanism.



## REUNITED.

STRASBOURG, DECEMBER 8th, 1918.

## WITH THE AUXILIARY PATROL.

## THE SURGEON-PROBATIONER.

THE Surgeon-Probationer was very young indeed, and our trawler was his first ship; but if he lacked the sagacity of experience he fully made up for it by his great enthusiasm. He had an eager look.

"I don't like it," said the Second Engineer. "I'd feel ever so much happier if that case o' knives and forks he makes such a fuss about was washed overboard some night. I should sleep easier."

It so chanced that just at this time there was an unprecedented epidemic of good health among the trawler crews in our area. In the course of a fortnight we had only one call for medical assistance—a suspected outbreak of measles; but even this they had succeeded in checking at its source before we arrived on the scene. The ship's dog had been getting into bad company ashore, but a timely application of insecticide prevented any further spread of infection. It almost seemed as though people refrained from going sick on purpose.

All this was a bitter disappointment to the Surgeon-Probationer. He would scan our faces anxiously each morning, but we couldn't summon up a symptom between us. When the third hand hit his thumb with a handspike the Lieutenant and the Skipper had to exercise considerable tact to prevent the S.-P. from amputating it on the spot; but Joe was let off finally with an antiseptic bandage and a stiff dose of quinine.

The real trouble began when old Bill, the Mate, refused a third helping of the steward's plumduff at Sunday dinner-time. I remember seeing the look that came over the gunner's face one day when a German submarine came to the surface within a hundred yards of us. The S.-P.'s expression reminded me of it somehow.

"Are you feeling unwell, Bill?" he asked sharply.

"Eh, no? Bless you, Sir, I'm champion," replied Bill hastily. "Ere, steward, pass me over the rest o' that duff, quick."

"Wait," commanded the S.-P. He regarded Bill earnestly and leaned across the table to press down the under-lid of his left eye.

"You're looking pale; sure you feel quite yourself—no lassitude or disinclination to work?"

Bill, a stalwart sailorman weighing well over sixteen stones and bearded like a pard, passed his hand nervously over his anatomy.

"No, Sir, I think I'm all right," he said.

"Let me look at your tongue," ordered the S.-P.

Bill a little shyly exhibited the member in request.

"Oh, wot an 'orrible sight!" exclaimed the Second.

"Very interesting," observed the Surgeon-Probationer critically.

"Put it away at once, Bill," said the Second, "before someone slips on it and hurts himself."

"You 'old yer row," snapped Bill savagely.

But he was obviously disquieted. All the afternoon he wore a worried look and several times I observed him trying to feel his pulse. By teatime he was thoroughly ill and refused the steward's most tempting delicacies. The S.-P. began to get quite excited about it.

"I feel mighty queer, Sir," Bill confessed; "I seem as though something was a-goin' to happen to me."

"Ah," breathed the S.-P., "I feared as much. Where does it seem to catch you the most?"

"Can't say exactly, Sir," replied Bill miserably, "but I feel empty, like as if I'd been scuttled a'most. Can you do anything for me, Sir?"

The Surgeon-Probationer took his coat off and, after a quarter of an hour's whirlwind fighting, made his diagnosis. It was either nervous breakdown or appendicitis; he leaned rather to the latter view as offering the greater scope for surgical skill. Bill, reduced to a mental and physical wreck, was tucked up in his bunk and made to drink evil-looking concoctions from the medicine chest. The Second Engineer said he wouldn't give ninepence for the Mate's chance of seeing another breakfast served.

But Bill was still with us when Monday morning dawned, though he had weakened palpably during the night and had given up all hope of recovery.

"I'm afraid it'll mean an operation," said the S.-P., trying to keep the eagerness

out of his voice. "It's the knife or nothing—your one chance, Bill."

"Oh, oh!" groaned Bill, burying his face in the blankets.

The cabin was rigged as an operating theatre, and the Mate was lifted tenderly from his bunk and laid on the table. The crew crowded round to shake his hand and say good-bye.

"Tell 'em ashore as I went down with flags flying," said Bill faintly. "Good-bye, Second; I forgive you all your evil goin's on and hope you won't be punished for 'em as they deserves. Good-bye, Joe; don't forget to oil the winch when I'm gone West."

"Any last request, Bill?" asked the Skipper.

"Yes, Skips; see that there's no splinters in the plank when you drop me astern; an' if the 'Uns comes out, boys, g-give 'em 'ell."

Then, while the S.-P. was poised his knife for the fatal stroke, I burst into the cabin, waving a signal-pad above my head. The news of the armistice had just come through from the base.



MR. WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN (to MASTER WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN)  
OUR FUTURE IS ON THE ZEE.



### BRITAIN'S FATEFUL HOUR.

'YOU WANT MY VOTE, MISSY? W'Y, WOT MIGHT YOU KNOW ABOUT BEER AND BACCY?'

In the excitement consequent on this momentous announcement poor Bill was completely forgotten. We crowded up on deck, hoisting every flag we carried and watching the ridiculous behaviour of the other trawlers who had utterly lost their helms and were rolling and leaping about like a lot of motor-launches in the stern wave of a destroyer. The S.-P. was the first to recollect the urgent business that awaited him below.

"I must go and get on with the operation," he said.

"Excuse me, Sir," remarked the Third Hand, "but Bill seems to have took a turn for the better by the looks of 'm."

Following the direction of his up-raised finger we beheld the figure of the lately moribund Mate standing, semi-clothed, on the top of the wheel-house, shouting himself hoarse and waving tangled lengths of linen bandages wildly in the breeze.

"Ooray," he was yelling, "'oo-bloomin-ray for peace and no early closin'!"

"It almost looks as though an immediate operation might not be necessary after all," observed the Lieutenant drily.

And the Surgeon-Probationer took his disappointment like a man.

"Herr Natlibs and the old Radicals are trying to arrange for mutual assistance at the elections for the Constituent Assembly."—*Times*.

We understand that Herr Soc and Herr Centrum are rather annoyed with Herr Natlibs.

"From windows and roofs nursemaids promenaded with little Union Jacks floating from the baby carriages."—*Provincial Paper*.

We hope their little charges enjoyed this literal method of "taking the air."

### UNREDEEMED LONDON.

In reading the list of our London streets  
There's a type of name one frequently meets  
Which seems to call for drastic revision  
If only to save us from derision.

Thus "Ferdinand" Street (N.W.1)

Has a foxy hint of the high-placed Hun,  
And in Battersea's roads I frankly own  
I have no further use for "Cologne."

"Schubert" I pass, though it's hard to get  
At the reason that makes him a Putney pet,  
Or fathom the motive that has bestowed  
"Parsifal" on a Hampstead road.

But, anyhow, let us draw the line  
At "Margravine" and "Oberstein,"

And, boycotting all Teutonic tosh,  
Start fair with BEATTY and HAIG and FOCI.

### "PRIME MINISTER ADOPTED AT CARNARVON.

The mover called on the electors to support Mr. Lloyd George as candidate without any qualifications whatsoever."—*Times*.  
We always liked Welsh humour.

"Now if there is any man in this country who has played a noble part in the war, it is George IV."—*Local Paper*.

Personally, we should give the palm to GEORGE III. But for him where would President Wilson have been?

"The war pensions granted by the Commonwealth Government to 25th July represent an annual liability of £3,826,868, the captain then decided to put into Sydney."—*Australian Paper*.

We must have missed the early chapters of this story.

## THE WINTER'S TALE.

["To save coal many groups of families have arranged to spend alternate evenings together. Each family will take it in turns to play hosts; thus many sets of fires will be allowed to go out."—*Evening Paper*.]

*Letter from Mrs. Henderson to her Sister.*  
Surbiton, 3/11/18.

DEAREST DI,—I suppose you've read about the scheme to save coal this winter by families sharing each other's fires? We start next week spending alternate evenings with the Blakeleys.

I think it is a splendid idea—quite mediaeval, in fact. Didn't lots of people collect in one great hall in the olden times—menials sitting at the same board but below the salt—and all that sort of thing, you know? I'm sure I've read something like that in SCOTT—or was it MAURIC HEWLETT?

Your loving Vi.

P.S.—Of course the above arrangement could only be carried out with really nice people and old tried friends like the Blakeleys. *On ne s'entend pas avec tout le monde.*

*Letter from Mrs. Blakeley to her Brother, Lieut. Hanson, in France.*

Surbiton, 10/11/18.

DEAR PETER,—I think I told you about our arranging social evenings with the Hendersons. You know how patriotic I am, and I always did try to take my share in the sufferings of the War, just the same as you boys out there; but I think that when some people get hold of an idea they become almost fanatical. Would you believe it, Mrs. Henderson actually had her two servants in the room the other evening sharing the fire with us.

The servants looked thoroughly uncomfortable the whole evening, as well they might. And with them there, how on earth could I tell Mrs. Henderson that I had discovered my cook sending parcels of food from my stores to her brother in France, or that I meant to give Mary notice next month for impertinence? Really there was nothing left for one to talk about. Some people have no idea of the fitness of things.

Yours affectionately, MIRANDA.

*Letter from Mrs. Henderson to her Sister.*

Surbiton, 10/11/18.

DEAREST DI,—We've started our "social evenings," but I must say that the behaviour of the Blakeleys is a little ridiculous. They "dropped in"

the other night actually got up in evening dress! Since Mr. Blakeley hooked that soft Government job Mrs. B. makes herself quite foolish with her pretence.

I had Martha and Jane in as well, so that the kitchen fire could go out, because when one starts coal-saving one ought to do the thing properly, for it's that spirit of thoroughness that is helping us "to pursue the war to the bitter end," as LLOYD GEORGE once said, or was it LANSDOWNE?

Anyhow Mrs. Blakeley made Martha and Jane feel thoroughly uncomfortable

using our ink. The worst of it is he mutters aloud over his tasks, which is a bar to any intelligent or sustained conversation. Also, when in the throes of arithmetic or algebra, he seems in torment and scrapes our chairs unmercifully with his feet. I think he ought to do Scripture or something light and less exciting the evenings he comes in here.

Yours affectionately,

MIRANDA.

*From Mrs. Henderson to her Sister.*

Surbiton, 22/11/18.

DEAREST DI,—I don't believe there is any more patriotism in Mrs. Blakeley than there is heat in her fires. She just uses the Government and newspapers to hide her meanness. Instead of fuel she has a mixture of clay and something else equally ineffective made into balls. She says she read about this in a newspaper article entitled "Clay Balls as a Coal Substitute." Bob, who looked very cold, asked rather bitterly if it was in the same journal that suggested the eating of rhubarb leaves. After this Mrs. Blakeley seemed rather distant. We left early.

Yours ever, Vi.

*Letter from Mrs. Blakeley to Mrs. Henderson.*

Surbiton, 29/11/18.

DEAR MRS. HENDERSON,—Henry and I have decided to drop "social evenings" and have the usual evenings by our own fireside. I fear the stress of present times doesn't leave one much energy to be sociable, after all. Yours sincerely,

MIRANDA BLAKELEY.

*From Mrs. Henderson to Mrs. Blakeley.*

Surbiton, 30/11/18.

DEAR MRS. BLAKELEY,—I quite agree. In any case we're all laid up with colds and won't be out for days. I fear we got a chill the last evening we spent at your house.

Do you mind giving me the name of the man who wrote "Clay Balls as a Coal Substitute"? My husband wants to have a little frank talk with him.

Yours sincerely,

VIOLET HENDERSON.



*First Householder. "BUT WHAT'S THE GENERAL ELECTION ABOUT?"*

*Second Householder. "WHAT ELSE IS THERE LEFT FOR 'EM TO MAKE US FILL IN FORMS FOR?"*

able, poor girls. I don't know whether they sat below the salt, but certainly it was as far from the fire and Mrs. Blakeley as possible. And this morning they both came to me and said they'd give notice if they couldn't have "a place to themselves to sit in at night."

Truly the way of the patriot is hard.

Yours ever, Vi.

*From Mrs. Blakeley to Lieut. Hanson.*

Surbiton, 20/11/18.

DEAR PETER,—The Hendersons must be effecting a great saving by spending half the evenings of the week at our house. They are accompanied by their boy, Edward, aged eleven, who does his home-lessons here by our light and

"On Tuesday night there was a display of fireworks on the Seal and the Kaiser was burnt in the ordinary week-night service on Wednesday."—*Provincial Paper*.

In the present shortage of fuel he was evidently not considered to be worth a special bonfire.

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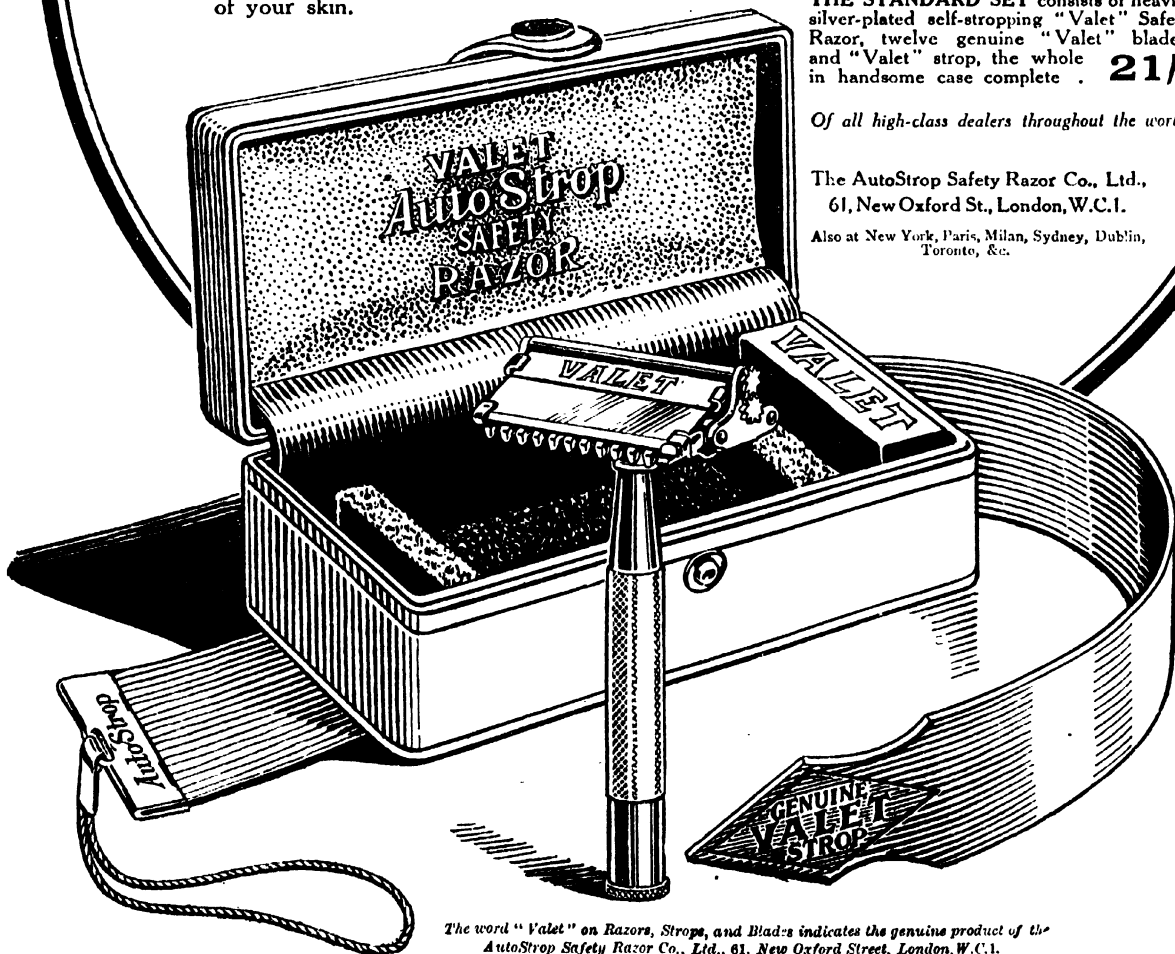
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### TROUBLES OF TOMMY IN THE BALKANS.

HOW TO PERSUADE MACEDONIAN NATIVE LABOURERS EMPLOYED IN SALVING BULGAR MATERIAL THAT DUD SHELLS ARE NOT THE BEST MATERIAL FOR MAKING CAMP FIREPLACES.

#### HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(The *Ex-Kaiser* and the *ex-German Crown Prince*.)

*Ex-Kaiser* (bursts hurriedly into the room, throws off his cloak and flings his whiskers into the fireplace). Out, what a life! It seems I can't stir ten yards from this castle. Disguises are absolutely useless. I am told I risk my life——

*Ex-Crown Prince*. Your so valuable life.

*Ex-K.* Yes, my so valuable life, if I show my face out-of-doors. Then it has come to this that I, whom millions of devoted subjects surrounded with every mark of respect and affection, I, the German Kaiser, cannot walk out without having such words as "scoundrel," "assassin," "Hun," hurled at my head.

*Ex-C. P.* Yes, it is a dog's life.

*Ex-K. (testily)*. I wish you wouldn't interrupt; it is one of the worst marks of a defective education.

*Ex-C. P.* Very well, have it all your own way, only remember that that's what has brought you to your present pass.

*Ex-K.* Now, pray keep silence, as I have to consider a very difficult subject. For myself I am not greatly concerned. My personal wants are small—three uniforms a day, four meals and a few millions of marks—say twenty. Surely they wouldn't refuse me that to carry on with. No, no, they won't hurt me. It's Germany I am thinking of. How Germany is to get along without me I cannot conceive. How are these Socialists to govern? They have voted—yes, but have never governed. I am expecting a message of recall at any moment.

*Ex-C. P.* But you've signed an abdication, haven't you?

*Ex-K.* So for the matter of that have you—or it was given out that we did. But anyhow neither of us intended to abdicate for ever. Just a week or two of retirement and then back again to our Imperial destiny.

*Ex-C. P.* What's the good of talking like that if the German people won't have us back?

*Ex-K.* It is impossible that the German people should be so lost to all sense of their duty. Surely they are aware that without the Hohenzollerns, my ancestors, no great or good thing has happened in Germany.

*Ex-C. P.* They might answer that this War was great, but not good, and that for the future the people must be consulted before such things are undertaken in its name.

*Ex-K.* Cease that revolutionary twaddle. I, your Kaiser, forbid you to talk like that. But to be sure we do live in terrible times. How has it all come about? All night long I lie awake retracing events in my mind and never can I succeed in fixing the blame on myself for anything done or omitted—no, I can blame my Chancellors, I can blame HINDENBURG and even LUDENDORFF, but myself never.

*Ex-C. P.* "At least we'll die with harness on our back." That's from *Macbeth*.

*Ex-K.* I know it is, and in quoting that you make the disgraceful suggestion that I ought to have gone to the real Front and died like a common soldier. A Hohenzollern does not die in that fashion. He knows his country needs him, and that thought will not suffer him to die in battle however much he may desire to.

*Ex-C. P.* Ahem, ahem!

[The *Kaiser* moves restlessly about the room, occasionally glaring at his son.]

### ENTRENCHMENT AND REFORM.

BEFORE long most of us will, it seems likely, relapse into civilian life, and the question is being asked, "What shall we do with our uniforms?" A few have already made up their minds. Some think they will make useful and appropriate gardening kit, while others intend to maintain them in repair and wear them on such special occasions as birthdays or local flower shows. My delightful friend, Major Bounceby, proposes to have his fitted upon a wicker frame modelled on his own measurements, which will stand permanently at attention, wearing all the major's accoutrements, wound stripes and chevrons, in a corner of the drawing-room, as a constant reminder to Mrs. B. and the irreverent young B.'s of what papa did in the great war.

All this is very well, and of course individuals will please themselves; but the veterans of our suburb have decided upon a concerted plan which we desire to suggest to other communities.

We propose to form ourselves into a so-called "Trench Club," of which the H.Q. will be a dug-out, specially constructed if a suitable cellar is not available. It will be designed to admit the weather; and rats and other vermin will be encouraged as sub-tenants. Members will only be admitted in marching order, with battle-bowlers, gas-bags and other impediments. Ordinary conversation will be permitted with respirators in the alert position, but for political arguments they will be worn as during a gas attack.

The motto of the club will describe its object—"Entrenchment and Reform." All of us, while at the Front, have dreamed in our dug-outs of the comfort and security of home, and have glowed in the mud with high resolves regarding our future behaviour as domestic creatures. Realising the peril of imaginative forgetfulness, we have decided to take steps against the obliterating processes of time.

Attendance at the regular meetings of the Club will be compulsory, and the club-room or dug-out will be always available for the convenience of members who wish to put in overtime. This possibility may arise in the case of a zealous member who finds himself inclined to grouse at home about the mutton, or realises that he has barked at his wife. It will be considered a point of honour for him to get into his uniform and spend the rest of the evening at the Club. Bullybeef and biscuits will be stored on the premises, and newspapers not less than seven days old will be provided.

Should a member forget himself as

indicated and neglect to adopt the correct disciplinary course, it will be in order (according to the constitution) for his wife to remind him of his duty with the phrase, "Wouldn't you like to proceed forthwith to the Club, dear?" the use of the words "proceed" and "forthwith" being recommended as a valuable stimulus by virtue of their military associations.

If the proposals outlined above are adopted our old and honoured uniforms will serve a not unworthy purpose.

### CROOKED HOUSE TOLL.

THE proud years have passed it and left it alone;

No more with red blossoms its gables are gay;

From moss-covered thatch and from mouldering stone

The rose that once wrapped it has withered away.

No longer the gale to a challenge is swung,

Nor through it the old-fashioned chariots roll,

But I can remember the sixpennies flung

As we came at a canter through Crooked House Toll.

A little old woman all wrinkled and brown,

Like a russet-red pippin left long on the tree,

Would stand by the gate in her clean cotton gown

And bob to our elders and smile upon me.

'Tis long since the lady relinquished her trust,

But still I can picture on memory's scroll

The quaint little figure that stooped in the dust

To pick up our silver at Crooked House Toll.

When the moon's very round and the night's very still

And the cottage is guest-room to goblin and gnome,

If you stand in the highway and look to the hill

You will see the brown horses come covered with foam;

You will hear the light tap of each hoof as it falls

And the chink of the chains to the swing of the pole,

And see a white figure glide out from the walls

To open the gate at the Crooked House Toll.

W. H. O.

"WANTED to borrow £20 privately; no lenders."—*Provincial Paper*.  
The old difficulty.

### LITERARY RECONSTRUCTION.

A GREAT deal is written nowadays about rebuilding and reconstruction, but some of the greatest and most soul-shaking changes are taking place without exciting notice. In *The Times* of Tuesday, November 26th, a vast scheme of reconstruction was clearly foreshadowed in the heading of the first leading article, but so far not a word of comment has been uttered.

Let us explain. The article was headed—

"RIFTS IN THE GERMAN FLUTE."

Most of those who noted the deviation in the phrase from the familiar form probably put it down to a misprint. But the idea is unthinkable. Misprints do not occur in the titles of *Times* leading articles. The penalty is too terrible. Besides there is such an instrument as a German flute (it is mentioned in *Buncle*). And, most important of all, TENNYSON is an "eminent Victorian" and therefore fair game. The perversion, we have the best authority for saying, is only the pioneer instalment of a wholesale and drastic revision of standard quotations in accordance with the spirit of the age.

This surmise has been converted into something like certainty by a curious discovery. A few days ago, while walking in the neighbourhood of Printing-house Square, I picked up a small notebook. There was no name and address inside, only a number of adaptations arranged under subject-headings as thus:

*Carmelite House*.—"Panting Times toils after us in vain."

*Cheese*.—"Stilton a name to resound for ages."

*Coalition*.—"

"I could not love thee, LLOYD, so much,

Loved I not BONAR LAW."

*Housing Problem*.—"Tragic basements."

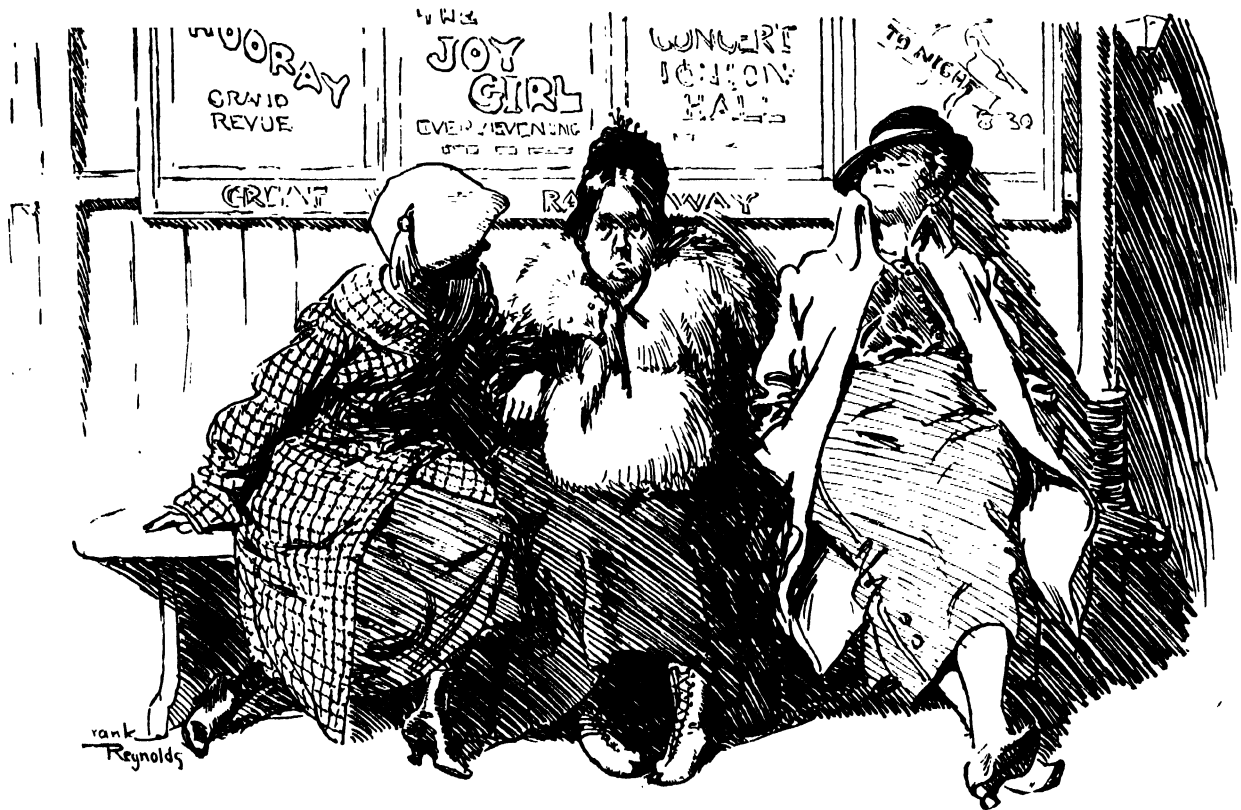
*House of Lords*.—"Peers, idle peers."

*Nationalist Members*.—"More Sinned against than Sinn-Feining."

It may be objected that this is not altogether a new departure. Did not Mr. HARRY CUST, when Editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, prefix the heading, "The Coisened Pup," to a leading article? True; but that was a transient ebullition, not part of a considered scheme of reconstruction. This is a more momentous development, for that it will develop we have no doubt. Meanwhile, to use the favourite formula of the hour, we can only bid our readers watch the middle page of *The Times*. Greek has already reappeared in a leading article, and after that anything is possible.

How Acro fell—a hitherto unreported incident of the Palestine Campaign:—

"Now the famous old city has fallen into their famous old harbour."—*Egyptian Gazette*.



Wage-earner (to parent, who has been suitably attired for revelry). "YOU LOOK A FAIR TREAT IN LIL'S FURS, MA." Ma. "YES, LIL'S FURS IS ALL RIGHT; BUT IT'S LIL'S BOOTS THAT'S GOIN' TO SPOIL MY EVENIN'."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CHANGED my mind about *The New Warden* (MURRAY) while reading it, because the latter half of the tale seemed to me very much more interesting than the early chapters. All the same I hardly agree with her publishers in thinking that Mrs. DAVID G. RITCHIE has drawn any real picture of what they rightly call "one of the most moving experiences of to-day," the war-change of our University towns into camps. That transformation, wonderful and tragic, awaits yet its chronicler. The Oxford of *The New Warden* is at most a vague background of no special topical significance. Peace, no less than war, hath her brainless *ingénues*, angling for well-endowed Heads of Colleges, mislaying compromising letters, even (though I trust rarely) purloining the small change of the improvident. This in effect is the plot of the tale. Will *The New Warden* be trapped by the blundering and amateurish intrigues of silly little *Gwendolen* (aided by his own Quixotic sense of obligation), or saved by a sensible sister for the more suitable mate who is so obviously only waiting to be asked? In the contrast between the three women who wage their warfare over the body of the poor Warden, Mrs. RITCHIE shows herself to have a more skilful touch than her somewhat long-drawn exordium prepared me to find. But to call an Oxford foundation King's was surely to create needless confusion. Why should that home of so much fiction, dear old St. Mary's, not shelter one more romance? There are chapters, not the best, of *The New Warden* which would have found an appropriate setting within those venerable walls.

time ago, Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN wrote a book called *Ships that Pass in the Night*, and because she did I am all the more regretful that I cannot say only charming things of *Where your Treasure is* (HUTCHINSON). Practised hand as Miss HARRADEN is she should have known better than to mix up fact and fiction in the way that she has here. She seems to have written two books at once—one, a very interesting account of the work of the Americans, the Dutch and the Society of Friends among the folk of Belgium as they fled before the German invasion; the other a somewhat thin and plotless work of fiction, redeemed by its principal character. Miss HARRADEN has made *Tamar Scott* so real that when I have forgotten the people in more perfect books I shall still remember the curio-dealer of Dean Street, and her avarice, her love of gems, and her hardly-won generosity. But one character does not make a good novel. The gist of the matter is that the powder is excellent powder and the jam is quite good jam, but each spoils my appreciation of the other, and if Miss HARRADEN will let me I would rather take them separately next time.

Sussex, the darling county of the gods of England, has many lovers to praise her woods and downs and bonny countryfolk, slow to friendship (and other things), but loyal to friendships formed, shrewd and wise and solid. Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH stands distinguished among these discreet praisers. She gives us in *Little England* (NISBET), for remembrance of these days of war, a portfolio of portraits: of honest *Tom Beatup*, on whose young shoulders was thrown the whole responsibility of the farm by that heavy-drinking yeoman, *Mus' Beatup*, and who went late for a soldier because of this responsibility, but at last went simply and finely as a Sussex man would; of soft-voiced

Once upon a time, and I am afraid it was a very long

*Thyrza* of the little friendly shop, *Tom's* liddle darling; of mad minister *Sumption* and his wild gipsy-mothered *Jerry*, who met the saddest fate of all, death from the rifles of a firing party; and *Tom's* two sisters—*Nell*, the delicate and dainty, who set her cap unsuccessfully at the rather feeble padre, and *Ivy* (perhaps the best study of the sheaf), honest, passionate, rough of tongue, golden of heart. There is the slender thread of a story stringing the whole together; but the value of Miss KAYE-SMITH's book lies in the precision of her observation and the love of Little England which inspires her. Those who have the misfortune not to be Sussex folk either by birth or adoption may here see something of what they have missed.

There is an atmosphere of very cheerful determination in *Over There* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), and as a record of things done and seen it deserves a front place in any library of War literature. Captain KNYVETT, Intelligence Officer, Fifteenth Australian Infantry, was in Egypt, Gallipoli and France, and wherever he happened to be he was a keen observer of essentials. "I am," he writes at the beginning of his book, "a scout; nature, inclination and fate put me into that branch of Army service." And then, for fear that he may seem to glorify his own speciality at the expense of other branches of the Service, he explains that he does not know much about any other job but his own, "and less than I ought to about that." Well, I ask leave to disagree with him, for it is clear that he not only knew his job thoroughly, but also did it extremely well. I gather this from his sturdy way of describing the incidents in which the *Bosch* scored off him, and from his obvious lack of any desire to "make a song" about his own successes. This is the right stuff, and I wish the best of fortune both to the book and its author.

I can't help thinking it a pity that Mr. ROBERT A. HAMBLIN went to the trouble of finding such aggressively facetious names as *Shortmeal* and *Bellowglass* for the rival protagonists of *The Lay of the Land* (ALLEN), because, intentionally or not, the effect is to create an atmosphere of farce about a little story which belongs properly to comedy. It is slight but, in a modest way, engagingly told. The plot concerns two families, bound by ancient ties of friendship, and their respective heads, the carpenter and the plumber; and how the latter prospers, even to the extent of building a fine house and developing (by a nice gradation) into a Sanitary Engineer with a shop in the High Street. The consequent enmity between the two old friends is complicated, first by the sadly unoriginal behaviour of son *Bellowglass* and daughter *Shortmeal*, for whom the woeful tragedy of *Verona* might as well never have been written; secondly, by an ingenious situation connected with the *Bellowglass* mansion, which (as the *clou* of the whole matter) it would perhaps be hardly fair to reveal. I have seldom met a slenderer tale in book form; some of the chapters are so short that they are gone in the turning of a page. But, despite the over-emphasis of his names

and just now and then an undue preoccupation with the obvious, I salute Mr. HAMBLIN as a genuine comedian, with a pleasant and sympathetic understanding for his country types, and (this especially) an infectious joy in country sights which makes his occasional passages of description altogether charming. Do not let me mislead you into expecting anything great from *The Lay of the Land*; but as an unpretentious trifle—the publishers call it a "relaxation"—it strikes me as very daintily done.

*Vermelles* is a booklet which describes itself as "Notes on the Western Front by a Chaplain." The author being anonymous, and therefore modest, anything I might say about *Vermelles* would only make him blush and give him pain. This is a pity, for, before I noticed this drawback, I had intended to eulogise his little book for its sanity, for the simple directness (never without a sparkle) of its narration, for its gentle lambent humour and altogether for being, as it seems to me, a compendium of how a chaplain's duty should be done and his book written. On its lighter side I should have drawn attention to the admirable little



FORTY YEARS ON.

THE COLLAR-STUD CONTROLLER AND THE BILLIARD CHALK CONTROLLER RECALL THEIR GLORIOUS FEATS IN THE GREAT PEACE.

scene of dialogue which explains how the following announcement once appeared in brigade orders: "The M.G. (machine-gun) Sections from each Battalion will rendezvous at the cross-roads just below the second 'O' in Auchel (Map 1: 40000, S. 25d. 9. 7)." All this I had intended to say, but as it would only worry the Chaplain I must refrain. I refrain also from making public his name, which is known to me; but I have no scruples about exposing (confidentially) the name of his publishers, though they seem to have been infected by his reticence.

They are *The Scottish Chronicle Press*, Edinburgh.

The text of Miss NETTA SYRETT's latest book, *The Wife of a Hero* (SKEFFINGTON), appears to be "Marry in haste and re-arrange at leisure." Having said this I have as good as given you the plot of the tale. *Anne* was one of those pleasant, wide-minded modern girls with a nice taste for BAKST drawings and the latest books, also with an agreeable suitor hovering, as yet unvoiced, in the background. Unfortunately the outbreak of war and the chance meeting with a khaki-clad *Hermes* with crinkly hair and teeth like an advertisement proved altogether too much for *Anne*. Within a fortnight she found herself married; three weeks saw *Hermes* in France and his bride the writhing victim of a family of in-laws, who tied up their cushions with pink satin and knew less than nothing of Russian art. A tragic situation, out of which Miss SYRETT, with her sympathetic sense of detail, gets the most. As for the re-arrangement, though foredoomed, it is not conventional. I was touched to observe with what care Miss SYRETT (in whom, if I may say so, something of the old Eve still survives) had been careful to counterbalance her one agreeable man by crowding the corners of the picture with every variety of the unattractive male. However, as an admirable mixture of topical romance and husband-training propaganda, her book is safe to achieve wide popularity.

## CHARIVARIA.

"We shall not miss much," says a German paper, "if they [the HOHENZOLLERNS] are recalled." We can only say that in the case of HOHENZOLLERN fils it would be most unwise to leave anything lying about.

"Berlin," says a Reuter's dispatch, "is in the throes of a money panic." It is not stated whether the trouble is how to find money or how to hide it.

According to the Ministry of Food the public may demand that potatoes sold to them shall be reasonably free from earth. Tastes differ. The EX-KAISER, whether he wanted potatoes or not, always wanted the earth.

The fourth volume of *The Life of David Lloyd George, with a Short History of the Welsh People*, has just been published. The precise point in Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S career at which the history of the Welsh people can properly be said to begin is still imperfectly established.

The dispute between Peru and Chile is still unsettled, and it is understood that several European Powers have offered to supply them with an attractive line of war, complete with several of the newest features, at considerably below cost.

"Admiral TIRPITZ," says the *Cologne Gazette*, "is not to blame for the failure of the German Fleet." Indeed, in Germany the idea is gaining ground that the guilty party is the British Navy.

The fact that the Admiral has been referred to familiarly as "Tirps" by a provincial evening paper is said to have led several Pan-Germans to suppose that British sympathies are veering round.

The rumour that he has had his whiskers shaved off is denied. It is said that nothing will persuade him to come out into the open.

The workman who recently told the Thames Street Police Magistrate that he took six pints of beer with his dinner seems to have inadvertently caused a misapprehension. It now appears that he has merely been in the

habit of taking a bit of dinner with his six pints of beer.

Nothing further has been heard from the dear old lady who wrote to the Admiralty to know if she might present the German minelayer, UC95, with a china bomb to keep it from brooding.

One thing after another. No sooner have hostilities ceased than M. ABEL LEFRANC, of Paris, declares that WILLIAM STANLEY, sixth Earl of Derby, wrote the works usually attributed to SHAKESPEARE.

Some irritation has been caused at Bow by the fact that a landlord applied for a summons against a tenant who



## PAPER ECONOMY AND THE ELECTION.

*Profligate Candidate (to Election Agent).* "NOW, IS THERE ANY OBJECTION TO ME SENDING OUT MY ELECTION APPEAL PRINTED ON THE BACKS OF TEN BOB BRADBURY'S?"

had frequently struck him, although the provocation came from the landlord. It seems that the fellow had asked for his rent.

The restrictions respecting short-distance pigeon-flying have been removed. Pigeon-piecing over any distance is still confined to coupon-holders.

"Sweeping reforms," says Mr. WARD PRICE, "are being discussed in Constantinople." A similar report says that disinfection is rife in Mosul.

As it is not possible at present to connect the telephone fire-alarm to the house of the Chief Officer of the Uxbridge Fire Brigade the alarm is to be given by a hooter. This is much better than sending him a postcard.

It is not yet decided whether the

Maida Vale woman who slapped the face of a taxi-driver is to be recommended for the CARNEGIE Medal for Gallantry.

Mr. HAVELOCK WILSON has had his motor-car stolen from outside his office. The report that it was last seen chasing Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD along Victoria Street is still unconfirmed.

"Russia Wants Peace," says a *Daily News* headline. How these papers manage to ferret out such things is really marvellous.

"A pound of coal," says Professor SPOONER, "contains sufficient energy, if used properly, to lift three hundred and fifty people to the top of the Nelson Monument." Persons desirous of making the ascent should bear this in mind.

According to a Polish paper Herr EBERT declares that those responsible for the War will be executed at a certain spot in Berlin. Notices will shortly be exhibited at this place bearing the words, "Rubbish may be Shot Here."

The story told in a London club last week by a chronic angler that he had the previous day caught a taxi-cab should be treated with reserve.

The decision of the Editor of *The English Review* to contest Carnarvon Boroughs with the PRIME MINISTER has revived the old controversy, "Who really won the War?"

## Crushing.

From a local concert-notice:—

"Miss — met with a flattening reception."

"Wanted, a Baby to Nurse. Must be respectable."—*Burnley Express*.

One, for instance, that avoids late hours and is not addicted to the bottle.

"Now that D.O.R.A. has relaxed her gog one may say many things that it was difficult to keep from saying during the dark days of the war."—*Cork Constitution*.

Still, for our part, we shall continue to draw the line at "gog."

"London and Channel.—Mist locally; milk, then rather cooler."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

If the Metereological Office is going in for dairy business we hope it will give us a little less water.

### TRUTHFUL WILLIE AGAIN.

*Being a brief précis of selections from the CROWN PRINCE'S interview with the American Associated Press.*

I've done it many times before  
And once again I'm glad to indicate  
My attitude about the War  
And prove myself to your good Syndicate  
As blameless as a new-laid lamb—  
Perhaps you might not think it, but I am.

True, I have led a soldier's life,  
But when, without consulting WILLIE,  
They fixed the Day for starting strife,  
I frankly told 'em, "This is silly;  
It comes too late or else too soon;  
Believe me, it is most inopportune."

But who was I? I must obey  
The clarion call of common duty;  
So to the forefront, there to stay  
With never a sight of Home or Beauty,  
Save that I took, like other men,  
Leave for a little fortnight now and then.

Right in the line, for years and years  
I shared with full participation  
My cannon-fodder's hopes and fears,  
Their daily tasks, their indignation  
When LUDENDORFF, that futile ass,  
Told us to make a frontal move in mass.

Then came the Change; I lumped my pride  
And put the question "What about me?"  
And, when the High Command replied  
That they could do as well without me,  
Though sorely tempted to revile 'em  
I tacitly withdrew to this asylum.

Mind you, I've not renounced a thing,  
Like poor Papa, who's abdicated;  
Yet would I toil, an uncrowned King,  
To humble labour consecrated;  
Yes, in some aniline factory I  
For love of Fatherland would gladly dye. O.S.

### A WAR-CHILD IN PEACE-TIME.

PEACE leaves Anne puzzled. To her it is an untried condition of life. As far as her memory goes back there has always been a war.

"What *is* peace?" she wants to know, and I haltingly try to explain; but I know she finds it unconvincing.

With war it was different. She has *seen* the soldiers and the endless processions of guns, with the baggage and ammunition wagons following them; she has watched aeroplanes buzzing overhead and listened to the sharp rat-tat-tat of machine-guns practising down in the valley below; she has watched the signallers flag-wagging, and has often been hurried away to a place of safety during an air-raid; but now there seems to be nothing she can get hold of, nothing to make it a real and tangible thing now that the flags are being taken down and the cheering has died away.

"Is peace over now?" she asked me. "Mr. Brown has taken down his flag."

I explain that Mr. Brown has only taken down his flag because it can't stay up always, and that assuredly peace is *not* over.

"Will it be peace-time a long time? Till Christmas? and my birthday?"

Even fireworks are not a symbol of rejoicing to her; there have never been any within her recollection and so she is not used to them; in fact they frighten her, only she is too plucky to admit it.

"They *are* rather bangy, aren't they?" she said, and I felt her little warm fingers tighten on my hand when the first rockets began to go up.

"But look at the stars; what splendid colours!" I said.

"Yes;" but there was no enthusiasm in her voice.

"It's very *like* an air-raid, isn't it?" she said doubtfully. The rockets soared and whizzed, broke into wonderful colours, then disappeared.

"I think," said Anne suddenly after a minute—and there was a little note of determination in her voice that I know very well—"that me and Teddy will go home now. You see, if Dolly Dumps wakes up and hears the bangs she may be nervish." So she and Teddy were taken home.

"I've frowned away Dolly Dumps' ration-book," she announced the other day. Immediately the rationing order came in her entire family (including the Noah's Ark animals) were supplied with minute ration-books. Anne is seldom behind in anything that is going.

But what will she do about food now?" I asked. "She can't get things without coupons."

"Wasn't rationing cos of the War?" demanded Anne.

"Well, yes; but then, you see——"

"It's peace now, so of course we shan't want them any longer." I weakly left it at that.

"You won't never have to take cover any more," I heard her telling her Noah's Ark animals, as she was giving them their morning tub, the day after the armistice was signed, "cos it's peace-time now. Our soldiers have killed the Germans. You ought to cheer, you know; people may fink you are pro-German if you don't."

"Don't wake Teddy; I've just got him off"—Anne hold up a small warning finger as I came into the nursery—"he's been crying dreadful."

"Hurt himself?" I asked.

Anne went on rocking a ribboned-and-laced cradle, particularly feminine-looking, which sheltered Teddy's bulky brown fur body.

"No, it's about peace," she said. "You see I always *promised* Teddy when he was a big grown-up man he should be a soldier like you and go and fight the Germans, and now he won't be able to, cos there isn't a war. He cried dreadful," she added.

"Poor Ted! Bad luck," I said; "but a boy ought not to cry, you know."

"No," Anne agreed, "I know he oughtn't to. I told him I was disappointed too, cos I was going to nurse the poor wounded Tommies when I was a grown-up lady, and now there won't be any. But Teddy is only a *very* little boy, that was why he cried; he's very brave, really."

"The poor dolls needn't be shut up in the dark like that any longer," I reminded her; "you've still got the dark blinds up in the dolls'-house; the lighting restrictions are off now, you know."

"Yes, I know the 'strictions are off," said Anne thoughtfully, "but those blinds *was* such a bother for Nurse to fix, so I fink I shall leave them up till it's war-time again."

"Heaven forbid!" I said fervently. Anne looked surprised.

"The climate [of Mesopotamia] holds no terrors for them, it is better than that of India. A minimum temperature of about 400 F. and a maximum of about 1080 F. means a climate more resembling that of Egypt . . ."—*Balkan Herald*.

Or of an even warmer region.





## WANTED.

WILLIAM THE GALLANT (*to Holland*). "COURAGE! I WILL NEVER DESERT YOU."





### THE LIMIT.

Uncle. "NOW LISTEN, HORACE. I'VE BEEN ADDRESSED AS 'OLD BOY,' 'OLD THING,' 'OLD BEAN' AND OTHER IRREVERENT EXPRESSIONS WITHOUT COMPLAINING; BUT I DO OBJECT TO BEING CALLED 'OLD EGG.'"

### THE ROAD TO THE RHINE.

Thomas Atkins, after four long years of indescribable unpleasantness, has come into his own at last. You can imagine his feelings as he fell into the ranks for the first day of the general march, no longer with the thoughts of death and distinction awaiting him up the line, but as a conqueror. You can imagine the glow in his heart and the fire in his eyes as the order came and he turned his face for the great triumphal march into Germany. But all I heard him say as he humped the pack on to his shoulders was, "Germany, eh? How many ruddy kilos is that?"

Personally I had been looking forward to the march. It possesses a great historic interest for me, and as a Company Commander I have a horse. It is not much of a horse and it is astigmatic, but it's a horse and has some kind of motive-power within it which seems to propel it satisfactorily if one keeps it awake. Stumbling Willie is one of the old Contemptibles. Exactly how he got into that noble band I don't know, but it seems reasonable to suppose that it must have been through influence. Also I may tell you that if the old boy sees a lump in the road he will, if not guided carefully,

look at it, say resignedly, "I'm going to fall over that," and over he goes. He will then look you foolishly in the face and say, "I don't quite know how you got there, Sir, but you left my back some moments ago." For the rest he has been shot at, shelled, bombed and bayoneted, yet here he is taking part in the great march—a very important part too, as you shall hear.

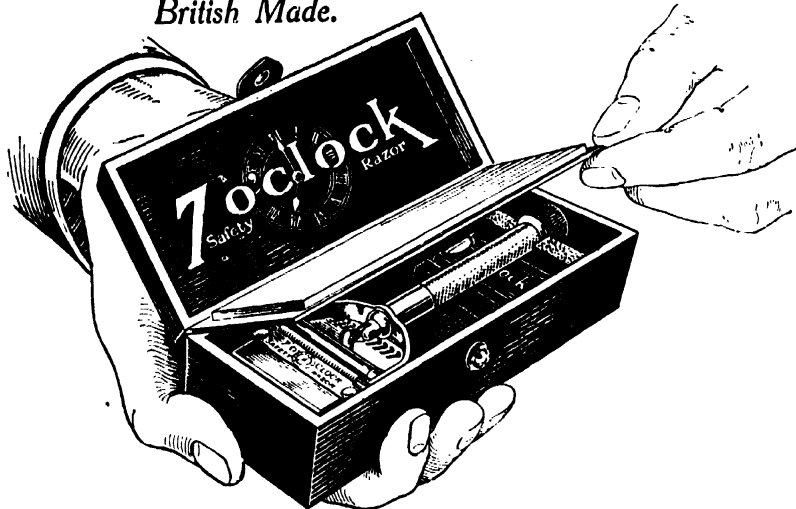
I left my battle-bowler in the company billet a mile or so away from the battalion parade-ground. It was a bad beginning to a two-hundred-mile march. True, the thing was merely a tin hat, and these trifles may be acquired surreptitiously, but it was my very own original tin hat, served out to me when tin hats first came into fashion and people thought it looked "windy" to wear them. With eight minutes in hand before the move off and a hard slippery ice-covered road to cover, I put spur to Stumbling Willie and bolted off. Of course you can't really *bolt* with Stumbling Willie, but you can amble rather faster than usual. Festooned with the usual articles of equipment, I must have looked like a curiosity-shop to the amazed inhabitants as we flop-perty-kicked along the road; and, mind you, Stumbling Willie himself has a good many loose packages, such as

forago bags, spare haversacks, etc., to run riot under the influence of an extraordinarily uneven action.

But we got on; the noise may have been deafening, but we moved some. And every time he fell I was ready, aye ready. We clashed and clanked over the midden into the billet well on time, and the inhabitants rushed from the cellars, thinking the Uhlans had returned. Madam, bless her heart, recovered when she heard my "*Donnez-moi mon chapeau, très vite, s'il vous plait,*" and the return journey began under the happiest of auspices; we did not fall over the missing flagstone as had been our wont for several days.

What possessed me then I do not know, unless it was some of that devil-may-care spirit left over since the War ceased, which I thought had better be used up harmlessly. Anyhow, I turned Stumbling Willie off the road (since the way led down an ice-covered country lane) and tried a spirited canter through country which, if you had a map of the district, you would know is what is called "close country"—orchards, hedges and other obstacles.

Any ordinary horse would follow a nice grassy track along the side of the hedge and love it; but Willie isn't used to it. His idea of life is a gentle-

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*Candidate's Supporter.* "THERE'S BIN A LOT O' TALK ABART 'OO'S WON THE WAR—THE ARMY'S WON IT—THE NAVY'S WON IT THIS AND THAT'S WON IT—BUT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT'S IOW WOT'S WON IT!"

manly pace along good hard roads—none of your fancy cross-country tricks—and wise people let him have his way. Bending low in the saddle I maintained my seat and defied the branches to scrape me off. Willie, I discovered, had an awkward habit of cantering at an angle of thirty degrees from true north. Any horse with five chevrons and a watered ribbon ought to know that temporary Company Commanders like to ride due north; they don't expect much of a battalion charger, but they do expect that. I began to be annoyed with him. My respirator became hopelessly twisted round my neck. Of course, if you wish to do so, you may attempt to guide a half-blind horse across an orchard with a tin hat and a few reins in one hand, while disentangling a respirator with the other. I say you have my permission to try, but I warn you that it wants practice.

The reins slipped for a second. Utterly at a loss, Willie charged straight into the hedge, pressing it outwards gently and firmly with his chest. Then he halted in the hedge and took stock of our position. I maintained my dignity with an effort. "Hullo," said Willie, "this is not

the way, evidently; we'd better try another," and off we went without fuss or flurry. I will say this for the old boy, if he does make a mistake he is the first to acknowledge it.

"Cold morning," said the C.O. as I sneaked into my place; but I can't say I felt the cold at the time.

Then the march to Germany began. Our glorious objective had clearly not been appreciated by Willie, for, after going some ten miles and only falling over now and then, he began to get restive. Hold him in as much as I could, he would keep sneaking up to the rear of the company in front, pushing his nose into the Second-in-Command's neck and sneezing there. I could see at once that the fellow didn't like it, and as he wasn't in my company I couldn't tell him to stick it out and that the march would soon be over now. So I pulled very hard indeed, and the result was surprising. Willie sat down.

Do you realise what happens to a three-mile column on the march when anything sits down suddenly? The whole Brigade behind closed up with a hideous concertina-like movement. It was dreadful. I had to get off, for I make it a rule never to sit on a sitting horse; I'm sure there is some Army

Order about it. Willie refused to move. Prompt measures were taken, but nothing could move him. The C.O. was so angry that he called upon his subalterns to draw their revolvers, not knowing that midday rations are usually carried in the holsters instead.

Finally the dread order came. The leading four of my company solemnly fixed bayonets. Willie looked round. It was enough. The sight of cold steel—he has seen that kind of thing before—was sufficient. The rebellion was over and the triumphal march proceeded.

#### Our Latinists.

"I strongly object to such people as these being branded with the word 'pauper.' Originally, I believe, the word comes from two Latin words, *Pauper*, 'poor person,'"

*Letter in a Local Paper.*

To makers of cracker-mottos:—

"CHRISTMAS CHEER.

FOOL CONTROLLER'S CONCESSION."

*Chester Courier.*

When the Bosches set fire to Louvain it caused the ALL-MIGHTIEST pain;

They say that the heart

Was the sensitive part,

And I fear it is bleeding again.

## THE WATCH DOGS.

LXXVIII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Now we have arrived within sight of peace, the question inevitably arises, What about it? Old Pinchard sees no more difficulty about coming to peace than there was in going to war; he says that every Department will merely change its title from something bellicose to something pacific, and we shall all go on quietly as before. With a slight extension of premises, a rather more liberal allowance of paper and a small increase of salaries and promotion all round, we shall have no need to fear the horrors of peace.

Young Hartley, of the Diplomatic world, takes the gloomy view and sees the clouds of the Next War already gathering on the horizon. He talks darkly of the Far East, but mostly because the Near West hasn't played up to his earlier prognostications. For four long years he kept on foreseeing the end of the War within the next three months; for a change he took the line, last October, that peace was much further off than ordinary people were apt to suppose . . .

Sarton, also of the Legation, takes a view even gloomier. He doesn't believe there is another war in the offing; what he is afraid of is that the War Office and the Foreign Office may now fraternise . . .

That most military of all militant militarists, Major Bowdler, of the Common Law Bar, already tends to revert to type. Unless I mistake, he feels the draught on his bald patch and longs for the genial warmth of his wig. He becomes daily more argumentative; tends to preface his learned observations with the expression, "I am of opinion"; even looks at us over the top of his spectacles and invites us to be very careful before we answer his questions. He seems to have lost his animus against the House of Hohenzollern; says that a man is presumed innocent until he is found guilty; even let drop the remark, the other night, that the accused is entitled to the benefit of a doubt, provided that the doubt is a reasonable one. By this he gives us to understand that he means such a doubt as could be reasonably doubted by twelve reasonably doubtful men. He insists that every man is entitled to a fair trial, even WILHELM. Clearly he has his eye on the Brief for the Defence.

Old Pinchard, who was always agin the Government and everything else, especially the lawyers, pretends to have seen the official demobilisation scheme. Demobilisation is to be by trades,

priority being given according to usefulness to the community. The last of all is Landscape Gardeners; last but one, Barristers. And Sarton foresees that our methods will be confused to the very end; the Landscape Gardeners and the Barristers will be marched off together and no one will be able to tell which is which. This will lead to grave dissatisfaction, possibly a general strike, the Landscape Gardeners being enraged at being mistaken for Barristers. The subject tends to become wearisome when Bowdler takes it up; not because he labours the defence of his own profession, but because he maintains an argument against himself as to whether or no the work of constructing trenches is a form of landscape gardening.

The faithful soldier who acts as my clerk out here tends to relax military discipline in the excitement of the moment and to forget the difference of rank dividing us. Trading on the fact that he is old enough to be my father and rich enough to be my uncle, he so far forgot himself as to invite me to dinner with him to celebrate things. Yes, if you will have it, I so far forgot myself as to go. He expanded into views which can only be called Socialist, if not Bolshevik; he ventured the hope that, when he re-established his business in the City, his office-boy (a temporary captain) would be kind to himself (a most permanent private).

In the matter of the sexes he is markedly less advanced. No man looks forward to the resumption of his family life with a keener appreciation. But his office, he tells me, will never be brightened by the merry clatter of teacups and girlish laughter from four P.M. to six. He asserts that, when on leave recently in England, he travelled in the train with an official of some Ministry or other who was reading some general instructions on that same subject of demobilisation of war-labour. He caught sight of one line of it—the heading of a paragraph. This, however, was enough to be going on with. It read: "Women, how to dispose of."

And of course the great question always remains: when will the War be really concluded, finished, over, done with and closed down? Bowdler thinks this will be somewhere about the year of grace 1925—the year which he expects to spend in correspondence with the Ordnance and Auditors' Department on the subject of a certain pair of gum-boots which were entrusted to him in the early months of 1915 and still, as it happens, remain in his possession and use. We, who at heart have a great belief in Bowdler, suggest that it will be an undignified sight to see one of the Judges of the High Court

endeavouring to explain, in writing, how he came to purloin the property of His Majesty's Government.

Yours ever, HENRY.

## THE MOULT.

*Further letter from Major, now General, Sir Fawcett Gear, O.B.E., R.A.F. (late Deputy Director of Mechanical Transport Brake-linings at the Air Ministry), to Messrs. Proffitt, Proffitt and Proffitt, Aeronautical Tailors, Savile Row, W.:—*

DEAR SIR,—I was astonished on receiving your bill for the kit you supplied to me in September to note the exorbitant charge you make for the garments in question. As you know, through recent events my presage has proved inaccurate and I am on the point of retiring from the Army—I mean the Air Force. The kit is therefore of no use to me.

This reminds me that I require a complete outfit of mufti, so perhaps you would be good enough to send a representative down to me at your earliest convenience and give him instructions regarding the other matter.

Please note that I have moved from Golders Green. My address is now: Per Ardua Lodge, Overseas Nover.

Yours faithfully, FAWCETT GEAR.

P.S.—Could you send me another pair of those ponyskin flying-gauntlets? Failing these, leopard-skin would do. I find them essential when driving in this cold weather.

*\* \* \* \* \**  
*Letter from the same to Messrs. Marsh and Mallow, De Vere Street, W.:—*

DEAR SIR,—The accompanying fancy-dress garments I wish to have transformed to fit my wife. Lady Gear will be calling in a few days' time, when you will doubtless be in a position to advise her as to the best action to take in the matter.

Yours faithfully, FAWCETT GEAR.

## Journalistic Candour.

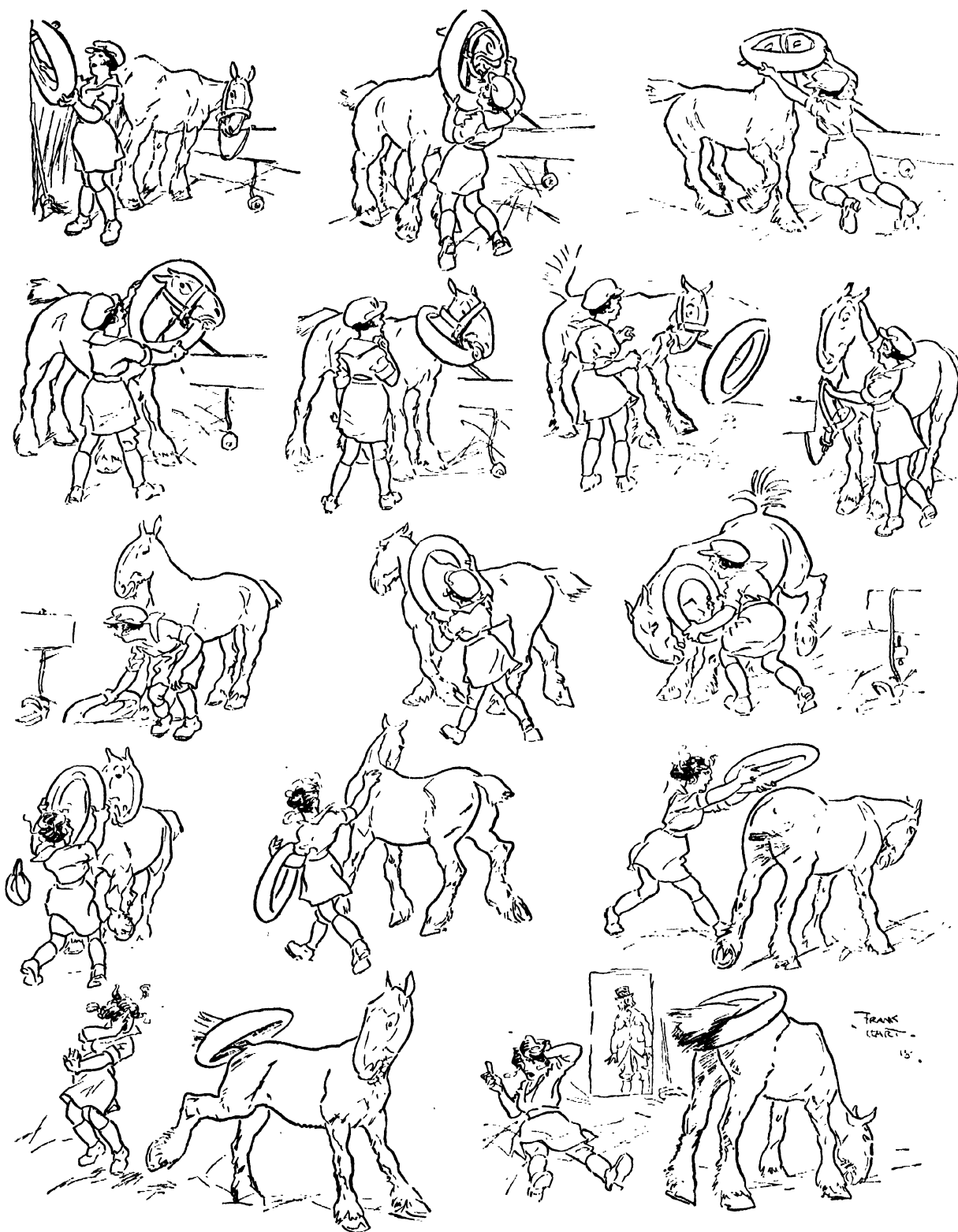
"The jokes in 'Tit-Bits' are famous all the world over—and have been for over 37 years."  
—*Tit-Bits.*

"The party left on the liner George Washington on Wednesday morning, the vessel flying the President's flag at the main."  
—*Provincial Paper.*

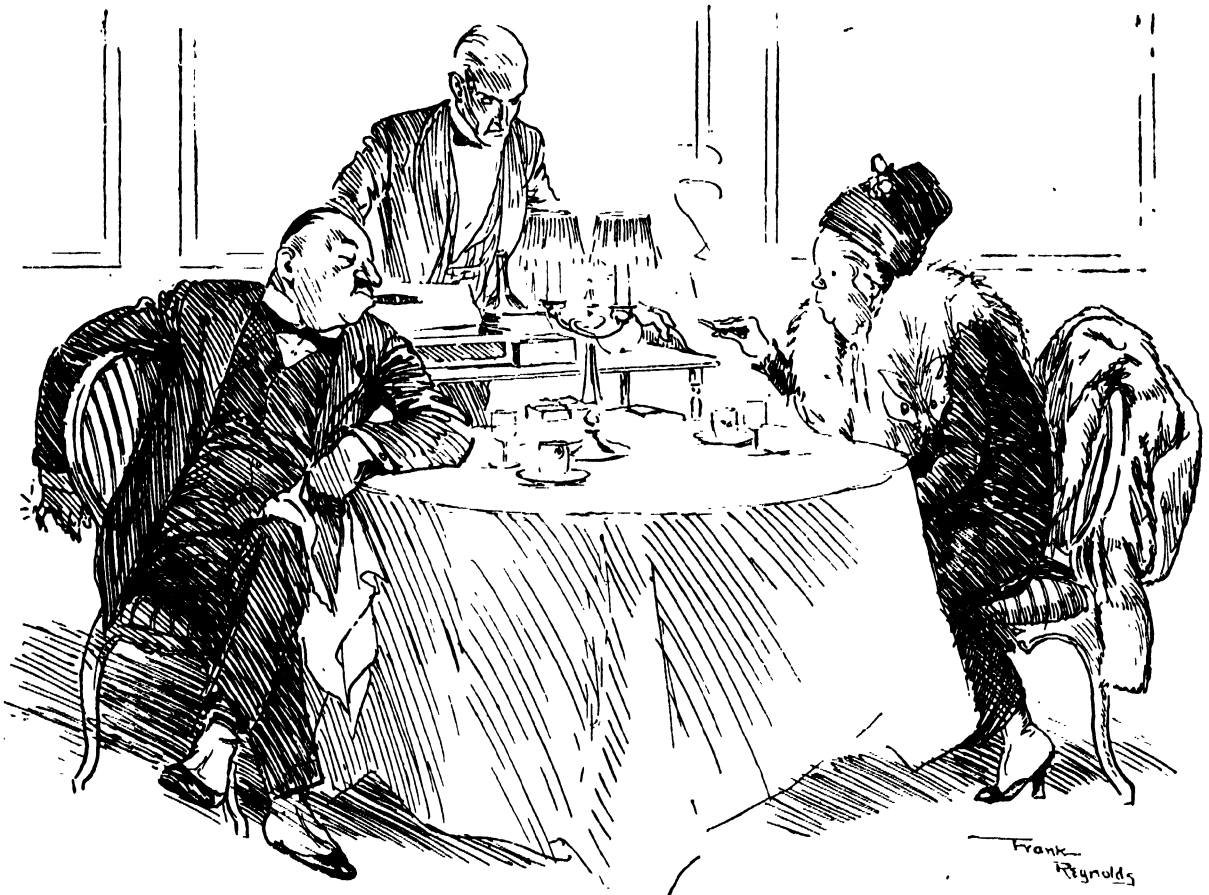
Having heard of the lack of housing accommodation on this side the PRESIDENT was taking no chances.

"We shall be able to travel by aerial taxicab," said Mr. —. "We shall be able to start out for Rome to feed the pigeons of St. Mark's, if we feel in need of a change."  
—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

As the pigeons of St. Mark's seem to have done.



SOMETHING ATTEMPTED, SOMETHING DONE.



*Profiteer (initiating wife into the mysteries of high life).* "Now, my dear, you can say you've 'ad the best dinner in London and the best wines. Is there anything else you fancy?"

*Wife.* "Well, George, do you think you could persuade the young man to change this cigarette for a nice strong cup o' tea?"

### A BALLAD OF THE "BALTIC."

'Tis the voice of the German, I heard him explain:  
"Take me back, brother Bull, to your bosom again.  
Now that peace is in sight let us kiss and be friends,  
Since on mutual amity commerce depends.

"If my business credentials you carefully scan,  
You'll find that I've truly become a New Man,  
With one 'n' at the end, where there used to be two,  
And a 'w' standing in place of the 'u.'"

Yet the very same Huns who our custom implore  
Until yesterday gloried in submarine war,  
And expect the long-suffering Briton to trade  
With the savage assassins of wife, child and maid.

The moral of this little story, though clear,  
Should be dinned into England's oblivious ear:  
Though he drops double n's and omits double dots,  
No leopard of Germany changes his spots.

"Mrs. Traymore killed Elizabeth affectionately, then the baby."  
*From a feuilleton in a Newfoundland Paper.*

We must get the rest of this story.

• **MOTTO FOR THE BOLSHEVIST:** "*Rem carmine signo*"  
(VIRGIL). Translated by Jones, Minor: "I mark the event with red."

### IN COMMEMORATION OF ARMISTICE DAY.

Mr. Punch has already pleaded for the little children who have suffered from air-raid shock and are being cared for at St. Nicholas' Home, Chailey, and he takes no shame to plead again. For, though the Hun was scared from our English skies a long time ago and is not likely to return, some of these children still need to be gently nursed and made strong in the kind Sussex air. At Chailey too there are the Heritage Craft Schools, where crippled children of our fighting men are tended and trained to earn as good a livelihood as their straight-limbed brothers and sisters. Here also in this friendly colony is a Military Surgical Hospital (sponsored by the Princess Louise), where wounded men are treated and, during convalescence, taught a trade. And the patron saint of the Guild which undertakes all these labours of love is St. Martin, soldier and pattern of chivalry. It is to commemorate his feast-day, the eleventh of November, the day when an end was made of the Great War, that a St. Martin's "Armistice Fund" is being raised to secure the continuance, free from anxiety, of the good work of the Chailey Guild. Mr. Punch begs his kind friends of their charity to send gifts in aid to the Founder and Hon. Secretary of the Guild, Mrs. C. W. KIMMINS, Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, Sussex.

### A Reminiscence of Daylight-Saving.

"The place and time will be The Academy, Dungannon, at 11 o'clock noon."—*Irish Paper.*





### BEATEN BUT UNABASHED.

HANS. "HERE COMES THE BRITISH ARMY OF OCCUPATION. WE OUGHT TO MAKE SOME MONEY OUT OF THEM TO HELP TOWARDS THE INDEMNITY."

OTTO. "INDEMNITY! SURELY THEY WON'T BE SO INHUMAN AS TO MAKE US PAY!"



Passenger (in Pullman car). "How do you manage to remember all your orders, waiter?"  
Waiter. "PULLMANISM, SIR—JUST PULLMANISM."

### FIRST IN BERLIN.

[By pigeon post from our Special Correspondent, late Foreign Representative of *The Squeedunkville (Mo.) Investigator*.]

DAWN was breaking as I reached the little border village of Spoofdorf. Not knowing what the political views of the frontier guard might be I had taken the precaution of donning a costume which with some slight alteration would enable me to pass, as occasion might demand, either as a *Feldwebel* in the Bavarian *Herrenunterwehr* or a Swedish caraway-seed broker. Nothing untoward, however, occurred. The sentry demanded my passport, but seemed quite satisfied when I pressed into his palm a leaden half-crown (which I had been carrying with me for luck) and an honorary ticket for the London Zoological Gardens. The fellow in fact grew quite communicative and confided to me that before the war he had played first bassoon in the Imperial Orchestra at Potsdam. He asked me if I thought there would be any demand for German street music in England after the War, and seemed

much relieved when I assured him that he could rely on a warm reception.

Well pleased with this little *jeu d'esprit* with which I had tricked the simpleton, I pushed on to the railway station. What memories surged through my mind as I strode once again the familiar platform! Here it was that, on that fatal Friday in August, 1914, I entered Imperial Germany disguised as a Spanish trainer of performing oysters, with the idea of being present three days later (disguised as a hat rack) at the epoch-making conference between the directors of the "D" banks and the Great General Staff. Had not an ill-natured cab-driver, to whom—I had given a brass hat-check instead of a five-mark piece, denounced me to the *Politzei*, who knows what subterranean ramifications of Mittel-Europa's *bas-diplomatique* I might not have dragged to light?

I had waited only half-an-hour at Spoofdorf station when a train came in. By what I can only regard as a piece of good fortune it was bound for Berlin, and I was able to forgo my hastily

formed plan of boarding the locomotive at the last minute, braining the engine-driver and conducting the train in the direction I wished to go. As it was I found a seat in a comparatively empty first-class carriage and composed myself for a tedious journey.

The journey however was destined to be marred by a painful incident. There were in the carriage besides myself twenty-three German soldiers and an officer, the latter a truculent square-head of obviously Prussian antecedents. I could see this fellow suspected me, but I was quite taken aback when he suddenly spat out the words "English pig!" at the same time treating me to a most ferocious scowl. What happened next, however, was still more astonishing. "Shall the Prussian upstart the English milord with sandwiches in his knapsack so grievously insult?" roared a stalwart private in the corner seat, and immediately there was a chorus of growls, a crash of glass and the Prussian officer passed out through the window into the *Ewigkeit*.

Attention was now centred on me, and when I explained to the company

that my knapsack contained, not sandwiches, alas! but a wireless telephone apparatus and a couple of collapsible passenger pigeons there were more growls and significant glances towards the window. Realising that the situation required tactful handling I immediately began a series of lifelike imitations (an accomplishment which has got me out of many a tight corner) of eggs and bacon frying, which quickly distracted their attention from the sandwich question. Later, when it showed signs of reviving, I entertained them by translating into German selected editorials from *The Manchester Guardian*. I am sure it was the first time they had laughed since they came out of the trenches.

Berlin at last! Berlin, where in pre-war days I had spent many a happy hour sipping my *Schmerkäse* and eating *Bilderbogen* in the Sieges Allée or listening to the Wiesbaden Hussars playing "Tannenburg, my Tannenburg!" in Unter den Linden; Berlin, where in those dark and fateful days of November, 1917, I arrived disguised as a— But no—that story is too big to be told yet. Some day, when the Censor is abolished, perhaps.

Outwardly at least the old capital of Kaiserdom is but little changed. A cab drove me from the station to the hotel, and except for the conventional "*Nicht essbar!*" (not edible) painted in large white letters on the somewhat emaciated horse and the absence of springs (commandeered by the military authorities) it differed in no wise from the cab of pre-war days. The fare however—1,200 marks (about 1s. 7½d. in English money)—has increased considerably. As one drove through the principal thoroughfares everything seemed much as of yore. Now and then a pedestrian would stop for a moment to kick an officer, but otherwise things were normal enough.

Before we reached the hotel, however, an incident occurred which sharply illustrates the Teutonic mentality. Half-way down the Wilhelmstrasse our steed began to show signs of distress and ultimately came to a stop. Instead of flogging it unmercifully, as I had expected, the driver descended from the box and with the utmost gentleness led the breathless beast to a lamp-post, against which it leaned with a pathetic expression of gratitude on its intelligent countenance. Meanwhile the driver had disappeared into a neighbouring *Brasserie*, from which he presently emerged with a foaming flagon of *Hofbrau*, which he proceeded to pour down the throat of the ex-charger. Then mounting to the box he whipped up with a gruff "*Vor-*



"DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO HANG THE KAISER, MRS. 'ARRIS?"

"IT AIN'T THE KAISER I'M WORRYING ABOUT—IT'S THE BLOKE WOT INTERJUICED THIS WAR-BACON."

*würts!*" as though half-ashamed of being caught performing a kindly act.

For the moment I was deeply touched; but this feeling was rapidly followed by one of intense suspicion. Was it, after all, I asked myself, pretty comedy enacted for my benefit, under the misapprehension that my disguise was that of an American journalist? Instantly I decided to put the matter to the test. Arrived at the hotel I paid the driver, but, instead of following my baggage into the hotel, I darted behind a palm-tree and, clapping on a pair of false whiskers and a clerical hat, stepped forth again disguised as a respectable Lutheran divine. I tell you it is the Herr Hoover himself," the cabman was explaining excitedly to the hall-porter; "His Excellency the Police Commissioner told me so."

I did not wait to hear any more, but followed the head-waiter up to my suite. It was Number 23. What a thrill it gave me to enter once again the very room where, on that eventful morning of September, 1917, I sat, disguised as the Hedjaz of Morocco, listening to—but that story too must wait. The light is failing and my faithful first-class passenger-

pigeon is eager to be off. To-morrow I shall go among the people of Berlin disguised as a Tyrolean vendor of hot yodels and hear what they think of their new Government.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Since the above was set up in type the pigeon which brought the message has been identified as the property of a Hackney plumber, whose columbarium was unlawfully entered early on the morning of the 22nd ult. Pending investigations, no further instalment of our Correspondent's interesting experiences will be published.]

ALGON.

#### The Schoolmistress Abroad.

Answer to an advertisement for a French governess "*au pair*":—

"I know a little English, and I could give easy, at once, lessons in French, for which I will be nourished, lying down and bleached, who, I think, are the conditions '*au pair*.'"

#### "TURKISH MENTALITY.

##### A STRANGE SITUATION.

The Allied Fleet lies off Peru. . . . The Turk refuses to acknowledge himself beaten." *Local Paper.*

We do not wonder. If we were a Turk, we should not worry about a fleet a few thousand miles away.

## THE TWO SOLDIERS.

THE Armistice has not been in existence too long for some of us still to remember its birth; but a good memory is needed, and if our recollections are hazy there is reason enough in the distracting suddenness of it and the shock of the relief. For a while it was too unbelievable for the mind to gather distinct impressions.

Someone who was asked what within his observation was the most striking change in England during the War replied that it was the spectacle of the occupants of the stalls eating. What would he describe as the oddest manifestation of the Peace? In any discussion on the strange events of Armistice week, although recalled with difficulty after such an interval, enough examples could be given to fill an interesting book. One speaker would cite the pyramids of shouting and waving men and women built up on War Department lorries, juggernauting through the streets; another, the taxicabs carrying twenty-five passengers and fifty flags hither and thither, with no purpose but joy; another, the avenue of German guns in the Mall, with excited London boys swarming over them; another, the bonfire in Cockspur street, watched by inactive policemen. But of all the odd things which I personally witnessed during Armistice week the oddest—or, at any rate, the most provocative of thought—was the demeanour of two soldiers.

It was while I was waiting at a junction that I saw them. They were war-stained and travel-weary, on their way home from the Front. Their boots were muddy, their hair was matted, and all the usual impedimenta, including trench helmets, depended from their bent shoulders; and they were anxiously seeking a place in the train which had just come in. My train being not yet due I had leisure to observe the rush for this one, already, as far as third-class compartments were concerned, too full. The soldiers walked from window to window, peering in and turning away, until at last they came to a vacant first-class compartment not far from where I stood. They stopped and looked at it, at each other, and along the platform. But they did not enter; irresolution held them. Meanwhile time was passing.

"Must get in somewhere," said one,

reaching out towards the handle; but not with any decision and not turning it. The other was considering; his face showed it, beneath the mask of perplexity set upon it by fatigue and peril. Then he shrugged cynically and, giving another longing look at the comfort within, turned away. "Better stand somewhere," he said; and off they shambled at a run to force a passage, where the occupants were most tolerant.

There is no particular moral to this tale. One could be ironical, if one chose, about the flags carried by many of the passengers, who but for these two soldiers and their companions-in-arms (for, say what you will of statesmen and generals, it is the fighting men who win wars) would have had no flags to carry and no rejoicing in their hearts; but that is not the point. No one carrying a flag and rejoicing for victory

will cease to turn away to find standing room in a crowded third? Is any plank of any of the myriad new platforms to be associated with the removal of such misgivings, so that a first-class compartment may be regarded as a fit place for heroes to sit in?

## RAGS AND BONES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My master has given up his bath-chair and I have put matters straight with those dogs I told you about. It was a great relief to me. The cold snap made mounting guard on the outside of a bath-chair very uncomfortable indeed and a little brisk exercise was grateful and comforting.

Unfortunately my master could not join me in the rag, as he has to walk on two sticks. On the other hand he could not interfere either, and I am sure he enjoyed it, though he pretended to be angry with me.

My master says we must all stop biting Germans now, because of the armistice, and my mistress will have it that we ought to give them our bones if they want them; but I think she's wrong there, don't you? I expect they've got plenty of bones, which they've buried somewhere and forgotten the exact spot. Lots of dogs do that. You can't eat all your bones directly you get them, so you have to hide some, and it isn't always easy to find them

again; but if the Germans are really hungry they'll find *their* bones fast enough.

There is one thing my master is always talking about which puzzles me extremely. It is about making things look what they aren't or as if they weren't there at all, and you do it with pots of paint laid on in streaks. My master says that if you put the streaks in the right places you can make anything look like anything else.

It is no doubt very wonderful, but I don't think you could deceive a dog that way. I should be sorry for the cat that tried to escape my nose by painting itself, though, if I were disguised as a cat, I daresay I could take in other cats, because they can't smell for nuts.

Yours sincerely,

A VERY DETERMINED DOG.

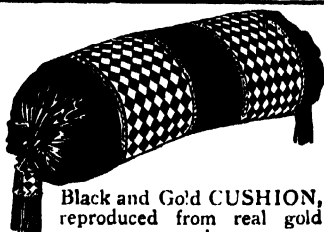
## Another Impending Apology.

"Mr. —, as Blagden, a bounder and asinine to boot, is to be congratulated on his rendering of a part into which he falls naturally."—*Provincial Paper*.



*Optimist three hundred yards from the nearest human being. "Fours!"*

was against these two poor jaded fellows getting into a first-class compartment. No one would have objected had they done so; least of all, I am convinced, the ticket-collector. The serious part of it is, *it was the soldiers themselves who did not dare*. Heroes they may have been; but beneath that heroism was cast-iron tradition. It is one thing to fight for England, risk one's life for England, lose one's health for England, endure every hardship for England, even die for England; it is much less natural to forget tradition. The air is filled to-day, as never before, with rumours of the new life that is to set in with peace—the new aspirations and projects, the new creeds and ideals. An army of Candidates is making England noisy with Utopian promises and pledges. Splendid. But I wonder how long it will be before two tired British soldiers such as those, with all the signs of the wear and tear of war-winning upon them, will cease to baulk fearfully at an empty first-class compartment,



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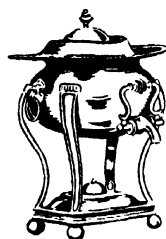


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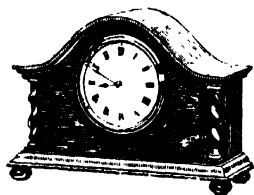
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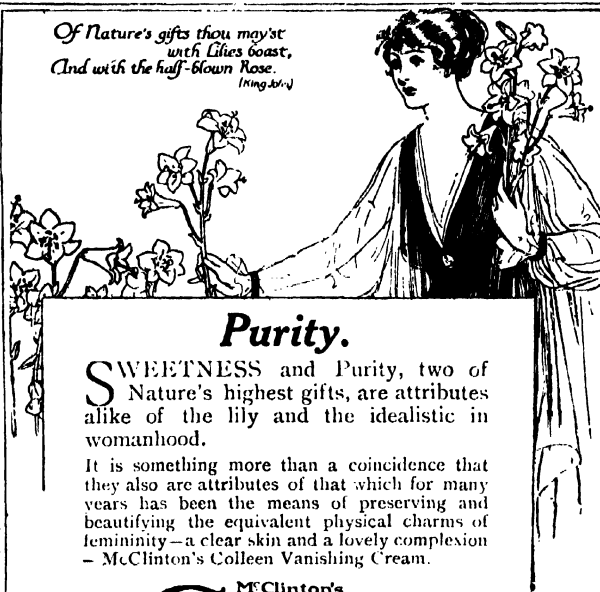
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(King Lear)*



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"WELL, LADY, I TOOK IT WITHOUT ASKING—ABOUT HALF-WAY ACROSS THE CHANNEL."

### THE LAST OF THE "INNOCENTS."

#### GENERAL LUDENDORFF'S VINDICATION.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Conglomerated Press has succeeded in inducing General LUDENDORFF to grant him an interview in the island off the coast of Sweden where he is living in retirement. The General was at first averse from making any public statement, but, on being shown the interviews with the CROWN PRINCE and Prince RUPPRECHT of BAVARIA, consented with alacrity. In the course of the conversation General LUDENDORFF declared that he never desired war, least of all in 1914, and had strongly dissuaded the EMPEROR from invading Belgium, but was overruled by him and the CROWN PRINCE, who was responsible for all the atrocities which had alienated the civilised world. He was never consulted as to the employment of poison-gas, gas-shells, etc., or if he was his protests were greeted with derision. Still he had continually acted as a brake on the extreme War Party, and his eyesight was permanently affected by the tears he had shed over Louvain and the *Lusitania*. Had it not been for his desire to alleviate the horrors of war he would long ago have surrendered his command and retired to his estates—to the *otia*

*ruris* which had always been his chief delight.

General LUDENDORFF spoke with great bitterness of the folly and incompetence of Dr. BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, Herr von JAGOW, Admiral von CAPELLE and Prince HENRY. He had been called HINDENBURG's "brain," but it was a perversion of the facts, for it was impossible to supply brains to such a colossal idiot as the old mud Marshal. BETHMANN-HOLLWEG's "scrap of paper" speech was the most disgraceful utterance in all German history; it had caused him (LUDENDORFF) many sleepless nights. People blamed him for the costly failure at Verdun, but it had been carried out against his express advice to gratify the CROWN PRINCE's ambition. General LUDENDORFF went on to say that he had always been an admirer of President WILSON, Lord NORTHCLIFFE and Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY. He thought the terms of the Armistice were, if anything, too mild, since they did not include the immediate surrender of the KAISER, the CROWN PRINCE and Prince RUPPRECHT. He was prepared to assist his country in any civil capacity at the present—even as a railway porter—but military service was abhorrent to him. His greatest ambition was to be ordained a pastor and minister to a country congregation.

General LUDENDORFF is leading the simplest possible life on a vegetarian diet and devotes several hours every day to the study of theology. To express his condemnation of Admiral TIRPITZ he has let his whiskers grow, and now presents an appearance strongly reminiscent of Lord Dundreary, with the additional capillary attraction of a Newgate fringe. He has already adopted a semi-monastic attire, or, as he described it in his rigorous if not strictly accurate English, "the garb of a monk." His last words to the representative of the Conglomerated Press were, "Virtue is its own reward. Be good and you will be happy. I am both."

### THE EGOTIST.

WHILE swords into ploughshares they fashion

I glare at the grocer and damn  
The wholly inadequate ration  
He gives me of jam.

Though day with its promise of splendour

Is dawning on Belgians and Serbs,  
I sit by a comfortless fender  
And dine upon herbs.

Though Pax has succeeded Bellona,  
And ships safely sail on the seas,  
The *opus* still waits its *corona*,  
For what about cheese?



### BEOWULF AND OTHERS.

THIS is going to be a true story. For several days past I have been haunted both in my sleeping and in my waking hours by one mouth-filling and brain-shattering word. It came between me and my poached egg at breakfast—(we keep our own eggs, thank you, and are now getting three every day); it spoiled my enjoyment of shepherd's pie; it spilt my tea; it wrought havoc with our week-end joint—I having to carve owing to Binns' temporary absence, due to the *sequela* of Armistice fever. This word of terror was "BEOWULF!" Why did Beowulf go ramping and rioting through my head? And what, in fact, was Beowulf? Was it some very delightful form of new food about to be rationed by the latest Food-Controller? Or was it the short name of the President of the Jugo-Slav Democracy? Could one throw one's favourite enemy to the Beowulves, or could one be said to keep the Beowulf from the door?

These thoughts and others were chasing one another through my head, when my eyes fell on a bulky book which had just arrived. Almost mechanically I took it up; it fell open amongst the first few pages, and there in front of my eyes I saw the magic word "Beowulf." I gave a shout of triumph which had last been used on Peace night, and then discovered that my haunter was not any of the things I had imagined, but was an Anglo-Saxon poem, epic in design, and actually the first specimen of English Literature.

This and many thousand other names of things as well as names of persons—Prose-Writers, Poets, Sonneteers, Formalists, Romanticists—you will find duly set forth in their chronological order, almost to the *POET LAUREATE*'s latest lyric in *The Times*, in *The History of English Literature* (JACK), written and compiled by Mr. ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT. The book is a monument of industry and excellent judgment. I have tested it here and there, and have found it accurate and pleasant, thoroughly pleasant, to read, and I congratulate the author warmly on the completion of his labours. I also thank him on my own behalf for relief from *Beowulf*, the meaning of which I have again forgotten. I venture to point out that he has omitted the name of Sir FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE from his pages. The fact that he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford should not be allowed to obscure the author of *The Return of the Guards* and *The Red Thread of Honour*, two poems which stir the blood like a trumpet.

At this point I may as well confess that this article was intended for a review, but, owing to the attractions of the subject, it got out of hand and has become obviously too big for Mr. Punch's congested Booking Office. I shall therefore continue it as an article. Had it remained a review, I should have been tempted to sport with the Venerable BEDE, who is a good second to the author of *Beowulf* in the English Literature stakes. I will, however, omit him and others of his kidney in order to make an appeal to Mr. COMPTON-RICKETT. My idea is that he should publish a collection of bad verses, preferably by good poets, so that in schools and places where they teach there might be ready to hand a compendium of shocking examples by which a teacher might be able to warn his pupils. For instance, he might have got himself involved in excessive admiration of TENNYSON'S *In Memoriam*. He would turn to my suggested book to find a remedy, and there he would see the description, given with great detail, of the wedding in this very poem:—

But where is she, the bridal flower,  
That must be made a wife ere noon?

(We have now got an extension till two o'clock.)

She enters, glowing like the moon  
Of Eden on its bridal bower.

Here we omit a stanza or two and proceed as follows:—

But now set out: the noon is near  
And I must give away the bride;  
She fears not, or, with thee beside  
And me behind her, will not fear.

. . . . The ring is on,  
The "wilt thou" answer'd, and again  
The "wilt thou" ask'd, till out of twain  
Her sweet "I will" has made ye one.

The poet now shows that he does not object to a glass of champagne. "My drooping memory," he says, "will not shun the foaming grape of Eastern France." The scheduled moment for departure, however, is at hand:—

But they must go, the time draws on,  
And those white-favoured horses wait;  
They rise, but linger; it is late;  
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

Mr. COMPTON-RICKETT will now understand what my proposal is. If he thinks more of it and will write to me I can give him many other examples.

### "BY NUMBERS."

THE Padre droned on. I could have drowsed more comfortably but for those incessant "narsty 'acking corfs" which are peculiar to church-parade services. Mr. Thomas Atkins does the whole of his week's coughing on Sunday mornings.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Suddenly, as I learnt afterwards, the Padre must have been stirred to retaliation by the great volume of opposition noise, for he broke off in his recommendations to a clean and sober life and fixed his congregation with a stern eye. The pause was so tragic that all coughing ceased. Then the Padre spoke again.

"In view," he said, "of the amount of promiscuous interruption that goes on during divine service all coughing will in future be done by word of command. The following detail will be observed:—

#### "COUGHING BY NUMBERS.

"On the word 'One' throw the head well back and drop the lower jaw, depressing the chin until the point nearly touches the upper part of the chest. At the same time take a deep breath.

"On the word 'Two' raise the right hand horizontally in front of the mouth, back of the hand to the front; thumb pointing upwards towards the right eye, top of the thumb in line with the eyeball; fingers together.

"On the word 'Three' cough sharply three times, with a forward and backward motion of the head.

"On the word 'Four' those who find it advisable to use handkerchiefs will do so by withdrawing the handkerchief smartly from the left sleeve between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, with an upward and inward motion, replacing it after use. Remainder will stand fast.

"On the word 'Five' close the jaws with a click, return the head to the position of 'attention' during divine service, and cut the right hand smartly to the side.

"Squad! Coughing by numbers—One! . . . Squad—Two!" (the movements were very well done for a first attempt). Squad—Three!"

On the word "Three" there was a terrific clamour of coughing, in all varieties of keys and tones and times.

"Practise that," roared the Padre, his voice faint and far-away amidst the tumult . . .

I roused myself in time to hear the Padre's winding-up sentence: "And now, in conclusion, practise that mode of life, self-abnegation and self-control, which I have recommended, and you will serve your King and country as well in times of peace as you have in times of war."



Customer. "YOUR STORE OF APPLES IS GETTING LOW, MR. KNOB."

Greengrocer. "SO IT IS, MUM. BUT THEM GERMAN BATTLESHIPS 'LL SOON BE SET TO WORK TO BRING SOME MORE ALONG—LEASTWAYS THAT'S HOW I LOOK AT THIS 'ERE ARMISTICE."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE wrapper of Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD's new book, *The War and Elizabeth* (COLLINS), calls it "a novel of contemporary life," but you will not turn many pages before discovering that "contemporary" is just what it most happily and gloriously isn't. For the life of which it treats is the life of last May, and this is December; and who can estimate what worlds of difference lie between! Primarily one might call this a romance of obstinacy *versus* woman's wit and the County War Agricultural Committees (those much-abused bodies!). The obstinacy belonged to *Squire Mannering*, who washed his hands of the War and wished to bar his park-gates against the Committee's tractor, but was converted by the capable and patriotic lady whom he had engaged to catalogue his Greek vases and who consolidated her victory by marrying him. Mrs. WARD tells this simple tale with a technical skill which, combined with the obvious sincerity of her own feeling upon the national issues involved, invests it with unusual dignity. To read it is to live again the emotions of six wonderful months ago. Once or twice indeed I seemed to detect some evidence of hasty composition. Why, for example, when *Elizabeth's* first care had been the strict rationing of the Squire's household, should we be told on page 182 that food there was more plentiful since her advent? Also there is perplexity about a picture that begins as an unquestioned OPEN but on a second reference is changed—with all the pomp of an *errata* slip—to SARGENT. These how-

ever are but slight matters and nothing to spoil the interest of an admirably drawn picture of life in rural England at its most critical hour.

AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE have undeniably the courage of their good intentions. My fear is, however, that in *Minniglen* (MURRAY) a fine purpose may have betrayed them into, shall I say, overestimating the distance between the sublime and the other thing. To confront a cynical impoverished daughter of Society with a mystic Highlander, who restores her faith and courage and inspires her with love, was theoretically a quite admirable theme for romance. But—. *Anne* was the heroine, and her encounter with the visionary came about by his rescuing her, lost on a moor, when she was staying with some vulgar pre-war profiteers for whose son she was the destined bride. Naturally the prophet proved too much for the profiteers, and *Anne*, having given the heir his dismissal, settled down to wait for her next meeting with the hero. This came about quite pleasantly one night at Covent Garden, where she saw an attendant conducting him with an electric torch to his stall in the second Act of *Parsifal*. So they talked (I don't mean during the opera, but later on) and courted and finally wed; and, if we are to believe the authors, during the whole of this time never a word was exchanged about their moorland meeting. It was not indeed till the afternoon of her wedding day that *Anne* so much as mentioned the matter, and then—well, then it turned out that it wasn't the original man at all whom she had married, but somebody like him. Which of course was a very natural shock;

though I do think that, in treating the error as a ground for instant separation, *Anne's* husband made too much of it. However, the late war (I must really write that again, the LATE war) restored matters to better proportion and brought about the happy ending that I had throughout anticipated. As I began by hinting, a book better in conception than in execution.

I have an impression that some of the readers who have revelled in Mrs. STRATTON-PORTER's other books will be a little disappointed in her latest, *A Daughter of the Land* (MURRAY), because there is in it no more botany and entomology (or "nature study," as they say) than in many novels by other people. At the same time there is all that wealth of detail that the author has taught us to expect. We are told just what everything cost and what people had to eat and what they wore, and I must admit that this somewhat primitive form of story-telling has considerable charm. Being an American story it also has a great deal more about house-work in it than one would find in any English novel, this being, for

some reason which I have not yet fathomed, a distinguishing mark of American fiction. The heroine, *Kate Bates*, is a fine up-standing clean-souled creature, who spent a lot of her time in struggling against abject poverty, but she had her exciting moments; and so had I when, for instance, her first husband blew up the boiler in the new mill and himself with it. Most of *Kate's* troubles seem to have arisen from the fatal facility with which, in her part of the world, one can get oneself married as it were on the spur of the moment. Occasionally it acts quite well, however, and when her creator finally married her, again in a tremendous hurry, to the nice man she had loved all the while I was so pleased that I did not even resent being completely taken by surprise.

I hope that popular pen-driver, Mr. A. G. HALES, will be able to forgive me when I confess that portions of *Where Angels Fear to Tread* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) put me in mind of nothing so much as the title of one of his own early books, called *The Wanderings of a Simple Child*. Really Mr. HALES is rather wonderful. I suppose few men have adventured more variously over the globe, yet through it all he appears to have kept a simplicity, not to say naïveté, of outlook that is at times almost bewildering. I do not think that he is writing down to his public, but the fact remains that in the sketches of war-life on the Italian front that make up the present volume, while the things seen are transcribed with vivid and lively effect, the moral deductions too often hardly escape the platitudinous. It is as though Mr. HALES, being gifted with eternal youth, were still in the stage that OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES described as "catching up with the world's ideas." All of which simply means that I liked his facts better than

his fancies—though on the speculative side I must not fail to record my admiration of a finely sane chapter on Drink and the War. I find I have begun by patronage of Mr. HALES' philosophy, and ended with praise of it; but if you read the book I think you will appreciate my reasons for both.

*Swayneford* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is the perhaps not very plausible tale of a formidable international secret society in the service of Germany. The leading spirit is a certain mysterious renegade Englishman, *Dorner Swayneford*, always referred to by the sobriquet of "The Sleeper." The society transacts its awful business in the elaborately camouflaged wing of an old manor-house. This business apparently consists in the reading of long lists of the names of German waiters out of the inevitable Red Book—a thing which could, it seems to me, have been better done (or omitted) and with less fear of detection in a private room at a public restaurant. At any rate the conspirators were of a most obvious pattern, and if any single local body had been possessed of energy and intelligence would have been promptly laid by the heels.

Miss THICKNESSE-WOODINGTON cherishes the fond illusion that her heroine, *Ena Cardonnel*, resident companion in the inhabited part of the manor-house and accidental discoverer of the secret council-chamber, has brains. This is not the case. Even with the broadest hints from a friend in our secret service she misses clues of which even our old friend *Watson* could scarce have failed to see the significance. I rather think that this young lady is too preoccupied with the tragic fact that after being "bornachâtelaine," she

has to earn an honest living—a sorrow which left me cold. By the way, she should have known that by her marriage with a baronet she would not have become "*Lady Arthur Starely*." It is frightfully important for châtelines to know these things.

Sir HENRY NEWBOLT has made a book which all properly constituted boys will fall upon and devour. It is called *Submarine and Anti-Submarine* (LONGMANS), and its first sentence is, "It is probable that a good deal of the information contained in this book will be new to the public; for it has been collected under favour of exceptional circumstances." So far as I, at any rate, am concerned this modest claim is sound, and the information given here has the merit of not only being new, but also true. From start to finish it is a tale of high adventure, dauntless spirit and splendid achievement. It stirs the pulses. Let anyone who prides himself upon his phlegm read the story of the exploits of our Q-Boats and our P-Boats and our submarines (some people wonder what our submarines have been doing), and see how he feels afterwards. I proclaim this a glorious book, and one that incidentally solves the harassing question of what to give your sons, godsons, nephews (and their sisters too) this Christmas.



THE GOOD LITTLE BOY OF ANTIQUITY.

Visitor. "WELL, QUINTUS, I SUPPOSE WHEN YOU GROW UP YOU WILL BE A SOLDIER LIKE DADDY AND GO TO FIGHT THE GAULS?"

Boy. "NO, PLEASE, I'D RATHER BE A GLADIATOR, SO THAT I COULD STAY AT HOME AND LOOK AFTER MOTHER."

## CHARIVARIA.

THE preliminary announcement that nearly nine hundred Candidates must fail to be elected Members of Parliament has been received with a good deal of quiet satisfaction.

The Nobel Committee has decided not to award the Nobel Peace Prize this year. And to think that if Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD hadn't made those jingo election speeches it might have come our way!

"What is the most piercing noise known to the human ear?" asks a contemporary. We don't know for certain, but it seems to be coming from Dr. SOLF.

A Scottish Candidate has had attributed to him the statement that the KAISER, if proved guilty, ought to be made to eat haggis. This has now been proved to be the work of his political enemies.

Can it be that the American Press is losing its dash? Only five hundred American journalists have sailed for the Peace Conference.

"He [the Crown Prince]," says *The Daily Chronicle*, "wears a brown suit with a breast pocket in which is a white pocket-handkerchief, a bright blue shirt, with a soft collar and a loud green tie." We think this line of hold-all breast-pocket rather outré.

"Spitzbergen," says Sir MARTIN CONWAY, "ought to be a region overflowing with animal life." It is understood that a system of one-man walrus farms for discharged soldiers is already engaging the Government's attention.

A writer in a weekly paper tells us that the Hungarian name for jam is "Gyumossuru." After this we would rather not know the British soldier's name for "plum and apple."

"Everything Americans see in Great Britain," says Professor J. ERSTERNE, of Columbia University, "they judge by whether or no it can be adopted in America." An attempt is about to be

made, we learn, to introduce Mr. SNOWDEN to one of these absorbent gentlemen from U.S.A.

Though no longer under the ban of the Food-CONTROLLER, says a contemporary, the muffin is not greatly in evidence. On the other hand, Smith minor informs us that only last Friday he encountered a large number, and,



Officer (to Chinaman caught "scrounging"). "HELLO, CHINK WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? [No answer.] PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS?"

Chinaman. "No."

Officer. "PERHAPS YOU SPEAK ENGLISH, THEN?"

Chinaman. "OUI."

though not at his best, succeeded in crashing twelve of them before his throttle jammed.

"I like your town," said one of the American sailors to a newspaper man in London. It is thought that by a little judicious advertising like this London may get to be more widely known.

We hope that Mr. C. B. COCHRAN is quite well, but it is fully a week since he took over an additional music-hall.

An authoritative statement is expected to the effect that the man who designed the new ten-shilling note could have done it right the first time if he had wanted to.

A Kingston youth named BEER was arrested last week for breaking into a public-house. The magistrate decided that the proper place for him was the jug.

A wireless telegraph installation has been set up in Mr. Justice SARGENT'S Chancery Court. There is also talk of having Mr. Justice DARLING'S spark lengthened.

"Parsnips," says a Food Garden expert, "are best left in the ground." We agree.

Last week a four-month-old baby was left on a doorstep in Aldershot. The police desire it to be known that the owner can have same upon application to the authorities.

A telegram handed in at a London office at 12.23 p.m. was delivered at Hertford, twenty miles away, at 7.10 p.m. The explanation is said to be that the Post Office officials mistook the contents for a business communication.

*The Evening News* makes a complaint about the dirty milk being sold in London. Yet to our knowledge many dairymen are in the habit of washing their milk.

One dairymen, indeed, reports that only the best and purest water is used throughout his establishment.

## Armistice-Day in Cairo.

"The announcement of the great news was marked by 21 guns from the Citadel in profound silence, immediately followed by a lavish display of bunting in the flag-lockers."—*Egyptian Mail*.

With silent guns and flags unbroken one might almost call it "a case of unconscious celebration."

The babu hospital-assistant had been taken to task for not keeping proper charts of the patients. Next day he presented the following:—

8 A.M. The patient's life in low degree.  
10 A.M. Life in sink.  
11 A.M. Flit.  
1 P.M. Flut.

### THE UNDEFEATABLES.

Who are these heroes crowned with bays  
 Won on the stricken fields of War,  
 Whose myriad ranks, this day of days,  
 Tramp through the Brandenburger Thor;  
 While up the streets, with bouquets strown,  
 A glad and grateful City sallies,  
 Whooping its welcome to the tune  
*Of Deutschland über alles?*

Who are these warriors flushed with pride  
 That come from ruined lands and waste,  
 Where by the blood-trail long and wide  
 Their track of glory may be traced;  
 That come to find their homes unhacked,  
 No hint of horror's deathly pallor,  
 Beer-halls secure and shops intact,  
 Thanks to their martial valour?

These are the noble Prussian Guard,  
 Taking their triumph; these are they,  
 Famed on the film and picture-card,  
 The undefeated all the way;  
 These are the Fatherland's élite,  
 Sworn to the last man to defend her,  
 Who saved their country from defeat  
 By absolute surrender.

Nothing is here of shame or grief,  
 No jarring note to spoil the sport,  
 Although their late respected Chief  
 Is wintering in a Dutch resort;  
 Poor WILLIAM, how he loved these shows!  
 Oh, how he loved to be saluted!  
 Yet in that concourse not a nose  
 Sniffles because he scooted.

Nor would you guess by any sign  
 Their sentcheon bears a single scotch,  
 Though the Entente has crossed the Rhine  
 And taken on the local watch;  
 Though this brave scene they figure in,  
 With self-complaisance slightly *grisés*,  
 It happens to be their own Berlin,  
 And not the Champs Élysées.

O. S.

### OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN VIENNA.

FIRST BRITISH JOURNALIST TO ENTER THE AUSTRIAN  
 CAPITAL.

STIRRING SCENES.

(EXCLUSIVE TO *THE DAILY LYRE*.)

*Vienna, Thursday.*

ACCUSTOMED as I am by this time to demonstrations of popular enthusiasm during what I may call my triumphal progress through liberated Europe, the scenes which have marked my entry into Vienna will remain a marvellous and unique memory.

Notwithstanding my express desire that my visit should be regarded as purely private and professional, the public have insisted upon greeting in your representative the Herald of a New Era. Having wired the probable date of my arrival, I found drawn up on the station platform deputies of almost every government that has been formed here during the past fortnight. After the ceremonies of introduction I entered a carriage and was driven towards the Ballplatz, being greeted *en route* by the frenzied cheers of an enormous multitude of spectators. Perhaps they were saluting the great work of *The Daily Lyre* in the cause of

Democracy. Perhaps, on the other hand, they mistook me for somebody else. Who can tell? Cries of "Long Live America!" "No Secret Diplomacy!" "Bravo Foch!" and others that I could not distinguish rose on all sides. Men and women pressed up to the wheels of the vehicle, many climbing on to the step in their eagerness to salute me. . . . As we progressed I observed at some distance another crowd following, doubtless with oaths and execrations, what I took to be one of the last of the discredited Germans. The contrast is one upon which I need not dwell. . . . *Fleu fugaces! Tempus fugit. Nos et mutamur.*

So far as I could judge, the populace, though war-weary, is still in most cases well dressed. There appears to be no scarcity of actual money, except (curiously enough) in my own case, my purse and other valuables having, as I have just found, unaccountably disappeared during my progress from the station. . . .

*Later.*—I have enjoyed a cordial interview with Dr. X, who is at this moment probably the most arresting figure in the ex-dual-monarchy. It was for me a strange experience to be received in that chamber, once sacred to the whispered mendacities of Imperial intrigue, by an enlightened statesman smoking a short pipe and with his feet on the table. Herr X, who is by training a Conservative-Socialist, with a decided bias towards oligarchic republicanism, was good enough to ask my advice about various matters connected with the future of Central Europe, advice which, I need hardly say, I was only too glad to put at his service.

During the whole of our talk we were constantly interrupted by crowds of enthusiastic women who invaded the apartment for the purpose of embracing me with every demonstration of the most touching welcome and delight. Before I left I calculate that I had thus received no fewer than seven thousand and forty-six kisses (not counting those of an elderly and intoxicated workman who secured admission by error), a truly gratifying result which beats Brussels last week by more than two hundred, and has left me still breathless.

*Later Still.*—An influential deputation has just waited upon me at the Hôtel de la Presse, with a request that I should allow myself to be nominated first President of the Austrian Republic. As however the financial outlook appeared uncertain, I felt myself obliged to decline, as your salaried representative, this highly gratifying suggestion.

*Still Later.*—I have this moment learnt with mingled amazement and indignation that the crowd which I observed in the distance on my drive from the station was actually surrounding an individual who claims to represent *The Morning Trumpet*, and who has had the impudence to assert that it was he, and not I, who was the first Entente journalist to enter the city, and that his osculatory triumph is in excess of my own. Kindly wire instructions, also sufficient funds to defray hotel bill and fare to Buda-Pesth, where I hope to settle this priority claim once for all.

P.S.—What about Berlin? [Nothing doing. You have been anticipated in that quarter.—*EDITOR DAILY LYRE.*]

"It is no exaggeration to say that there is hardly a single compound here in which there is not an influenza patient, generally a child or an adult."—*Nigerian Pioneer.*

In Europe also, by a singular coincidence, the disease is almost entirely confined to the same classes.

### Charity according to our Bolsheviks.

Why make good Republican Germans disburse  
 While the middle-class Briton has coin in his purse?  
 No, let England's indemnity rather be won  
 By stripping the native and sparing the Hun.

# Sir Brien Cokayne K.B.E. **GOVERNOR of the BANK of ENGLAND**

writes:

"The qualities most to be desired in an investment are that it should—

- (1) be safe
- (2) be saleable
- (3) be unlikely to fall in value
- (4) be acceptable as security for a banker's loan
- and (5) yield a good income

*National War Bonds* combine all five of these advantages and are therefore an ideal investment for all classes of the community.

"The ordinary investor is concerned chiefly with points 1 and 5. But even these two advantages were formerly unobtainable in a single Stock, so that it became the custom to distribute investments among various securities, some of which gave safety while others yielded a higher rate of interest.

"To-day the investor need no longer trouble to spread his investments. By putting the whole of his savings into National War Bonds he will acquire  
an investment secured on the entire taxable capacity  
of the United Kingdom paying interest at no less  
than 5 per cent. per annum and a bonus at maturity."

If you have money on deposit at the Bank—

If your current balance is larger than is really necessary—

If you have any money which you do not immediately need to use—

Invest in

# **National War Bonds**

See  
what  
you  
get  
back

Fill up  
this  
Form  
and  
post it  
TO-DAY

**The £. s. d. of National War Bonds**

**WHAT YOU GET BACK**  
in Capital, Interest and Bonus if you buy National War Bonds, repayable in 1928, of the value of

|             | £5       | £20       | £50     | £100      | £500       | £1000      |
|-------------|----------|-----------|---------|-----------|------------|------------|
| 1910 Mch. 1 | you get  | you get   | you get | you get   | you get    | you get    |
| 1920 Mch. 1 | *2/1 2/6 | *8/3 10/- | *62 1 4 | *10 6 10  | *20 13 8   |            |
| 1921 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1922 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1923 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1924 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1925 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1926 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1927 Mch. 1 | 2/5 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1928 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/5  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1929 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
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| 1937 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
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| 1944 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
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| 1951 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1952 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1953 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
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| 1958 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1959 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1960 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1961 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
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| 1963 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1964 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1965 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1966 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1967 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1968 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1969 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1970 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1971 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1972 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
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| 1975 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1976 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1977 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1978 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1979 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1980 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1981 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1982 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1983 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1984 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1985 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1986 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1987 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1988 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1989 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1990 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
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| 1992 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1993 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1994 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1995 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1996 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1997 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1998 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 1999 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| 2000 Mch. 1 | 2/6 2/6  | 10/- 10/- | 62 10 0 | 12 10 0   | 25 0 0     |            |
| Total       | £7-14-7  | £30-18-3  | £77-5-8 | £154-11-4 | £772-16-10 | £1545-13-8 |
| for your    | £5       | £20       | £50     | £100      | £500       | £1000      |

\* These figures show five months interest from October 1, 1918. The first dividend on Bonds purchased after that date will naturally be calculated from actual date of purchase.

## Application Form for National War Bonds

To \_\_\_\_\_ (Bank)  
or Messrs. \_\_\_\_\_ (Stockbroker)  
I hereby request you to apply for £ \_\_\_\_\_ 5 per cent.  
ten year National War Bonds.

(Strike out one of these) and to charge my account accordingly  
for which sum I enclose cheque

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_





LE BIENVENU.



"WHAT'S THE DISTURBANCE IN THE MARKET-PLACE?"

"IT'S A MASS MEETING OF THE WOMEN WHO'VE CHANGED THEIR MINDS SINCE THE MORNING AND WANT TO ALTER THEIR VOTING-PAPERS."

### LEAR ON THE GREAT WAR.

My nephew and niece are never allowed to see or hear anything without receiving a reasoned explanation of it. They can tell you where all their toys were made, and they know that the Nursery Rhyme is only history in its first and most valuable form. No respect for Crown or Cloth has prevented my sister-in-law's teaching them that "Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie" refers to an early-nineteenth-century monarch of regrettable tendencies, and that "Little Jack Horner" represents a divine of a still earlier date renowned for his self-seeking proclivities.

It was in the hope of inculcating the value of nonsense for nonsense's sake that I recently presented them with the works of the immortal Mr. LEAR. I followed up the gift with a call that same afternoon, and, much to my gratification, found them seated side by side at the playroom table with the book between them. They thanked me politely and invited me to "come and help them." Miss Caedmon-Smith, their governess, sat in the window, absorbed in a volume of what I took to be *Hibbert's Journal*.

LEAR's book stood open at the epi-

sode of the Old Person of Spain who hated all trouble and pain.

"Ah," I said genially, feeling more at my ease with the children than I had for a long time,—"ah! 'that umbrageous Old Person' worries you, does he?"

"Oh, no," said Clarence, "Spain's quite easy, thank you;

He sat on a chair  
With his feet in the air"

means being a nutral, of course. And the Old Person of Rheims who was troubled with horrible dreams is easy too; of course they couldn't sleep quietly even in collars with the guns—"

"But I don't sink it's velly kind to make fun about it, do you, Uncle Flank?" put in Henrietta self-righteously.

"And the Old Person of Buda whose conduct grew ruder and ruder is the Hungaryans, of course; but *who* is the Old Man of Madras who rode on a cream-coloured ass? I don't see what that's got to do with the War. What does it mean, Uncle Frank?"

"It doesn't mean anything; they don't any of them mean anything. They're just fun. Look here—

'There was an old man of the Hague  
Whose ideas were excessively vague . . ."

"But that's the Dutch people, not

knowing whether to join the Germans or us," crowed Clarence exultantly. "And just look here, Uncle Frank; you know what this means, don't you—The Old Man of Vienna who lived upon tincture of senna? It's the Emprer of Austrer; even Henrietta knew that."

"My poor children," I groaned, "you are quite mistaken. You think, because LEAR happens to have used some of the names you have been hearing lately, that he was writing about the War. He wrote long, long before; and he only chose the names because he had thought of a funny rhyme for them. Listen to this:—

'There was a Young Lady of Russia  
Who screamed so that no one could hush her.'

That's pure nonsense, you see; it hasn't really anything to do with Russia—"

"But," said Clarence, interrupting, a thing he seldom does; while Henrietta, looking at me with intense reproach, gasped, "Ve Lelovution!"

Shaken but not yet dompted, I was about to point to the Old Person whose habits induced him to feed upon rabbits, when Clarence himself laid his finger there.

"And that's us, eating rabbits be-



*For Christmas Presents*

# Yardley's

## Eau de Cologne

THE ideal Gift, dainty, charming, and certain of appreciation. A present to be acceptable need not necessarily be expensive, *but it should be the best of its kind.*

There is no better quality Eau de Cologne made than "YARDLEY'S," famous throughout the world for the beauty of its Perfume and the value of its hygienic qualities.

In a handsome Cut-glass or a large Wickered Bottle, or in the "Original Package" of 6 Bottles, it forms a perfect little Gift at a modest cost.

**PRICES.**

**The Original Package**  
contains half-a-dozen 4 oz.  
bottles tastefully packed  
and sealed . . . Price 26/6

4 oz. bottles . . . 46

|               |       |     |
|---------------|-------|-----|
| 6 oz. bottles | . . . | 6/9 |
|---------------|-------|-----|

**Wickered bottles :**

1 pint . . . . . 7/6

|                   |      |
|-------------------|------|
| 2 pints . . . . . | 14/6 |
| 1 pint . . . . .  | 14/6 |

|                   |      |
|-------------------|------|
| 1 quart . . . . . | 28 6 |
|-------------------|------|

|                  |      |
|------------------|------|
| Magnum . . . . . | 56 - |
|------------------|------|

16 oz. cut-glass  
decanter . 30' -

Complete Price List of  
"Yardley Perfumes,"  
etc., Post Free.



*The  
Original  
Package*



OF ALL HIGH-CLASS CHEMISTS AND STORES AND FROM

**Yardley 8 New Bond Street, London**

## Perfumery and Fine Soap Makers since 1770



Casi

# K & J Vertical Filing

System—especially office system—means a great deal more than mere tidiness. For example, it means the filing of letters and documents in classified order—the keeping of papers in their proper places. A real filing system almost automatically will produce at a moment's notice all documents relating to a given subject—it leaves no doubt where they are to be found—it preserves the connection between one set of papers and another.

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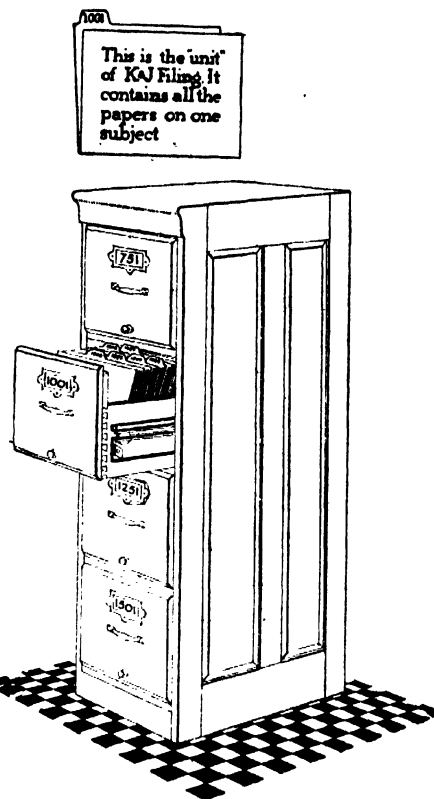
## Kenrick & Jefferson

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Buildings Donegall Square  
GLASGOW 166 Buchanan Street



Finish the day with

## CAFÉ AU LAIT

It leaves no "grounds"  
for complaint.

Prepared in England by the Proprietors of Nestlé's Milk, and sold everywhere under the Milkmaid Brand

Cash price 6½d., 1/-, and 1/11½ per tin.

## CHAUFFEURS' LIVERIES

MOTORISTS who are using their cars again will be glad to know that in spite of the acute shortage of wool, Dunhills are fortunate in holding a good stock of fine quality Meltons and Box Cloths for Chauffeurs' Liveries.

The "Lancer" Overcoat here illustrated is a good serviceable garment cut on generous lines, well made and affords the wearer complete protection.

Send for Patterns  
and Livery List.

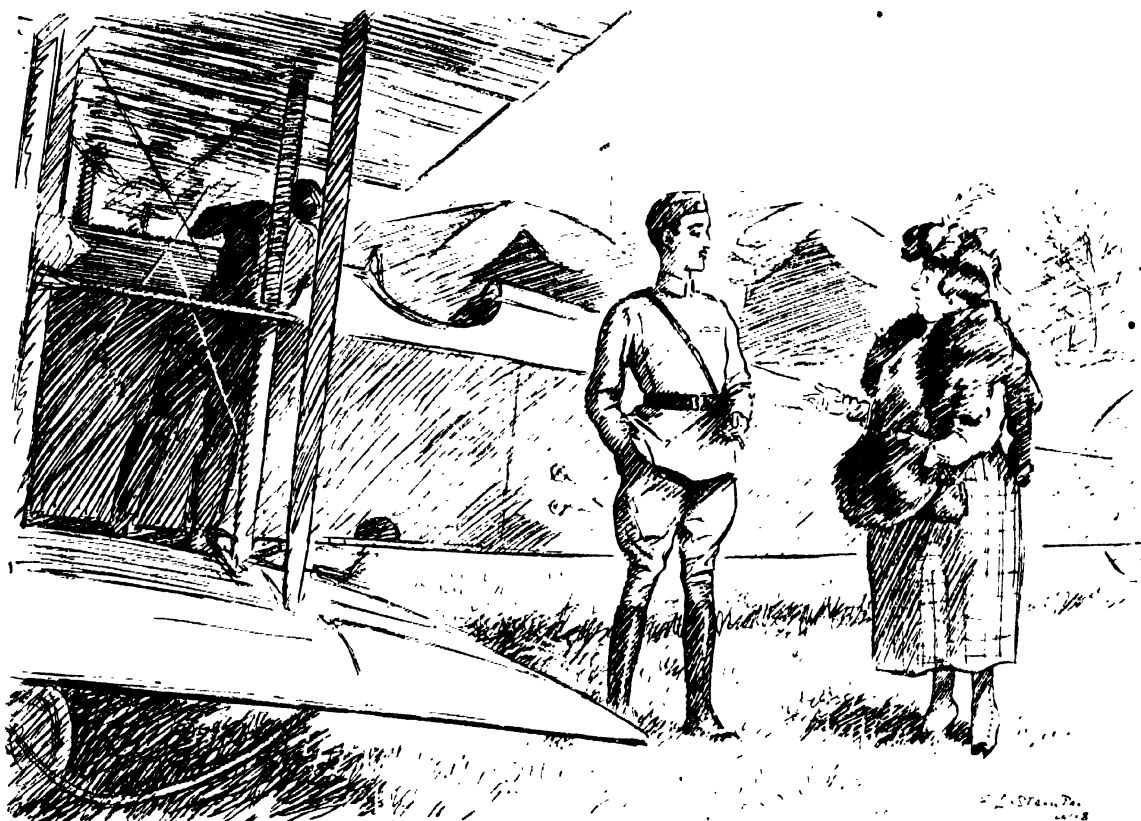
## Dunhills Ltd.,

359-361 Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

2 Conduit Street, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Glasgow: 72 St. Vincent Street.





"ARE YOU FOR HIRE, YOUNG MAN, NOW THAT HOSTILITIES HAVE CEASED? IF SO, WHAT WOULD YOU CHARGE TO FLY ME ROUND THE BATTLEFIELDS?"

cause we couldn't get any other meat," he said.

"Eating too much afore we had meat cards," added Henrietta sagely.

Desperately I turned the page, moving always backwards with an undefined feeling that the nearer to the beginning the nearer we must come to the non-sensical quintessence of the book.

"Look at this," I urged, striving to keep the anxiety out of my voice; "this couldn't possibly be anything but nonsense:—

"There was an Old Man at Marseilles  
Whose daughters wore bottle-green veils;  
They caught several fish,  
Which they put in a dish,  
And sent to their pa at Marseilles."

"Ships what catch submarines!" declaimed Henrietta in tones of sepulchral triumph.

"You haven't thought about it, Uncle Frank," said Clarence kindly; "we knew at once that the book was all about the War d'rekly we saw the first page, with Norway *absolutely resolved* to be a nootral whatever happens."

Incredulously I turned to the first page and read:—

"There was a Young Lady of Norway  
Who casually sat in a doorway;  
When the door squeezed her flat  
She exclaimed, 'What of that?'  
That courageous Young Lady of Norway."

I was saved from any need for comment because at that moment Miss Caedmon-Smith closed her volume and rose, observing, "Time for silent study."

The children followed her to the schoolroom, leaving Mr. LEAR to me. Determined to refute their absurd idea I turned to the last page and was confronted by

"The Old Man of Berlin,  
Whose form was uncommonly thin."

Shutting the book and opening it at random, I came across

"The Old Man of Corfu  
Who never knew what he should do"

Internal evidence is all against me. I see no help for it; the Book of Nonsense will go down not to the nurseries but to the libraries of the future, where it will stand on the same shelf with *Lillibullero* as an interesting broadside of the Great War.

"For some days Private Theo pushed a 150lb. cart through the snows which covered the vast stretch between London (Ontario) and Canada."— *Provincial Paper*.

With a view to eclipsing this remarkable feat we understand that a British Tommy has undertaken to propel a 300 lb. wheelbarrow through the mud which covers the wide expanse between London (Middlesex) and England.

#### HERR HOHENZOLLERN.

[The papers announce that the KAISER wishes in future to be known simply as a private gentleman.]

SAYS WILLIAM: "Time has made of me

A sadder man and wiser;  
Henceforth my object is to be  
No more the German Kaiser,  
But just a private gentleman."

Ah, WILLIAM, vain endeavour,  
"Private?" As private as you can.  
But "gentleman?" No, never.

"HOW SOME FORMER WARS HAVE  
BEEN CONCLUDED.

(BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE  
"DAILY CHRONICLE").

*Liverpool Daily Post.*

It seems a pity that *The Chronicle's* services were not enlisted a little earlier.

"For more than an hour we dashed hither and thither, our stern shearing through the water and throwing up great waves which swept constantly over our bows."

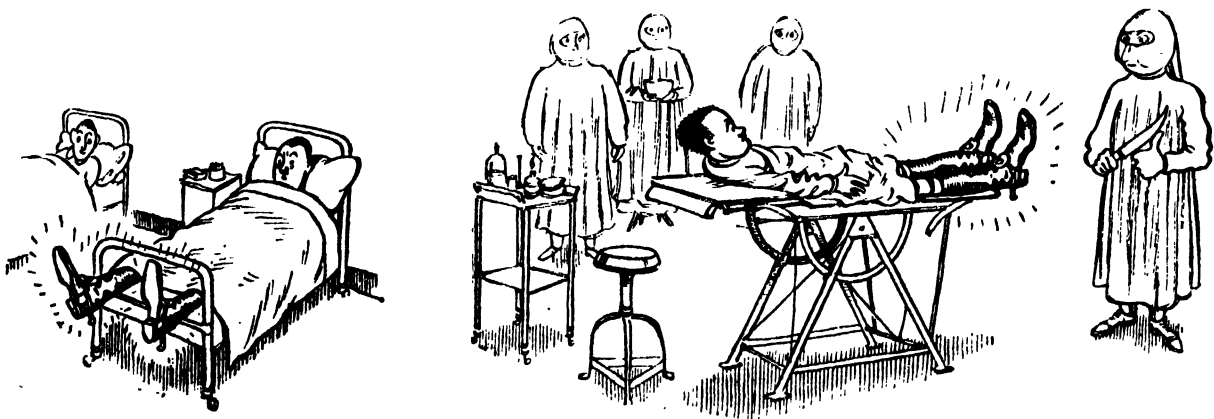
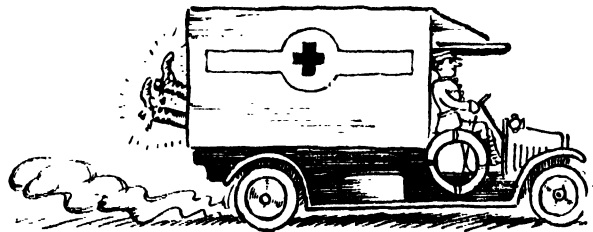
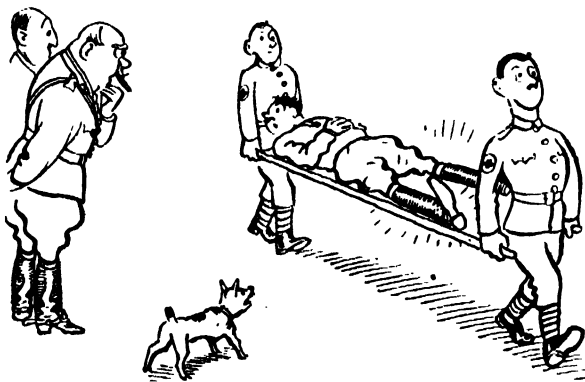
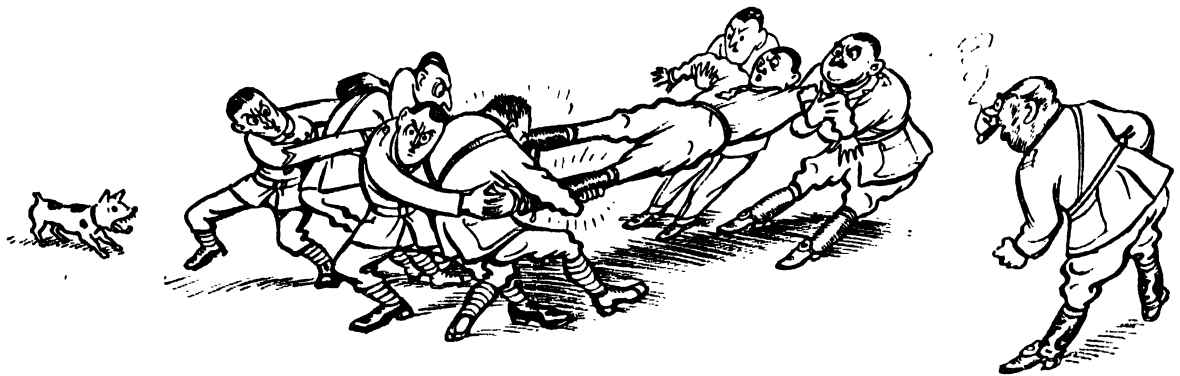
*Daily Paper.*

This strange behaviour of the stern reminds us of the famous lines in "The Hunting of the Snark":—

"The bowsprit got mixed with the rudder  
sometimes,  
Which the bellman said happened in tropical  
climes—  
When a vessel was, so to speak 'snarked.'"



THE FIELD BOOTS.



J. M. GATEMAN 1918.

THE FIELD BOOTS.





### RECONSTRUCTION SHOCKS.

*Miss X. (formerly a Tube conductress, who has taken the post of parlourmaid with a Grosvenor House hostess whose first "Victory 'At Home'" is exceptionally well-attended). "PASS FURTHER DOWN THE CAR THERE, PLEASE."*

### THE PURE POLITICS PARTY.

A HALF-PAGE OF *PUNCH* THROWN OPEN TO THE ABOVE.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In placing a half-page of our paper at the disposal of the Pure Politics Party (for one week only) we are actuated by no sordid motives. We have no desire to increase our circulation, and in the interests of the nation we shall unhesitatingly reveal the fact if anything of the kind occurs. The views expressed in this half-page are not necessarily ours and we reserve the right of pulverising them on another page. We have never denied the claim of an honourable opponent to change his opinions when he found himself in disagreement with us, nor, on the other hand, have we ever aspired to infallibility, except when we were in the right. The Pure Politics Party is entitled to a hearing; and the use (for the week after the elections) of these columns, which have never been used to stifle honest opinion, has been accepted in the spirit in which it was offered.]

### TEN REASONS WHY I BELONG TO THE PURE POLITICS PARTY.

By Sir Thomas Twisterton Titwash, O.B.E. (Deputy Assistant Director of Military Porciculture; author of *Goat-keeping for Profit*; Vice-President of the P.P. Party); the Party's

Candidate for the West Piffleton Division of Mudchester.

1. Because I believe in LABOUR. Because I would rather clasp the honest hand of toil than the effete digits of entrenched plutocracy.

2. Because I believe in ENGLAND, whose stately homes have sent forth of their best to defend us from the ruthless yoke of the ferocious Hun.

3. Because I believe in the BROTHERHOOD OF MAN, in the unquenchable spirit of INTERNATIONALISM, in the FREEDOM OF THE SEAS, the SUPREMACY OF THE WORKING CLASSES and PRESIDENT WILSON'S FOURTEEN POINTS.

4. Because I believe in the EMPIRE, knit together in its imperishable glory by BRITISH SEA SUPREMACY, PREFERENTIAL TARIFFS, an IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT and a PEERAGE FOR MR. HUGHES.

5. Because I believe in FREE TRADE; because I am convinced that no vindictive sentiments should prevent the early resumption of business relations between West Piffleton and the Fatherland.

6. Because I believe in a STRONG PEACE, in the EXECUTION OF THE KAISER, EXPULSION OF THE HUN FROM OUR SHORES, TON FOR TON, and GERMAN TO PAY FOR THE WAR.

7. Because I believe that the HOME RULE BILL should immediately be put into force.

8. Because I believe in SELF-DETERMINATION FOR ULSTER.

9. Because I believe in SHORTER HOURS AND HIGHER WAGES FOR THE WORKING MAN, MORE PROFITS AND LESS TAXATION FOR THE EMPLOYER, NON-INTERFERENCE WITH THE LIQUOR TRADE, STATE CONTROL OF ALL PIVOTAL INDUSTRIES, PROTECTION FOR OUR MANUFACTURES, A GENEROUS SUBSIDY FOR AGRICULTURE, BETTER EDUCATION, BETTER HOUSES, BETTER BEER, BETTER SALARIES FOR MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT, and ENGLAND A SAFER PLACE FOR THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

10. Because I am opposed to the idea of the Representatives of the People being tied down to any one policy or principle, at any rate after election.

These are but a few of the many planks of the platform upon which the Pure Politics Party stands foursquare to all the winds of adverse criticism. Any West Piffletonian who is in doubt as to our views on any of the burning questions of the day should apply to my headquarters, when I shall do my best to satisfy him that our opinions are identical with his. ALGOL.

"WANTED.—A Jolly Bengali Companion to keep a nobleman engaged by his wits and can also read newspapers."—*Statesman (Calcutta)*. We scent a possible subscriber.



OUR WATCH ON THE RHINE.

## THE RESCUE.

Jackson and Johnston were made from the stuff of heroes. I do not give their correct names because they hate publicity like the plague, but they had to be called something.

Jackson was a pilot and Johnston an observer. They used to fly in an antiquated seaplane, waste petrol and destroy wireless sets.

Convoying and anti-submarine patrolling constituted the work upon which they were alleged to be engaged, and one fine morning they set forth to down some careless Hun. They should have known instinctively that fate held nothing good in store for them, because the engine started at the first attempt, a thing which had never happened before, and they "took off" with the damage amounting to only a punctured tail-float and a few broken bracing-wires.

The engine was running wonderfully and must have been firing on no fewer than six of its nine cylinders, and this after an hour's flight. The thing was unheard of.

Then the sixth cylinder went out on strike (sympathetic) and the seaplane began to descend. Johnston, acting on painfully-gained experience, offered up a prayer and waited for the worst.

Any book dealing with seaplanes will tell you that the floats are for alighting on, and there are instructors who do nothing but show one how it is done. Jackson, however, had ideas of his own, and that was no doubt the reason why he chose to alight on the plane's nose in preference to its floats.

In this way the machine entered the water and then turned over on its back and threw observer Johnston out into the main. Meanwhile Jackson had managed to extract himself from the top plane and dived bravely to rescue his observer.

Then Johnston rose to the surface and found his pilot missing, and dived to pluck him from a watery grave.

With his lungs bursting and his head swimming Jackson gave up the search and ascended to get a breath of fresh air; but every moment was of value in a case like this and he dived again.

A second or two later Johnston's head emerged for a breath. He was a brave and determined fellow. Never would he give up until every ray of hope had vanished. So he plunged under again, and this time clutched hold of Jackson, and Jackson of him.

Johnston was elated; so was Jackson. Each had effected a rescue; so each was a hero. Under this common impression they arrived together at the surface.

"Don't struggle," gasped Johnston; "you're safe."

"Cling to the floats," ordered Jackson; "you're rescued."

"Brain affected," muttered Johnston. "Must be wandering," murmured Jackson.

\* \* \* \* \*

Do not mention rescues to Jackson or to Johnston, if you value either your personal beauty or your comfort.

## CONCERT RECONSTRUCTION.

It is gratifying to note, from an account of a recent concert at the Albert Hall, that an effort is being made to break down the old barriers of constraint between performers and listeners, platform and auditorium. But organisation is needed to establish this friendly co-operation on a broad basis. Isolated attempts are not enough; we need wholesale concert reconstruction. And if it be asked what is the goal we should aim at we can give no better answer than in an imaginative forecast of the ideal programme in the form of a notice modelled, in regard to style, on the impeccable diction of the musical critic of *The Morning Post* :—

"The Old Beans Hall was packed to repletion last night on the occasion of the annual concert of Mr. Charles Oldacre, the popular manager, a diversified and interesting programme being presented for the delectation of his appreciative patrons. Conformably with the now established rule instruction went hand-in-hand with recreation, and the artistic importance of the various items rendered was enhanced by the spirit of co-operation manifested by performers and audience. The entertainment was prefaced by a sparkling address on the use of stinging-nettles as a heat-producer in times of coal-shortage, by Sir Guy Coughdrop, followed by a momentous and memorable rendition of the Overture to the 'Flying Dutchman,' under the inspiring baton of Sir Joseph Plank, wearing the uniform of a Commodore of the R.N.V.R. Madame Blara Tutt, who was greeted with applause of exceptional volume and intensity, delivered a charming little *causerie* on the possibility of a scientific knowledge of the Unseen, and concluded by drawing a pig with her eyes shut, which was at once put up to auction and sold for twenty-five guineas for the benefit of the Society for Compulsory Deep Breathing in the Potteries.

"Several members of the audience contributed to the gaiety of the gathering by anecdotes, conundrums and imitations of well-known performers, in particular the travesty of Signor Marmosetti, the

famous pianist, and his simian eccentricities, evoking demonstrations of unrestrained merriment. The lights were several times turned completely down, which greatly added to the hilarity of the audience. Mr. HERBERT STURGEON supplemented his violin solo—BACH's meritorious 'Chaconne'—with a horn-pipe which he both danced and played, a gratifying *tour de force* which was highly relished; and Mr. ROBERT GLADFORD enormously enhanced the vocal verisimilitude of his rendition of 'O ruddier than the cherry' by his tasteful make-up as 'the giant Polypheme,' in which he achieved a literally huge success. But perhaps the greatest and most legitimate success of the concert was that of Madame Blara Tutt, who, on being encored in the famous temperance song, 'Band of Hope and Glory,' insisted on her accompanist singing the encore verse while she officiated at the keyboard.

"A delightful interlude was provided by the exhibition of films showing the larynxes of various eminent vocalists during the performance of their favourite songs. The second part of the programme presented as its salient items BACH's second Hindenburg concerto, with strategical comments by Sir Joseph Plank, and the presentation of prizes won in the Athletic Sports of the North Balham Tolstoyan League, by Miss Astra Carmel, the renowned esoteric soprano."

## "WHAT THE LABOUR PARTY DOES FOR WOMEN."

HOW IT STRIKES A SOLDIER'S WIFE.  
*Evening News (Labour Party Column).*

The Labour Party may look out for reprisals when the soldier's wife's husband comes home.

"There were anti-dynastic demonstrations in Berlin when several famous Hohenzollern states in under linen were smashed."

*Indian Paper.*

They were evidently caught napping.

"On Thursday morning of last week a public mark of respect was paid to Mr. —, of Fallagherine, by a large number of young pigs turning out armed with spades and at once started digging out Mr. —'s large field of potatoes."—*Tyrone Courier.*

We trust Mr. PROTHERO will make a note of this, in the present shortage of agricultural labour.

"The Ministry [of Food] are trying to develop new sources of milk supply, and for the purpose intend to make use of the motor-lorries the military authorities are about to release."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"WANTED, youth to milk and wash motor-car."—*Local Paper.*

"The cow with the iron tail"—latest models.



"GRANNY, I AM GLAD WE'VE LIVED TO SEE PEACE!"

### THE NEW REPORTING.

[A suggestion by one who feels that the conventional "Applause" and "Hear, Hear" convey an inadequate idea of the variety and colour of the interjections at an average election meeting.]

"GENTLEMEN, we are now, if I may say so—(disturbance in north-east corner of the hall, with shouts of "Oo are you a-shovin' of?" and various inconsequent repartees)—we are now in the proud and fortunate position of having overthrown our enemies—"You didn't do much!" followed by a free fight under the platform)—and having established, let us hope—(piercing woman's voice: "Wot abaht my son Jack?")—once and for all—(small boy bursts into vociferous lamentation as his father explains to him the precise domestic programme for the evening if he doesn't sit still)—upon a sure and lasting foundation—(here Albert MacIsaacs, junior, gives his celebrated imitation of a donkey's "Hee-haw," which is received with prolonged applause and shouts of "Encore!")—those principles of justice and tolerance—(jumping cracker in the gallery)—equality and fair play—"The old 'un's drinking your glass of water, guv'nor!")—which

have always been and, I trust, will always be the glory of the British Empire—(loud cheers from the two front rows, evidently stationed there for the purpose) and which it is now our hope and desire—(bass voice from the back: "Wot abaht beer?" and murmurs of interest and approval)—to extend to the world at large. (Subdued cheers from the two front rows, who realise that their previous demonstration was premature.) These sentiments, gentlemen, are not my own—"Never thought they were")—they are the nation's—"Are you going to hang BILL KAISER?"—they are in the air—(shower of flour and pepper from the gallery)—they cry aloud in the streets—(sudden commotion as a small dog, violently kicked from behind, runs yelping down the passage)—they will not be silenced—(concertina solo, with unauthorised variations as the instrument is swayed to and fro by rival factions)—they are shared by the humble Slav and the lowly Jugo—"Three cheers for the Jugos!"—as well as by that illustrious and far-seeing statesman—(great uproar, during which two Bolsheviks, one unimpeachable patriot, and one timid man who was between them are removed to hospital)

—Professor MASARYK; and we may be as sure as we are that to-morrow's sun will rise—"Wait and see!" followed instantly by shrill cat-calls and a voice, "Where's poor old ASQUITH?"—that these principles will prevail—"Oo poached the bad egg?" and much laughter as a local joke runs in whispers round the hall) and even in our own time—(diversion by an elector's baby, who shrieks for nourishment and is consoled amid a movement of sympathetic interest in the vicinity)—Truth and Right will take their place, supreme and unchallenged, upon the throne of the universe. (Dead silence, for the front benches are not going to be taken in this time.)

### A Tale for the Horse-Marines.

"The pirates were chased and thrashed in many a hot fight when English seamen won their spurs."—*Times*.

"His widow . . . predeceased him."  
—*Canadian Paper*.

Very forward of her.

"At the 1913 dance there was a band, oral decorations, an elaborate supper, and champagne."—*Daily Paper*.

We like "oral decorations." Much less vulgar than flowers of speech.



### NOT A CASE FOR URGENCY.

*Horseman.* "WHO IS GOING TO BE EXECUTED?"

*Roadmender.* "IT'S PETERKIN, THE SORCERER."

*Horseman.* "WELL, I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER HASTEN. I HAVE A REPRIEVE FOR HIM FROM THE KING."

*Roadmender.* "THERE'S NO HURRY, MASTER. THE EXECUTIONERS ARE ON STRIKE AND A PLUMBER HAS TAKEN ON THE JOB."

### THE FROCK-COATS.

FURNISHING a flat in the piping times of peace—I mean the kind of peace that precedes war, not that which follows it and plunges us into elections and other costlinesses—furnishing even then was no particular joke; but within the past few weeks it has been a test of fortitude equal almost to martyrdom. Everything is not only dearer but scarcer; and the War excuse is put forward so often that one is a thousand times a day at the end of all patience. I am convinced that placards ought to be prepared by some enterprising firm of printers, to be suspended from the necks both of salesmen and customers, just to make shopping a little less arduous. For a salesman something like this:—

*We are wholly blameless as to the height of prices and lowness of stock, to defective quality and broken promises. This is a perfectly-managed firm, but the War has disorganised everything.*

and for the customer:—

*Please don't mention either the War or the Peace. Show me what you have without reference to what you have not. Above all don't say anything about the cheapness that used to be, because that breaks my heart.*

In default of these placards I have had a very painful time among the Frock-coats in whose hands the retail furnishing trade reposes; and I have "priced" so many articles beyond my means that it has become a positive agony to enter any well-appointed room. All my old content to be standing before the fire or installed in an arm-chair waiting for dinner to be announced has now turned to gall and envy. "Good Heavens!" I say to myself as my eye perceives the hearth-rug, "how on earth can he afford that?" Or, "That cabinet," I ponder, "would certainly be two hundred pounds to-day." And the same carking jealousy and curiosity ruins the dinner, however good it may be. "If only I could have got

a table like this!" "Those chairs must have cost a fortune."

Very special qualifications go to a furnishing Frock-coat. He must combine deference with persuasiveness, eloquence with the machinery of candour, and he must disguise any dejection he feels. Some Frock-coats merely indicate the way to other Frock-coats, or call a Frock-coat to come and be useful, themselves remaining near the door; some take you in charge themselves and are equally powerful in all departments. It is amusing, on entering an establishment, to speculate as to which kind of Frock-coat it is going to be. That is, however, the end of one's amusement.

My own greatest difficulty was over a desk—something a little exceptional; not with three drawers each side and a covering of dark green leather; not a bureau, not an *escritoire*, but an interesting desk, a desk with secret drawers; and it was in the pursuit of this elusive article that I made my closest studies of the Frock-coats, because I explored, I am certain, thirty establishments and went for prodigious walks with them in each. One indeed boasted of eight acres of furniture floors, and I can



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Safety Razor

**The only safety razor costing less than a guinea that can be stropped without removing the blade.**

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The illustration on the left shows the razor in position for shaving. With a single touch of the finger it springs open into position for stropping or cleaning as shown in the illustration on the right. It is so simple that nothing can go wrong. It is so satisfactory that many men, to whom price is not an object, use it in preference to the most expensive razor that money can buy.

*Of all high-class dealers throughout the world.*

Heavily silver-plated razor, complete in handsome case, with strop in hinged partition, and 6 finest lancet steel blades (as illustrated) - - - **10/6**

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# ARISTON

*Cigarettes.*

**Ariston Delicat** for those  
who prefer a small cigarette.

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believe it. But in no rod, pole or perch of them was there the kind of desk I wanted; every other, but not mine. They ranged between desks to write love-letters at and desks to give employees a month's notice from; but at none could any real literary work be attempted.

The Frock-coats listened just like angels, profoundly interested and understanding, a little leaning my way. They twisted their moustaches and their eyes lighted; and then they dashed the hopes that they had raised. In a vast building in the Tottenham Court Road, for example, I put the problem to a Frock-coat of so much more than common benevolence and, on the face of him, intelligence, that I was at last confident. "I know exactly what you want," he said. "Not an office desk, but a desk you could have in a sitting-room."

"Yes," I said.

"With plenty of drawers," he continued, "and possibly a cupboard."

"That is it precisely," I said.

"Not conventional," he pursued.

I agreed.

"Mahogany," he said.

I agreed again.

"And old," he went on.

"Absolutely," I said, in a state of fever.

"Well," he replied, "I haven't got one."

But I think I preferred his methods to those of the Frock-coats who also know exactly what I wanted, but who had sold the last only yesterday; and quite a number of them said that. It is astonishing what sales can occur in furniture shops yesterday. That, I have discovered, is the real day for trade.

#### ANOTHER BREAKFAST-TABLE TRAGEDY.

"HAVE some anchovy paste on your toast and marge," said Lois hospitably. "There's no marmalade, no jam, no honey, no syrup, no nothing. Anchovy paste is an institution in this house, as it drowns the taste of marge more effectively than anything else I know. I always put it on thick."

She demonstrated. It was certainly thick; no margarine however aggressive could have hoped to hold its own against it.

"I'm not one of those people who pretend they don't mind marge," went on Lois. "Affectation, I call it. I think I've missed the butter more than anything, and when we get as much as we want again——"

"Meantime," I put in gently, "don't I, as an honoured guest, get a small portion of your ounce per head of butter?"

They explained with remarkable unanimity that I did not. I know



Major. "WHY DIDN'T YOU CHALLENGE ME?"

Sentry. "I DIDN'T KNOW WHO YOU WAS, SIR."

them rather well, so that conversation on such a vital matter as food is always frank and open.

"What we do now," Lois told me, when they had mentioned conclusively that visitors expecting butter in that house would jolly well bring their own, "is to save it all until the week-end and then have a real blow-out. It's something to look forward to all the week. To-day's only Wednesday, isn't it?" She sighed deeply.

"What a mercy it is," said my host genially, "that you are going on Friday. Wouldn't it be awful to have to sit and watch us eat all our butters?"

"Awful!" agreed Lois.

It was just at that point that Cecilia,

the handmaid, burst in without the semblance of a preliminary tap. Her frightened glance swept the breakfast-table and fastened dazedly on the margarine dish, now all but emptied of its contents.

"Oh, Ma'am!" she gasped.

"What on earth's the matter, Cecilia?" asked Lois rather stiffly.

"Oh, lor! Now I bin an' gorn an' done it! That there was the butter!"

No one spoke. It was not a moment for speech. With a low slow sob Lois turned her head aside so that she should not see her plate, where stood the last square inch of her second slice of toast, the butter of it plastered beyond recognition with anchovy paste.

## HOW HE DID HIS BIT.

THIS is to be an account of Dixonham's patriotic activity during the War. We all liked him on account of his innocence and his ardent desire to do something which should enable him to give an answer to the question, "Daddy, what did you do in the Great War?" It was extremely unlikely that that question would ever be put to him save in the way of jest, for he was fifty-two years old, and his family consisted of one married daughter who was at present living with her father and knew all his doings intimately. Still, as Dixonham said, you never could tell. Besides, a man's conscience might render his life unbearable.

Acting on these principles, Dixonham joined the Volunteers during the first ardour of that admirable movement; but his lameness was a terrible handicap to him, and when he realised that he was only impeding the rest he felt it his duty to retire and seek some fresh field in which to develop his energies. When the local Tribunals were instituted Dixonham was at first very angry. It seemed to him to argue a strange lack of patriotism that men who were called up to join the colours should seek safety by appealing to these bodies. But when Molesworth, his own gardener, got a notice and was passed A1, fit for general service, and was given a bare month to set his affairs in order, why, then matters assumed rather a different aspect. It was hard, he argued, that Molesworth, his only gardener, should be taken while two neighbouring gardeners were spared, and he paid no attention to the fact that both of them were seriously ruptured. Ruptures did not alter principles.

In complaints like these his vexation spent itself, without appearing to make any impression on the stony hearts of the gentlemen of the Tribunal.

Not long afterwards I happened to be taking a walk past Dixonham's garden, and there I beheld the man himself in his shirt-sleeves digging for all he was worth, and bearing all the outward signs which indicate a gardener. As I passed he hailed me.

"Surprised, aren't you, to see me at work? Well, it's quite true that hitherto I haven't been much of a gardener myself. We left it all to Molesworth. Now he's joined up, and I had to consider what ought to be done. I put an advertisement in the local paper, but didn't get an answer. Then suddenly it occurred to me that if I did it myself I should kill two birds with one stone. First, I should get the garden carried on, and, secondly, I should be doing war-work, for I should be working in substitution for a man who had been compelled to join the army."

"War-work?" I said. "What you're doing isn't war-work." And I endeavoured to explain to him what war-work really meant, and that, at any rate, it could not and did not mean such work as he was then doing for himself alone.

Dixonham is an obstinate man, and it took a long time to persuade him. Even to the last I am sure he felt a self-righteous glow when he took off his coat and waistcoat and complained of the weather.

Shortly before the Armistice was signed he had arranged to carry on with his bodily presence and activity the little business of a sweet shop.

"It's a one-man business," he said, "if ever there was one, for its proprietor is a woman and quite incompetent at that."

• Nothing more muddle-headed ever come out of Hanwell, but the intention was good and patriotic, and when the final reckoning is made it may be that the intention counts for more than anything else.

## THE RETURN.

INTO the home-side wood, the long straight aisle of pines,  
I turned with a slower step than ever my youth-time knew;  
Dusk was gold in the valley, grey in the deep-cut chimes,  
And below, like a dream afloat, was the quiet sea's fading blue.

Oh, it was joy to see the still night folding down  
Over the simple fields I loved, saved by the sacred dead,  
Playmates and friends of mine, brothers in camp and town,  
The loyal hearts that leapt at the word that England said.

I paused by the cross-roads' sign, for a tinkling sound rang clear,  
The small sharp sound of a bell away up the western road;  
And presently out of the mist, with clank and clatter of gear,  
Rumbled the carrier's cart with its tilt and its motley load:—

The old grey horse that moved in the misty headlight's gleam,  
The carrier crouched on his seat, with the bell-boy perched astride,  
Voices from under the tilt, and laughter—was it a dream,  
Or was I awake and alive, standing there by the cross-roads' side?

So I came to the village street where glinting lights shone fair,  
The little homely lights that make the glad tears start;  
And I knew that one was yearning and waiting to welcome me there,  
She that is mother in blood and steadfast comrade in heart.

Oh, but my youth swept back like the tide to a thirsty shore,  
Or the little wind at dawn that heralds the wash of rain;  
And I ran, I ran, with a song in my heart to the unlatched door,  
I returned to the gentle breast that had nursed me—a boy again!

## LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

(From "The Times" of December 18th, 1920.)

THE deadlock in the radium industry, involving three hundred thousand operatives, has, we are glad to announce, been satisfactorily terminated by the intervention of the PRIME MINISTER, when all efforts of the Conciliation Boards and Industrial Councils had failed.

The men demanded a reduction of the hours of labour from three to two hours daily and a hundred per cent. increase in their wages on the special rate guaranteed last June. As this meant the abandonment of the Three Hours Act and would render the profitable working of the radium mines impossible, the task of settlement might well have discouraged the most adroit industrial diplomatist. Not so the PRIME MINISTER, who has staved off the impending strike by the following masterly compromise:—Henceforth, beginning on January 1st, 1921, the hours of labour are to be reduced to two-and-a-quarter hours daily, while the wages are to be raised ninety-eight per cent. on the special rate. The men, though not enthusiastic over the decision, profess their readiness to give the scheme a trial for three months, without prejudice to further demands on the basis of the one-hour day and a minimum wage of £10 weekly.

"The captain of gendarmerie said the Empress [German] was fairly cheerful, but spoke little. On arriving at Maasbergen she complained of the bitter cold."—*Daily Sketch*.

If looks as if they have "Government ale" in Holland too.



*Disillusioned War-wife.* "WELL, JIM, YOU MAY THINK YOU LOOK MORE DISTANGY, BUT IF YOU WANT ME TO SPEAK THE TRUTH I PREFER YOU IN YER KHAKI."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FEW books dealing with the reflective aspect of the world tragedy have seemed to me more quietly satisfactory than the slender volume, *At Home in the War* (HEINEMANN), in which Mr. G. S. STREET has recorded the thoughts and emotions, during the past four years, of one whom circumstance has forced into the position of looker-on. It is long since I first met Mr. STREET as gentle essayist; he has never appeared to better advantage than in these eminently sane and common-sensible musings. At times frankly personal, you have here the intimate yet considered talk of a middle-aged observer of life, who from a position a little withdrawn has been watching the changes that have come over everything that makes up our world. His chapters measure this development (so plainly marked in retrospect), from "The First Emotions" and "The Great Response," down through all the varied reactions of the war-years to the call-up of the fathers. Quotation would be the only right tribute, and for that I have no space. One closes this most companionable little book, regretting that it appeared too soon (almost by a matter of days) to round off its strange and eventful history by a record of The Amazing End.

The paper wrapper of *Children of the dear Cotswolds* (MURRAY), by L. ALLEN HARKER, nearly put me off my stroke on the tee—and you know what a mood that engenders. The picture of a child, for whom drowning in its bath would have been too lenient a penalty for being such an object, should be removed by any bookseller who does not want dead stock on his hands. Inside there is plenty of good stuff—a little over-sentimental perhaps, but

with more than a suspicion of the happy *Cranford* flavour. Here are little loosely connected sketches of a Cotswold village—the kind of book for which there is plenty of room and which interprets the spirit of one little corner of our England to another. I couldn't help comparing this work with a late study by Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH of a Sussex village. Of course Cotswolds, however dear, can hold no candle to Sussex; but the two chroniclers have different methods. Miss KAYE-SMITH is a realist; she gives you the "warts and all." No retouching of the negative for her. I get an impression from Miss HARKER that the Cotswolds are a little too good to be true. And can it be that the indulgent author really liked the little idiot on the wrapper?

In *The Dardanelles Campaign* (NISBET) Mr. H. W. NEVINSON does not pretend to tell us much that is new about the glorious and tragic struggle, but rather from a distance of time sufficient for perspective, yet with the freshness of an eye-witness, he aims to picture it clearly and as a coherent whole. Certainly he succeeds more than well, even if we hesitate to accept his publishers' claim to what they call "the substantive account," whatever that may mean. It seems as if the fighting in the Gallipoli peninsula is to be more written over than any other equal section of the War, mainly, one supposes, because it so catches the imagination, the margin between failure and success having again and again been so detestably small. It is a virtue in Mr. NEVINSON's history that this dramatic quality in his subject, though he never loses sight of it, is not so overstrained as to destroy the balance of a straightforward piece of writing. He is an out-and-out supporter of the campaign, yet even here advocacy does not run away with him, and the journalist's tendency to sit in judgment is not too evident. Altogether this is a desirable addition to the *Dardanelles*

shelf. Mr. NEVINSON'S maps, one might add, are much better than his illustrations.

"SAPPER" in *The Human Touch* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) disobeys—as usual—every law ever laid down on "How to write a Short Story," and—as usual—triumphs completely over the pundits and pedagogues. Here he pursues his digressive way as generously as ever; at one moment he is as serious as judges used to be, and before you have had time to fall into line with his mood he breaks out into the most delightful drolleries. But whatever his mood may be he retains a very true sense of vision. The present hour has for him its splendid and its sordid aspects; but, grand or grimy, its significance lies for him in its power to make or mar the future of our race. Study "The Education of Bunny Smith" and you will see what I mean; or read of the devotion of *John Mayhew*, sometime lecturer on Higher Mathematics at Oxford, to *Shorty Bill*, who thought that Oxford professors cleaned their black-boards by the simple, if insanitary, method of spitting upon them. Perhaps here and there one can detect a slight note of bitterness sounding in these stories, and I hope that "SAPPER" will be careful not to indulge it. For his work as it stands to-day is both a stimulus to thought and an incentive to loyalty.

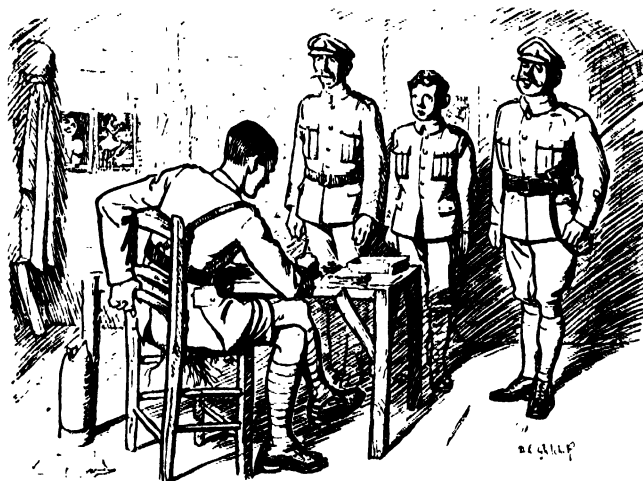
I have the feeling that there must surely be some secret behind *The Choices of an Etonian* (LANE) which would explain how it came to be published. If, for example, Mr. HORACE BUCKLEY, the author, is still a schoolboy, or at most a very young man, one would suffer his eruditions for the sake of better work to come. Otherwise I see no excuse. As a story the thing is both amateur in construction and almost bewilderingly pointless. It makes false starts that lead nowhere. To this hour the meaning (if any) of the title altogether eludes me. Shall we bother about the plot? *Maurice Hale* had to leave Eton because of the financial disasters of his parent; but, the family fortunes being restored, he (surely not very probably) resumed his position there, and the book accordingly became a school story till the outbreak of war allowed us some trench chapters for a finish. These were so conspicuously the most vital part of the tale as to suggest a picture of Mr. BUCKLEY himself enduring their horrors. In which case all shall be forgiven. Otherwise I should have winged words to speak about a style that suggests either that the last proof-reader had been called up, or that the once fastidious Bodley Head had unaccountably nodded. When we read (of the departure of visitors after a school function), "The arrival of taxis brings the family touch to its curtain stage"—well, as the poet says, "there must surely be something somewhere" to account for it.

I suspect that BARTIMEUS, that prolific and forcible writer, must be rather tired of being compared with Mr. KIPLING; but it has to be done, and no reviewer who omitted to draw attention to the likeness would feel that he had fulfilled his

duty. This is not to say that BARTIMEUS is a plagiarist—far from it. He has to describe such characters and such events as Mr. KIPLING has taught us to associate with his name, and naturally enough BARTIMEUS catches something of his infectious manner. There they are, then, all the good old "gadgets"—the oracular tone, the short sentence flaming with portent and loaded with meaning beyond the capacity of any ordinary uncurtailed sentence, the cool unruffled determination with which great deeds are performed. If one may say it of a writer who is so saturated with sea-water, BARTIMEUS is a daisy for short stories of sailor-men and their ways of speech and action. All these are well to the fore in *The Navy Eternal* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). I like particularly the story of the commander of a submarine (English) who had been aimed at by a seaplane (German) and all but hit. "Maria," said he out of the perspective of machinery and motionless figures awaiting death, "Maria, give the gentleman a bag of nuts."

Miss JESSIE DOUGLAS KERRUSH has more than a passing

acquaintance with Persia and the East. Moreover, the tricks and ruses of the characters in *The Girl from Kurdistan* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) show an ingenuity in the author which is truly Oriental in itself. On the other hand her incidental attempt at the Scottish manner and diction is of such indifferent effect as to suggest that she has not the gift of sizing up a people on a superficial study. I find difficulty in so much as hinting in this short notice at the half-dozen plots of the book's three hundred and fifty closely-printed pages; further, I confess to a somewhat vague and incoherent understanding at times as to



Officer. "IN WHAT WAY WAS THIS MAN INSOLENT TO YOU, SERGEANT-MAJOR?"

Sergeant-Major. "SIR, ON ENTERING HUT FIVE AT TEN A.M. ON THE FIFTEENTH INSTANT I FOUND THE ACCUSED LYING IN BED AT ME!"

what was happening, so rapid were the twists and turns of the story, so cryptic and elliptic the explanations offered by the Eastern characters. In its broad outlines the book follows the loves of three several couples; the delays they underwent by reason of local "incidents" between the East and the West, and the climax achieved during a thorough-going riot in the city of Teheran, wherein there was much quiet humour and all the protagonists came perilously near being eliminated in a bunch. Its broad outlines, however, are not the book's main recommendation; it is to be read for its thousand-and-one incidents. Unless, then, you are so impatient a reader as to be put off by having to discover for yourself who, for example, the *Shah-zadeh Khanoum* may be, or unless you are the sort of person who will be annoyed to find that it was only *Miss Janet* all the time, and you were expected to know it but didn't, my advice is to give the book a thorough reading.

"Gentleman will sell wedding suit, twice worn."—*The Bazaar*.  
We trust this is not a case of bigamy.

"I was talking of that never-to-be-dreamt-about-enough day when Jack comes running up the garden path all the way from Mesopotamia."—*Home Notes*.

This refers, of course, to the Garden of Eden.

## CHARIVARIA.

THE *Berlin Bourse Gazette* tells us that an inventory of the ex-Kaiser's wardrobe shows that he has 593 suits. This would not of course include his going-away suit.

With reference to the column set aside in *The Daily Mail* for the Labour Party, we now learn that the Labour Party wish it to be distinctly understood that they accept no responsibility for the views expressed in other parts of the paper.

"From January 1st," says a Railway Order, "all parcels must bear the address of the consignee and the name of the destination station." The old system by which you showed the parcel the name of every station you came to, and put it out if it barked, has been definitely discarded.

In the Dublin Court a prisoner swore at the judge, assaulted counsel and, while being removed from the court, shouted "Good Bye-o-o." This, we believe, almost amounts to contempt of court in Ireland.

A new book, *Napoleon as a Journalist*, has just been produced by a French publishing house. A companion volume, *A Journalist as Napoleon*, is already being talked of in Printing House Square.

Two men have been arrested for impersonating Sinn Feiners during the election. We should hate to be mistaken for Sinn Feiners, but they seem to have done it on purpose.

The Food Production Department is urging that a week should be set apart all over the country for pigeon shoots. It is reported that six hundred thousand released flappers are to be employed in putting salt on their tails.

"On Wednesday," writes "TUBB TRAVELLER" in *The Daily Mail*, "I was unable to get on to three trains in succession. It sounds rather greedy."

Mrs. LAMBERT, of Edmonton, who is in her hundred-and-fourth year, told an Exchange representative that she had never heard of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. This is strange, for we have not detected

any conspiracy to keep his name out of the Press.

General VON KLUCK has explained to a Swedish business man how he came to lose the Battle of the Marne. The accepted theory that the previous week's edition of *Land and Water* failed to reach him in time is now exploded.

People in search of quiet and amuse-

elimination of what was known in pre-war days as the German bogey.

With reference to the retirement of Commander S. STADEN, of the I.C.C. Fire Brigade, it is not true that a farowell fire is to be arranged in his honour.

As the result of a slight indisposition Dr. SOLF's bi-weekly resignation is postponed till Friday.

"With the advent of the motor tractor," says an Anglo-Indian journal, "the elephant is not so much in demand as hitherto." But they still make excellent paper-weights.

"One hundred and nine snakes were found by two labourers on a refuse-heap in Burwash," says a contemporary, "but they were only small ones." We shudder to think what they would have been but for the Liquor Control Board.

The report that a German University Professor has admitted that he approved of the War is denied.

According to the Munich Press a German Army doctor has discovered the influenza bacillus. A suggestion that HINDENBURG should renew hostilities with the view of trying it on the Allied armies has not been well received.

It is announced that no trains or buses will run in London on Christmas-day after 4 P.M. Children dining out after that hour will have to sleep where they drop.

"Sinn Fein clubs were early at work about the polls," said *The Cork Examiner* on the Monday following the Election. Their adversaries' polls, it appears.

## Racial Development in Africa.

"The Nilotic race is remarkable for the disproportionately long legs of their men and women. They extend on the eastern side of the Nile right down into the Uganda Protectorate."—From "*The Black Man's Part in the War*," by Sir HARRY H. JOHNSON.

From a feuilleton:—

"When Anne knocked timidly at the door with the jolly . . ." Far better than using your knuckles if you feel nervous.



Padre (new to the job). "BUT WHY DO YOU LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT?"

Orderly Man. "I WAS ONLY TURNIN' MY 'EAD TO SALUTE, SIR."

ment in place of the old air-raid sensations will be pleased to know that the International Astronomical Bureau announces the discovery of a new comet.

*The Geneva Tribune* states that TROTSKY has declared his intention of taking M. CLEMENCEAU's life. This confirms our contention that TROTSKY is not a trustworthy person.

A suburban golf club has decided to exclude all Germans, naturalised or unnaturalised, from membership. The game has already been freed to some extent from Teutonic influence by the

## THE ROAD TO THE RHINE.

## II.—"PEACEFUL PENETRATION."

PEACEFUL penetration, briefly, is the art of acquiring practically the sole use of an entire house and its effects in such a manner that the householder (who would normally resent the intrusion) is constrained in the end to acknowledge a debt of gratitude for the invasion.

To be successful in this art of obtaining the best billets in the most unlikely places it is essential that at least one of the company should possess the following qualities:—

1. A genuine horror of discomfort.
2. A more comprehensive knowledge of the French language than is required to turn out such sentences as "*La plume de ma mère est très bonne.*"
3. A gentle, cooing, cradle-rocking voice.

Our Company is fortunate enough to possess a prince of peaceful penetrators in the person of one Second-Lieut. Chardenal (such is not his name, but he is our first French scholar). Thus, though we continue our march daily to the land of the "Alleyman"—with the post, the newspaper and the all-important rations keeping a respectful distance behind us—every night sees us comfortably housed in a home from home.

We arrive, for instance, in a village. The inhabitants waggle flags. The best billets being occupied already by people who in wartime were usually behind us we plod victoriously on to that quarter of the place where the Bosch "requisition" has been most rigorous. Of course the first thing we do is to "look after the men"—not because we like it or because we have read *Letters of a General to his Son*, but because we know from bitter experience what kind of things they are capable of if we leave them to look after themselves. Not until we have seen issued that peculiar molten beverage called "Army Tea" do our thoughts turn to our own material comfort. Then in silence we survey the swept and ungarnished floor set apart in the Company billet for our use. It is a good floor as floors go, but we have in mind other floors, preferably those with beds growing on them.

"Very well," you say, "nothing easier than to go and ask for accommodation from the inhabitants near by." My dear good Sir (or Madam), have you *seen* us and ours? Our Company Mess is represented by five officers, five valises (considerably over weight), five batmen and a cook (with military impedimenta), as well as Mess-boxes containing crockery, etc.

The mere suggestion that this seething mass of men and material might be included in any one house would call

up visions in the mind of the stoutest householder of a home destroyed by a brutal soldiery and would indubitably lead them to lock up the silver and send for the Maire.

It is on this account that we have elaborated the following system of peaceful penetration. Selecting the most likely house capable of accommodating us all, Second-Lieut. Chardenal takes the lead. The Company Commander, punctured of all authority, fades into insignificance when it comes to importuning inhabitants in their native tongue. The remainder scatter about the road in artillery formation, with the idea of making a crowd look like a couple of disinterested loafers. Approaching the door Chardenal gently insinuates a massive and conciliatory form. "Has Madame a room to spare where the English officers could sit down? Madame has? Madame is too kind." We wait expectantly. "Possibly she might allow us the use of the room as a Mess; we have nowhere else to go. It is kind of Madame; a home from home would be most welcome."

*We are in.*

Monsieur le Capitaine is introduced to Madame, and remarks with a tremendous effort that "*la guerre est finie; c'est bon, n'est-ce pas?*" after which he very wisely relapses into silence. The campaign recommences. "If it is no inconvenience perhaps Madame would graciously allow our cook to have the use of the stove in the kitchen. There is but one? Ah, we could not think of deranging Madame; after all there are many worse things than cold food in a warm room. What! It will be quite all right? That is most kind of Madame. Madame would like to use the stove as well? Naturally; we give Madame full permission to use her own stove."

*The ground floor is ours.*

Next the cook staggers into the kitchen with his Mess boxes and exchanges pleasantries with the youngsters. Monsieur is given an English cigarette. But gracious! who are all these people in Madame's kitchen? "Oh, they are just a servant or two to help the cook." They greet Madame as their own mother and the air is full of "Bong jore," "Merrey," "Bong poor les troops," "Alleyman parti" and "Les sales Alleymans."

The story of the Bosch's misdoings in the village fills us with horror; we tell Madame we are (almost) sorry the War is over. Monsieur shows us how and where they succeeded in "caching" everything from the rigours of the "requisition" until the Company Commander begins to fidget. It is

getting dark. Ah! Madame has asked where we shall sleep.

"We—sleep? We hadn't thought of it. Doubtless there is a stone floor somewhere."

The floor? No, no, Madame has a bedroom for Monsieur le Capitaine.

"Madame is really too good."

Here the Company Commander begins to wax authoritative again and gives short sharp orders to his batman concerning his valise. "What—there are also two other rooms with two beds? Oh, no, no, no!" Cries and protests from overwhelmed subalterns; they could not think of it; it would derange Madame. Er, could they see them? . . . .

We entertain Monsieur in the kitchen with unlimited ration tobacco, while the servants rush our valises up and take possession formally.

*The whole house is now ours.* The campaign has proceeded according to plan.

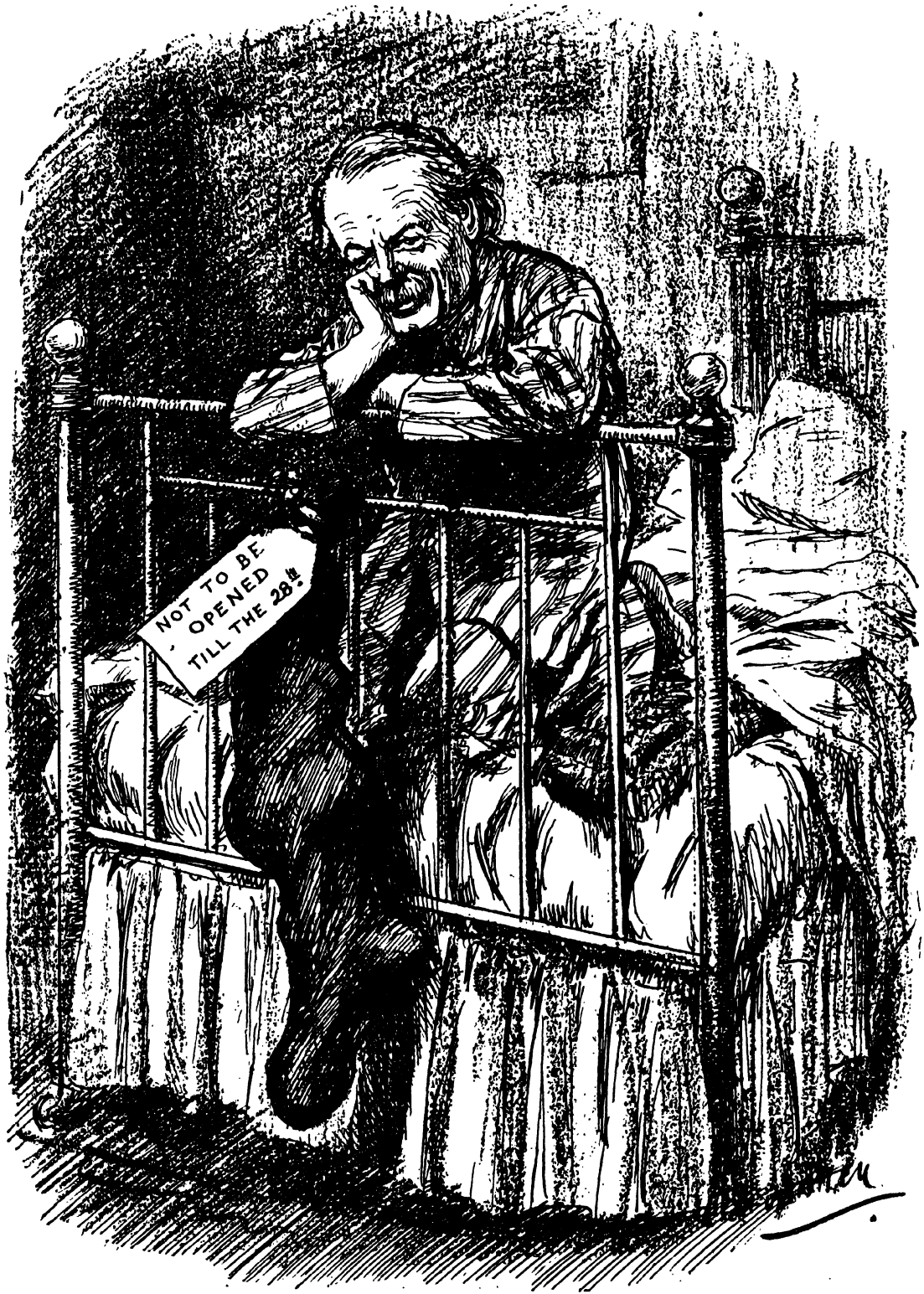
\* \* \* \* \*

It is eight o'clock. Dinner is served in our very own Mess, and Madame graciously apologises for entering her own room occasionally. The C.O. has been round and remarked, "Ah, C Company has got the best billets as usual"—for which the Company Commander modestly takes full credit. Madame has prepared our salad herself, for which, having seen the hands of the company cook, we are duly grateful. From the kitchen comes the hum of many voices, amongst which can be heard the constant trill of Madame relating her troubles, the interjection from the men of a sympathetic "Ah weo, Ah weo" at more or less appropriate intervals, the occasional boisterous outbreak of "No bon, ch?" "Alleyman no bon," and the preliminary strains of a mouth-organ.

Looking in at about 9 p.m. we see that all the servants (plus an orderly or two) have got into the kitchen and are seated roisterously round the table in their shirt-sleeves. Monsieur and Madame have the unrestricted use of one corner of their own kitchen and are smiling and happy, with a taste of something like solid food after four years' abstinence. She has found them quarters for the night in a nice dry loft, and knows they will leave it cleaner and tidier than they found it, and everybody is satisfied.

I hate to say it, but if the Bosch had specialised in our form of peaceful penetration goodness knows what might have happened. Certainly, witnessing the full-fed, fatuous, self-complacent spectacle which the Mess presents, one would say he'd have had a better time of it. L.





GREAT EXPECTATIONS.





"I CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR POOR OLD JONES BEING DONE DOWN LIKE THAT."

"I CAN. IT'S THE 'TERTIUM QUID.'"

"OH, IS THAT IT? I THOUGHT THERE WAS CORRUPTION SOMEWHERE."

### THE PLAINT OF A TOPICAL BARD.

Why do my vagrant fancies turn  
To Christmas as a likely theme?  
It is not that I really yearn  
To dream again the DICKENS dream,  
To celebrate the flowing glasses,  
Or sing a song like WENCESLAS'S.

No, it is rather that I sigh  
For something fairly firm and fixed  
Amid a world that's gone awry  
And got inextricably mixed;  
Where'er one looks, from Pole to Tropic,  
Everything seems kaleidoscopic.

One king after another goes  
And half the map has fallen away,  
And of To-morrow all one knows  
Is that it won't be as To-day;  
As for the coming week (the middle)  
Ask me, I pray, another riddle.

One week the War is on—and off  
The next; our darkness turns to  
light,  
And editors make bold to scoff  
At what I wrote but yesternight;  
Hackneyed and out of date they vote  
it,  
Which seemed prophetic when I wrote  
it.

For Dora we don't care a fig  
(Whose name was once a thing of  
dread);

I heap nutrition on the pig  
Till yesterday so underfed;  
And we ourselves eat cake and jam in  
What was last week a haunt of famine.

Close in the wake of capering Time  
I pant and still I pant in vain;  
I cannot catch him in a rhyme  
Nor snapshot in a passing strain;  
He speeds on his subversive mission  
More like a bus than a tradition.

So, Christmas, let me fix my mind  
Upon your blessed certitude;  
You will not vanish like the wind,  
Nor cheat nor crumble nor elude:  
You in a world that smacks of Babel  
May still be counted firm and stable.

"The Peruvian Government has accepted  
the offer of President Wilson to meditate  
between Peru and Chili."—*Daily Paper*.

We should have thought he might have  
found a quieter spot.

From a Bank Chairman's speech:—  
"The rapid growth of our figures during the  
last four years has been largely due to war  
conditions."—*Provincial Paper*.  
Stout fellows.

### A MATTER OF COURSES.

I AM one of those poor old bachelors  
who for lack of a home live in a select  
boarding-house. To this forlorn habit,  
however, I owe a knowledge, uncommon,  
I flatter myself, amongst civilians,  
of certain departments of military life.

During the past two years the greater  
part of the accommodation of my car-  
avanserai has been occupied by a suc-  
cession of artillery officers, who reside  
there while undergoing a course of in-  
struction at the neighbouring School  
of Gunnery. As they usually write up  
and discuss their notes and propound  
their theories in the little smoke-room,  
I have gradually acquired a certain be-  
wildered familiarity with the techni-  
calities of their science, and have come  
to realise how terrifying an engine is  
a modern piece of ordnance for the  
spirited young gentlemen who have to  
endure examination upon its manage-  
ment and habits.

Recently, recognizing one of the  
students as having been quartered in  
my boarding-house only a few months  
before, I introduced myself by the offer  
of a saccharin tabloid for his coffee,  
and ventured to inquire how he came  
to be repeating the experience.

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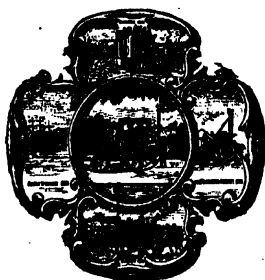
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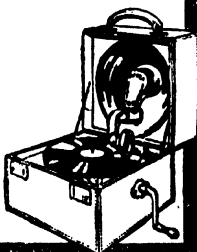
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**68, 69, 70, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C. 4.**

"In the natural routine of my duties," he replied cheerfully and respectfully, helping himself to two tabloids. "Though my present appointment has no official title, I may describe myself as a course specialist. In civil life I earned a substantial livelihood as designer and architect of iced cakes, and, in view of the present shortage of sugar, am not entitled to claim immediate demobilization as a pivot man. For the executive work of the Reserve Brigade to which I am attached there are three times too many officers, and to avoid the crowd in the Mess I have abandoned myself to every variety of extensive and intensive military education. I have attended most of the ordinary courses once, and those associated with particularly comfortable billets I patronise more frequently. Thus, as you may imagine, I know practically everything that can be taught on the subject of war in all its branches. The store of knowledge I am acquiring will no doubt be invaluable to me when I have to resume my civil occupation, but I am far from unwilling to carry on my present routine till age entitles me to retire on half-pay.

"The theory is, that if I keep quiet the War Office will overlook my existence and I shall be allowed to continue this tranquil and innocent career. In addition to all the courses of which you can possibly have heard, I have attended many which I am sure are unknown to the civil public. Gunnery, gas, musketry, cooking—all the obvious subjects have received my attention, while I have also been through a training in such specialized branches as co-operation between field-officers and R.T.O.'s, between pay-sergeants and pipe-majors, between Mr. Cox's ledger-clerks and second-lieutenants, and between batmen and the Bankruptcy Court. You may not be aware that such courses are held or that such co-operation exists, but as you doubtless rely for military information upon the Press and upon answers in the House of Commons this is not a matter for astonishment.

"Lacking the profound learning, verbal subtlety and dogged perseverance necessary for the profitable interpretation of the various Army Council Instructions and other relevant documents, I employ a clever solicitor to draw up my quarterly statement of claims in respect of travelling, rations, detention, inconvenience or ennui while attending courses. Without such expert assistance I question if I should obtain a return upon my expenditure and exertions sufficient to encourage me in the further pursuit of my present vocation.



"DID YOU TELL YOUR MISSUS 'OW WE LARFED AT WHAT MY OLD WOMAN SAID ABART 'ER LAST NIGHT?"

"NOT ME! TRY IT YERSELF AND SEE 'OW OLD-FASHIONED SHE 'IL LOOK AT YER."

"As the best of courses grows monotonous by unlimited repetition, I have approached the politician who hoped to have my vote, and he has promised to move in the matter of organizing others. I suggested to him such profitable training as mountain warfare in Skye or the Lake District; rapid musketry work in a deer forest; skiing—for which St. Moritz in winter would be an excellent location—and so forth. If these suggestions are taken up I do

not think I shall pester the War Office for release to civil life while at least I have youth and health to allow me to benefit by the instruction provided.

"I fear I have bored you. May I venture to ask for another of your very excellent saccharin tabloids?"

Letter recently received by a business-house from an ex-employé:—

"Dr. Firm, Am I still with you? Cos if so, for the love of Heaven get me demoralised."

## A CHANT OF GOOD CHEER.

Come once again, ye puddings all of plum,  
 And ye puffed pies ystuffed of minced meat  
 That lie like driven swansdown on the tum  
 And bid dyspepsia's self arise and eat;  
 And all ye almonds white and apples red  
 Whereof the "U" not bites—or doth no longer,  
 But now, the plaything of the grisly conger,  
 Befouled old Ocean's shell-encrusted bed,  
 Or, pent in ports of our inviolate coast,  
 Mocks the white-livered Brandonburger's boast,  
 While they who drank the sounding hero-toast  
 Come all a-crawl, crying, "Please don't oppress  
 A nice kind German." Faugh! But I digress.

Come, ye proud turkeys of the Sister Isle,  
 Miscalled, indeed, by that unsavoury name,  
 That gobble in the barnyard full of bile  
 And strut the meads with wattles all aflame.  
 And O ye geese! As succulent still, I ween,  
 As when ye saved Rome's Capitol from danger,  
 Whose outstretched necks do hiss the intrusive  
 stranger  
 In swift disorder from the village green—  
 Come to our board, with sage and onions  
 crowned,  
 Or thymy-odorous and festooned around  
 With the plump sausage exquisitely browned;  
 Come, and till sheer repletion bids us cease  
 We'll lift our forks to Victory and Peace.

For we have longed for ye, brave foods, and all  
 (Save James, an infant, recently arrived)  
 Have faced long years of strife's abstemious thrall,  
 Of all rich forms of sustenance deprived,  
 Nor sought by stealth to augment the rationed  
 dole,  
 But eked out portions suitable for sparrows,  
 With home-grown greens and vegetable marrows,  
 Nor on the uncouped pheasant and the sole  
 Waxed profiteerwise. Thus we did our bit,  
 Eight patriot Joneses, lean but not unfit;  
 And now as round the groaning board we sit  
 Without one prick of conscience to corrode  
 We'll eat and eat and let the expense be blown.

The basted Bird will enter in his pride;  
 The gong will sound and trooping we shall come;  
 And James, who simply won't be left outside,  
 Shall suck real gravy from his mother's thumb;  
 And I shall watch the young platoon advance  
 Against fresh helpings, every one a graveller,  
 Till, like ripe leeches from the exhausted traveller,  
 They fall away, too full for utterance;  
 And off to bed I pack them all for luck—  
 Jack, George and Michael, Joan and Master  
 Puck,  
 Who started last but quickly left the ruck,  
 Passing the post, so Nurse and Jane declare,  
 Still well in hand, with two mince-pies to spare.

Then by the fireside with my *café noir*  
 And fat Partagas in a sandal box,  
 I'll quaff one green Chartreuse to *La Victoire*,  
 Adding, "Not mine, but that of Messrs. Cox,  
 To find the wherewithal to pay the bills;"  
 And presently, in balmy sleep unfolded,  
 I'll dream of turkeys to huge stature moulded,  
 Gargantuan geese and puddings huge as hills,

While from the dim isles of old wonder tales,  
 Full of rare fruits and aromatic bales,  
 Come high-prowed galleons, furling silver sails,  
 To anchor by the river bank of sleep  
 Where I, like JAMSHID, glory and drink deep.

ALGOR.

## THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

WE prisoners had been the victims of many false starts and falser rumours, but at last it seemed that the workmen and soldiers who happened to be ruling the town that week were proposing to let us go. I was not leaving with the first party, and walked a little sadly round the big barrack taking leave of my friends.

The human is a sentimental animal. I heard men undertake to meet once a year in London and dine off cold bully beef and mangel soup, just to remind them of the bad old days. Some arranged to foregather in January and travel through Scotland in cattle trucks.

As I passed Room 76 the faint sound of applause came to me, and, attracted by the unusual noise, I entered. They had always interested me, those three men in 76, and as they were leaving early in the morning I did not hesitate to intrude on what I guessed to be a farewell meal.

"Come in—sit down," said Crust. He was standing and appeared to be delivering the final speech of the evening. I hid myself in a shadowy corner and waited for him to continue.

"And so for eighteen weary months we have faced each other across this narrow table. There was no escape, there was no relief. The same faces, the same habits, the same mannerisms, changeless as the Pyramids, warping character, killing individuality. Can you wonder that our feelings for each other changed from indifference to dislike and from dislike to detestation and odium?"

"Hear, hear!" chorused the other two and tapped upon the table. "Very true; hear, hear!"

"Therefore I do not hesitate to hope not only that we may forget one another utterly but that— Don't go."

"I can't stand it," I said and hurried out.

They left next morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three days ago I walked into a small restaurant which has not yet been discovered by the spending classes. In a corner, seated round a beautifully decorated table, were the three men whom I had last seen drinking weak tea in West Prussia. I produced the single eye-glass which I generally use solely for the exploration of menu cards, and studied the trio.

Crust was again speaking, seated this time, and, though I could not hear him, the smiles and the rapidly emptying magnum told their tale. They noticed me on their way out and, turning aside, came over to my table.

"Why, it's the old cavesdropper in his party suit!"

"It is high time you three young men dispersed to your several and provincial homes," I remarked sternly. "London's much too full."

"Been trying to tear ourselves apart for nearly a week," said Crust, "but it's no good. Of course we really loathe one another as much as ever, but we've been glued together so long that we can't come unstuck."

"A hundred and twenty-two 'U'-boats had been surrendered up to Sunday last, and it is thought that forty more, some of which are dam aged, will complete the total."—*Spectator*.

We knew some of the boats were fairly ancient, but are surprised that our respected contemporary should give way to language like this.



'WHAT'S A GIRL LIKE 'ER TO DO NOW IT'S ALL OVER? SHE 'ASN'T THE 'EART FOR DOMESTIC SERVICE, NOR THE LEGS FOR PANTO.'

### THE BATH-PLUG.

THE plug for the bath on the first floor of the Mess does not fit. It has never fitted since the barracks were built. There is a tradition to the effect that some other barracks were being built at the same time, and that our bath-plug was delivered to them in error, or else that the wrong barracks for this bath-plug were erected here. Nobody likes to probe too deeply into the affair or suggest public enquiry. These things are not done in the Army; there's no knowing in what life-long correspondence you may become involved, and it would be a piteous fate to be denied release to your civilian employment because the last word remained to be said between yourself and some implacable department.

So the plug still fails to function sufficiently well to prevent a rapid leakage from the bath. Contemplating ablutions you are faced with an alternative. Either you may use the plug as it is and scramble through the process of cleansing against time, the comforting soapy tide ebbing as you wash, until it leaves you chill and miserable, stranded on the hard enamel like a ship dry-docked; or else you must spend a long time hanging over the edge of the bath, head-downwards, trying to make the plug watertight with the

help of a scrap of flannel. This flannel was presumably supplied by the conscience-stricken contractor immediately responsible for the mix-up of bath-plugs and barracks; but we cannot discover who has authority to replace or repair it, though it has long since grown so attenuated that only with the greatest patience, technical skill and manual dexterity can it be made effective.

A Scottish lawyer who is amongst us disguised as a Captain holds the view that this flannel, being associated with and supplementary to the plug (itself theoretically a fixture, though the attachment-chain has been broken so long that the memory of man holds no record of any other condition), must not be regarded as a movable or in any way tampered with, and that any intrusions (Scottish legal term) therewith will be at the risk of the intruder. According to an Ordnance Corps wallah, who also shares our perplexities and the use of the bath, nothing is required but a packing-gland, but he cannot find any authority on which to indent for a supply for plumbing purposes. One of the subalterns remembers having heard, in the course of some technical lecture which he was compelled to attend, of a likely-sounding article called a "Plug-Adjusting Run-Out;" but the Adjutant believes this is one of the

fittings of a gun and has nothing to do with any branch of domestic engineering.

Certain impotuous and perhaps ill-balanced minds amongst us have, however, at last decided to move in the matter, and at present hesitate between two courses. The R.A. Comforts Fund might be induced to supply a larger and efficient plug, which could be used in practice, while the old plug and flannel would be shown on inspection. Or a subscription list might be opened amongst ourselves and a suitable plug purchased by private arrangement. The plug would then be entrusted to the custody of an officer detailed for that responsibility, who would be authorised to issue it to any duly-identified subscriber desirous of taking a bath.

The younger bloods are in high spirits, confident that before long steps will really be taken to render the bath watertight; but the few old Regulars in the Mess look coldly on the agitation and sigh amongst themselves at this upstart irreverence for time honoured tradition.

### Our Cautious Press.

"There is much speculation as to the nature of the conversation that passed between Mr. Wilson and M. Clemenceau, but it can be stated with some degree of certainty that it had reference to the coming Peace Conference."—*Daily Telegraph*.



### RECONSTRUCTION SHOCKS.

Doctor, late R.A.M.C. (by force of habit, after three years in France). "NOW SHOW ME YOUR TATTOOS."

#### WHAT EVERY BOOKSELLER SHOULD KNOW.

UNDER the heading "Booksellers Who Must be Taught" a writer in an American paper has been urging the revival of the practice of the Venetian Guild, which in 1667 required booksellers to pass an examination before they could be "matriculated."

The questions included the following:  
Name the principal Saints and Fathers.

Name the principal theologians, controversialists and polemical writers.

Name the ancient writers on philosophy and history; also the principal poets, tragic as well as comic, in Greek and Latin literature.

Name the principal historians, ancient and modern, letter-writers, antiquarians, numismatists, mathematicians, physicians, surgeons, anatomists and jurists.

This is all very well, but we have moved a good deal since 1667. The idea of an examination is excellent, but the questions should be up to date, living, "pivotal," red-corpuscular, as thus:—

1. Compare the poems of SAPPHO with those of ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

2. Show in what respects the narrative style of Lord NORTHCLIFFE as an historian marks an improvement on (a) HERODOTUS; (b) FROISSART; (c) Lord MACAULAY.

3. Explain why Mr. THOMAS HARDY, GEORGE MEREDITH, and ROBERT BROWNING never succeeded in attaining the ranks of the "best sellers."

4. MILTON is said to have received five pounds for his *Paradise Lost*. Estimate what he would be likely to receive on the half-profits system if his poem were published for the first time to-day.

5. Distinguish between MARIE and ARCANGELO CORELLI, BEN TILLET and BEN JONSON, SIDNEY WEBB and SIDNEY COLVIN, BERNARD SHAW, Father BERNARD VAUGHAN and General BERNHARDI.

When booksellers and their assistants are able to floor such a paper the prospective purchaser, to borrow the words of our American contemporary, "will enter a book-store confident that he can be intelligently advised, the number of purchases will be increased and bookselling will become a real business."

#### THE ISLAND.

I KNOW an island in a lake,  
Green upon waters grey;  
It has a strange enchanted air,  
I hear the fairies singing there  
When I go by that way.

One night, one summer night, I know  
Suddenly I shall wake  
And very softly hasten down  
And out beyond the sleeping town  
To find my fairy lake.

I shall not need to seek a boat,  
It will be moored, I think,  
Within a tiny pebbled bay  
Where meadow-sweet and mallow sway  
Close to the water's brink.

The moon from shadowy shore to shore  
Will make a shining trail,  
And I shall sing their fairy song  
As joyfully I float along—  
I shall not need a sail.

And, peering through a starlit haze,  
I presently shall see,  
Where swift the waiting reeds unclose,  
The fairies all in rows and rows  
Waiting to welcome me. R. F.





### MUTUAL COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

JOHN BULL. "WHY, FATHER CHRISTMAS, YOU'RE LOOKING LIKE YOUR OLD SELF AGAIN!"  
FATHER CHRISTMAS. "JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY TO YOU, JOHN!"

### LATER THOUGHTS.

It is my destiny to buy in the dearest markets and to sell—if I succeed in selling at all—in the cheapest. Usually, indeed, having tired of a picture or decorative article, I have positively to give it away; almost to make its acceptance a personal favour to me. But the other day was marked by an exception to this rule so striking that I have been wondering if perhaps the luck has not changed and I am, after all, destined to be that most desirable thing, a successful dealer.

It happened thus. In drifting about the old curiosity shops of a cathedral city I came upon a portfolio of water-colour drawings, among which was one that to my eye would have been a possible TURNER, even if an earlier owner had not shared that opinion or hope, and set the magic name with all its initials (so often placed in the wrong order) beneath it.

"How much is this?" I asked scornfully.

"Well," said the dealer, "if it were a genuine TURNER it would be worth anything. But let's say ten shillings. You can have it for that; but I don't mind if you don't, because I'm going to London next week and should take it with me to get an opinion."

I pondered.

"Mind you, I don't guarantee it," he added.

I gave him the ten shillings.

By what incredible means I found a purchaser for the drawing at fifty pounds there is no need to tell, for the point of this narrative resides not in bargaining with collectors, but in bargaining with my own soul. The astonishing fact remains that I achieved a profit of forty-nine pounds ten and was duly elated. I then began to think.

The dealer (so my thoughts ran) in that little street by the cathedral west door, he ought to participate in this. He behaved very well to me and I ought to behave well to him. It would be only fair to give him half.

Thereupon I sat down and wrote a little note saying that the potential TURNER drawing, which no doubt he recollected, had turned out to be authentic, and I had great pleasure in enclosing him half of the proceeds, as I considered that the only just and decent course.

Having no stamps and the hour being late I did not post this and went to bed.

At about 3.30 A.M. I woke widely up and, according to custom, began to review my life's errors, which are in no danger of ever complaining of loneliness. From these I reached, by way of mitigation, my recent successful piece of chaffering, and put the letter to the dealer under both examination and cross-examination. Why (so my thoughts ran) give him half? Why be Quixotic? This is no world for Quixotry. It was my eye that detected the probability of the drawing, not his. He had indeed failed; did not know his own business. Why put a premium on ineptitude? No, a present of say ten pounds at the most would more than adequately meet the case.

Sleep still refusing to oblige me, I

her to disregard me—only a day or so after we had at last got on terms? There is no fury like a woman scorned; it would probably be the end of me. City magnates are successful probably just because they don't do these foolish impulsive things. Imptulse is the negation of magnatory. If I am to make any kind of figure in this new rôle of fine art speculator (so my thoughts continued) I must control my feelings. No, five pounds is absurd. A *douceur* of one pound will meet the case. It will be nothing to me—or, at any rate, nothing serious—yet a real gift of quail and manna from a clear sky to the dealer, without, however, doing him any harm. A pound will be ample, accompanied by a brief note.

The note was to the effect that I had sold the drawing at a profit which enabled me to make him a present, because it was an old belief of mine that one should do this kind of thing; good luck should be shared.

I had the envelope in my pocket containing the note and the cheque when I reached the club for lunch. That afternoon I played at bridge so disastrously that I was glad I had not posted it.

After all (so my thoughts ran, as I destroyed the envelope and contents) such bargains are all part of the game. Buying and selling are a perfectly straightforward matter between dealer and customer. The

dealer asks as much as he thinks he can extort, and the customer, having paid it, is under no obligation whatever to the dealer. The incident is closed.

### The Penalties of Peace.

"We regret to announce that owing to the cessation of hostilities, the War Supplement which we started a few weeks ago, and which has proved so acceptable, has to be withdrawn after this issue."—*Local Paper*.

"Captain (Regular) 54 years' flying experience, flown about 20 types and over 700 hours, is desirous of position at home or abroad."—*Times*.

We infer that his earlier experience was confined to flights of imagination.

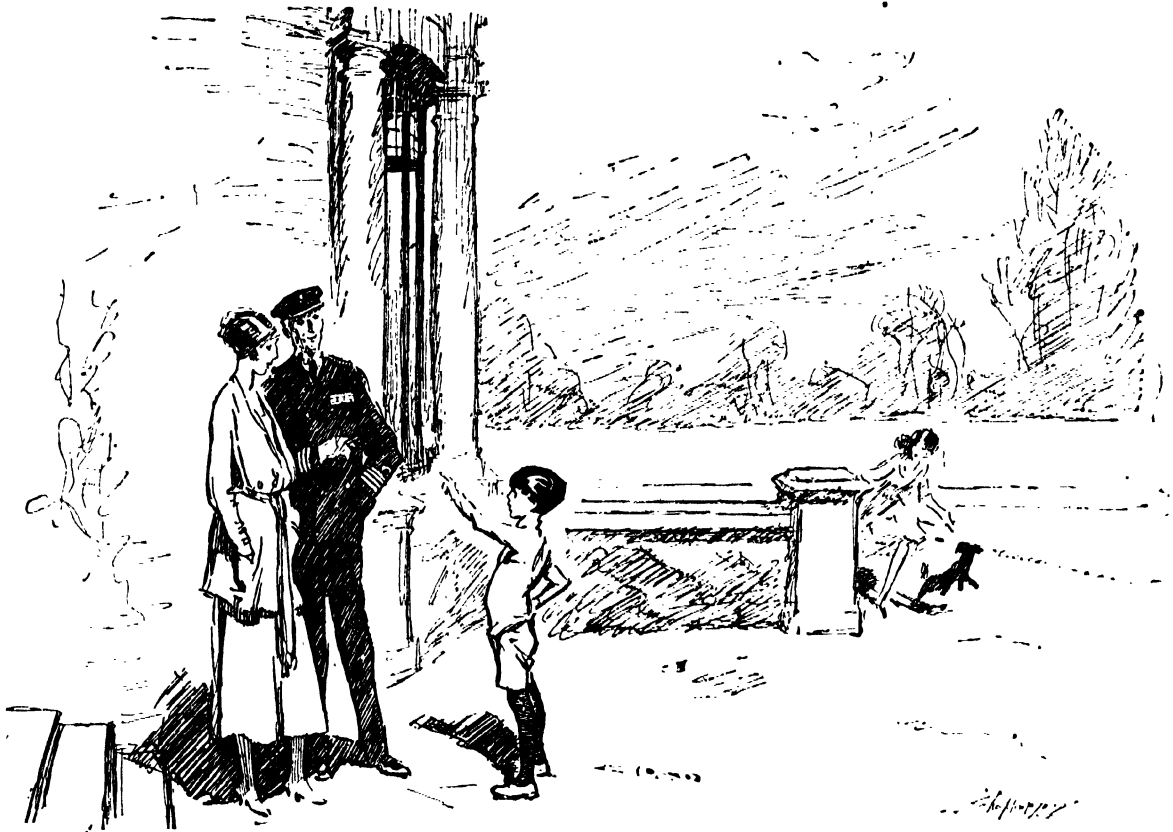
### "STRATFORD TOWN COUNCIL. INVITATION TO PRESIDENT WILSON. MIXED BATHING ADVOCATED."

*Stratford-upon-Avon Herald.*

But we are credibly informed that it is not this kind of "Freedom of the Seas" that Mr. WILSON is after.



Call Boy (to Villain). "THE CONTROLLER'S CUT OUT THE LIMELIGHT, SIR. THE MANAGER WILL BE OBLIGED IF YOU'LL MAKE UP YOUR FACE EMERALD GREEN FOR THE MURDER SCENE."



Harold (who has just been introduced to much-decorated Naval officer, after gazing at him for a few seconds). "HAVE YOU BEEN HAVING A FLAG-DAY?"

### THE RETURN OF THE BANANA.

LET not the Muse be mute,  
O most salubrious fruit,  
But welcome your return from the  
Canaries,  
Released from the embargo  
On any kind of cargo  
Save meat and grain from ranches and  
from prairies.

In days of peace and waste,  
Ere I acquired the taste,  
I found you reminiscent of pomatum,  
But my untutored scorn  
Long since have I forsworn  
As just a gastronomical erratum.

For your discoloured skin  
Holds treasures rare within  
Ungussed by those who fancy gold  
must glitter,

Flavours that can allure  
The jaded epicure  
In Macédoine, in salad or in fritter.

Though somewhat poor in fat  
You are, yet what of that?  
The fact remains you nourish and you  
warm us—

Vide the *Encyc. Brit.*,  
Where analysts admit  
Your wealth in carbo-hydrates is enor-  
mous.

So in whatever zone  
Your wholesome fruit is grown,  
From China to Tahiti or Guiana,  
We welcome back your bunches  
At breakfasts, dinners, lunches,  
O succulent and bountiful banana!

### THE EXPANDING DRAMA.

It is announced that a feature of the Christmas programme at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, will be an invitation to the audience to participate in the traffic of the stage. We understand that this innovation is already spreading to other entertainments.

For the final Act of the new farce, *Seven Doors*, it is proposed to select two or three elderly gentlemen from the stall patrons, who will be subjected to the personal blandishments of all the heroines simultaneously. As those only will be chosen who are accompanied by their wives it is hoped that the situation may then be left to work itself out in a natural and convincing manner.

We gather that a delightful novelty of this year's Covent Lane pantomime will be the migration of the harlequinade to the auditorium. The corridors are to be equipped with buttered-slides; sausages (coupon-free) will be

strung at tripping-height across all exits and entrances, and the ingenuities of the clown and his parent will throughout be exercised upon actual members of the audience, who will be given full opportunity of retaliation.

The spectators who assembled for the first night of the new Western drama, *Dead Man's Danger*, at the President Wilson Theatre found the doors closed. It was subsequently explained that a projected sensation scene, in which the villain was to have displayed his prowess by picking off various critics with a revolver in order to overawe the heroine, had to be abandoned at the last moment owing to a regrettable failure to secure the co-operation of the Press.

### Another Impending Apology.

"The Parishioners of — have been saddened by having to say *au revoir* to the Rev. — — —."—*Local Paper*.

### Electioneering Candour.

#### "OUR PARLIAMENTARY BLACK LIST."

"We regret that considerations of both time and space prevent us from publishing a complete list of candidates who should be supported; but we give a list of some who should not be—and don't forget it."

BOTTOMLEY FOR SOUTH HACKNEY."

John Bull.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *My Reminiscences* (MURRAY), FANNY, Lady BLUNT has written a most adventurous and amiable book, to which Admiral Sir ROSSLYN WEMYSS has contributed an introduction. She has passed the greater part of her life in the more ferocious regions of Turkey. "There is scarcely a senior officer of the R.N.," so I gather from the cover of her book, "who is not one of her 'adopted nephews'—for she was 'Aunt Fanny' to all the younger officers serving in the Mediterranean while she was at Salonika." The Senior Service has indeed all the luck. On the other hand, she had to meet bandits like the one who asked a member of her party for tobacco. It was noticed that one of his fingers was missing, and it turned out that he ought to have been in prison for the murder of a Bey in Philipopolis. "The Bey's wife, in order to try and save her husband, bit the brigand's finger so badly that it had to be cut off." Of such *rencontres* the book is full, and yet Lady BLUNT is still hale and hearty. I hope her book may have a full measure of success.

Sir J. M. BARRIE's *Echoes of the War* (HODDER AND STROUGHTON) is pre-eminently a book for fathers. Fathers (since we buried the last of the heavy Victorians) are proverbially not heroes to their authors. Here are four little plays in the serious-sentimental-playful vein which no man alive handles with such exquisite adroitness. "The New Word," a little masterpiece which reads as well as it played, and "A Well-remembered Voice," which I should judge would hardly play at all, have both of them a father and a son, and in both the father has the author's and our affection. "The Old Lady Shows her Medals" is here too. I never can forgive that rising of the curtain on the third unnecessary scene, in which the old lady does actually show her adopted son's medals. It assumed a lack of intelligence and of artistic perception in the audience which, hardly as I think of audiences, shocked me to the boots. In the book BARRIE's faylike pen steers you past any awkwardness. I am not so sure of a fourth playlet, in which a gardenor marries the daughter of a wandering-witted old colonel. But it does contain the rare admission that German subalterns may sometimes have been decent young men—at least before the War.

I am glad to see that *Thomas Settles Down* (NISBET) wholly confirms the happy auguries that I detected in Mr. H. B. CRESWELL's previous record of the same hero. You recall perhaps the sort of man *Thomas* was. Being that sort it was hardly to be expected that his settling-down would be unaccompanied by certain domestic jars and readjustments. Nor is it. The two chief jars are provided by

an obnoxious neighbour who tries to flirt with *Mrs. Thomas*, and by the circumstance that *Thomas* himself is not above an occasional flutter more suited to his days of bachelorhood than to those of fatherhood. However the neighbour gets knocked down (whence a police-court summons and some agreeable fooling), and *Thomas*, after an almost breathlessly narrow escape, flies the lures of the temptress and all ends well. Perhaps the author's wit is a shade more pungent than in the earlier book; but it remains of admirable quality throughout, and touched here and there with a genuine beauty of thought that much increases its appeal. Comedy is still its aim, rather than farce; even in such episodes as that of the Vulgar Entertainer and the Party that Failed (which will wake responsive chords in many a hospitable heart) the fun goes never beyond a dreadful reality. In short, *Thomas Settles Down* consolidates not only *Thomas* but Mr. CRESWELL.



"COULD I SEE THE GENTLEMAN WHO ATTENDS TO POST-WAR RECONSTRUCTION? I WISH TO SUBMIT A MODEL OF A STANDARDISED MILESTONE TO KEEP MOTORISTS WITHIN BOUNDS."

KLAXON is a well-known pseudonym to readers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in *L.M.S.* — they will have the pleasure of meeting many old friends. Both in his sketches and verses the author shows an intimate knowledge of our Navy and a considerable power of imagination. The items in this book tot up to forty, and I am not going to mention the names of my favourites; but I will remark that KLAXON has an excellent faculty for telling a story with a fine economy of words, and, as this is a rare gift from the gods, he should never forget to utilize it. Having uttered this little note of warning let me add my sincere hope that he will not allow an Armistice or even a Peace to demobilise him from his literary activities. For we cannot hear too much about

our Navy from writers of his skill and calibre. Messrs. BLACKWOOD have scored again.

Followers of Mr. FRANK HART's work in *Punch* will welcome the appearance of his book of sketches, entitled *The Animals Did Their Bit in the Great War* (BLACKIE). Horses, mules, donkeys, dogs, oxen, camels (to say nothing of miscellaneous mascots) are faithfully presented as serving on one or other of our many fronts. Though the drawings need no showman, a running accompaniment of sympathetic letterpress is thrown in.

## Our Modest Politicians.

"Asked what he thought about plumping, Mr. Thomas said he would ask them to vote for him and then to use their intelligence and judgment in recording their second vote."—*Derby Daily Telegraph*.

From Smith Minor's "general paper":—

"Salome was the lady who danced in beads in front of Harrod's." We noticed that there was a crowd recently in the Brompton Road.



### THE OLD WAR AND THE NEW.

VERY benevolent was the aspect of Mr. Punch as he beamed over his port this Christmas Eve of the most gracious of all years of grace. You would not have thought it possible that he could ever be severe.

Our talk was of the Hohenzollern and what was to be done with him. "You remember," said Mr. Punch, "what happened to the hangman in the drama that is a caricature of my career—how he suffered in his own person the penalty which he had designed for myself? Well, as one who was down on Wilhelm's Black List to undergo 'condign punishment' on the day when his conquering armies marched up Bouverie Street, I naturally have my own feelings. By 'condign' punishment I understand something to fit the crime—in my case the crime of having said exactly what I thought of him and his Huns. I am content to let it go at that. I am content that Wilhelm should get the punishment that fits the crime—in his case the crime not so much of having started an inexcusable war—most wars have been that and they were always started by somebody—but of having ordered, or at least connived at, the breach of all the laws of humanity and chivalry that should govern war for the mitigation of its horrors. Personally I should not recommend the death penalty at the hands of the Allies, as that might mean his ultimate canonization. Besides, I don't want to curtail his time for reflection."

"Why not hand him over to the tender mercies of German Kultur?" I suggested.

"I shouldn't do that either," said the Sage. "You see, the only fault he has committed in German eyes is that he lost the War, and I wouldn't have him punished for the wrong offence—for something indeed which was our doing as much as his. No, I think I would just put him out of the way of doing further harm, in some distant penitentiary like the Devil's Island, and leave him to himself to think it all over; as *Caponasacchi* said of *Guido* in *The Ring and the Book*—

'Not to die so much as slide out of life,  
Pushed by the general horror and common hate  
Low, lower—left o' the very edge of things.'

"However, my real quarrel is with the German people—the people who wanted this War, and gloried in it so long as things went well for them; the men who revelled in the atrocities committed by their troops; the women who spat on our wounded prisoners; the children who waved flags for the murder of our little ones."

"Oh, I know the old argument of Germany's friends and apologists, that they were under the heel of a régime that had dragoned them into a servile submission to authority; that they had never been allowed to have a conscience of their own; that, anyhow, protest was impossible. But it was not impossible, as we see to-day;

to-day they have revolted against this authority and overthrown it. If they could do it to-day under the spur of defeat, they could have done it under the spur of conscience four years ago when Belgium was being hacked to pieces by order."

"The defence," said I, "would be that they could not have risen while the army remained loyal to the throne."

"You speak," replied the Sage, "as if the German army were a thing apart. The German army is the German people. They mocked at our 'mercenaries'; they boasted of being a nation in arms. No, they cannot have it both ways. They cannot claim to be a nation in arms and at the same time to be irresponsible for the behaviour of their troops. So the people must pay for its own war, and it must be brought home to them that they are not simply paying the costs that every loser, even a clean one, pays. When the terms of Peace are published it must be made known through every house in the Fatherland that they are required to pay so many million pounds towards the cost of the War and so many more for the dirty way they fought it."

However, let us turn to happier thoughts, to thoughts of home. A great work lies before us if we are to make our country worthy of the men who have fought and died for her. The War is over; another has yet to be waged against poverty and sordid environment; against the disabilities of birth; against the abuse of wealth; against the mutual suspicions of Capital and Labour; against sloth, indifference, self-complacency, short memories. It will call for heavy sacrifices; it will demand the scrapping of many prejudices.

"I know of partisans to-day who think the War ill-won if it means that they have to surrender any of their precious shibboleths. We shall have to fight hard against that temper of mind. It is easy enough to be a patriot in war-time, when you haven't got to fight. Men are moved by a very human desire to win, by a very human fear of defeat. Every natural selfish motive urges them to what looks like unselfishness for the sake of their own country as against the enemy's. That is no longer the contest. A man has now to decide whether he will serve himself or his country—a much harder test of patriotism."

"That the principles of justice and honour will triumph in the New Year as they triumphed in the Old I do not doubt. England was never so great as at this hour; and she will be greater yet."

He paused for a moment; then very gravely, "My friend," he said, "to-morrow is the birth of Christ, and there is Peace once more on earth. Let us drink to the memory of our dead, who gave us this hour."

After a long silence he spoke again. "And now," he said, smiling through his tears, "I have a happy duty to perform. Let us join our lady guest."

A little later he was bowing before the dearest of angels, whose name is Peace. "Madam," he was saying, "I have the honour to offer you a book which contains your charming portrait. It is the latest volume of a long series, and the first for four years and more in which you appear as anything more than a dream. But I hope that in all this long war-time record you will find no thought pictured, no word said, that was not loyal to the Cause by whose victory you have won an enduring heritage. With sincere homage and with great humility I beg to present you with my

## One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth Volume."







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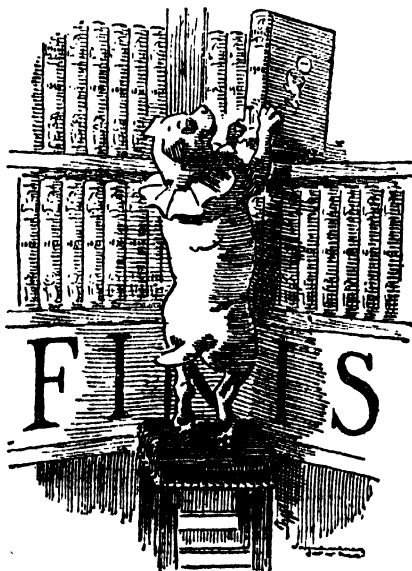


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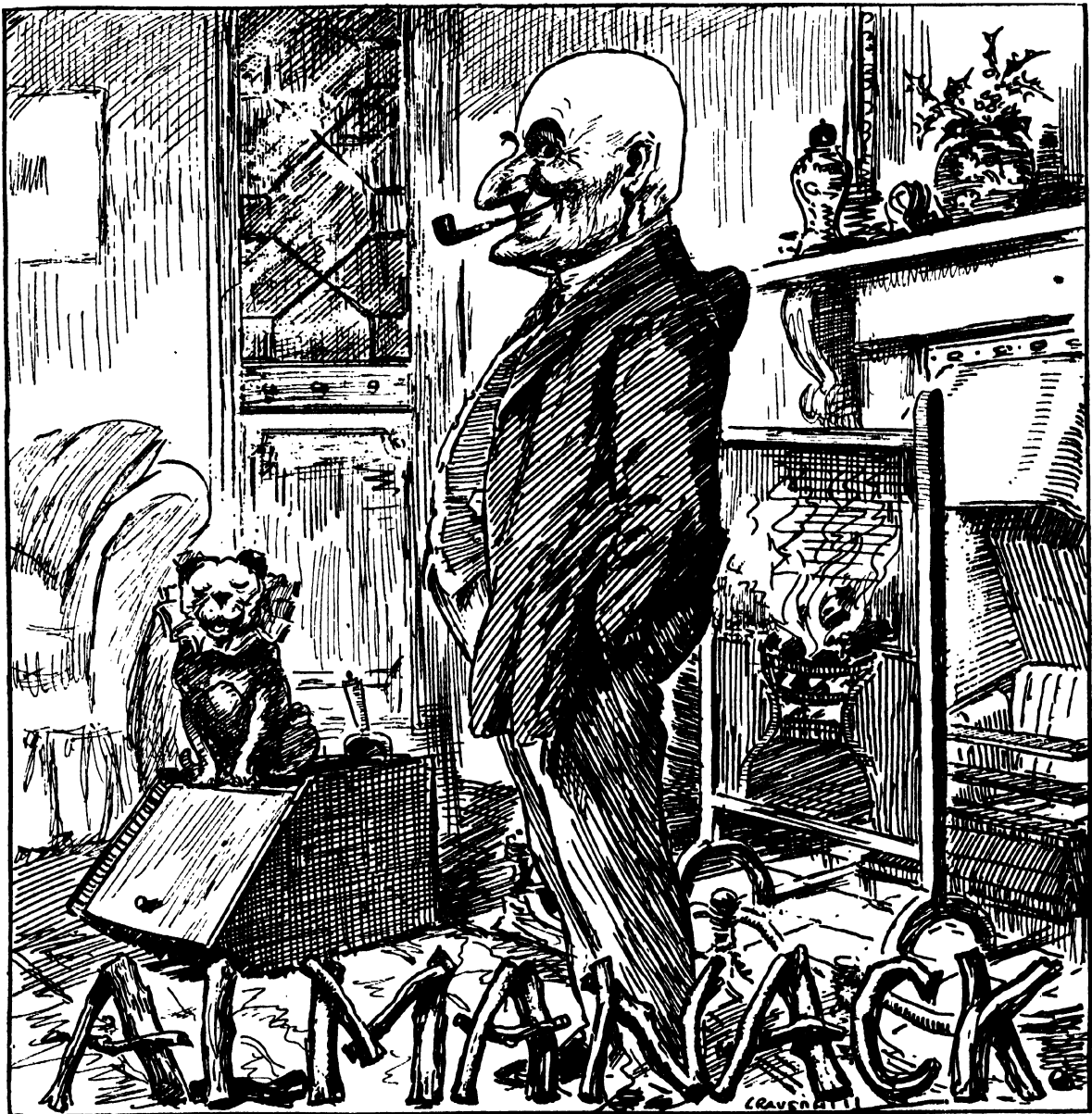
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# Punch's Almanack for 1919.



## CALENDAR, 1919.

| January |     |             | February |     |               | March     |     |               | April   |     |             | May      |     |              | June     |     |              |
|---------|-----|-------------|----------|-----|---------------|-----------|-----|---------------|---------|-----|-------------|----------|-----|--------------|----------|-----|--------------|
| S       | ... | 5 12 19 26  | S        | ... | 2 9 16 23     | S         | ... | 2 9 16 23 30  | S       | ... | 6 13 20 27  | S        | ... | 4 11 18 25   | S        | ... | 1 8 15 22 29 |
| M       | ... | 6 13 20 27  | M        | ... | 3 10 17 24    | M         | ... | 3 10 17 24 31 | M       | ... | 7 14 21 28  | M        | ... | 5 12 19 26   | M        | ... | 2 9 16 23 30 |
| Tu      | ... | 7 14 21 28  | Tu       | ... | 4 11 18 25    | Tu        | ... | 4 11 18 25    | Tu      | ... | 8 15 22 29  | Tu       | ... | 6 13 20 27   | Tu       | ... | 3 10 17 24   |
| W       | 1   | 8 15 22 29  | W        | ... | 5 12 19 26    | W         | ... | 5 12 19 26    | W       | 2   | 9 16 23 30  | W        | ... | 7 14 21 28   | W        | 4   | 11 18 25     |
| Th      | 2   | 9 16 23 30  | Th       | ... | 6 13 20 27    | Th        | ... | 6 13 20 27    | Th      | 3   | 10 17 24    | Th       | 1   | 8 15 22 29   | Th       | 5   | 12 19 26     |
| F       | 3   | 10 17 24 31 | F        | ... | 7 14 21 28    | F         | ... | 7 14 21 28    | F       | 4   | 11 18 25    | F        | 2   | 9 16 23 30   | F        | 6   | 13 20 27     |
| S       | 4   | 11 18 25    | S        | 1   | 8 15 22       | S         | 1   | 8 15 22 29    | S       | 5   | 12 19 26    | S        | 3   | 10 17 24 31  | S        | 7   | 14 21 28     |
| July    |     |             | August   |     |               | September |     |               | October |     |             | November |     |              | December |     |              |
| S       | ... | 6 13 20 27  | S        | ... | 3 10 17 24 31 | S         | ... | 7 14 21 28    | S       | ... | 5 12 19 26  | S        | ... | 2 9 16 23 30 | S        | ... | 7 14 21 28   |
| M       | ... | 7 14 21 28  | M        | ... | 4 11 18 25    | M         | ... | 8 15 22 29    | M       | ... | 6 13 20 27  | M        | ... | 3 10 17 24   | M        | ... | 8 15 22 29   |
| Tu      | 1   | 8 15 22 29  | Tu       | ... | 5 12 19 26    | Tu        | ... | 9 16 23 30    | Tu      | ... | 7 14 21 28  | Tu       | ... | 4 11 18 25   | Tu       | ... | 9 16 23 30   |
| W       | 2   | 9 16 23 30  | W        | ... | 6 13 20 27    | W         | ... | 10 17 24      | W       | 1   | 8 15 22 29  | W        | ... | 5 12 19 26   | W        | ... | 10 17 24 31  |
| Th      | 3   | 10 17 24 31 | Th       | ... | 7 14 21 28    | Th        | ... | 11 18 25      | Th      | 2   | 9 16 23 30  | Th       | ... | 6 13 20 27   | Th       | ... | 11 18 25     |
| F       | 4   | 11 18 25    | F        | ... | 8 15 22 29    | F         | ... | 12 19 26      | F       | 3   | 10 17 24 31 | F        | ... | 7 14 21 28   | F        | ... | 12 19 26     |
| S       | 5   | 12 19 26    | S        | ... | 9 16 23 30    | S         | ... | 6 13 20 27    | S       | 4   | 11 18 25    | S        | ... | 8 15 22 29   | S        | ... | 6 13 20 27   |



Colonel. "IS IT TRUE YOU STRUCK PRIVATE JONES?"

Private Maloney (addicted to politics). "THE ANSWER IS IN THE INFIRMARY, SIR."



Local Fool-Controller (to bather, who has been caught by a crab). "PUT THAT BACK IMMEDIATELY, SIR! DON'T YOU REALISE THAT IT'S AN OFFENCE AGAINST THE REALM TO TAKE AN IMMATURE CRUSTACEAN OUT OF THE WATER IN WAR-TIME?"



Caller. "IS MRS. THOMPSON AT HOME?"

Caller. "WHAT IS THE TEMPERATURE OF HER DRAWING ROOM?"

Caller. "AH, THEN I WON'T COME IN TO-DAY."

Maid. "YES, MADAM."

Maid. "ABOUT FIFTY DEGREES, MADAM."



Superintendent of Munition Works. "NOT AFRAID OF EARLY HOURS, I SUPPOSE?"

Patriotic Applicant. "YOU CAN'T CLOSE TOO EARLY FOR ME."



J.M. WATEMAN, 1918.

THE EYES OF THE FLEET.

# BLADE Economy

The "Valet" AutoStrop is the only safety razor with a self-contained automatic stropping device, and for this reason its blades last, on an average, four times as long as those of the "no-stropping" type. Probably because of this advantage, and also of the cheapness of "Valet" blades, the public do not always exercise economy in their use. The following hints will enable users to get even more than the two months' service which is claimed as the *average* life of a single "Valet" AutoStrop blade:

**Use no abrasive strop dressing, and keep your strop free from grit.**

**Don't over-strop—10 seconds daily will keep your blade in the pink of condition.**

**Don't let anything hard touch the blade edge.**

**Hold the blade almost flat against the face.  
It shaves better, besides lasting longer.**

There is no shortage of "VALET" blades at present, but in view of constantly increasing manufacturing difficulties, reasonable judgment and economy should be exercised in their use.

## "VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., LTD., 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

And also at New York, Paris, Milan, Sydney, Dublin, Toronto, &c.

*For Christmas Presents*

# Yardley PERFUMES



VANITY FAIR



"EXQUISITE."

ARE prepared with an Artistry and Skill perfected by the experience of more than a century as makers of Perfumery, and rank amongst the highest achievements of the Perfumers' Art. They are issued in handsome stoppered bottles and dainty cases, and form most tasteful and charming gifts. A few examples from the large selection available are:

## VANITY FAIR

*The Correct Perfume for the present London Season.  
Stoppered Bottle in Case, 6/3, 9/-, 17/6, 35/-*

## "EXQUISITE"

*The Perfume of the Natural Flower.  
Violet, Jasmine, Rose, Muguet or Bouquet Exquisite.  
Crystal Bottle in Tasteful Case, 12/6, 16/6, 30/-, 57/6*

## GAGE D'AMOUR

*An exquisitely beautiful Perfume.  
Crystal Bottle in Satin-Lined Case, 25/- and 42/-*

## LES SECRET DES DIEUX

*A Bouquet of the Choicest and Rarest Flowers.  
Crystal Bottle decorated in Gold in Suede Case, Satin Lined, 45/-*

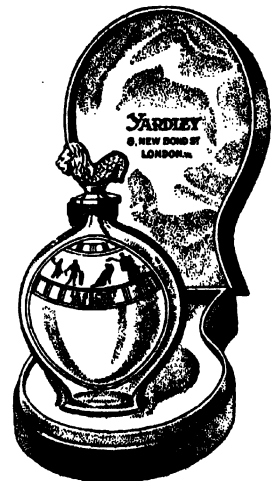
## OLD ENGLISH LAVENDER WATER

*A simple, old-world Perfume of extra fine quality.  
Large Cut-Glass Decanters, 32/6; Corked Bottles, 3/-, 5/-, 9/6*

COMPLETE PRICE LIST POST FREE ON APPLICATION.



GAGE D'AMOUR



SECRET DES DIEUX

## EAU DE COLOGNE

Yardley's Eau de Cologne is the genuine refined essence and represents the perfection of quality. An Original Case or a Wickered or Decanter Bottle makes a most charming present, inexpensive, but the best of its kind.

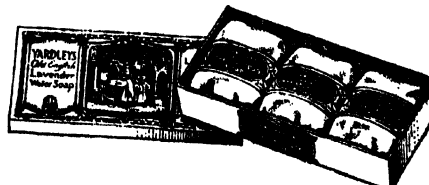
ORIGINAL CASE  
of six 4 oz. Bottles,  
Price . . . 26/6

In large Cut-Glass Decanters, 30/-  
In Wickered Bottles, 7/6, 14/6,  
28/6 and 56/-

**YARDLEY & CO. Ltd.**  
8 New Bond Street, London, W.1.  
Perfumery and Fine Soap Makers since 1770.



EAU DE COLOGNE



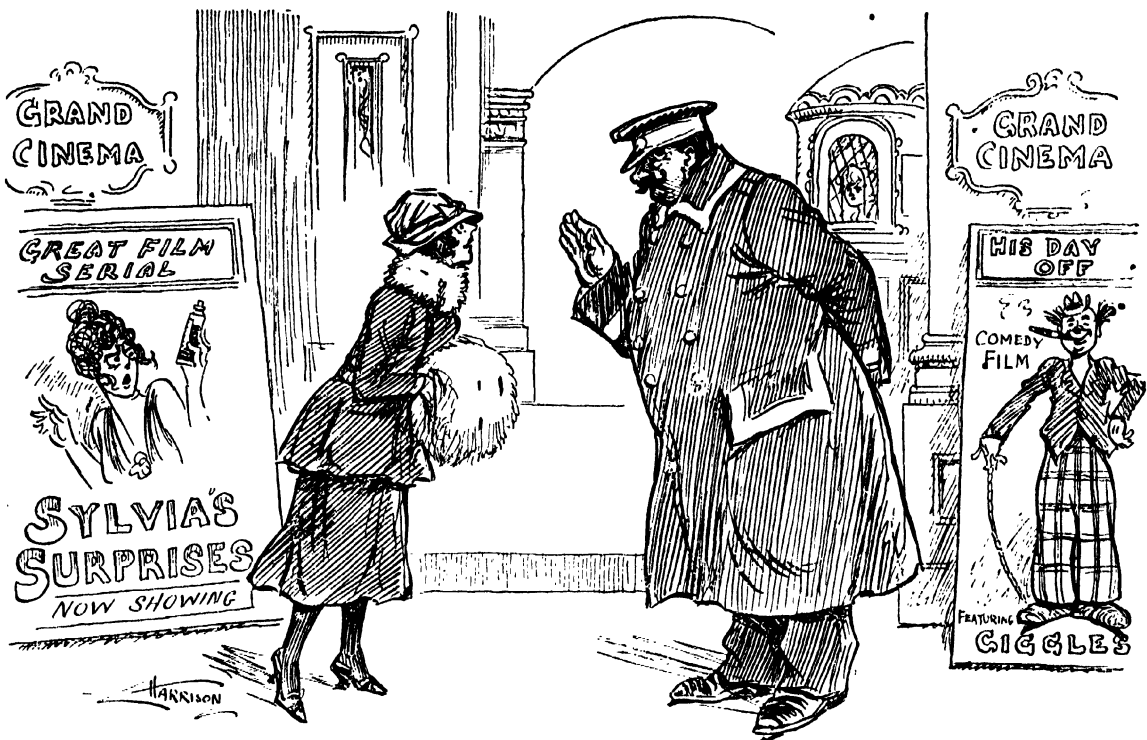
**OLD ENGLISH LAVENDER SOAP**  
Extra fine quality, richly perfumed.

Box of 3 Large or 6 Visitors' size . . . 3/-  
Box of 3 Bath size Tablets . . . 6/-



EAU DE COLOGNE





Patron of Cinema (to attendant). "OH, I MISSED LAST WEEK'S EPISODE OF 'SYLVIA'S SURPRISES.' DID SHE ESCAPE FROM THE RATS IN THE DUNGEON?"

Attendant. "Y'ES, MISS, AND WHAT'S MORE, SHE GAVE THE VILLAIN THE KNOCK BY LETTING LOOSE THE COBRA ON HIM."



OUR CINEMAS THIS WINTER WILL NO DOUBT SUGGEST WARMTH IN THEIR PROGRAMMES, AS THERE WILL BE NONE TOO MUCH IN THE AUDITORIUM.

THE CHANGE IN BUSINESS METHODS.

BEFORE THE WAR -

AND -

TO-DAY.



"GOOD MORNING, MADAM. PRAY BE SEATED. PLEASANT WEATHER FOR THE TIME OF YEAR," ETC.



"WELL, WOT IS IT?"



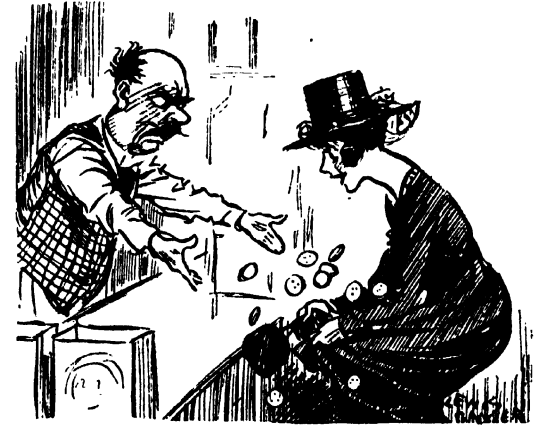
"HALF-A-POUND OF BISCUITS, MADAM? CERTAINLY, MADAM. NOW WHICH WOULD YOU PREFER? PERHAPS YOU WOULD BE SO GOOD AS TO TASTE A FEW OF THEM?" ETC., ETC.



"NO, YOU CAN'T 'AVE 'ALF-A-POUND OF THE KIND YOU WANT. YOU CAN 'AVE THESE 'ERE, OR NOTHINK."



"GOOD-BAY, MADAM, AND THANK YOU. THEY SHALL BE DELIVERED WITHIN TEN MINUTES. THE RAIN SEEMS TO BE HOLDING OFF," ETC., ETC., ETC.



"'ERE, CATCH! AND BRING A PAPER-BAG WITH YOU NEXT TIME—SEE?"

HALF-HOURS WITH CELEBRITIES.

[Is the artist's life incompatible with the domestic virtues? Miss JOY HAZEL, the popular revue actress, says emphatically, "No!"]



"TO BEGIN WITH, I'M CONSTANTLY IN THE KITCHEN. THEY TELL ME I'M QUITE AN EXPERIENCED COOK.



I PUT IN A LOT OF REAL SPADE WORK IN MY GARDEN. EVERYONE SHOULD GROW VEGETABLES NOWADAYS.



AND THEN THERE ARE THE FOWLS TO BE FED AND THE EGGS TO BE CAREFULLY COLLECTED.



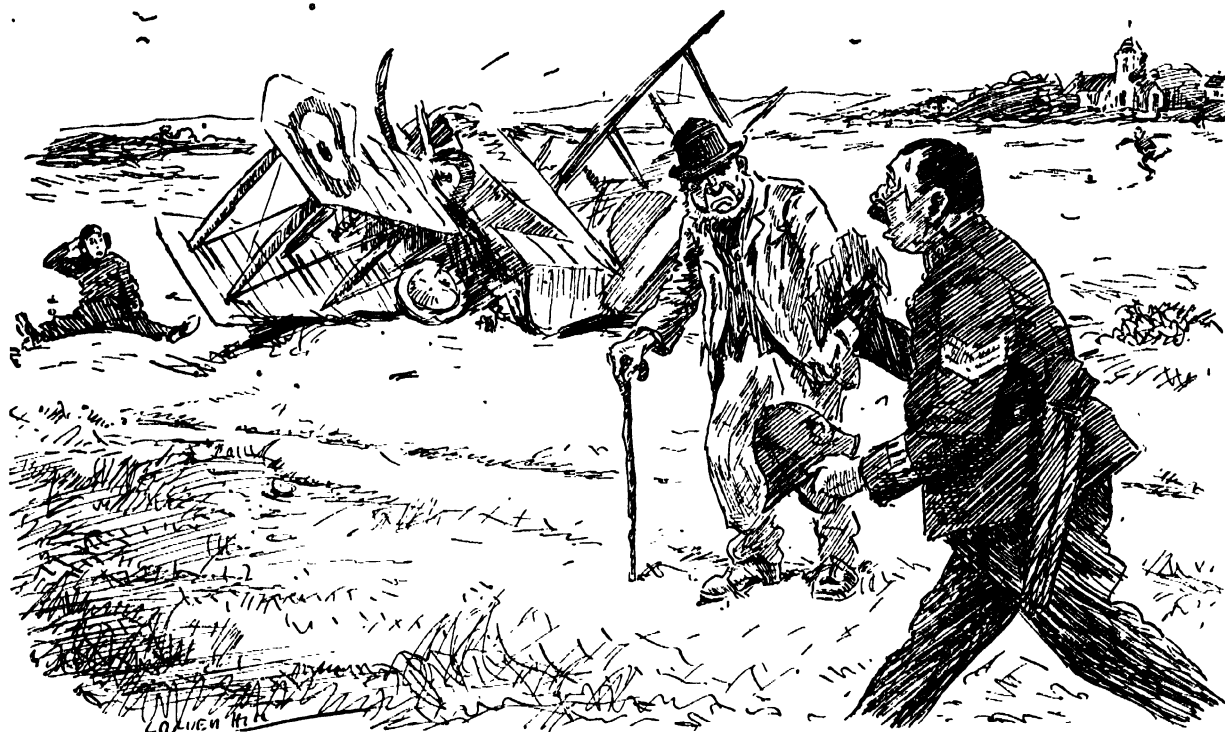
I CONSIDER THAT NO MISTRESS OF A HOME SHOULD BE ABOVE WIELDING A BRUSH AND DUSTER.



OF COURSE I PERSONALLY SUPERINTEND MY LITTLE GIRL'S STUDIES.



AND, NO MATTER HOW BUSY I MAY BE, SEVERAL HOURS OF MY DAY ARE ALWAYS DEVOTED TO 'HUBBY.'



Oldest Inhabitant, "JUST LIKE THE PERLICE ALWAYS LATE."

Constable, "WHERE D'YOU EXPECT ME TO BE? WAITIN' ABOUT UNDERNEATH THE BLOOMIN' THING TO CATCH IT WHEN IT FALLS?"

## THE MACHINE GUN IN SPORT.

(By a Volunteer officially alleged to be "qualified to instruct in the Lewis gun.")

I KNOW of warriors who admit  
That when this Armageddon's done  
They would not care one little bit  
Though never again they touched a gun;  
They've seen enough of blood out there  
To last their time—and some to spare.

Sportsmen there also are who say  
That having known a better thing—  
The joy of hunting human prey  
And dropping Jerry on the wing  
They'd scorn the chase of other game  
As being relatively tame.

For them the grouse may roam at ease  
Fearless as any barn-d or fowl,  
The pheasant stroll among his trees,  
The rabbit take his evening prow;  
Outside his lair in open noon  
The woolly bear may waltz immune.

Not so with me whose task has been  
To plug at incorporeal butts  
With satisfaction scarce as keen  
As his who knocks the cokernuts;  
Time has not staled the lust of gore  
That permeates my every pore.

Whether I let that lust be fed  
By firing blank in Richmond Park,  
Or lie at Rainham pumping lead  
Into a pale impervious mark,

I have not, to my deep regret,  
Discharged my piece in anger yet.

So when the great duration's through,  
And war has said its final word,  
I mean to try what I can do  
To take it out of beast and bird,  
Imposing death, in lack of Huns,  
On anything that flies or runs.

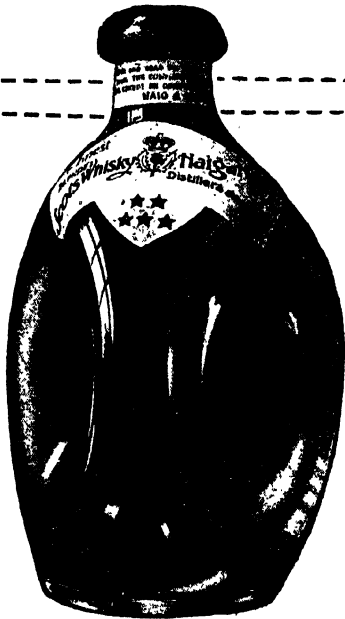
And having studied much of late  
The arts of war and learned at school  
With deadly skill to operate  
The Lewis gun, that tricky tool,  
I will not have my labour spent  
In vain on this accomplishment.

But it shall serve a sporting use;  
For, armed with many a well-filled "drum,"  
Ten rounds per second I will loose  
And make the Highland forest hum,  
Drenched with the stream of hail that flows  
Out of my automatic hose.

Laying a heavy barrage down  
To circumvent the flying stag,  
With deathless bays I hope to crown  
The old Platoon if I can bag  
A beast of fourteen points or so  
(Like Mr. WILSON's *bordercau*).

O. S.

# *Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky*



**I** AM the famous HAIG & HAIG Decanter Bottle Famous because of the superb contents that I carry to thousands of distinguished persons in Great Britain

Doctors are still calling for me

Judges are still calling for me

Merchant Princes are still calling for me

But for Government restrictions I would be found on the table of most discerning users of pure, health-giving stimulants

In the Home Market no new accounts can be opened at present

**I** AM the Export Dump Bottle, but sometimes you will find me in the Home Market because of unusual conditions arising out of the War

My contents are of the same *recherché* quality as are carried by the Decanter Bottle

I am the bottle that carries the famed FIVE STARS WHISKY to the B.E.F.

Some Export Markets are not yet obtaining supplies

The markets that are getting supplies are asking for more than can be sent them



## ***THEY SHALL NOT PASS!***

**THEY** shall not pass! Our splendid Boys triumphant  
Despite the pains of Hell hold up the Hun,  
Always his grey waves crash against our ramparts  
To ebb away—undone.

They shall not pass! Men wearied out and sleepless,  
Whose bodies form a living barricade,  
Face Death and Anguish with heroic jesting,  
Smiling and unafraid.

They shall not pass! How *can* they force a barrier  
Built of the dauntless faith our heroes bring—  
Strengthened by memories of children's voices  
And meadows starred with Spring?—

They shall not pass! Our letters gay and cheery,  
Our gifts from Home for Husband, "Pal," or Son  
Shall fortify the spirit of our Fighters  
Till the Great War is *won*!

They shall not pass! Some slim divine Abdulla  
Might soothe and charm our tired Lads perchance,  
Cheering them on to send the Blond Beasts flying  
Forever out of France.

# **Abdulla Cigarettes**

**TURKISH**

**EGYPTIAN**

**VIRGINIAN**

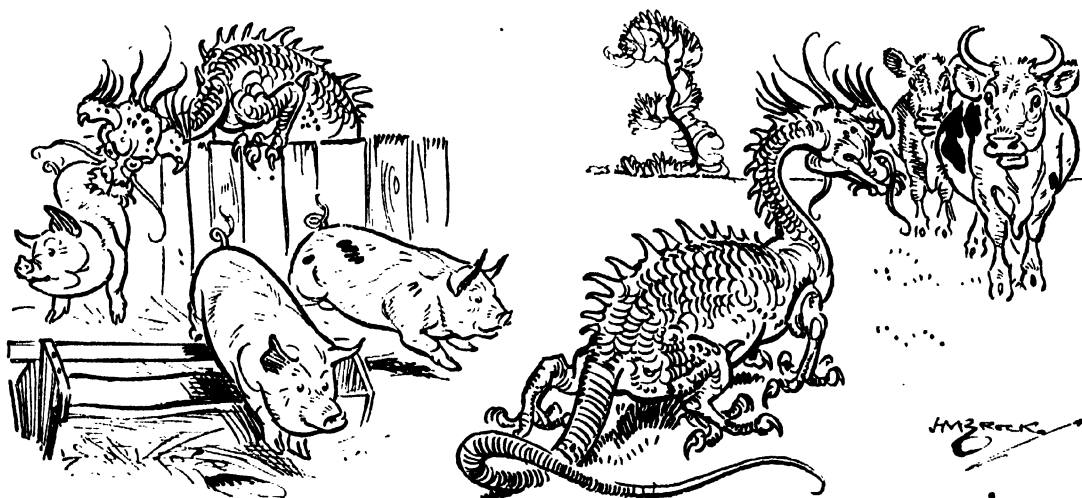
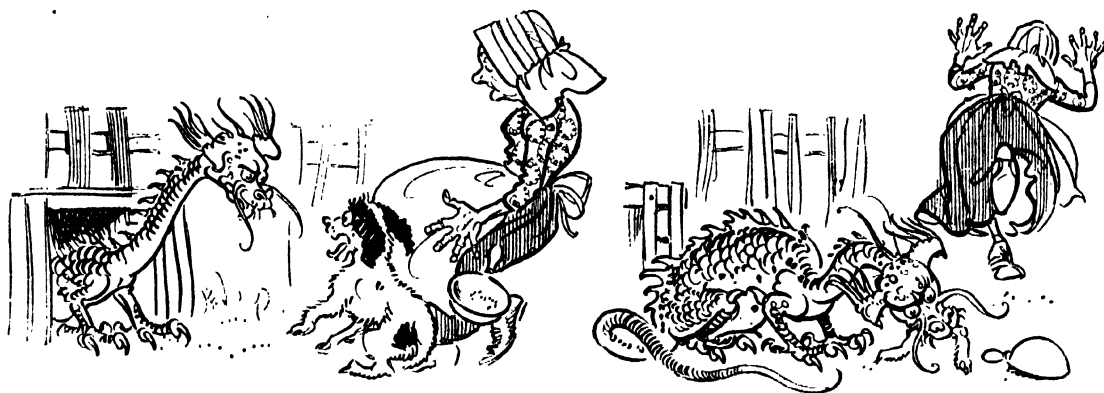


*Somewhat tattered Tommy.* "IS THERE A CAGE ABOUT 'TIE?"  
*Signals.* "WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR—THEM JE GUYS OR YOURSELF?"

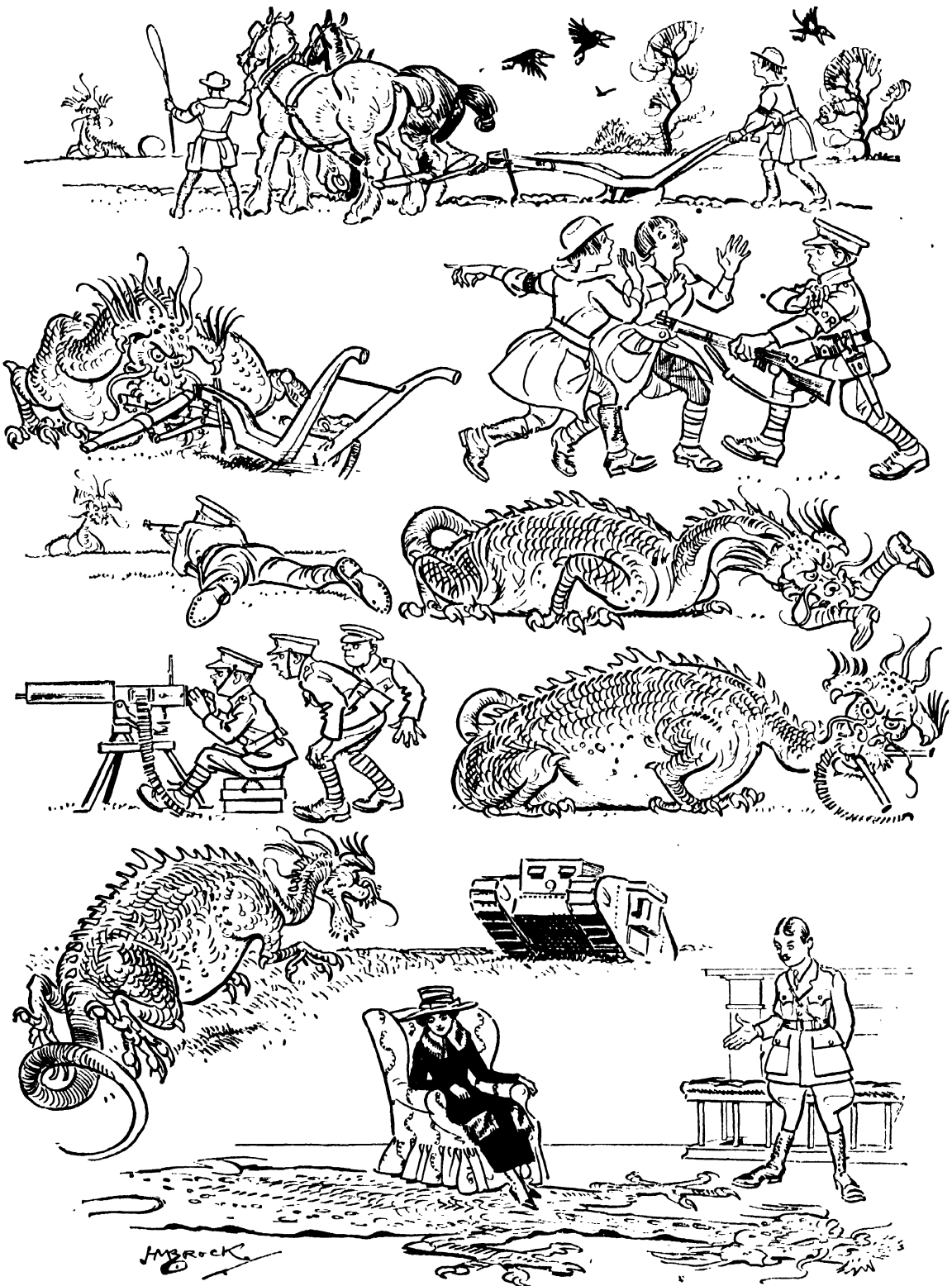


*First Coon.* "DOC, I GOT DE MUMPS."  
*Second Coon.* "DOC, I GOT DE ROOMATISM."  
*Third Coon.* "DOC, SAH, I GOT DE MUMPS AND DE ROOMATISM."





EGGS FROM THE FAR EAST: THE DRAGON PERIL.



EGGS FROM THE FAR EAST: THE DRAGON PERIL.



"A SEA CHANGE."

"How's this? THE PHOTO ON THIS PASSPORT SHOWS A RED-FACED ROBUSTIOUS-LOOKING GENT."



"What's he trying to do?"

"SINCE HE GOT AN ARMY CONTRACT AND BOUGHT A CAR HE ALWAYS PUTS HIS HAND UP WHEN TURNING A CORNER."

# PELMANISM IN THE FARMYARD



Farmer X., having developed the "will to more" by the aid of the "little grey books," focusses his powers upon a weak-minded hen——



W. HEATH  
ROBINSON

-with astounding results !



## Less Coal this Winter means more Colds and Sore Throats

IT can't be helped—the authorities are doing everything possible to prevent it—but there may be days ahead when the snow is on the ground and the wind whistling round the house, while you and the children are huddled over 'a miserable fire'—or perhaps even an empty grate.

Of course you will endure it cheerfully—but remember this: lack of bodily heat lowers your resistance to germ attack; hence the usual cold-weather epidemics—Colds, Sore Throats, Influenza, and other microbic diseases.

That is why you should keep Formamint handy and take it at the first sign of bodily chill, throat irritation or suspicious sneezing. As a remedy, it brings comfort and healing to the sore membranes whilst killing the causative bacteria. As a preventive it checks the incipient disease—stops the infection spreading—and, if taken *daily*, makes your mouth and throat as germ-proof as possible.

## Ask the chemist for real Formamint

Give Formamint to the children too—it's as harmless as sweets and no less attractive to their palates—and send it to the fighting men, who are more exposed than any of us to Colds and Sore Throats.

But there is a Formamint-shortage, as well as a coal-shortage; so order your winter-supplies *now*, while you can still get it at the pre-war price 2/2 per bottle of 50 tablets.

GENATOSAN, LTD. (British Purchasers of the Sanatogen Co.)  
12, Cheapside St., London, W.C. 1 (Chairman: The Viscountess Rhonda)

# THE TIELOCKEN

**Burberry Weatherproof** is the Soldier's "main line of defence" against the elements.

It excludes wet, yet is perfectly self-ventilating, because free from rubber, oiled-silk or other air-tight agents. Airy-light, it is cool on mild days, yet, owing to dense weaving, luxuriously warm in chilly weather.

Quickly adjusted, a strap and buckle hold it securely—no buttons to fasten.

**Military  
or Naval  
Catalogue  
sent on  
request.**

"I bought one of your Military Burberry Coats in 1913. I have used it continuously since Mobilization at home, through the Western Campaign, in Egypt and in Palestine. The coat is still a good one and will last a considerable time longer."  
C—R— (Major).

Officers' Com-  
plete Kit in  
2 to 4 Days  
or Ready for  
Immediate Use

*During the War  
Officers' Service  
Burberry Weather-  
proofs Cleaned and  
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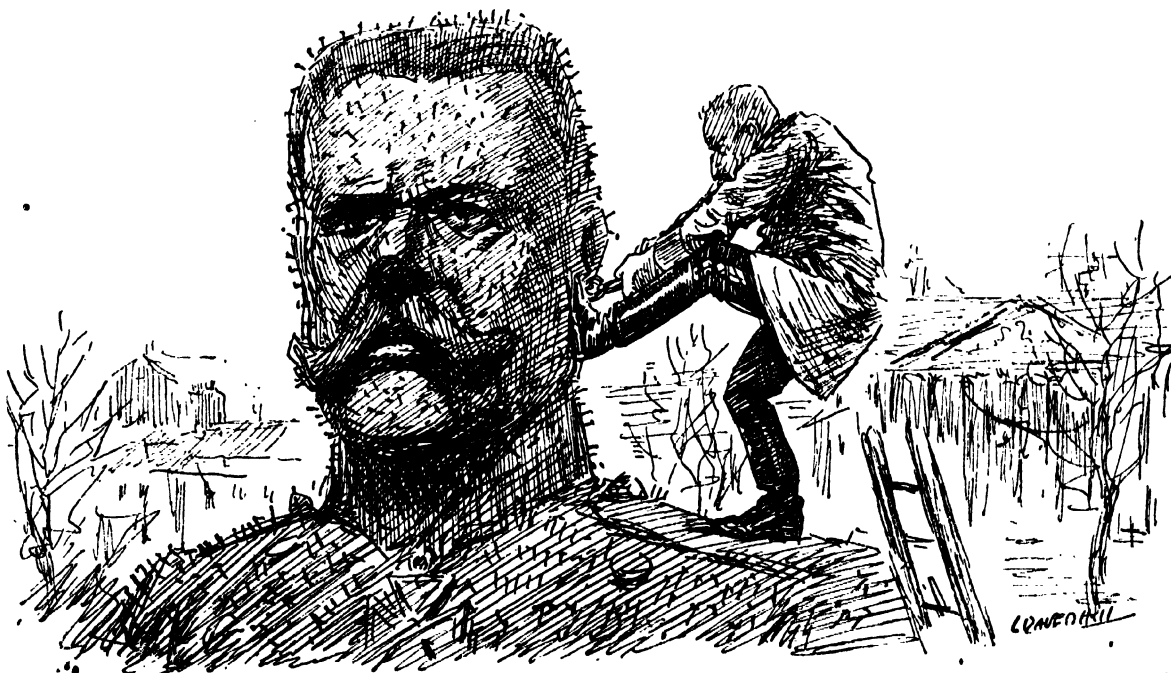
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THE PEACE OFFENSIVE.

[“The Germans are evidently making a great effort to impress us with their good behaviour and their potential repentance.”—*The Times*.]



PRUSSIAN OFFICERS TOAST “THE DAY”—OF PEACE.



AS A GUARANTEE OF THE CHANGE OF OPINION IN GERMANY THE OFFICER COMMANDING THE IMPERIAL DENTAL CORPS EXTRACTS THE SYMBOLS OF A DISCREDITED MILITARISM FROM THE STATUE OF HINDENBURG.

THE PEACE OFFENSIVE.



"THE HYMN OF HATE" IS SUPERSEDED BY "THE SONG OF LOVE."



THE WAR LORD COMPOSES LETTERS OF CONGRATULATION TO THE ALLIED GENERALS, BEGGING THEM TO ACCEPT BUSTS OF HIMSELF AS A SLIGHT MARK OF HIS AFFECTIONATE ESTEEM.



THE PEACE OFFENSIVE.



THE CROWN PRINCE, IN THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY, RENOUNCES HIS CLAIM TO THE HOHENZOLLERN CROWN.



THE CROWN PRINCE PROVES TO THE SATISFACTION OF THE GERMAN SEMI-OFFICIAL PRESS THAT HE HAS NEVER INDULGED IN UNRESTRICTED LOOTING.

THE PEACE OFFENSIVE.



AS EVIDENCE OF THE DECLINE OF MILITARISM IN GERMANY A COMMON CIVILIAN KICKS A PRUSSIAN OFFICER. [German Propaganda Film.]



THE REAL HINDENBURG IN BELGIUM. [German Propaganda Film.]

**"The eyes of the men in the B.E.F. are upon you"**  
**"Our soldiers are building their hopes star-high"**

**Stirring Call to British Business Men to**

# ORGANIZE

**A call to action by a British Soldier in France**

*This stirring summons to business men was written in the trenches by an observant British soldier after the inspiration of reading our last propaganda page with Mr. Hughes's great speech on organization*

**T**O what, at this moment, are the thoughts and hopes of the vast B.E.F. turned, and turning ever more ardently? It is "Blighty"—the Land of Promise

Our soldiers are building their hopes star-high; but they are intensely aware that their future happiness and prosperity, as well as their country's good, depend upon the will with which the commercial and industrial leaders, employers and business men in every craft and trade, organize for the future

It has taken four years of war to realize two palpable essentials of success—Organized Preparation and Co-ordinate Effort. Is it conceivable that in the economic field these two living, determining factors are being treated carelessly, handled with numb fingers, by British Business men? Is it conceivable that this country will get four years of economic stalemate—in which to discover the true way out?

The German is a persevering, relentless, methodical foe, tirelessly and feverishly preparing to rise from even the ashes of military defeat to rule the world

But it is not what Germany is preparing to do; it is what Britain is doing and means to do that matters now. See what the Empire has to make good—treasure of unthinkable dimensions, the wreckage of homes and careers, the wastage of commercial power and industrial productiveness. How hopelessly futile to assail such great new problems

like these with out-of-date ideas and fumbling methods or to think that by working harder and at less profit the leeway will be made up. Time, energy and material can only be utilized with maximum effect by systematic means of direction and control. There must be in every business house a strong plan in which every detail is clearly mapped out and co-related.

And, as the Empire is first in the sum total of all its citizens, their work, their commerce, their economics, thus it is that the duty of regeneration and efficient organization devolves alike on the great commercial corporation and the small trading house, and on all that lies in between.

No business man and no firm is exempt: none may escape this duty with impunity.

Prepare—Organize—Co-ordinate! While the Empire's guns are blazing the way to victory, while her Soldier Citizens are "standing to," your thoughts and your hours should be filled with these three supreme imperatives. It is up to you to justify the Empire's trust in you to make Peace victorious, to realize the inherent power that is in your business, to cut new channels for the tributaries of its strength, so that it flows irresistibly like a river.

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of the "grounds."

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**Y**OU wouldn't think of going out to dinner with an unshaven face, would you? The very idea offends your sense of the correctness of things.

And if you saw a man with a 24-hours' growth of beard on his face dining in the same room you would instinctively vote him careless in regard to his personal appearance.

After all it is very much a matter of habit, isn't it?

Doesn't sober reasoning tell you that it is just as important to go down to breakfast with a clean-shaven face as it is to dinner?

If you enjoy your dinner better because of the feeling of cleanliness that comes to you after shaving, doesn't it follow that you will relish your breakfast better *after* you have shaved?

And if there is one time more suitable than another for shaving surely it is before you dress in the morning.

It is after the night's sleep that the growth of beard is so noticeable, that the demand for all-round attention to your personal appearance is most insistent.

If you get a **Gillette** Safety Razor you will be able to shave easily, comfortably, efficiently in three minutes; you will go down to breakfast feeling thoroughly fit, and you will get a whole day's clean-shave-comfort instead of just a few hours.

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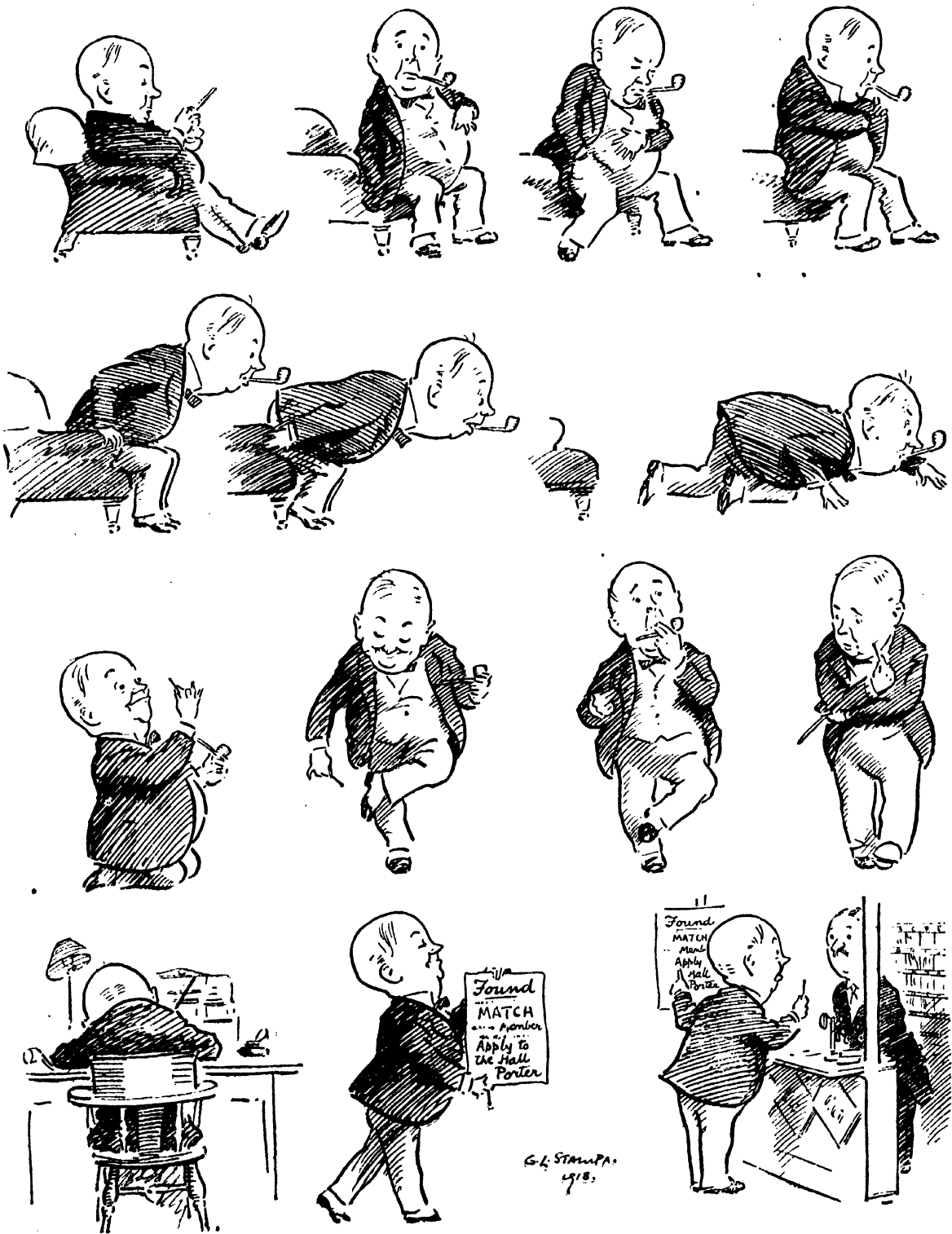
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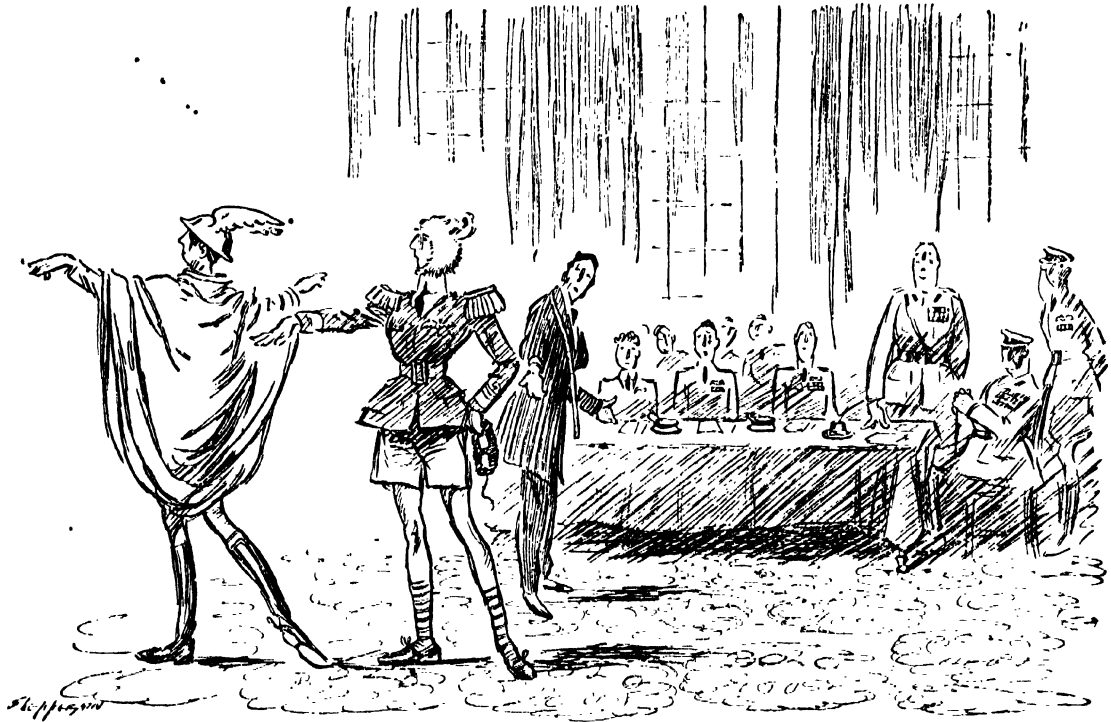




## THE HONEST MEMBER

WHO FOUND A MATCH ON HIS CLUB'S READING-ROOM FLOOR.

MOMENTOUS MEETINGS OF THE GREAT WAR.



MEETING OF A MILITARY BOARD TO DISCUSS YET ANOTHER UNIFORM FOR THE AIR FORCE.



MEETING OF A MILITARY BOARD TO DETERMINE THE ACTUAL STATUS OF AN OFFICIAL ARTIST AT THE FRONT, AND IN PARTICULAR WHETHER BEARDS, LONG HAIR AND UMBRELLAS ARE IN ORDER IN THE CASE OF OFFICERS OF FIELD RANK.

MOMENTOUS MEETINGS OF THE GREAT WAR.



MEETING OF A MILITARY BOARD (*fem.*) TO DECIDE THE QUESTION "WHETHER, IN THE MATTER OF TRANSPORT-DRIVERS AND MOTOR-CYCLISTS, CAMISOLES ARE OUT OF ORDER WHEN WORN WITH KHAKI BREECHES."



MEETING OF THE MEMBERS OF THE MAYFAIR MATINÉE SOCIETY TO CHOOSE ONE OF THEIR MEMBERS TO REPRESENT "THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE" IN THE CHARITY TABLEAUX ON BEHALF OF THE "LEAGUE FOR THE PROTECTION OF SUPERANNATED ARMY MULES."



# Punch's Almanack for 1919.

## MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artistes.)

DURING the Yuletide festivities it is permissible for a young man to kiss a young woman under the mistletoe. How he manages for the rest of the year is no business of ours.

A suburban householder has hit upon a novel scheme for using the cigars his wife gives him every Christmas. He leaves them on the dining-room table at night as a trap for burglars. In the morning all he has to do is to come down early and remove the corpse.

A pardonable error was committed the other day by a little girl who wrote to her uncle "requesting the pleasure of his presents" at her Christmas party.

Christmas puddings may be sent through the post if marked "Pudding" in top left-hand corner. They can also be packed flat and sent with open ends.

If all the Christmas puddings being sent to the Navy and Army this year were piled in the shape of a pyramid in the Strand they would look ridiculous.

We understand that great care has been taken to prevent the General Election from clashing with other Christmas festivities.

Soldiers standing for Parliament, it is stated, will get eight days' leave prior to the issue of the writ. Pacifist candidates, on the other hand, will take their leave after the event.

We are asked to state clearly that Christmas wails are not protected under the Wild Birds Preservation Act.

The Food Ministry is establishing a system of jam zones to be introduced throughout the country. A junior correspondent urges that in all cases the zone should extend from the north bank of the waistbelt to just south of the ears.

Owing, we understand, to the high cost of bananas it is feared there will be little really good skating this winter.

It is not known why so much is made of the robin at Christmas. It is really quite a common bird with a very vulgar taste in waistcoats.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL advises people to post early. The advantage

"The first sign of rabies in dogs," says an officer of the Board of Agriculture, "is that they become irritable, sulk in a corner and snarl. The dog then goes on the march, very often many miles from his home. His instinct tells him he must get away from his friends." Rabies and Kultur appear to have much in common.

Professors of Berlin University have issued a manifesto calling for extreme efforts "to preserve Fatherland, Kaiser and Empire intact." As far as preserving the KAISER intact is concerned the proposal is endorsed by the curators of several of our own museums.

A German semi-official communiqué states that art treasures were taken from Belgium and France for safe keeping only. An interesting tribute to the way in which we treat enemy officers whom we take prisoners.

Denmark having put in a claim for Schleswig to be returned to her, it is reported that the Reichstag has ordered an inventory to be prepared of those parts of the German Empire, if any, which never were stolen.

It appears that an escaped German prisoner-of-war gave himself away the other day. Asked by a policeman for his name he answered, "Haggis MacDonald of Aberdeen."

Consternation reigns in certain quarters as the result of a rumour that the Christmas-dinner ration is to be reduced from three to two waistcoat buttons.

The announcement of jam rationing made a number of nervous people freeze to their marrows.

Nothing more has been heard of the man who told the Tribunal that he was suffering from policeman's feet.

Two-and-sixpence a pound is being paid in Kingston for tame rabbits. No wonder the others are wild.



Husband (on leave). "OH, BY THE WAY, DID YOU GET THOSE RUBBER SHARES I ASKED YOU TO?"

Wife. "NO, DEAR. THE BROKER WANTED MORE FOR THEM THAN WHEN THEY WERE NEW, SO OF COURSE I REFUSED TO HAVE THEM."

of this was shown quite recently by the fact that a letter posted in Vancouver on December 1st, 1897, has already been delivered at an address in Dundee.

We gather that it is not now considered the thing in professional circles for a burglar to call on patrons for a Christmas-box.

"The girl to marry," says a ladies' journal, "is the girl who believes in love in a cottage." Most people will agree that if a girl honestly believes in this she will believe in anything.



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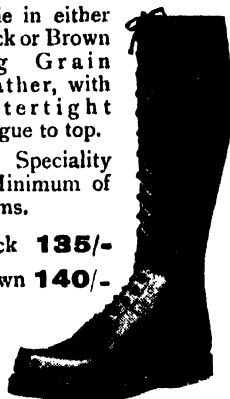
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One day, by chance, I passed along  
A street in the town of Arras,  
When, suddenly, a voice so clear  
Came floating from a cottage near.  
I grew perplexed and stood awhile,  
To listen to this seeming guide  
That greeted the results of war,  
In Arras.

Soon I espied the shattered door  
From where the strains came slowly forth.  
A lady with a voice so sweet,  
Methinks, I'll venture now to greet.  
I peered within, and lo! alone,  
It was a "Decca" Gramophone  
Which gave the song that I had heard  
In Arras. ERNEST C. CRISP.

NOTE.—Philip Gibbs, the War  
Correspondent, was one day walk-  
ing through a street in Arras,  
when he suddenly heard a lady  
singing. He thought it rather  
odd that where so much danger  
lurked a woman should still be  
there, singing at the top of her  
voice. He looked through the  
door and there saw an Officer  
playing a "Decca" Gramophone.  
E. C. C.

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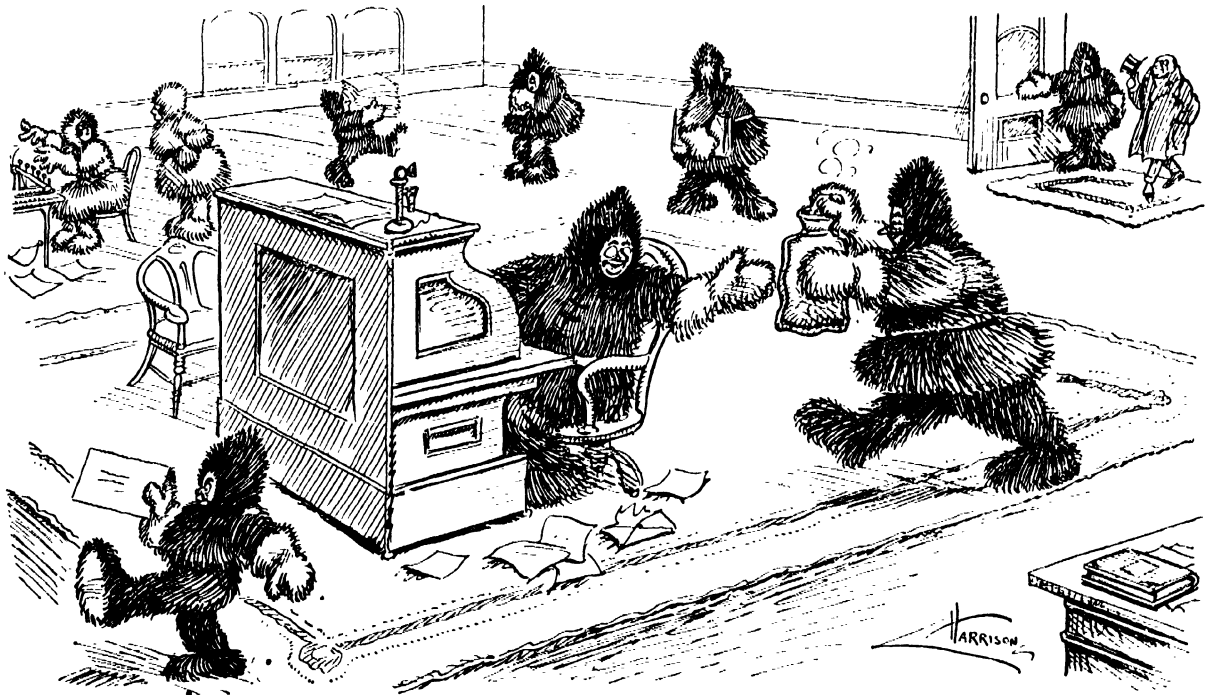
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INTENSIVE LEISURE ON THE LAND.



MID-WINTER IN A GOVERNMENT OFFICE.



"A SOLDIER



WHEN RIDING



A BICYCLE



WILL TURN HIS HEAD



SMARTLY

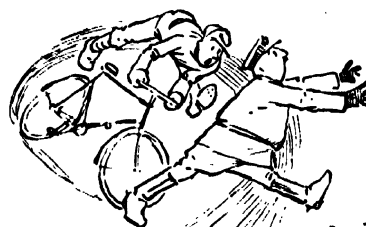


TOWARDS AN OFFICER

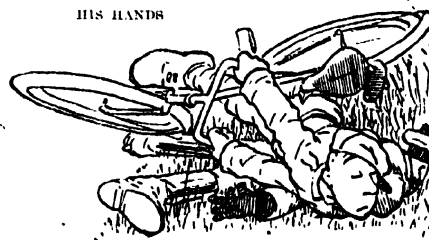
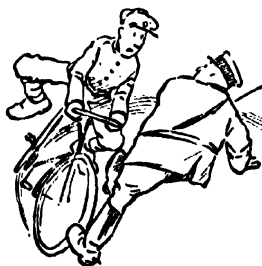
IN PASSING HIM



AND WILL NOT MOVE



HIS HANDS



FROM THE HANDLE-BAR."

*Boycroft*

## CEREMONIAL.

Reference—Infantry Training 1914, Sect. 18, § viii.

# Punch's Almanack for 1919.

## MR. PUNCH'S SPY PLAY.

(Just to be in the fashion.)

"GETTING THE BIRD."

At the Headquarters of the Umpteenth Army General Halibut is preparing for next Friday's attack, with the aid of a large map and many "Tut-tuts." He rings the bell for an orderly.

General (to himself as the orderly comes in). Tut-tut, tut-tut-tut, tut-tut.

[The orderly disappears again with every sign of alarm.]

General (looking up). What the deuce—(He rings the bell again; the orderly's head appears round the door.) What the deuce are you doing?

Orderly (coming in). Beg pardon, Sir, my nerves aren't what they were. Last time I got wounded was by one of them machine-guns.

General. Tut-tut, tut-tut-tut—

Orderly (standing his ground with a great effort). Yes, Sir.

General. Tell Lieut. Mullet that I wish to see him at once.

Orderly. Yes, Sir. [He turns to go.]

General. Tut-tut, tut-tut-tut, tut-tut.

[The orderly hurries into cover.]

Enter Lieut. Dick Mullet, V.C., O.B.E., etc., etc.

Dick. You wish to speak to me, Sir?

General. Yes. Sit down, Mullet. (Impressively) Mullet, we have a spy at Headquarters.

sand prisoners and a hundred guns, as we might have expected, we actually captured (putting on his glasses and reading from the paper) two mules and a sergeant-major. When the operations were over, we had advanced (referring to the paper again) an average depth of nine inches on a front of twenty-seven yards. (Looking up) It won't do, Mullet.

Dick. No, Sir. There's a Hidden Hand somewhere.



DICK COMES IN, HOLDING A WOOLLY PENGUIN IN ONE HAND AND A REVOLVER IN THE OTHER.

General. It isn't the hand I mind, but there's a Hidden Ear, Mullet, a Hidden Ear.

Dick. Yes, Sir. (After profound thought) The question is, who is it?

General. You're quite right, Mullet. Who is it?

Dick (thoughtfully). Have you noticed the way Colonel Conger drinks his soup?

General. Tut-tut! You mean—?

Dick. I mean, Sir, are you sure that Colonel Conger is as English as he appears to be?

General. Good heavens! you suggest that Colonel Conger's is the dastard hand—dastard ear, I should say—which is plotting against England?

Dick. I think he ought to be watched, Sir.

General. Yes, you're right. Keep an eye on him, Mullet. You'd better start keeping it now.

Dick. Yes, Sir. [He goes out.]

General (returning to his maps). Tut-tut! Conger? Tut-tut-tut. (The noise of a child's toy-pistol is heard.) Good heavens! the Germans have anticipated our attack.

[Dick comes in, holding a woolly penguin in one hand and a revolver in the other.]

Dick. I shot this pigeon, Sir, as it was flying towards the German lines with a message in its beak. (Taking a paper out of his pocket) Here is the message.

General (after reading it to himself). It seems innocent enough.

Dick. As LONGFELLOW said, Sir, "Things are not always what they seem."

General. Which Longfellow was that—the gunner?

Dick. He's an American, Sir. I don't know if he's joined up yet.

General. Well, I daresay he's right. (Reading) "Ask Thomas to always cook kidneys 4 A.M. B.I.L." But there's nothing in that, Mullet, except that some officer called William likes his kidneys well done. That is, if he breakfasts at the usual hour. Thomas, no doubt, is his batman.

Dick. The question is, Sir, why does William split his infinitives?

General. Probably he was a reporter before he joined the army.

Dick. I think there is another reason, Sir. If you take the first letter of each word you will see.

General. Tut-tut, Mullet. "A-t-t-a-c-k 4 A.M."

Dick (quietly). I think, Sir, that that is the hour for which the attack on Friday is arranged?

General (thumping the table). You're right. We have discovered the leakage. But one thing we have yet to discover. (Sinking his voice) Whose is the dastard hand which screens itself behind the plumage of this innocent bird?

Enter a V.A.D. or W.A.A.C. or something, called Lillian, so as to get a little love-interest into the play.



"YOU WISH TO SPEAK TO ME, SIR?"

Dick. Good heavens, Sir! Whom do you suspect?

General. I don't suspect anyone, but there is a leakage somewhere.

Dick. It certainly looks like it, Sir.

General. The Germans get to know everything. They knew as much about my last attack as I did myself; I'm not sure that they didn't know more. (Picking up a paper) The result was that, instead of taking five or ten thou-



"PRIVATE LING, IF YOU PLEASE, GENERAL."

Lillian. Oh, I beg your pardon, I—

Dick. Oh, General, this is my cousin, Lady Lillian Ling. Lillian, this is my General, Sir Hector Halibut.

General (holding out his hand). How do you do, Lady Lillian?

Lillian (saluting). Private Ling, if you please, General.

General. I beg your pardon?

# Punch's Almanack for 1919.

Lillian. Private Ling of the W.A.S. S.T.

General. Good heavens! who are they?

Dick. The Women's Army of Stage Spy Thwaiters. I was just going to suggest, Sir, that she might be helpful to us.

Lillian. I went through a course at one of the principal London theatres, General. I am fully qualified.

General. Tut-tut. This is most opportune. (Handing message). Then what do you make of that?

Lillian (reading). "Attack 4 A.M."

General. Ha, you were right, Mullet.

Dick. Yes, Sir, I thought there was something fishy about those kidneys.

Lillian. Who sent this, General?

General. That's what we want you to find out. Whose is the dastard hand which screens itself—which— How did I put it last time, Mullet?

Dick (trying to think). Something about innocent plumage, Sir.

General. Yes, that's it. Whose is the innocent plumage—

Lillian (helpfully). You want to know who wrote it, General?

General (thoughtfully). Yes, yes. That's what it amounts to, doesn't it, Mullet?

Dick. Yes, Sir.

Lillian takes out a tape measure and measures the penguin, the letter and Dick's boots.

Lillian. I thought so. Have you a Colonel Conger on your staff?

General. Good heavens! that's just what Mullet said. Yet never was there

onel Conger in England. I watched him, while he was stationed on the East coast, signalling with his cigarette end to Zeppelins. I have seen him when he was on sick leave at Brighton, floating on his back outside his bathing-machine and semaphoring with his feet to submarines. I know Colonel Conger. His real name is Schlossenpoffer.

General (horrified). Schlossenpoffer? The famous spy who photographed the defences of the Regent's Park Canal in 1912?

Lillian. The same, General. But we have never had enough evidence on which to arrest him.

General. You shall have it now. This time we will catch him in the act.

Lillian (anxiously). In the last Act?

General. Don't spoil the play.

Lillian. This is the Last Act.

Lillian. Oh, well, then, it's easy enough. (Taking command) Dick, tell the sentries to keep a sharp look-out. (Exit Dick.) General, tell Colonel Conger that the attack has been postponed for an hour. He will send off another pigeon. Your sentries will do the rest.

General (in amazement). What a woman! (He goes out.)

Lillian (to the ceiling). Dick! My Dick! (Dick comes back.)

Dick. I've told the Sergeant. (Taking her hand) Lillian, I have had no chance to speak before, although it must have been clear to the audience that I love you. (Passionately) Will you marry me if I can wangle a fortnight's leave?

Lillian (nobly). Until Schlossenpoffer is powerless for evil I cannot think of love. I have my duty, Dick.

[The General comes in briskly.]

General. I've told him. You've warned the sentries, Mullet?

Dick. Yes Sir.

General. Good. Then we have nothing to do but wait.

[And the audience would be in the same predicament did not the orderly come in at that moment.]

Orderly (holding out another toy penguin). The Sergeant of the guard's compliments, Sir, and one of his men has just bayoneted this here bird as it was making off to Germany. And here's the letter it had under its wing.

[Hands letter and goes out.]

General (tearing it open). Now we have him. (Reading) "Kidneys postponed to five." That's done it.

Lillian. At last!



"AT LAST!"

General. Lady Lillian, he is your prisoner. I am at your orders.

Lillian. Will you send him to me, General?

General. Mullet, tell Colonel Conger that I wish to see him in here. (Exit Dick.) Lady Lillian, England will never forget what you have done for her this day. On behalf of the Ump-teenth Army I thank you. (He goes out.)

Lillian sits down at the General's table. Enter Conger, an obvious Hun to anybody not on the stage.

Conger. Ah, the pootiful Lady Lillian! The General vos not here, hein?

Lillian (calmly). Schlossenpoffer, further disguise is useless. The day of reckoning is here.

Conger (surprised). Who vos it you call Schlossenpoffer? I am an English



"I WATCHED HIM SIGNALLING."

A more obvious Englishman, or one who drank the King's health more heartily on guest nights.

Lillian. I knew something of Col-



"WHO VOS IT YOU CALL SCHLOSSENPOFFER?"

colonel. Vos I not educated at Eton and Harrow, and did I not play polo for the M.C.C. (Seeing the penguins) Ha, my so pootiful birds!

Lillian. Yes, Schlossenpoffer, your innocent accomplices have given up their secret.

Conger (in baffled rage). Donnerwetter! Gott in Himmel! Hoch der





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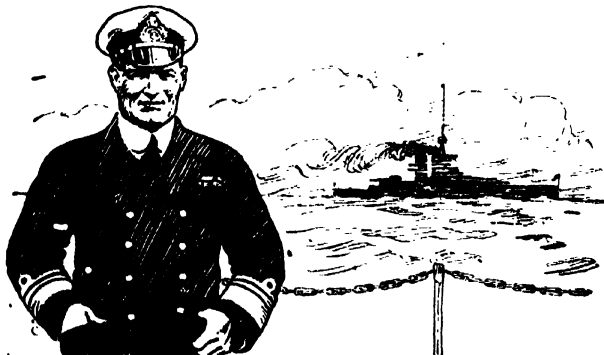
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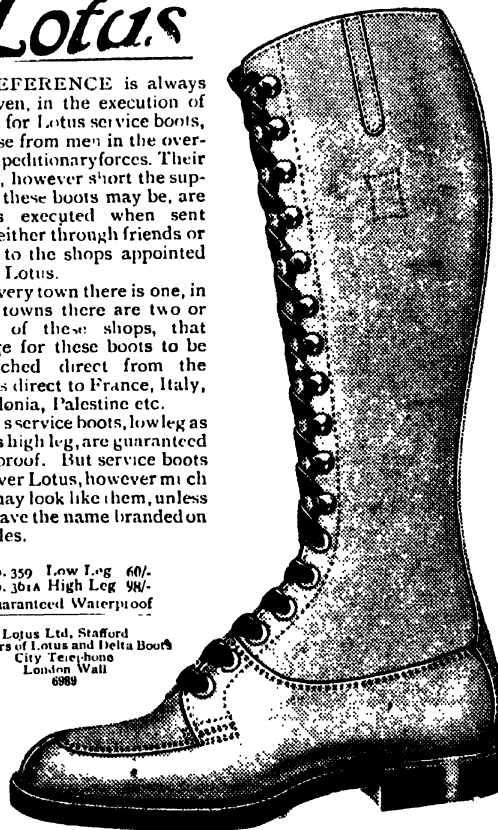
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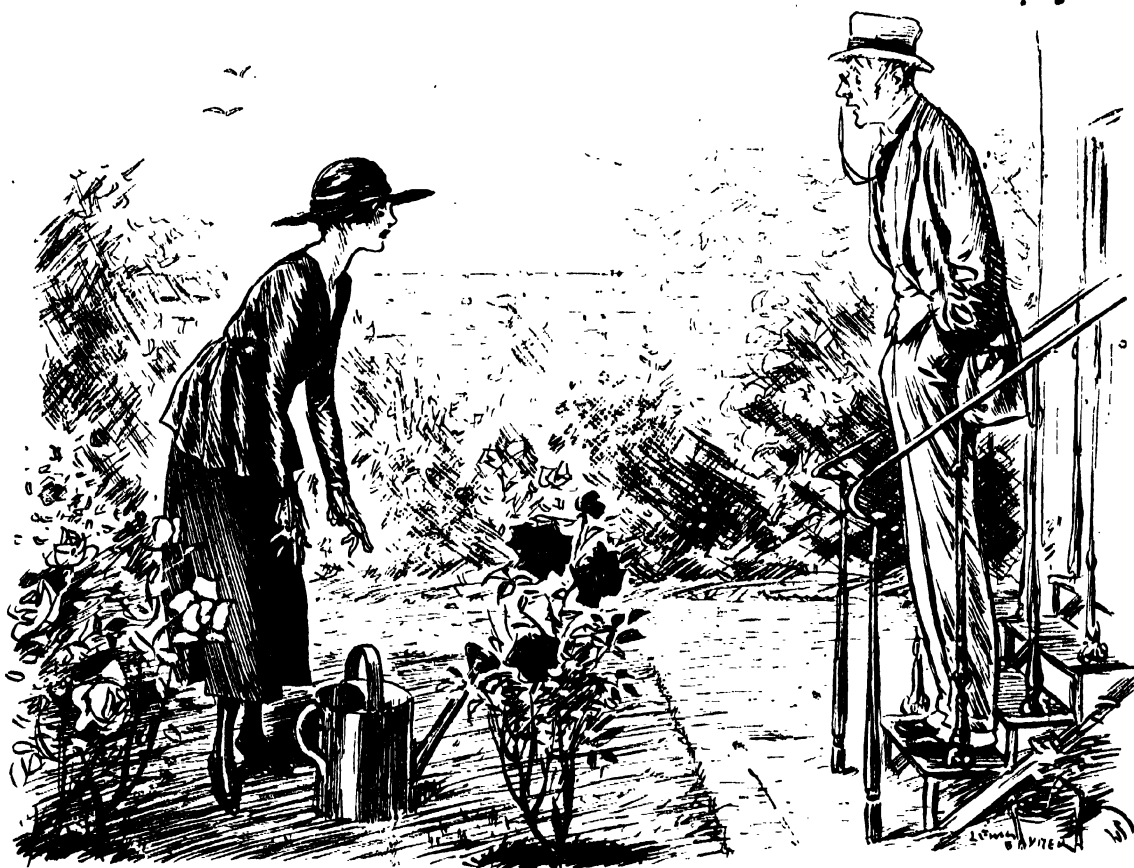
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She. "OH, JOHN, I'M ALMOST DEAD. I'VE CARRIED THIS GREAT CAN OUT FIFTEEN TIMES TO WATER THE ROSES."

He. "WHY DIDN'T YOU WAIT FOR ME?"

She. "WELL, IT LOOKED SO LIKE RAIN I WAS AFRAID THEY'D NEVER GET DONE AT ALL IF I DIDN'T DO THEM AT ONCE."

KAISER! (Bringing out his revolver)  
At least you shall not take me alive.  
(He shoots himself six times and throws  
the revolver down in despair.) Not even  
vot you call a blightly!

Lillian. I'm sorry. I took the cart-

Lillian. Wait a moment, Dick.

Enter Orderly.

Orderly. Colonel Conger's compliments, Miss, and he's accidentally swallowed of a Mills hand-grenade.

Lillian (anxiously). Did he say if he had taken the pin out?

Orderly. He didn't exactly say, Miss, but he seemed anxious like.

Lillian (holding up her hand). Listen!

[A muffled explosion is heard.]

Orderly. Sounds as if the pin had worked out, Miss.

[He goes out.]

Dick. Can you give me your answer now, Lillian?

Lillian (giving him her hands). You know what

[So does everybody else.]

Enter the General.

General (patting Dick on the shoulder). That's right, my boy. Embrace her; she's yours. And when you come back from your honeymoon leave you will take Colonel Conger's place on the Staff.

Dick. I don't know how to thank you, Sir.



"GIVE THESE TO THE COOK."

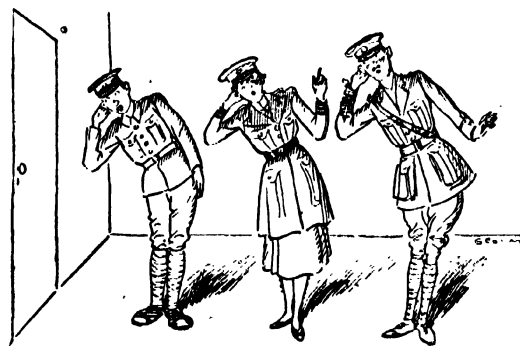
General. Tut-tut, tut-tut-tut.

[He rings the bell and the orderly comes in.]

Orderly. Yes, Sir?

General. Colonel Mullot and Lady Lillian Ling will dine with me to-night. (He hands the orderly the brace of penguins) Give these to the cook.

CURTAIN.



A MUFFLED EXPLOSION IS HEARD.

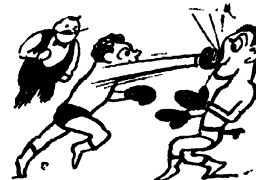
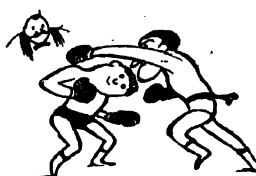
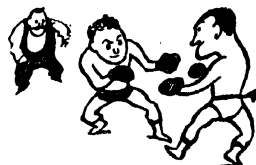
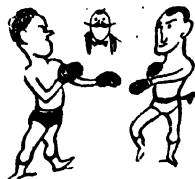
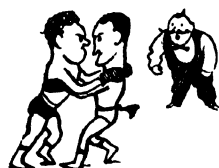
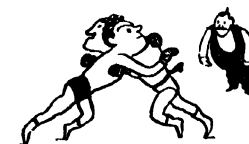
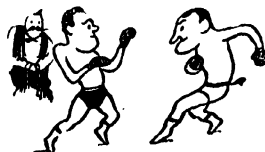
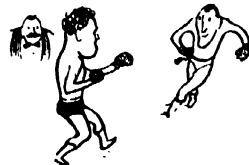
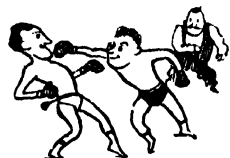
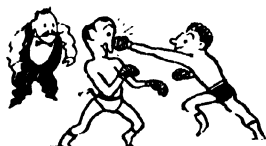
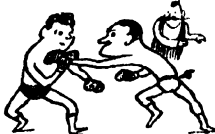
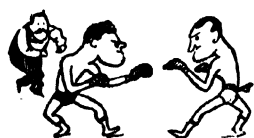
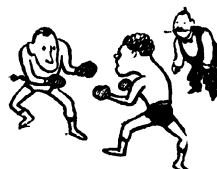
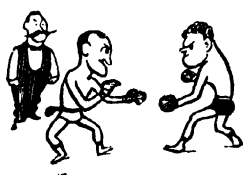
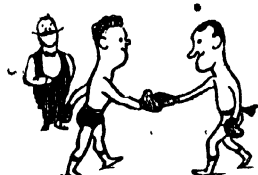
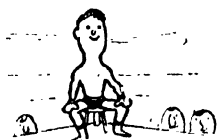
ridges out five minutes ago. I thought it is, Dick. it would be safer.

Conger. Bah! I will get the better of you yet.

[He rushes from the room. Dick comes in at the other door.]

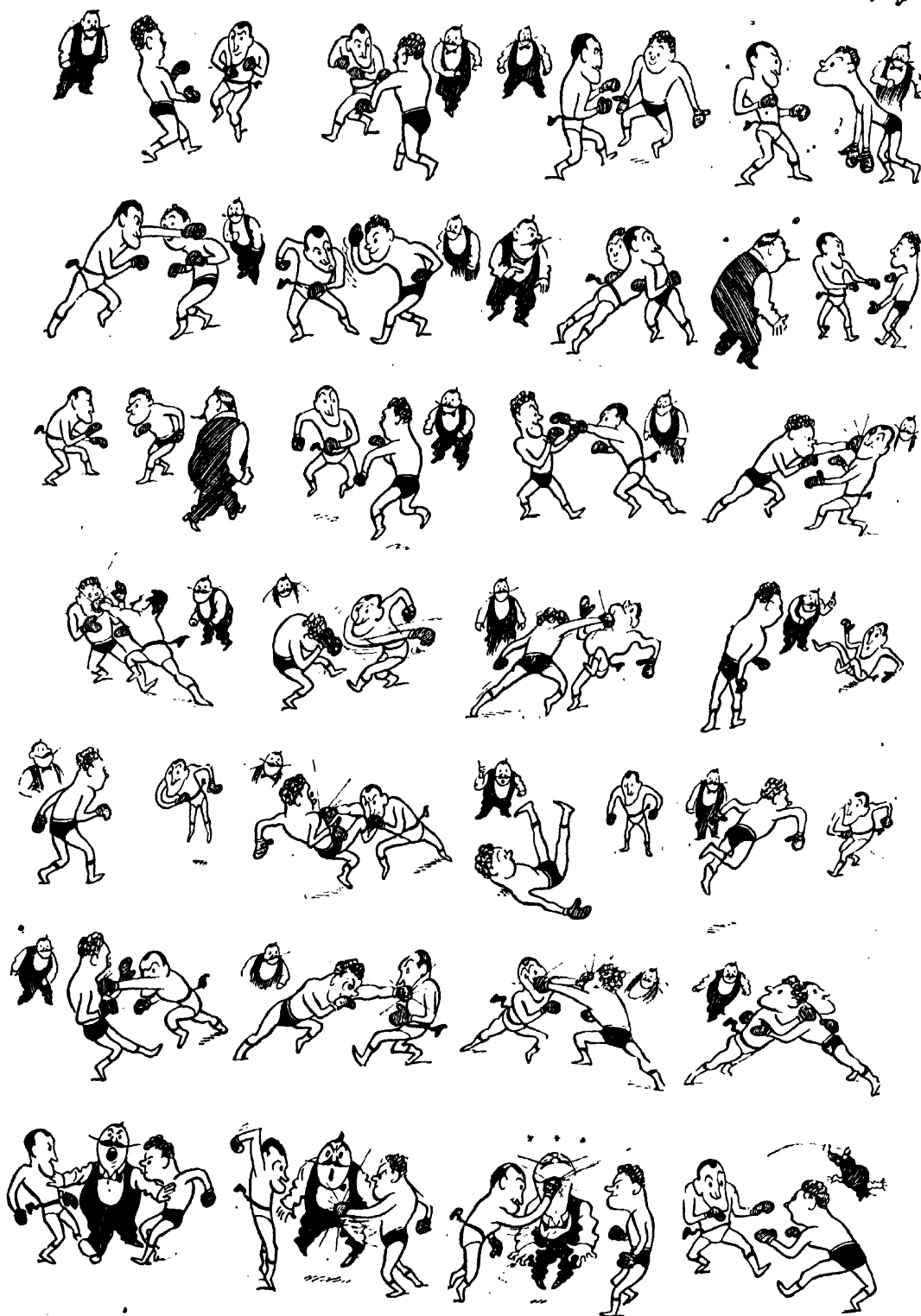
Dick. Lillian! Is it all right?

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# Punch's Almanack for 1919.



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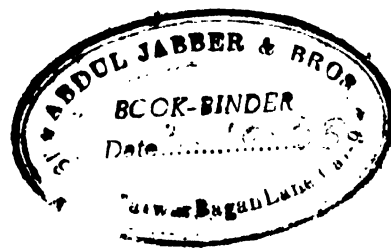


HANDING ON THE TORCH.

THE LAST STAGE.









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